

"Time: Escaping the Wrench Of His Arm"

(By I'll Someday Be Free)

By Robin B Lipinski

Imprisoned.

Mind control as he entered data.

Struggling, free, it...

NO! You cannot fool me that easily. Back to hell you go Mr. word man. I have more to say while you whither in hell.

You in your flame make me think of swimming in the cool sea.

The End