

Mp3 Marley Downey - The Hurricane



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Killer pop ballads by the greatest stars of tomorrow ... today...also in karaoke, acapella, multi-genre mixes and remixes, movie and tv mixes, computer mixes, the story behind the songs, the poetry, interactive stuff, radio mixes, dj dance mixes, movie an 10 MP3 Songs POP: Today's Top 40, POP: Power Pop

Details: CYBER-ROMANTIC ESCAPADES - A Love Story Brought to you by Executive Producers - Colin Peter Palmer, Withoutabox indexradio Narrator/Director Colin Palmer A romantic thriller - The uncovering of the private lives of some of societys super-elites! Telescopic SYNOPSIS: A beautiful psychic and part-time hypno-therapist from Nicaragua, sexually seduces a British rock star of Caucasian heritage, takes him on a journey through an exciting, yet, occasionally rocky relationship, and then mysteriously disappears. Microscopic Synopsis : Sarah, the Princess of Athenia, introduces her rockstar fiance Dave - whose stage name is Penistasia - to Psychic Dahlia from Nicaragua, with the hope that Dave would become one of her Psychic clients. But Dahlia instead falls in love with the rock star and steals him from the the Princess. However, Daves constant burst of jealous rage over Dahlia would eventually drive a wedge into their relationship. Chapter 1 (a) Colins Letter To The Romans - regarding his trip to Oregonia - capital of Athenia, home to Dave and Dahlia The moon was arising in the horizonremindful of the daysof MesopotamiaSome called them dummiesothers called them zombies all of which was basedon gross misconceptionsCause one was a geniusaddicted to Calculusone claimed amnesiaone claimed insomniaone named Aphrodisiacreverent to ZodiacSome were from Monrovia, right in Liberia / Some hailed from Freetown , right in Salonica / yeah! sweet old Salonica / yeah!But one strange thing I noticedThey all were singingjuicy songs of loveThey said: Padda-piddypiddy-lay piddy-laypadda-piddy piddy-lay Scribingly yours, Colin Peter A.D. 1999 He was cautious - however - to omit another song that followed. They (aliens) harbored the belief that all men and women must be proud of (and not ashamed

of) whatever god created on and in them. And in the intrinsic value of his command that, "In ALL that you do, ACKNOWLEDGE my name!! ALL meaning, 100. As such, worthy of praise and thanksgiving, hence their contagious rock 'n' roll song: "This dick that I have / the world didnt give it to me this dick that i have / the world didnt give it to me This dick that I have / the world didnt give it to me The world didnt give it and the world cant take it away!(I said) This dick (clap! clap!) This dick!(clap! clap!) the world didnt give it to me I said this dick (pause pause) this dick! (pause pause) the world didnt give it to me And the world cant take it away Then the women sang : this pussy that I have... Then: These titties that I have... etc etc until all words of body parts (that "rhymed") were added: (Then came a military-sounding voice): "Ask the folks in Hollywood! (united voices sang: "The world didnt give it to me!") Ask the folks in Inglewood (The world didnt...) Ask the folks even up in Beverlywood.. theyll say the world didnt give so the world cant take it away! You can tug on it all you want (Hooga-chaka hooga-chaka hoo hoo hooga-chaka!) Bug me about it all you want (Hooga-chaka hooga-chaka hoo hoo hoo!) But the world didnt give it / so the world cant take it away One..two.. three! Oo oo whee! they cant take it from me - e - e (oh no) God gave it to me for free (yea yea) As the world didnt give it so the world cant take it away! The serious expressions on their faces as they sang and danced joyfully, has never escaped my thoughts. Chapter 1(b) - Place: Athenia - Date: December 11th, 1999 - THE FIRST SEDUCTION - Dave and Dahlia alone in Psychic room And it came to pass that on this day, Dahlia the Psychic relates to Dave about a dream she had recently, in which the two of them had intercourse together. She then skillfully uses that story to seduce him. Dave grants her wishes, by mounting himself on Dahlia's nakedness, and proceeds to service her, in perfect synchronization to the rhythm of a love song, by romantically plumbing the depths of her lower orifice, much to her satisfaction: Dahlia : Rock thou my world, O crazy cockmonster! Knowest not thou that my soul craveth for thee? Release thou thy inhibitions, and let the innermost walls of my clitoral attributes encapsulate the thrust of thy hardened manliness, O gorgeous cockasoid!" She says, sounding more british than ever(definition of Cockasoid: a sexually-charged male - Colins Cyber Dictionary). "Fill thou my female vessel with the sweetness of thy love portion. Fill it - till I crave no more! She begins her story: The morning came too soon Before the fading of the moon Lost in love / a way of love With pillows on the sunlit floor No denying / no regrets I felt love right from the start And you know love can please a craving heart So love / steal my heart body and soul In A Million Ways 'Cause making love is part of being in love It takes a union of two people And A Million Ways To Love I wasn't searching when I met you

Heaven knows this much is true Your tender touch / your sweet words Oh, the joy they bring Will you love me I mean really really love me Forever love me in A Million Ways Dave complies with Dahlias sexual request; even in his semi-hypnotic state of mind. As I listened in (eavesdrop), I could hear Dahlia almost ordering that Dave optimizes his sexual performance: Why screwest thou me as though thou hast no life in thee? She asks, angrily. Know ye not how to please a sex-craving vixen?? Behold, I am Dahlia - proclaimed Mistress of the Dark and of the Light. So, pound it! I demand of thee. (Propping herself up with her elbows, for better elevation and support). No pongo en mi culo..okay (whispers Dahlia)? Porkeh tu es mucho grande!(giggles). Only pongo in me banotcha okay? No en me nalga - okay? Just my choocha. Dave: Okay (he answers, in a deep but quiet tone of voice). No en me nalga..okay?Dave: Okay (again, in the same deep but quiet baritone voice) Dahlia: Pound it to a pulp!.... And spare not my flesh, I command thee! (she screams). As I zoomed in the lenses of my spy camera, I could see Dave trying arduously to deliver, with the extraphysical support from Dahlia.Pound it to a pulp!.... And spare not my flesh, I command thee! (she screams). As I zoomed in the lenses of my spy camera, I could see Dave trying arduously to deliver, with the extraphysical support from Dahlia. The screwmentation goes on, non-stop, for almost three-quarters of an hour. Ow!! WHAT DID I JUST TELL YOU?!! DIDNT I TELL YOU NOT TO PUT IT IN THERE??Dave: Oops!! Pardon me..it just slipped by accidentDahlia: Well put it where I told you!Dave complies. Dahlia: Ooh-ooh! ayah yai!!..Ooh ooh... aya yai!! Mamma-miya! Pepper mucho!!Give it to me..Yes Sir!! Ooh-ooh...aya yai.....! screams Dahlia over and over again in perfect Spanglish and, in perfect rythmic sync (4/4 timing..to the max:)))))) to the forculational act going on. She writhes - she flinches - she screams, Yes! Oh, yes!!! - as the nectar from her juicy nectarine, gently drips onto the light-blue satin sheets. "Ishakalaka shikalaka!" she screams (first woman to ever speak in tongues at the peak of orgasm. Almost scares the living daylights out of Dave:))Once the two of them have done their best, they lay down - ass to ass - and take their rest. Chapter 2 - IN THE CASTLE OF THE PRINCESS PLACE: London, England, August 17th in the year 2000 A female pianist accompanies the Princess, as she tells of her strained relationship with Dave, totally oblivious of the fact that Dahlia is solely responsible for driving a wedge into her relationship with Dave: We've been together for quite a while Destiny has brought us yet another mile How much longer till our restless hearts unite Filled with sincerity / secured by nature's might Suspicions of being unfaithful (has) never been proven Still we're drifting apart /from a love once great at the start Time Will Tell / Time Will Tell Could a match made in

