









































## ME

## Do you ever think before you post? Or is it just



















All individuals are encouraged to not use

or congregate on City playgrounds, and it is recommend that all individuals should seek, to be at least six (6) feet from any other person when engaged in any travel or



WHEREAS, COVID-19 is easily transmitted, especially in group settings, and it is essential that the spread of the virus be slowed, all individuals currently living within the City of Portland are ordered to stay at their place of residence.

To the extent individuals are using shared or outdoor spaces, they must at all times as reasonably possible maintain social distancing of at least six (6) feet from any other person.



All travel including, but not limited to, travel on foot, bicycle, scooter, motorcycle, golf carts, automobile, or public transit, for COVID-19 Essential Services is permitted. Outdoor exercise and/or dogwalking is also specifically permitted.

exercise activities on City streets, trails, or other outdoor areas.

CANINE FELINE

Last night the devil whispered in my ear, "You can't stand the storm..."

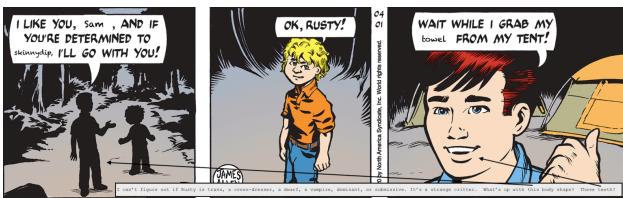
And I whispered back, "Six feet away, Motherfucker!"

I was going to spy on Ellie, 'cause I'm lonely, and now my feet are blistered and everyone is asleep. Mt. Doom was a picnic to this.



























"The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents.





We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far.



And now our faces are disfigured, as if the artist is taking revenge on us for pointing out the erratic nature of the illustrations. Not to mention, I appear to be wearing a black push-up bra.



Check it out: I look like a stereotypical juvenile delinquent from the '60's. I have sideburns and a pack of cigarettes rolled up in my shirtsleeve.







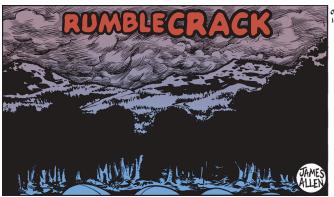










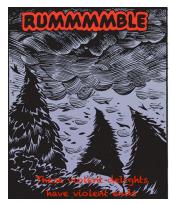






















Conceal me what I am, and be my aid For such disguise as haply shall become The form of my intent.



Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper-false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!



She never told her love, But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought, What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love;

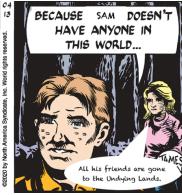
As I am woman,—now alas the day!— 0 time! thou must untangle this, not I;

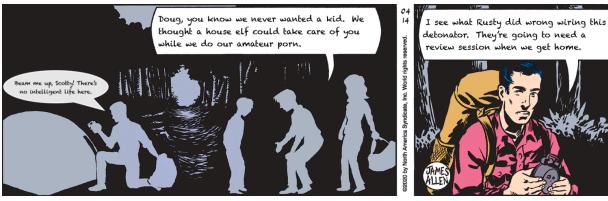


And with a green and yellow melancholy She sat like patience on a monument, Smiling at grief.























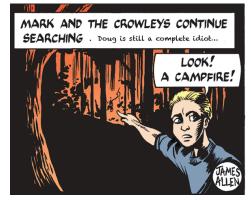






















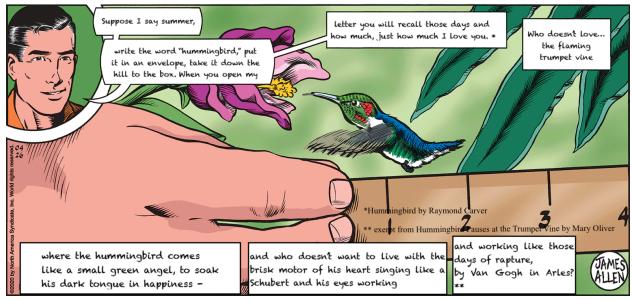






















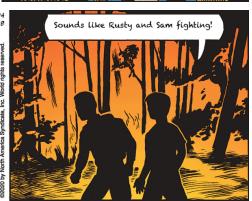
































There now came a sharp whistling in the air from the south, and they saw ripples in the grass coming from that direction also.



unt Em dropped her work, "Quick, Dorothy!" she screamed. "Run for the cellar!" Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed, and the

stood, and made it the exact center of the cyclone.

then she was halfway across the oom there came a great shriek rom the wind, and the house shook so hard that she lost her

a strange thing happened. The house whirled around two or hree times and rose slowly hrough the air.









the house raised it up higher and higher, until it was carried miles and miles away.







































