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Pigs and a bow tie

1. Adjective - Ends In Est _____
2. Noun _____
3. Adjective _____
4. Adjective _____
5. Noun _____
6. Adjective - Ends In Est _____
7. Noun _____
8. Noun - Plural _____
9. Noun - Plural _____
10. Noun _____
11. Noun _____
12. Noun _____
13. Noun _____
14. Noun _____
15. Noun _____

Pigs and a bow tie

I like _____Adjective - Ends in EST_____.

The pet store was selling them for five cents a piece.

I thought this was _____Noun_____ since they are normally a couple thousand apiece.

I decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth, so I bought 200 of them.

I like monkeys.

I _____Adjective_____ my 200 _____Adjective_____ _____Noun_____.

I have a big _____Adjective - Ends in EST_____.

I let one of them drive.

His name was Sigmund.

He was retarded.

In fact, none of them were really bright.

When I got _____Noun_____, I herded them into my room.

They didn't adapt very well to _____Noun - Plural_____ new _____Noun - Plural_____.

They _____Noun_____ screech and hurl themselves off the couch at high speeds and slam into the wall.

Although humorous at first, the spectacle lost its novelty halfway into its third _____Noun_____.

Two hours later I found out why all the monkeys were so inexpensive:

They all died.

No

apparent reason.

They all just sort of dropped dead.

Kinda like when _____Noun_____ buy a goldfish and it dies five hours later.

Stupid cheap monkeys.

I didn't know _____Noun_____ to do.

There were 200 _____Noun_____ monkeys _____Noun_____ all over my room;

on the bed, in the dresser, hanging from my bookcase.

It looked like I had 200 throw rugs.

I tried to flush one down the toilet.

It didn't work.

It got stuck.

Then I had one dead, wet monkey and one hundred ninety-nine dead, dry monkeys.

I tried to pretend that they were just stuffed animals.

That worked for awhile, that is, until they began to decompose.

It started to smell real bad.

I had to pee but there was a dead monkey in my toilet and I didn't want to call a plumber.

I was embarrassed.

I tried to slow down the decomposition by freezing them.

Unfortunately there was only enough room for two at a time,

So

I had to change them every 30 seconds.

I also had to eat all the food in the freezer so it didn't go bad.

I tried to burn them,

but little did I know that my bed was flammable.

I had to extinguish the fire.

Then I had one dead, wet monkey in my toilet, two dead, frozen monkeys in my freezer, and one hundred ninety-seven dead, charred monkeys in a pile on my bed, and

the odor wasn't improving.

I became agitated at my inability to dispose of the dead monkeys and I really had to use the bathroom.

So I went and severely beat one of the monkeys.

I felt better.

I tried throwing them away, but the garbage man said the city was not allowed to dispose of charred primates.

I told him I had a wet one.

He couldn't take it either.

I didn't bother asking about the frozen ones.

I finally arrived at a solution:

I gave them out as Christmas gifts.

My friends didn't quite know what to say.

They pretended to like them, but I could tell they were lying.

Ingrates.

So I punched them.

Gosh, I like monkeys!

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