Heaven be made again Time Will Tell Love was the reason we found ourselves entwined Captured by a spell which now has made us blind Whatever the cost to make love fair I'd be glad to pay my share
Straight from the heart you know I would

Chapter 3 Dahlia alone with Dave on a Romanesque sofa in the psychic lounge For the second time, Dahlia uses hypnosis to successfully seduce Dave, by creating images in his mind. Dave comes home one evening from band rehearsals, as he was about to embark on a worldwide tour with his rock group. Feeling tired and beastly hungry, he asks Dahlia whats for dinner. Dahlia then climbs unto the bare dining table, spreads her legs apart and teasingly replies, fresh juicy lettuce and a giant succulent beansprout, just for you!! Bon appetite!! she says with a loud giggle (as in, eat this!) :)))))) Dave is far from amused. He storms into the kitchen, grabs a bag of stale french fries and gobbles it all up in a matter of minutes. Dahlia then attempts to hypnotize Dave in order to sexually seduce him. She will not take no for an answer. Note : In this event, two images are created in Dave's mind: 1. She then continues to put Dave under sexually-controlled hypnotic spell by painting images of Dave and herself flying on a giant, red heart -shaped object (with subtle anatomical undertone) - the hypnotic image. 2. The actual sexual act occurring between the two of them. Only this time, Dahlia gets more experimental : As Dave lays on the couch in a hypnotic state, Dahlia unzips his pants, and slowly unleashes his sexual weaponry - his cannon, as well as his cannon balls. She then proceeds to oralize his hardware in a frenzy, by blowing his pipe, while simultaneously squeezing his bolus humongous (twin airbags / testicles / balls), with the dexterity of a Scottish Bag-Piper, and with the resulting melody of sexual pleasure emanating from Daves mouth, as she plays on. Ferociously sorculating the fuselage of Daves jumbo jet, with reckless abandon. Just then, there is a knock on the door, much to Daves displeasure. As far as he is concerned, there could never be a more inopportuned time. Not when he is having the moment of his life with the woman he fondly refers to as Freaky Miss Daisy...instead of Dahlia, her real name: Rat-a-tat-tat Who is that You can stay out there for all I care Im in a session with my lady freaky Miss Daisy I cant open up the door for you Ive got Glossy Fingers Oh yeah yeah Ive got Glossy Fingers I dont wish to be disturbed this time of day I wont tell you what she asked me to do Cause its not between me and you Its a private affair One I dont wanna share cause it was only meant for me Ive got Glossy Fingers Disregarding the disturbance, the love making continues. Dahlia then goes down on her knees and performs the lewinsky (dicksuckation)- for the second time - on the rock star:I sucketh not thy penile protrusion out of just love, or lust. Oh, no! But out of a combination there-of, lest these gorgeous

lips of mine be looked upon as lifeless pieces of meat. For indeed I believe that love and lust goeth together like horse and carriage. Alas, my poor stallion, prepare thyself; for I shall now ride thee straight into the sunset of passion! To screw, or not to screw - that is the freaking question. And I, Dahlia, shall be damned if I choose not the former! Dave (eyes closed and smiling with cyber-romantic acquiescence): - "Well ride Sally ride!!:) " At which point, she sits her bare self on Dave's penile hardware, and proceeds to ride on it savagely, like a wild rodeo. Literally giddyupping on it like there was no tomorrow. Heee-haaaaa!! she screams, as she rides on it joyfully, all the way to never-never land. DAHLIA : Here we are again in perfect harmony in a kingdom built on love / just us two When the wild wind blows we can never lose our dreams When the wild wind blows we can fly on precious wings FLYING!! in the sky on precious wings of love FLYING!! to a world where lovers live their golden dreams FLYING ON PRECIOUS WINGS of love We're going to a place we've never been before And way below the sky the morning birds are singing

Chapter 3 b Dave treats Dahlia to a theatrically amusing love poem he entitles, The Female Stranger: I saw her from across the street I felt her from across the street I smelt her as she passed me by on the crosswalk once the light turned green Her petite brown-chocolate body well-fragranced as a rose in the crack of a cold and misty morn Petite, yet so well-proportioned The helm of her skimpy miniskirt could have been no more than an inch or two away from the tips of her young vaginal lips If she had as little as bent over to touch her knee with her pointer finger all her most private areas would have in effect lost their privacy so to speak My mouth watered as I entertained wild thoughts of mutual sexual engagement between this lady and I How old could she be 18 at least - I hope God, how I hope she is 18! Interestingly enough, that young min-skirted girl Dave saw in his dream, was the same person, now fully matured and introduced to Dave by Princess Sarah. That girl was in fact Dahlia Chapter 4 Dave And Dahlia In A Botanical Garden in the Outskirts of Monaco - Squabble Ensues Over Dahlias alleged Dalliances Dahlia raises serious concerns over a recent burst of jealous rage by Dave, and hints that this behavior was likely to cause a problem in their relationship. She points out a most recent incident in which Dave tried to pick a fight with one of her male clients, whom he accused of accepting complimentary sexual acts from Dahlia, an argument that Dave himself had initiated, by making all kinds of forculatory gestures at the client. On that occasion, Dave had stormed into Dahlias Psychic room, suspicious of something of a sexual nature going on between Dahlia and a male client. He noticed that Dahlia and the client were completely shocked to see Dave home so early. They were both perspiring and out of breath and both

