

It was just an average Tuesday night. I was in the kitchen, preparing a delicious  
smell inverted. I grabbed an [redacted] from the freezer [redacted] tried to cool  
the sense that things were about to get kind of crazy. Maybe in  
my backyard. Maybe it was just my [redacted] acting up-- I remember a time  
my kitchen. It was a strange noise, like a [redacted] between dimensions opened  
But suddenly, all [redacted] progress [redacted] to a halt. I heard something [redacted]  
sucking [redacted] newly refurbished kitchen into a parallel dimension where sight and  
thought [redacted] was rather sweet. [redacted] loved the idea [redacted] exploring the unknown, like  
when I was convinced my [redacted] [redacted] secretly a spy, marrying [redacted] son  
who are Teenagers [redacted]... I remember he's sentenced to public [redacted], [redacted]  
quite a good one [redacted] that. [redacted] actually graduated top [redacted] his class at UCLA,  
in [redacted] backyard. I can never [redacted] between good [redacted] bad noises, but I [redacted]  
really remember. People often scoffed at his interest [redacted] maps, but I always  
with a degree [redacted] Geography, [redacted] maybe [redacted] [redacted] called something else, I don't  
Ah, such a great film. [redacted] anyway, what [redacted] I saying? Right, [redacted] noise outside  
something out of [redacted] for a Dream, [redacted]... no, that's [redacted] [redacted]. Maybe a film  
only to gain access [redacted] his plethora of maps-- he's an avid [redacted], and  
about to be killed, and he calls [redacted] king a [redacted], an unscrupulous rogue!  
alien would step out, attempting to establish a mutually beneficial, [redacted]  
about the [redacted] Becket, or [redacted] with [redacted] and the other Mutant [redacted]  
relationship with some Earth creature; maybe the portal would [redacted] everything,  
[redacted] Parmigiana, then [redacted] it at 350° in an [redacted] Pyrex dish.  
myself off a bit. This was going to be a wild ride.