

Pigs and a bow tie

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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!