were smoking a cigarette - something which Dahlia would usually only do after engaging in a sexual act. He also noticed the clients jacket was crumpled and misbuttoned, causing the right side of the jacket to be longer than the other. He immediately accused her of putting her vital substance on the Open Market. The male client, a diminutive Middle-Eastern fellow who spoke with a strong foreign accent, tried to explain to Dave that he was only there to have his future told : Please Sir, I am not here to fuckee wiss za lady, Sir....no, Sir! Me, I only here to askee za lady to tellee forr me za future, Sir..., the poor guy struggled to explain, in his broken English. But Dave angrily replied: I would give not a rats ass, nor a donkeys balls, what be the purpose of thy visitation. As long as thou seatest in the presence of my fair lady - within the confines of closed doors - while the elements between her legs are in plain view - that, alone, beareth justification for some serious ass-kicking which shall transpire, should thou choose not to remove thyself from our premises immediately!! Thou art barking up the wrong tree, I can assure thee. And each time thou sayest Woof Woof, thou shall get a Boof Boof central to thy face. And when thou wakest up in the morning, thou shall slowly run thy fingers through my knuckle indentations on thy face and ask of thyself: "Self, what art thou? (in a manner remindful of the grimaces of George The Animal Steel:) Of what species have I become??! The client still remained defensive of himself and Dahlia. But, by this time, Daves level of tolerance had reached an all time low: Screw thee,Thou termite! Thou bloody nitwit! Thou piece of malformed fungus erroneously characterized as human!! (said Dave loudly.) Yessirrr...fungus Sir!!! concurred the client. Hush! Dave barked: I am not done yet!! Yessirrr! The client responded. Dave continues:Thou pinhead! Thou dickless Cockerspaniel! Thou worse than roasted chitlings! Thou shameless pee-on! Thou piece of flushable unmentionable! Thou stinking elephants butt. Thou rotten egg-induced fart! Thou miserable son of a female german shepherd!! Thou pathetic remnant of an experimental mishap!! Thou half-cooked turkey on a Thanksgiving table! Thou pitiful bolsless monkey!! Dave remorsefully recalls screaming at the client. Why goeth not thou into the streets and find thyself some female freakasoidal sex-peddler to screw around with? Thou effing S.O.B.!! Screw thee...screw thee...screw thee!!! (using his middle finger, fist, and thrusting pelvis, to emphasize the point). His every sentence/phrase/insult requiring a different kind of posture by Dave, as though examining the client from a critics point of view. Walking around him at times...sometimes, with both closed fists on his hips...with the pomposity of a King....stopping suddenly to examine the clients face pretty closely....zooming in on his face...so to speak. Dave: I shall now take a circumspective view of your

ugly face, he advises the client, as he proceeds to examine him from various angles. Yessirr...yessirr... was his usual response. ugly face sirr! Dave: And the key of F major to you too!! But the client just wont stop arguing with Dave. Dave: (Really losing his cool) What part of fuck you does thou not understand? (He asked degradingly of the poor fellah.....the f-u-c-k or, the y-o-u? Client: (Totally out of whack by this time)Za..za... f-u-c-k Sir. Za f-u-c-k ...or...or...OR..za vy-o-u sir....i not underrrstand anysing sir!!!!(the poor guy stutters). Dave: Oh shut thy ugly mouth...thou cross-eyed mongoose!!! Thou art so lost...so disillusioned..so far off base..so pitifully malcentered (cyber dictionary link to definition)- it appears as if thy medulla oblongata could not be any farther away from thy brain....thou non-operative..beyond spiritually salvageable thetan (as opposed to an Operable Thetan..see cyb dict for definition) Take this - bshshshsh! !!!(Dave lands an uppercut left jab to the clients right cheek, spinning him approximately 180 degrees from his original standing position. Now, how about that for a physical interpretation? (Dave asks the client, sarcastically. Client: Yessirr! The client has now suffered an hourlong of interrugation from Dave, and reached out to take a sip of the drink Dahlia had poured him before the start of their Psychic session. But Dave quickly steps his foot on the clients hand, causing the drink to spill on the floor. The client, unable to sustain his thirst anymore,says to Dave, Please sirr, can I have somessing to drink? I am verry verry thirrsty sirr. DAVE: I shall not give thee JACK!...SHIT THAT IS!! Diddly squat! Says Dave in a soft but still forceful tonality. "Not even the sweat off my balls!!!" (Daves voice sounding guttural and laced with anger). Client: Yessirrr..okay sirr...yessirr...no prrroblem sirr! Dave: Now, I shall ask you this: Did Dahlia give you any sexual instructions..like touching any part of her body? No sir..no sir replied the client, complying with Dahlias secret gestures urging him to deny it. Dave: If thou lieth to me, I shall smash thy face beyond recognition. Understood? CLIENT: Yessir..yessirr.. okay sir - I tellee for you za troot sir....za whole troot...nossing buttee za troot sirr!: She tellee to me, touchee my titty...touchee my peepee...touchee my whooshy-whooshy...! (stuttering)An zen..an zen she say, you licky forr me, I sucky forr you. Dave: Ill be darned! Clitlickation and dicksuckation, huh?!(his anger mixing with ridicule). DAHLIA: (covering her mouth and screaming out loud) Puta madre! La grande puta!!(she curses) I said no such thing!!...thats a freakin lie...you bastard!! DAVE (to Dahlia): Oh please...spare me the deception! I am all too familiar with thy vocabulary.. It sounds plausible enough. I believe him. Client: (rubbing it in to save his skin) Yessirrr..it iz za troot sir! Cerrar la boca cabron! Ponga la boca en su culo! Pinche perro!!(bellowed Dahlia, in her broken Spanish). But the poor guy could not comprehend a single word of

