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The sausage

1. Proper Noun _____
2. Proper Noun _____
3. Noun _____
4. Noun - Plural _____
5. Adjective _____
6. Verb - Past Tense _____
7. Noun _____
8. Adjective _____
9. Noun - Plural _____
10. Verb - Past Participle _____
11. Adjective _____
12. Place _____
13. Adjective _____
14. Adjective _____
15. Noun - Plural _____
16. Verb - Past Tense _____
17. Adjective _____
18. Noun _____
19. Proper Noun _____
20. Proper Noun _____
21. Proper Noun _____

The sausage

_____Proper Noun_____ _____Proper Noun_____ looked at the _____Noun_____ in his _____Noun - Plural_____ and felt _____Adjective_____.

He _____Verb - Past Tense_____ over to the _____Noun_____ and reflected on his _____Adjective_____ _____Noun - Plural_____. He had always _____Verb - Past Participle_____ _____Adjective_____ _____Place_____ with its _____Adjective_____, _____Adjective_____ _____Noun - Plural_____. It was a place that _____Verb - Past Tense_____ his tendency to feel _____Adjective_____.

Then he saw a _____Noun_____ in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of _____Proper Noun_____ _____Proper Noun_____. _____Proper Noun_____ was an admirable muppet with skinny fingers and grubby eyelashes.

Andy gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a thoughtful, clumsy, tea drinker with tall fingers and wobbly eyelashes. His friends saw him as a defeated, difficult dolphin. Once, he had even helped a slippery toddler recover from a flying accident.

But not even a thoughtful person who had once helped a slippery toddler recover from a flying accident, was prepared for what Toby had in store today.

The teased like jumping corgis, making Andy lonely.

As Andy stepped outside and Toby came closer, he could see the bewildered glint in his eye.

Toby gazed with the affection of 8331 cowardly weary wiener dogs. He said, in hushed tones, "I love you and I want peace."

Andy looked back, even more lonely and still fingering the sausage. "Toby, get out of my house," he replied.

They looked at each other with ecstatic feelings, like two petite, precious Pangolins sleeping at a very patient snow storm, which had reggae music playing in the background and two peculiar uncles swimming to the beat.

Andy regarded Toby's skinny fingers and grubby eyelashes. "I feel the same way!" revealed Andy with a delighted grin.

Toby looked happy, his emotions blushing like a troubled, tan teapot.

Then Toby came inside for a nice cup of tea.

THE END

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