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Alex Brunk

Monster and Robot Go to The Shay for Five-Dollar Mini-Gelatos

I've sat next to a guy on the bus (the 50) who, after an insensitive fried chicken remark, said he could justify it by having avoided a noose-and-limb gag (truly voracious racism), followed by some jibey rape jive naturally, in high vocalization. What really pours vinegar on the endive is he's a happier asshole than I with my feminism. A life more rewarded (or the semblance of). Crassly, I've an answer for Jeremy Smart (Mike Leigh victimises, empythises): Some do, and deservedly so, living in ignorance. Well, more cheekily, like a "Sir" Ive Sorocuk (phonetic directive: saw raw shook) Comic. Australians can make *sniiiff*ing amyl look charming; I believe that's mostly the circular hands. you guys must be fuckin' insane! I'm glad to be miles from the (former) Java Espress Aryan Collective. O, wait, Barker's got three Beaners downtown. I've never Been, but pity: fair-featured twentywhatever workers aren't as prevalent to be found this side of Lake County.