Spanish while sober - much less in his now inebriated state. He kept on talking. Running his "boca" so to speak. Dahlia: Shut your mouth, pedarast!! Client: (shaking his head and waving his pointer finger rapidly) No..Me no pedarast..your daddy pedarast!..your daddy passionehwhee!! replied the client, surprisingly. Your mazzar AND your fazzarr..... Quiet!! Dave yelled, before the client would finish his statement. I will not have you talk to my fair Lady in such a manner!! Client: (going back to the accusation) Zat iz exacky-teely (exactly) vot she tellee to me sirr! DAVE (to client) Granted...but did you follow her instructions? Did you touch her? CLIENT: (eyes darting back and forth from Dave to Dahlia) No sir..I not touchie anyssing sir. I not touchie za bitch sirr! Dave: (poising to demolish the clients face for using the proverbial B word) What?? Did thou just call my lady the capital "B" word?? Oh no sirr!! Sorry sirr! Dave: (guardedly relieved that it was probably just a slip of tongue) I thought..!! As if to say, you wouldnt dare! Client: I..I..tellee to za lady, I am afraid boyfriend will gettee angry wiss me sir. Fiance! snapped Dave in correction. Yessirrr..yessir responded the client as he protected his face, thinking Dave was about to deliver another Tyson Special to his face. But Dave was merely gesturing with his hands while speaking, as usual. DAVE: I shall ask you one last time: Did you touch any part of her like she requested? Dahlia secretly gestured to the client to say no. No sir! Abbee-so-lu-teelee no sir! Dave: Wow! Thou speaketh now in collegiate language! Impressive! Absolutely huh? CLIENT: Yessir..abbee-so-lu-teely no sir..I not touchee nossing sir (he said confidently). Dave: Very well. I shall examine thy hand. He siezed the clients hand and examined it. And realized the clients fingertips were all nice and glossy ! Anger visibly swelled in Dave. Why you dirty twisted doubletongued primate!! How dare you lie to me? Take this..hiyyyaahhh!!!!: Dave expertly delivered a kung-fu sidekick to the clients groin area, causing him to bend over and moan in pain. Ouchee..ouchee..ooh..ooh..ouchee..ouchee ooh..ooh!! Yessir yessir! No morr sirr..pleezee no morr sirr! cried the client, as he cupped his balls with both hands to protect them from further assault. Dave: That should teach you a valuable lesson thou ugly monkey!! Client: Yessirrr..yessir! NOTE: Since this story is designed to promote family values, the actual raw language MUST be avoided as much as possible! CLIENT: (trying desperately to argue with Dave): Please sirr...you not underrrrstand...I esplain forrr you...Me,..(Dave angrily interrupts him)Pardon me.. says Dave, somewhat sarcastically - ... since when did an imbecile earn the right to even talk back to an intellectual such as I ???!! The poor client was too dumbfounded to even figure out how to respond. Note: The test of the clients self esteem has begun. Pardon also (Dave continues), my candid observation that the degree

of thy intellect is so low - so lilliputian - so minuscule - it would require the help of a microscope to discern it !!! Taking it closer, thou art so ugly-looking even a baboon will take offense at the mere mention of your name in tandem with his!! Dave then brought his nose a little closer to the client. : I shall now take a whiff of thee, he said. (he sniffs out the client a couple of times. Thou stinketh!! He remarks. Yessirr...stinky stinky sirr!! Responded the client (sniffing his own armpits). Stinky stinky indeed, Dave agreed. Let me take a look at thy attire. Yessirr! the client responds. Dave looks up and down at the clients crumpled and unmatched suit. Thy jacket seems as though it was handed over to you in a hurry, said Dave observedly. Yessirr...yessirr... agrees the client. I tellee forr you vhot happen: I has anozzer jacket - a betterr von, explains the client. But my barrazzar - za _ mazzar fuckar - he takeee my jacket - he sell it to buy kirkack sirr. Your what...? your barrazzar? Poopology! Pure poopology!!(Dave exclaims). What meanest thou by the word barrazzar? No such word in the English lexicon!!. Dahlia: He means his brother!!. Shhhhhh...i SPEAKETH NOT TO THEE!, replied Dave to Dahlia strongly. Why deridest thou my client...how dare thee!!!????(screams Dahlia defensively). A fool he is and I shall minimize him to nothingness!(replies Dave, determinedly). Continue! he said to the client. Yessirr!! the timid fellow replied. So, I askee to my barrazar - I say - barrazar, pleezee, tellee forr me zis: Vhy you selleee my lezzar jacket to kirkack-house and vhy you takee za money - twenty dallar - to buy kirkack to seemoke..I say pleezee tellee to me vhy you makee za tirrouble forr me like zis, brazzar?...I vont to know. But my barrazar - he not say nossing. I askee to him again, barrazar, vhy you not answer forr my question? My brrazzar he say.... Oh, be quiet (Dave interrupted). I shall hear no more about that crackhead brother of yours!! Dave barked. Yessirr--yessirr - replied the client hurriedly. ...And kiss my big brown eyes, for crying out loud!!! Dave added. The client misunderstood Dave - he puckered up and attempted to kiss Daves left eye. Dave threw a left jab unto the clients face. Figurative expression, thou fool! Dave shouted with the pomp of a King. Yessirr yessirr the guy says, nervously rubbing the area of his face where Daves punch had landed. Dave: Come hither! (he commanded the fellow). Bring thy face a little closer! (the client shockingly complies in his already-destroyed self esteem). Dave then thrust his big right fist into the clients face, sending him straight across the room. The angry-tyson punch was so severe, it measured 9.5 on the facial impact scale (if theres ever such a thing:))). 10.0 of course, being the strongest! You say Poof be gone, I say it was more like Booffff be gone....because Booffffffff!!!! was the sound that emanated as Daves bare knuckles collided with the clients face! Get off thy butt and come hither again! Dave barks.

The client, dazed as ever does exactly that. To say that he walked back towards Dave will be an outright exaggeration. He STAGGERED his way back to Dave, his ego already totally pulverized by Daves wave of insults. He (the client) was so confused, he could not tell his left from his right; his ass from his elbow. Standing in front of Dave again, he receives further command: Dave: Stand here, donkey!! Client: (apparently totally lost in time and space) Yesssirr...donkey sirr....hee-haw...haw-hee haw-hee...hee-haw (client acting exactly like a donkey on his knees)!!!! Daves eyes clearly reveals his state of shock. Someone please dart this miserable creature with a tranquilizer for goodness sake!! Exclaimed Dave. Yessirrr!...goo...goo...gooooonessee saykee sirr!! sake sirr! Silence!! Dave commanded loudly. His patience wearing thin. Yessirrr! was the clients reply. Dave : (rather observedly -) Thy mother and thy father must have begotten you during a moment of public frivolity - rather than a private attempt to procreate! Client: Yessirr...prro...pro..prrocreatee...(the poor guy stutters in an effort to pronounce the word)!! Dave: Oh hush thy mouth - for thou speaketh slush (Dave barked). Yes Sirrr...slusheeee sirr! concurred the imbecile. Dave: No. Not slushee! Thats SLUSH...as in two stages below gibberish!! Now, take thy middle finger and stick it up your nose!! Client: Yesssirrryessirrr!! My middell fingerrrr sirrr!! He then shockingly takes his middle finger and sticks it up his own nostril - but not before he had guessed without success for over a dozen times which one was in fact, his middle finger....his first guess was his pinkie...then he showed dave his thumb...back to his pinkie...then the pointer..etc...etc....much to Daves dismay. Dave: Ill be darned!!!!...just like I thought! (He exclaimed)...a Neanderthal in our midst!! He says of the client. After the humiliation, he then grabbed the client by the back of his neck, and literally kicked him out the door - one big left foot, right where the sun shineth not - much to Dahlias chagrin - And, with the words: I can now see why even thy own family members would have nothing to do with thee!!Let it be known from here-on and henceforth, that thou art nothing but a pooh-pooh with a capital P!! Understood?? Yes sir! yessirrr!!!!... agreed the client. ..Poo poo sir. Poo poo wiss..wiss.. err....poo poo wit err..capital vhot sirr? Sorry sir... I not rememberr za EXACT letterrr sirrr!! The Clients facial expression was, as always, a pitiful combination of fear and stupidity. Ali was also cautious enough to conceal the fact that Dahlia had in fact lap-danced on him singing an Indian song she jokingly made up herself using only Indian-sounding made-up words, since she could not speak the language: "Buchini yea buchini (Ali responds: Hiley hiley hay!!) Macadu yea macadu (Ali: Hiley hiley hay!:)Buchini and Dickaroo (Hiley hiley hay) simply just want to kissaroo (hiley hiley hay) / But not so with Booty-Lou (hiley hiley hay)/ she just

