

Finnigan Huxley Hafiz was quite the eccentric human, he walked with a cane carved of irony and limped with a peg of a leg.

Finnigan emitted a fragrance of Reindeer musk and celestial Oude. Saffron and rose petals were often found in the left pocket of his scarlet colored silk vest, reaching for roses in his deep heart pocket to roll into his Bolivar cigar. Perhaps the most important action upon the rising of Finnigans new day would be to gel his french roast stained handlebar mustache in preparation to drink masala chai alongside his compañero, **Sanchos Rivera Augusta The Great Odyssey Sea Wayfarer** whom is embodied as a donkey and escaped the prisms of belief imposed upon him by society to believe that he is anything lesser than the greatest donkey whom ever lived.

Together Finnigan and Sanchos would soar in the realms of infinite possibility and dreamscape of occupying the THE GAMMA RAY OBSERVATORY SPACECRAFT to venture to the Ganges galaxies and create a cosmic convergence instrument of peace. A harmonic harpoon that pierces the realms of Truth, emitting a vibrational frequency of a quasi-stellar cognizance. Together the Compañeros transformed Pablo Casals cello, quadrupling the strings and braiding them into a weave that reaches the galaxy of Ghandis eternal mind, ascending knowledge through benevolent living strings. Inspired by many cups of quality chai, Finnigan and Sanchos orchestrated an orgasmic organ to breathe the sound of life throughout the infinite web of existence, joining in musical ecstasy alongside the quasi-stellar cello forevermore. With such progress in innovation, Sanchos Rivera Augusta The Great Odyssey Sea Wayfarer beamed a daunting gaze to Finnigan that seemed to peer into the depths of Finnigans soul, only to beg for more masala chai···” Sanchos must be in a state of eternal soul reflection” Finnigan thought.

Offering another round of tea, Finnigan began reflecting on his large male sex organ dangling between his legs while pondering the purpose of its existence. “This penis that occasionally gets in the way when i get excited about a new realm of discovery

and protrudes through the coconut buttons that i so finely sewed to hold together the frontline of my forest green velvet pants, what is the purpose of the lingam i ponder? that seems to get distracted by the wombyn who brings honey to my humble palace of poems written upon sticky note after sticky note!? Ah Ha! What a useful tool to be utilized a conduit of energy to channel the sky in divine union through the sound of music! What a gift, an extra limb for the pedal board!” said Finnigan.

Curious, Finnigan would look to see if Sanchos has a lingam too, upon discovering Sanchos to be indeed another male, now Finnigan feels more content and can better relate, “we must be from a similar star lineage...we both have this huge penis dangling between our legs” said Finnigan. Sanchos expressed a shining grin and spoke in a sensual spanish tone... “Best to not compare, pour another cup of tea, after all i am the the studliest of steeds” . Finnigan and Sanchos lived on creating vital strides in the evolution of musical alignment through eternity and beyond.

**changing the world one cup of chai at a time.....**