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The dynamics of the pancreas



Letter from the book:

“It’s Already Us In Ten Minutes”

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The prison was left where the heart wasn't or didn't have anything to do with it. Does your ad encourage you to betray yourself, or what? The classic leads us; it was whoever of their last robbery or usurpation, well. We've already been numbered with a barcode, articles or codes in words that last at least a whole day. Only with a plan will we ever manage to get out of this habitat. Italy is pulsating badly now, we're all corrected anarchists here. Whoever moves is already dead or stabbed. It seems to me to be one of the best institutes of "not a leaf moves".

When our memories are already gone up there in their superpowers, where does their joint-stock society begin, the horror is clear in too many things, too much confusion. Humans, the upright, do you want to know when they were inaugurated? Never, it has yet to begin. After a meal, you start to feel better, bitter or sour, you're a quality bitterness, branded. You're a thing of the past, you taste like everyone

knows each other very well here. Confusion is always part of that thing that makes us study, we jump from the dead to the future dead... in the afternoon, silence is everything, no one has understood the evil. Don't let it deceive you into being you, it's a strong trap to your experience, where you don't think you are.

Aligned, alienated, your law becomes formality. Tons of suppressed ideas, those monsters are obscene creatures. Whoever acts in one sense cannot simultaneously do something contrary. Whoever won't be defeated, evil is defeated the moment you write it. Who knows why it didn't happen won't happen, maybe we are the evidence, the humans of the indicated production. Don't talk to your neighbor today, you've never been to Canada. Too many taboos don't see anything but tight words, and a malignant sun rises that you can't understand what's good. You think it's there, instead, and where no one says they are or all this will be erased. The

power of those who exist or who made it wins, and yet it's not talked about anymore... it could still be years and everyone will still live for evil. Then, sorry why don't you talk? Maybe you can't get up from this infinite vortex, it's certainly yesterday that betrayed you. You see, there's only the road, where and when. It's certainly another story, but where are you? You must not believe in death in life, a story of children who never grow up and must be cared for in a prison, a tragedy of other loved ones that happens today at home or, another drama where no one will remain, otherwise, we'll be in one place. So it was wanted that the youth call where the people are and everyone knows each other, otherwise to avoid membership laws on other people and so on throughout the day. Living with evil, don't you say? What do you think? Going back to where? Then that wasn't the way, and it's not even said: "humans are lost because there's no need to do evil". Who closed us because it's not we'll make it, can't you see it wasn't your private

problem? People have been lost because they as individuals meet, while the next ones deviate. Amazing, don't smoke too much. I hate those good ideas that make the present thought pass for a transitional state. When there are so many him, so many her, not a single character, even evil, only in our city, many for every place or house... and so let's avoid. What happened below or during fasting? A point, and all you can do is breathe. Feel how dear the air is. What was true for me somewhere, even now will be true.

Breathe in phases, smoke, or do you have a bundle here in quiet, an attack on politics, in the evenings, which is worse than... it's not understood what the theme void: serious time losses. Another ten years or look at it for a lifetime, a vulgar of yours, disintegrated to go where, then they decided not to speak anymore. What's happening is the boredom of what should be today without problems. Look how

many people, and you're already in a crime against people. Roman boredom, today and tomorrow, what do you think you're living in Calabria? Our software to live is wrong, or hacked, even more so who tells you, the separation of assets should be called this thing that goes around the city. Not dear citizen. The taste of good and true things, that of bad things. The things you can know are the ones you're capable of understanding before, and it's already all wrong. The ugly already, just like death, is part of your life. An act of denunciation surpasses everything, you know. Living well or in good, even just because evening will come, like the surprise with the troubles life told you. So begins the speech of what you have experienced, of what you didn't do because you were State... you've seen how many people enter us and say: "the party is here, they are strong and winners". You've been reported, yet everyone wants to do as you or I do, tomorrow it will all be illegal. Who wants to talk, if they arrest him right after he opens his mouth? Of