wants to fuckaroo (hiley hiley hay) / After she gets fuckdaroo (hiley hiley hay) she then goes on to wiperoo (hiley hiley hay) But not so with Buchini / (hiley hiley hay) / she goes on to walkaroo (hiley hiley hay) Then she will start to hopperoo (hiley hiley hay) / pretty much like a kangaroo:) (hiley hiley hay:)The two would then repeat the sweet melody by imitating the flute of a snake charmer. They would then dance around the psychic room as Ali follows closely behind Dahlia, alternating one palm of his hand to the back of his head and the back of the other just above his waist in perfect timing . "Ancient Indian dancing!" he mused. Dahlia scolded Dave for assticulating himself out of nothing at all. (Definition of assticulating - making a fool or an ass of ones self - Cyber Dictionary. Note: You must emphasize on the ass- in order for the word to sound more effective. Let the sibilance drag on a little bit longer, to drive home the point). Dave, however, tried to justify his behavior to Dahlia, by blaming it all on the uncontrollable love he harbors for her: We've been together a while and we've come another mile you 'n' me baby I wonder how much longer till you love me stronger (oh girl) Should you ever put my love on trial I bet there'll be no cause for denial I'll be GUILTY of loving too much GUILTY of loving too much I'm addicted to your touch I'll be GUILTY of loving too much I wish there'll come a time when we'll walk down the aisle You 'n' me baby We'll do it all with pride with dignity and style (oh girl) Should you ever put my love on trial I bet there'll be no cause for denial I'll be GUILTY of loving too much GUILTY of loving too much I'm addicted to your touch I'll be GUILTY of loving too much Promise I'm never gonna leave you or even try to deceive you Let's stay together forever Baby till the end of time Chapter 5 Attempts To Spoil Wedding Plans Dahlia proposes to Dave, instead of the other way around. And Dave willingly accepts. But on the day before their wedding, Dave receives a phone-call from a man named Jeff, who identifies himself as a former client, and love interest, of Dahlia. He claims that Dahlia had a sordid past - a history of bizarre behavioral tendencies. According to Jeff, Dahlia used to start her day with a freaky, early morning ritual. Jeff claims that after taking her shower, Dahlia would bend over, butt-naked in front of a full-sized mirror, to rub olive oil on her butt, while singing : Shine / Shine / Shine / I'm Gonna Let My Little Ass Shine Shine it in the morning/ Shine it in the evening/ Shine it in the noon-time too. And, that her voice would get louder and louder, as the ass-rubbing assumed more frenzied proportions. The louder she sang, the faster, and more feverishly, she would rub (says Jeff). And, for a grande finale, Dahlia would slowly walk around a burning scented candle, while carefully balancing a rose petal in the crack of her butt, as a good-luck charm, that she believed would guarantee her any man she desired. As if that was not

shocking enough , Jeff goes as far as saying that Dahlia's full service psychic package offered to her male clients, also included high-gloss facial squats with clit-syrup hot wax, by hovering herself above the client's face, like in a drive-thru car wash, which she guaranteed would leave her male client's face all nice and shiny. It sounds like Jeff is really speaking from past personal experience. But by this time, Dave had really had enough, and was about to hit the roof. Dave would not have anyone disrespect the love of his life, in any manner, no matter what. Besides, he even suspects that Jeff (who is as drunk as a skunk when he makes this phone call), is nothing but an opportunistic alcoholic, and is making up this ridiculous story in order to either destroy his relationship with Dahlia , or, simply to ride on Dave's own celebrity status, by selling this juicy story to the tabloids. After all, who, in the world would not like to know about a famous rock star, whose psychic girlfriend was screwing her male clients. Dave : Heed my warning!!! If thou leaketh even as little as a single word about this bloody nonsense to the tabloids, I swear I shall sue the pants off thy butt! And, for a pretty penny!! Jeff (defiantly and with sarcasm): Well, a pretty penny is all you shall get. For I shall file for Dicklomatic Immunity (legal protection against financial screwmentation - Cyber Dictionary. Syn. bankruptcy) Dave : Very well then - mark my word - thou idiot of an earthling: You shall be sitting on a hot wet towel by the time my Lawyers get through with thy ass, or my name is not Dave Mountbatten....thou sorry-ass emblem of human calamity!!! Dave is so furious with Jeff, that he calls him three derogatory nomenclatures, all in a single sentence: A deranged degenerate, an effing dickrovite (which is Cyberlinguistics for a son-of-a-b***ch) and, worst of all, he calls Jeff a third generation baboon. Interestingly enough, Jeff does not seem to mind being called any of these things. Perhaps he is too drunk to get emotional, or, to even feel offended. As a matter of fact, the more Dave cursed at him, the more dirty details Jeff would reveal about Dahlia's so-called 'History', including an alleged involvement with a very notorious Fuckshire County transvestite, by the name of Bolsa Chica, whom, he says, used to bring her weed to smoke. Dave, however, is not prepared to believe Jeff s story, even though Jeff is able to accurately describe a tattoo on a certain private area of Dahlia's body, visible only to anyone she must have been intimate with. Equally as hard to swallow, is Jeffs shocking revelation that Dahlia is, by all accounts, a former high school Teacher - turned Stripper - turned Psychic. Supposedly, a Teacher of English Literature. Which, perhaps, best explains why Dahlia possesses such a knack for Neo-Shakespearean eloquence. Unlike Dave, whose own flair for Neo-Shakespearean oratory, stems from his long relationship with Princess Sarah. But how on earth is it possible - for Dahlia to have such a

