

YOU LIF IN CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND

LAY-DEEZ AND GEN-TIL-MEN OF LON-DOWN, YOU ALL LIF IN CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND AND I WILL PROOF IT. IF I ASK YOU, 'WHERE DOZ FOO-LOUD CUM FRUM?', YOU WILL SAY, 'IT CUM FRUM THE SHOP, OR THE CHIP-PEE, OR THE BURG-GER-KING. BUT FOO-LOUD CUM NOT FRUM THE SHOP, OR THE CHIP-PEE, OR THE BURG-GER-KING. IF I ASK YOU, 'WHERE DOZ DRY-INK CUM FRUM?', YOU WILL SAY, 'FRUM THE PU-UB, OR THE ODD-BINZ OR THE STAA-BUCKS.' BUT FOO-LOUD DOZ NOT CUM FRUM THE SHOP, OR THE CHIP-PEE, OR THE BURG-GER-KING. DRY-INK DOZ NOT CUM FRUM THE PU-UB, OR THE ODD-BINZ, OR THE STAA-BUCKS. FOO-LOUD AND DRY-INK DOZ NOT CUM FRUM LON-DOWN AT ALL. LON-DOWN IS A CUN-CRE-TET JUN-GULL. AND WHAT CAN GRUW IN CUN-CREE-TET? NOO-THUNG. DO NOT BE FOOL-DED. FOO-LOUD AND DRY-INK CUM FRUM FAR A-WEY. FOO-LOUD AND DRY-INK CUM FRUM AF-RIK-AH, RU-MAN-EY-AH, CHI-IN-AH, EAST-ANG-GLI-AH. BOT TOE-KNEE-BLA-HAIR DOZ NOT WAN YOU TO NOO THIS. TOE-KNEE-BLA-HAIR WAN YOU TO LIF IN CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND. TOE-KNEE-BLA-HAIR WAN YOU TO LIF IN THE CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND OF FOO-TE-BALL-ERS, EAS-TE-END-ERS, BIG-BRU-UTH-ERS. YOU ALL LIF IN CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND AND YOU DO NOT UV-VEN NO-TIS. THIS IS ALL TRU-OO. I WILL TELL YOU MOOR. LET ME TELL YOU A-BOT AR-NUTH-ER FA-AKT OF CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND. LET ME TELL YOU A-BOT A FAY-ACE THAT TUR-NED A-WEY FRUM CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND AND WOZ KILL-LED BY THE MAR-STAIRS OF CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND. I AM SPOO-KING OF LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER. WHUN LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER WUNT TO AF-RIK-AH SHE SAW LAND-DER MINDS THAT HAD THE QUE-EENS CRUWN ON THEM. LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER SAY TO HER SELV, 'THE QUE-EEN A-PROOF OF THE LAND-DER-MINDS'. NEXT LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER SEE ALL THE SMA-OLL BA-BEES WITH NO ARM-IES AND LEG-GIES. LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER SAYS TO HER-SELV, 'THE QUE-EEN A-PROOF OF THE LAND-DER-MINDS THAT BLO-OW UP ALL THE SMA-OLL BAB-BEES'. WHUN SHE CUM BACK TO LON-DOWN LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER TOLL-DER QUE-EEN OFF AND SHE SAY SHE IS GO-UNG TO TELL THE NEW-SUS-PAP-PERS WHUN SHE CUM BACK FRUM PAR-RIS WITH HER MUZ-LIM BOY-FREEND. THE QUE-EEN PUN-NIC. SHE SAY TO HER SOLD-DEERS, 'HULP ME, PLEEZE STOP LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER, SHE IS IN PAR-RIS, STUP HER PLEEZE'. AND DO YOU NOO WHAT? LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER NEV-HER CUM BACK FRUM PAR-RIS. THUNK A-BOT IT. OH, LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER NEV-HER CUM BACK FRUM PAR-RIS. HOW VER-HER-REE CUN-VEEN-NI-ENT FOR THE QUE-EEN THAT LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER DIE. IT WOZ AN AX-I-DON'T? DO NOT BEE-LEAF IT. IT WAS THE MAR-STAIRS OF CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND WHAT KILL-DED LAY-DEE-DIE-ANN-ER. IT WAS THE QUE-EEN AND TOE-KNEE-BLA-HAIR. YOU MUST WAKE UP FRUM THIS DREE-AM LIF OF CLOWD-DI-COOK-COO-LAND. DO NOT HAV AN-NEE NIE-IGHT-TEE-MAR-RIES NOW.