



## The Story of FOXP2

“Dot the lot you dimwits. Let Lucus, or let Mat, or Otto.” (I tweet). “Let me, just one time.”

Mat reaches for the eel. It's horrid, like the taco. I aim to, I ought to deter him. I watch the red lorry. He edits the atoms of oats. Tea, tar and Edward, the racer. Add the art of writhing. Oh do! The roar of tyres! For Ed, it is him at the helm. The thrill of the screech, not the tea fee. Tyres rimming in an odd, mental defray. He was a lecher. Erotic? Ha! Hateful? He let the lot out. Oh, the taco odour. His intuition was to test the cider. Wet Eddie. The allotted matters rolled off his cutting teeth. Outside, why else had he writhed? Tea? How could I? At that, Hugh reads out the low fluff to Eddie.

“Aim for the crate, a metre to your right! The totem of oil and air!”, Mateo says. I relate it to the wet eel. The rat dreams, the deed in his throat. The clock outwits him. “More Tetley!”, he wails in my eardrum. He adds a tad.

I'm dictating to a post-coital read. Eerier than an adder. An adder? Tempting, but oh so adept. Does Ted dowse it in the loo?

“Elf once had a lot oil.” He towers, like the Eiffel, but fits through the door. “Eh? If the eighth day comes, we'll see.” Awkwardly he tilts and falls. I decide to eat the oats. Error. They ouse.

Rory and Todd trade with the rare. They raced once a lot. (Or not: i.e. wrecks). Raw but fit, Ed turfs out the tattered, acrid stench. Tied to a circular roller, he redoes it, retracing the dirt. “Drill man! That old idol died hot!” I emit, eyed up. I create: to retell, to rope the rodeo, to treat the wheel arm. Otto dials. “Thrill, or outdo me!”, Otto trills. I holdout for the ode from Ed. “Not mine!” he adds, stirring his inert ochre juice.

“Lillie!” he roars. The most he has to offer is to offend with authored worded order. Words hummed in an odd car row. Whereas Leo achieve the wedding oath, he is low. He is a truly dim ace, tithed to the eats, to the tea. “Ahem! Clock, Leila! Two.” says Athena to Ethel. “Eh? I'm a tomtit.” Her red hot oral tar clings to it. “Tea? Ay.”

In the street, a retired writer ties his toes. He succeeds, his weary eyes like eider. He must write to a port near Ohio.

Here, I catch more rambling from a crap, tiresome Terry. His items trot, cooing and raining outdated Taoism. He draws a lot. Treating him like a loathed error, Ed retreats to the settee, and not one iota tweets. Rio rewrites it, toiling with one jot of terror. Not once does the lot of his items trot. How might he? His roots hurtle, ratcheting the air, toes rowdy in aeration. He preferred the dieter idea. “A lattice of crawling turtles, eh?” A dream enters his cocoa. Here, his irate excitement shifts. Out of ice, Clare wants more. I relate the grim attic to ‘tickle erotica’. Still he rode, yet who owed? He rehired Murielle, remember? Dot attaches a toll by the earful, but I have opted out. Tired and rammed, yet still here. I'm more than Ed, with his dodgy ego.

My intro to Delhi leads to more illness. Too cold, I remember his hot ego. Oh, I admired how Ray operated it. “How many metres of Ocean are Elf oil?” I tease Tel, though I ought to be timid. Terry! He rode it, a few recon. I smell a rat in this iron flooded ale.

“Fatty! Ho! Ice, and Lots! More! Ride it arch enemy!” roars Eileen.

Ray clammers up a tree, flying over the city, like an icy chetah. Loo lad, the Reigate marcher, returns like a Whitehall Boer, with an elicit roar. Fed to the fire, he actually likes road dreams.

“It is nice to shoot me trice! My cocoa is not the cutest, nor my tortilla!” says the taco earl. Todd stirs his tea, sat in his helmet. Tea and art. Ice and ideas. Parched, I trot forward. At one metre, a truck outdoes me. “Ditto to you!” says Tel. I do a metre here, then: “Wooer! Err!” I tread on, engaged in an eating act. “Ooh!” I claw at a floral rockery, leering etc. To him I am hotter than his Tandoori, hotter than a druids reindeer, hiding up a ladder. I retry my ideas about her art. “It's fowl. It's a trotter. More!” I can but try. The attack sticks. She feels the tweed on her thrilling art. I tidy my row, exceding my aramaic rear, wirily drinking my hooch. Arthur does ditto, post-coital amid the ultimate order. The premier of Ed's old matted, fatted torso, growing old, edits Tel's speech: “Oh, them! Wow, Ed. Wow. Lets—Aha! Oho!”

I tidy to the right of the hedge-row, occupied by the thud in the loft, the hire occurring in realtime. The oats, oh, the roots and the oil, here to my credit. Oh, I addicted Ruth and Therese to it. But I outdo them, taller than the ice yet I seek to reattach it, remembering the little echoes. Roads, I'm here to seek it, Lord. They're more tough than grit. To rot-heads, I will become richer and boozier. But now, I'm nearer the toilet. Rot. Sloth.

I dither with the loot. I hoot.