strange three-tiered life cycle? Dave asks himself, even though he, himself, could not help but notice, that Dahlias command of the English Language seems well above an ordinary Psychic; and, that her propensity for lewd exhibitionism, seems way beyond that of a novice female. Extremely suspicious of Jeff, Dave requests a background check on him. It turns out that Jeff, in fact, was a useless 70's musician, who once wrote a terrible song called Cock-a-by-Lady On A Tree Top- a song considered so vulgar during the 70's, that no radio station at the time would even dare to play it. The background check also revealed that Jeff once moonlighted as a Dick-monger, selling sexual services to rich, lonely and penilo-centric, old ladies. But, so much for Jeff 's own history. Jeffs Song: Cock-a-by Ladyon the tree-top
When the wind blows her booty will rock
When the bough breaks like crispy cornflakes down falls the lady
booty and all!!:))) As far as Dave is concerned, he is not prepared to let anything get in the way of his marrying Dahlia. Not even the "scandalous and fucked-uply ridiculous" allegations of Jeff, the Dickrovite. Nevertheless, he still confronts Dahlia regarding these new allegations, and not only does she deny knowing any rude songs, she even claims that she has never met anyone by the name of Jeff. Furthermore, Dahlia vehemently disavows ever participating in any multi-clitonous (involving several women) orgical parties, marked by excessive clit-lickation without licker's license, and random acts of pseudo-penilation (a/k/a dildoism). Says Dave in the words of a powerful rock song poetry: It is based on common knowledgethat thou hast been cheating on meI ask myself why should this bels the pleasure worth the painCan our lovelight ever shine again[Tell me] How many timeshave you shared my loveHow many times have you lied to meLet me knowI need to knowTell me what have I done to deserve thistainted and diluted loveIn the presence of the sky aboveyou keep giving me a verbal tour de France (long, twisted or indirect response, usually meant to deceive - Colins Cyber Dictionary). It takes my mind back to those dayswhen we savored our hearts delightRomantic moments in the moonlightCan we live those days againCan we kiss in the rain again Of all the sexual events that Dave has confronted Dahlia with, none infuriates him more than the one involving Ali Bahktali (the client who has a brazzar that smokes crack:)) Says Dave to Rachel during Dahlias brief absence from the room: Every blood cell in me still cringes at the mere thought of that orangutan (Bahktali) rubbing his filthy hands on my fair ladys peeware (genitalia - Colins Cyber Dictionary). The argument continues, nevertheless, throughout most of the day, until Rachel intervenes, for the sake of peace and quiet. Dahlia lightens up the mood with yet another of her rude parodies: Reach Out And 'Fork' somebodys Ass...Make this world a better place..If

you can. Dave and Rachel would struggle very hard to hold their giggles until Dahlia walks away. One could still hear her singing loudly as she climbs up the stairs to their bedroom. Says Dave to Rachel: A great Actress and Comedian she sure would make, but for her profound and unglorified rudeness. Or is she? They would both shrug in helpless amazement. Dahlia to Dave: ...and shouldst thou continue to talk down to me like that, I swear - there shall be no matrimonio! Nada nada! Only TRASHIMONIO! (the brazen Dahlia once threatened - clapping her hands loudly - spanking the side of her hip while poking fingers to his face as usual). - for I shall throw all my bridal attires in the trash!! EN LA BASURA!! A true wake-up call for the hyper-ventillating rock star:). Dave cools down, as he begins to dress-up for the bachelor's eve party, being given by his musician friends, featuring, Private Dancer Lady Sonora - The Dildocentric Nymphomaniac. Chapter 6: THE BACHELORS PARTY In a secret hideaway up in the hills of Monaco, Lady Sonora electrifies Dave and his musician friends, with her erotic peformance, accompanied by her signature tune entitled, Doing My Thing, as she skillfully toys with a psuedo-penile object (dildo or, dilly, in Cyber Linguistics) while a reggae hip-hop song fills the room: Strange feeling gets me everytime I close my eyes one that really makes me feel I am captured right in Paradise Temptations of the night carry on through the daylight while a voice inside my head whispers to me I wanna hold you touch ya wrap my arms around you Let me squeeze ya n tease ya But I keep Doing my thing - my own thing (Her performance then assumes a more frenzied proportion, reggae style) Doing My T'ing Doing My Ting Everybody knows me like to do my ting Me ah go do it in da mornin' ah go do it in da night Take me lickle dilly an' shove it outa sight (The crowd goes wild and whistles endlessly) Chapter 6b Dave Has Wet Dreams About DahliaSONG (female voice similar to Dahlias)- as he hears it in the dream:Sunrise brightens the horizonin the presence of the moonTheres got to be a reasonAngels, be with us on our waySpread thy wings to guide usso we dont go astray Maybe just you and Igetting signals from the skyHow far are we goingWhats the limitChorus: We are sailing beyond the naked world where theres no sadnessno trouble or painIts the perfect place for making loveAll our inhibitions washed away by the rainbeyond The Naked World Chapter 7- THE WEDDING OF DAVE AND DAHLIA - The Bells Of Monaco toll The Wedding Couple A throng of guests - from top luminaries including the Prince of Monaco and all the great scribes of Israel and Ireland - Croatia and Romania - to hangers-on and wannabies - descend upon the beautiful city of Monaco to bear witness to the great occassion. Dahlias own partial Guest List:Pashtawi - the Nebulous Freakasoid from the Kingdom Of Showa, whose propensity to sexually