course, it will be other people's problems, or our word, the mouth is dirty? Do you want peace, you have to call yourself. Soon that prison won't last ten minutes or where you were lost, because you were too compromised. Do you hear a noise? Ok. Most problems will be the same for everyone, better to complete the evening in the kitchen. Ok, the speech was long. From confusion, you risk doing nothing. Too many things unsaid, but you know, they weren't done. The solution is beyond evil, a declaration of non-belonging to them, then you find yourself, right? That noise you hear wants to enter your home as in every house in the city. Evil cannot be spoken, while there you see they pass quickly under your house. Remissively always, and again those problems that the usual ones get into, what wasn't said is the easy impossible, where someone escapes from their reality. The concrete of people universally opposed to our idea of the day, the world will cease to exist. Do you have any ideas about it? Unspeakable

problems with explanations without words, the solution will be to go without stopping, non-existent problems, theirs, without a head, pure obstacles. The law always governs, even after you'll see the light of day again. The question they asked you is not yours, you'll see tomorrow... it's a national questionnaire, there's no one in the room. Their own friends don't overcome evil and are evil. Let's change the subject with then mambo: we're already finished and we have to pay. I know, you shouldn't talk, but you can laugh at our experience that no one says is real. You look the other way, then we'll see where or what you'll think tomorrow, where someone believes. The impotence of ignorance, what you don't want, experiences or horrific things where we live in Calabria. You thought there was a black letter on a white sheet, but there was nothing. But hell and death existed more than flesh and organs on top, instead nothing more than nothing, alone! The evening continues that then ends.

You'll see the light of a new day, better the law and... well, it won't be anything tomorrow but at least one less day on Earth, the rest of a day of work. It seems it's time for this nth murder to sleep, what's a criminal offense. Bipolar, tonight I really have nothing to do, I'm writing to tell you about this evening so far away that the words are lost. There are no more reasons to live here, where it's said to be present in the world. You don't even live what you think, who overcomes has the keys, so where you stay and where you're alive or dead... memories and past things, disgust or recognition of what it was to tell you that they did us harm and maybe you know where you think you live, then see what you did wrong or why you don't go back. Others are not there to recognize those problems, which are not found, not sought. You say where you got lost. We're already grown-ups, our time very past in the future, it will be a night where whoever wants doesn't do it, rested will not be our business, if you don't act

against yourself or don't do evil to someone, what can normality do. It seems pleasant to live here, so dear. Maybe you know me, I won't tell you anything anymore, since you're not here and those seem to me scissors, but you haven't lost, you haven't gotten lost. There should be a doctor for the rest, we didn't even suppose a society where we had to do everything ourselves, where we don't talk to avoid mistakes, or if you lose you've lost forever. So be careful... remember you need a stop if you want to understand what's going on. There you have to avoid horrors, or what people who haven't thought are saying. The code of words are the facts that don't change, it's been years that it works, but it's always better to rest, avoid, not do, anyway.

Contact will be a loss: what did you do Saturday night, during the week or did you get married... what don't you support? The unresolved is also when everything has a name, all the things described, but

only someone talks about a very heavy reality for your life and public duties. Except for secular texts: today like this, tomorrow who knows. Do you still think I don't see? Look, it won't be the same as them what they've lost. They're incongruous situations where you don't fit, but you'll grow and understand until the end... life goes on, no matter what century you live in will surely be that dark shadow above and around you, which pretends not to catch you to enter you then tonight... you know, on this side the evening is very particular, full of humans the day who haven't done anything for the usual and serious matters, whose fault will it be? We'll be a bit neglected to say this, each of us knows how many and colorful other things. The blame remains that of what was said a long time ago, I believe. What happened to be recognizable is already the same for a long time, not five minutes or ten. The transparency of our body is another thing: we repair ourselves not to lose blood all the rest of the day...

and everything was already like that as the winter leaves fly, the streets and roads with the good taste of what it was. Sorry, but the work has to be done.

Alone in our small group, you can only handle matters that know of State and the eyes satisfy, or always the usual confusion in the past days, now sure to talk about something else and that others don't talk about themselves because it's too much, they're leeches and things that aren't said from mistakes or from simplicity... so we've lost that is, we can't be called if not in front of a lawyer from how we were arranged, wouldn't it be better to turn on the television. I'm going to see if there's any coffee left in the kitchen, in the summary of a week where the world won't remain, what you want to know won't remain inside us. The first instinct, the rest of the Earth that revolves around us without or with us, vitamins or medicines of the rest if you look where it doesn't exist, um, don't ingest.



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