engage two men simultaneously, earned her the nickname "The Double Dutchess"!:) Considered nebulous because she is always accompanied by an attendant spraying white mist on her wherever she goes. Making her real identity mysterious. Even the men that she has ever made love to would swear they have never seen her face, as she only makes love covered in white smoke. Considered one of the wierdest spirits of our neo-cosmos. High Spirits powerful enough to see her, describe her as tall with long slender legs, fair-skinned, extremely gorgeous with the eyes of a tiger. Ginsha, the High Priestess of Madrona and a descendant of Cleopatra Kijack, The Female Monster - a 6 foot 5 inches mountain of a lady with enough meat on her back that will put many a giant walrus to shame. Hence the name "Kijack" meaning, a human walrus... walrus on two legs Zania, estranged sibling of Naffatiti and Heir Apparent of Goombayland Bolsa Chica, the weed-smoking hermaphrodite Willimina - oldest daughter of Willie The Pervert, of Sodom Jacoby - youngest son of Jason The Crook from Fiducia (pronounced "fee doo shia") Gayo, the 14th son of Dingiswayo of Zululand Adrian The Eunuch Seejay - son of Colin The Terrible of Salonica and Grandson of Samuel the Government Printer of Aberdeene, and great-grandson of Frederick of Kent Alphonzo - third husband of Figarro Ebenezer, the 5th cousin - twice removed - of Nebukadnezzar Not a single Psychic friend of Dahlia shows up, though some r.s.v.p.d. Also visibly absent from the wedding are the worlds biggest twins from the Island of Samoa: Mount Penny-Toobo and Monte-Negro. Though both ladies rsvpd, they were asked to get off the bus on which they were traveling (to the wedding) in order to make room for 12 more passengers!:) Much to Dahlias disappointment. It is well-known within the circles of Dahlias former high-school mates that she routinely befriended big strong girls for protection against fellow schoolmates she would regularly offend by her mouthiness and teasing. Once, as the story has it, a whole crowd of pupils she had offended were waiting outside of school grounds to kick her butt - literally:) It was a well-known fact that when this skinny little junior high school kid was seen running across the school fields at the rate of a hundred miles an hour with at least a ten yard lead ahead of her angry female pursuers!:) - half of the story would already have been known: That Dahlia must have teased someone or most times - a whole group of girls at least 2 or 3 grades higher than she was:) - and was now being pursued by her offenders!:) The other half being, "what did she say this time? Who did she just call some offensive name? What parody did she just sing to piss someone off...etc etc:) Little skinny Dahlia, as she was in her highschool days, had gone into the ladies restroom and peeping into every occupied cubicle and singing: Deep and wide / Deep and wide / There are

fountains flowing Deep and Wide (a snide reference to the girls sitting on the throne easing themselves). All the while doing rude booty dances to emphasize her x-rated reference: hand motions...butt-squats...knees crisscrossing etc etc:)))!. As the angry mob waited outside, there came Dahlia being carried on Kijacks back, through the crowd, as she stuck her tongue out to further piss-off those she had offended. And as the two of them stormed past the angry mob, it was as though nothing majorly scandalous had just taken place in the schools confines. For Dahlia (still on Kijacks back engaged in a series of "Granny jokes": Kijack to Dahlia: "Your granny is so old, she doesnt even have a last name!:)! Dahlia to Kijack: Well, your granny is so old, shes been over the hill five times already...folks had to tell her, "please dont come back nowhear??!:(:)))Kijack: "Well, my dear, your granny is so ancient, Abraham (biblical) divorced her ass when she was only nineteen!!!..And were talking OVER FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO!:(:))) Dahlia: Your granny gets so much on peoples nerves, she went to the cemetery to visit her dead sister, her dead sister told the other dead folks: "TELL THAT BITCH IM NOT HERE!!!" :)))Kijack: "Let me see...well, your granny is so old, her birth certificate was written on a scroll!!! It says, "Date Of Birth - twelve hundred B.C. ! Species: Unknown!!!:(:))) :))And Kijack herself, laughed so hard at her own joke, a bubble of snort blew out of her nose by accident:)) Everyone was scared of all three of Dahlias big-boned ladies notably, Kijack, Mount Penny-Toobo and Monte Negro a/k/a Umbra and Penumbra. So-called by their schoolmates because it was often said that these two - when standing face-to-face would cause great shades of shadowy darkness to befall the entire western hemisphere!:(:))Daves Partial GuestList - top dignitaries, Entertainment Industry heavyweights, Fellow Rockmates from all over the world - including the likes of Unscrupulous Anonymous a/k/a John M (famous for his killer comedic rock songs like ,And " $2q + 2q = 4q^2$ " - the worlds first algebraic rock song):I went there to learn algebra But all she did was show me her bra I was sitting there learning bloody nothingwhile she was busy flashing legs and thing:)Then she had the guts to ask of meshe said , "2Q PLUS 2q is what?"This was all that I could say: I said: $2q + 2q$ equals $4Q^2$!Thats right!:2q plus 2q = fuck you too!:(:))Its called, "Advanced Algebra!!Yeah yeahAdvanced Alegebra!:(:)) As well as The hilarious rock song, The Law Of Diminishing Vaginal Returns (Advanced Economics): "The less money a man makes the less pussy hes gonna get Does anyone wanna bet? Then bring it on / Yeah! I read it in a book in school and Im not an Economics fool Its called The Law Of Diminishing Vaginal Returns!:(:)) Other world famous artists such as Non-Genius (known especially for the power-rock song, "Please Dont Call Me A

Genius""I have had my own share of tribulationmuch more than I care to mentionFrom financial, to things more confidentialBut still I made it through. As well as "Cock-a-doodle-doo Is Not A Dirty Word!:)The Notorious Vicious Kaynine a/k/a "Mean Doggy Brown" - the rocker whose killer song "One On One With You" rocks the world of video-games - album titled, "Dickeronomy Chapter 1 !:): It was half-past nineon a cold winters nighta cute little poodle came into sight Well-groomed hairbraided in pinkI didnt know what else to thinkSo I said:Hey...Poodle...what do you sayThis rottweiler wants to get with youHey poodle tell me..what do you sayId like to get it on with youI wanna get One On One With You I wanna get my freaky-dicky thing on youYeah - One On One With You Goes the hilarious lyrics of another:Why does this thing between my legs keep pulsatingto the point where it starts vibratingNothing but the Dickmentality in meI keep imagining upskirt flirtations/ while rude girls are giggling/ begging me to chase them to see what they are wearingunderneath their bright-colored dresses:)Nothing but the dickmentality in me The Wedding party Gate-crashers List:Jeff, The Dickrovite (Cyberlinguistic for a "son-of-a-bitch") and Ali, the unbelievable intruder - the twisted Punjab with a middle-Eastern accent In a lavish ceremony, Dave and Dahlia joyfully exchange their vows, in the presence of a huge gathering of guests from the entertainment and modeling industries. As the couple and their maids and groomsmen march out of the cathedral, one female guest reaches out and attempts to hug Dave; but Dahlia jealously pushes her away, and proceeds to hold a tighter grip of Dave's arm, as they continue marching on. After all, Dahlia considers this day as the greatest day of her life. Princess for a day! A psychic to the rich and famous, now married to a very famous rock star. Dahlia "Daisy-Lou" Sanchez - alias, Maria Wantanmerra - is now officially, Mrs. Dahlia Mountbatten. Note: The song begins to play right at the start of the procession leaving the chapel: You're just what I've been praying for That special love to call my own Until the day you came / life to me was like a masquerade without a song or a band being played You said we've only just begun You called yourself the lucky one That you've found in me sweet love one that runs deeper / even more [than any love you've ever had before] My Favorite Word Is Love / My Favorite Word Is Love Of all the things you say / to me everyday love makes my heart and soul complete Yes I know it's plain to see My Favorite Word Is Love Note: The second verse of this song has been deliberately omitted for this scene, as her dream of getting married is now being realized. It is replaced with a surprise pipe-organ rendition of Colin Peter Palmer's ultra-dramatic musical masterpiece, A Fairytale Wedding, excellently performed by none other than the maestro himself. The newly-wedded couple and their entourage exit the Chapel, and are

immediately swamped by a large pool of paparazzi, eager to capture the Kodak moment, to which Dave and Dahlia graciously oblige. Notwithstanding that, Dave's Lawyer and Publicist, had cautioned him to expect some grueling questions from certain reporters, regarding Dahlia's alleged infidelity, and that he should remain taciturn in the event, allowing his Publicist to field all such related questions. And, true to form, one ruthless Reporter begins to grill Dave about the bizarre sexual allegations concerning Dahlia. Just then, his angry Publicist fires back by appropriately quoting the words of Colin, the Neo-Shakespearean: What-so-ever thou gleaneth not from a horse's mouth, thou shalt glean from a cow's backside. Simply put, less than first-hand information is usually a load of bull... Completely taken aback by the Publicist's unexpected verbal preparedness, the ruthless Reporter immediately retreats, feeling emotionally castrated and debolsified, leaving behind the well-intentioned remnants of Reporters, who are determined to simply enjoy the happy returns of the day, from a brighter perspective. Chapter 8.

The Wedding Reception At an elaborate wedding reception held at the fabulous Cherry-Grove Castle - floating dome-shaped white structure surrounded by the Mediterranean Sea, Dave gives a very short speech in which he unreservedly refers to Dahlia as his appetizer, main course and, dessert, till the end of time; triggering a round of applause from the crowd of well-wishers. Dave then chooses a beautiful rock ballad, Second To None, penned by songwriter extraordinary, 7Scribe7, and performed live by his fellow musicians of the rock group, Non-Genius And Friends . After which, an ever-memorable song of Dennis Rousauss, "Trying To Catch The Wind", romantically steals the midnight air of Monaco - and can be heard as the party-goers slow-dance their hearts away. And the children all sing, "We Shall Dance, We Shall Dance!" Dave joins the performance as lead singer, as he proudly sings and slow-dances with Dahlia, amidst the large gathering of happy guests. Here, again, paparazzi galore!! : Look at you now outshining all the stars Even the gorgeous moon would hide its face So pure and so simple as fresh as the morning dew You make even the morning birds seem out of place Let's go kissing in the sky You don't need your wings to fly to my world that's built for you and I No other girl can substitute for all the joy you contribute to my world And as far as I know you're Second To None I'd rather be lifeless than let you walk away I'd rather have my mind in disarray Your smile is so precious than diamonds and pearls Precious than any other gem on earth Let's go kissing..... This is my message straight to your heart It's time to rise and play your part There is not a better way A better way for me to say Daisy, you are Second To None Note: Whenever you hear Dave refer to his Dahlia as "Daisy" (a nickname given to her since

birth by her grandmother), you know his love for her is at an alltime high:) Chapter 9 The Honeymoon Night At the Cocoanut (The address of a mysterious jukebox) Chalet, the couple dance till almost past midnight. Calypso and reggae like never before. They were entertained by singer/comedian, Lord Barry Tone who tells the crowd about a girl who was dancing rather provocatively at a street carnival as she tries to win the heart of a young African Prince who was out searching for a new bride, not realizing her mother (a very strict and over-protective lady) was hiding in the crowd watching her in a state of shock as she danced rudely with the shy Prince. The Song goes: I went to bacchanal a yearly festival with scantily-dressed ladies dancing just to tease Here comes a lady wearing cut-up jeans She was dancing very rudely with an African Prince She never noticed her mother in the crowd Looking pretty angry and far from proud Chorus: When her mama saw her dancing like that She said no, thats not my child When she said mama I am dancing to earn his wedding ring Mamma said, Go on girl..then show him what youve gat!! My! My! My! By this time, continues the storyteller, the crowd is getting really loud...go ahead!!! Go ahead!!! they cheered. The caribbean song continues.....She said / my legs shall set (speaking of the girl closing her legs as she dances)/ ...while I let my moon arise (bending over accordingly as she dances with the shy Prince) /... Just for you / I wouldnt do it otherwise She bent like this...and then she did like that... She said / pardon me if my batty is too fat You would think they were gonna do the real lovers thing before the night was over You would think they were gonna do the real lovers thing Make no mistake..She was dancing for a wedding ring (And the crowd goes): My! My! My! - It is now almost 2 in the morning - and the Reggae boys are still rocking the crowd:The Party Never Seems To Stop At 1860 Cocoa-Nut Grovelt just goes on and onOh what a music treasure-troveAt 1860 Cocoanut-Grove - the address of the World Famous Coconut Chalet owned by a close friend of Daves, that is notable for possessing the worlds most popular jukebox. After their first night out during their honeymoon, Dave and Dahlia return to a hotel resort in the beautiful Island of the Bahamas, where they kiss each other passionately, at the foot of the stairs. He then sweeps her off her feet, and proceeds to carry her majestically, up the chandelier-lit stairs, leading to their honeymoon suite. Note: A beautiful song starts to play the moment he picks her up, till they disappear up the stairs, while the lights emanating from their bedroom window, lend credence to their presence. They both stare into each others eyes as their bedroom lights automatically go dim, and imaginary fireworks light up, stealing the midnight sky, all in Daves own minds eye. I thought the day would never come when two of us would breathe as one What

started out as a fancy escapade has blossomed into vows being made You said you saw visions You said you heard the church bells ring Little did I know that they were meant for you and me THERE'LL BE FIREWORKS like in real life All those splendid colors will steal the sky All because of you and I THERE'LL BE FIREWORKS like in real life 'cause we'll both behold great moments to our delight as we celebrate sweet love tonight No more mountains left to climb No more doubts within my mind Now I know the difference between love and lust Ignoring either one may be unjust 'Cause if lust can exist within the frame of love it could be an added blessing and we'd give thanks to the heights above Chapter 10

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