

# THREE WORD REPOSITORY

A compilation of stories constructed by numerous members of

**AMERICYMRU**

Courtesy of Americymru's Three Word Repository

The 'growth' of these stories, as many different contributors (three words at a time) embellished or 'fed off' (or even ignored!) the direction laid by the prior contribution(s) can be seen in the **Three Word Story Group**.

Minimum editorial injection was necessary – generally only to use 'font tools' or insert punctuation to facilitate the story's 'flow' or to add emphasis, clarity or adjustment to the very few spelling or grammatical gaffes – some were my own!

This compendium of wit, by many **AMERICYMRU** members, was compiled by  
**Swansea Jack**.



## **Geraint Spied Natasha - a heroic tale from the new Mabinogion**

Started by **Ceri Shaw** on September 15, 2009 at 9:15pm in **Three Word Story Group**

## Geraint Spied Natasha - a heroic tale from the new Mabinogion

After the match Geraint spied Natasha eyeing his kilt. A passing seagull swerved drunkenly and crashed into the cold, aluminum railing emptying its lunch in Natasha's handbag fouling the detonator just as Geraint brandished his sword vivisectioning the seagull.

"Seagull souffle tonight! Natasha. Join me?"

But Natasha wasn't an adventuresome damsel. So she declined enraging him to white heat. Grabbing a nearby sixpack he stumbled backward cursing when he fell into the cheese string maker bursting his cans. He slurped beer from the sidewalk where someone had dropped their wallet and also dropped a red handkerchief. Natasha stooped to steady her gunnels - and nice gunnels they were too. Then she shook the stringcheese maker's trumpet. Great pink socks he had stuffed down his plump wibbly wellies. Geraint suddenly remembered he was undercover and concealed his big red dragon under his trenchcoat while staring at Natasha's fine gunnels. Suddenly the cheeseman popped his cork.

"My birthday suit needs a severe overhaul with a precious baby's hug - and . . . " she said: "Ahhh, poor baby, cheese, beer, soufflée! Let me fix your bicycle tire; the bottom's flat on Cardigan coracle."

Natasha began to pump it up and he screamed: "It's gonna blow like Semtex!"

However, Dai held Myfanwy. His rubber broke close to his ear - deafness ensued. In short order came eggs, bacon. He held his paper plate up, pushing past Patricia: "More please sir, this has too many plums perforce", Patricia said. "Chew them well, boy; plump and chewy like my gunnels!"

Steady, lad - and quit referencing gunnels. Refer to hers.

Exploding with might, it was so devastating to know plums packed powerful like powder kegs turning into black mist of cloud; mists of time and, suddenly, a mighty thunder clap woke the cheeseman who shouted out, "I have to make my cheeses stringier to compete in tomorrow's National Food festival competition; to win the 'Smelly Foot' cup (Mickey Mouse trophy) to make peace with my countrymen and the other naysayers who said Worra Bob Hope. Road to Zanzibar, Bing in bling, Fred in red - and other nonsense such as the the George Cross - poor cross George. Cross-eyed George cried all night, then as dawn broke Geraint the Dragon sneezed on George . . . swine flu germs, directly from Mexico!

Snot shot everywhere covering George with uchafi and other disgusting dangly detritus. So, there started a sing-song of Welsh hymns and goat-counting fervor whilst eating cheese in Abertridwr sauce with Pontlottyn pilau. Such a feast; finished in Llanbradach with the Dragon full of pudding.

He climbed over Caerphilly mountain with a big turtle up his jumper, and a Pontypridd milkmaid on his 'you know what' pulled out a multitude of wet and dry sandpaper and gently rubbed his Welsh oak walking stick until . . . until a smile of sheer satisfaction crossed his mouth. He then proceeded to rub

some beeswax into his oak and mahogany. A rash started. "Fetch the doctor and bring a sexy nurse quickly to rub in my oozing . . . "

Badly constructed sentence? Then start by running cool water over your vowels and an alliterate prescription promptly prescribed with wonderful Welsh and all aquiver massage medication manfully with wet wipes until uncle's ukulele played Patricia's piece . . . twangs terminology tunefully, zzzz..... zzzz..... zzzz..... songs sap spirits evoking elementary epochs. During Dai's daring . . . Enough everyone, enough! Edward, ever enjoyed Dil, don't dally . . . philately, phonetics, philandering with Welsh women finally feeling friendly . . .

"Can someone concentrate?" enquired Dai's uncle.

Dai: "Beat it, or else I'll...rub your nose - call your mam!"

Thus it ended.

Much to Dai's chagrin, he wailed, "But you can't lose that loving . . . that hiraeth feeling - like losing your . . . sense of purpose, up Natasha's skirt; a feeling like . . . "

A creature stirred when he recovered.

Then the Reverend Eli Jenkins prayed: "Lord, give me two stand tickets - or Natasha's body butter. And I will cover (completely) myself in shame!"

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Not only that, but in conclusion, the moral of this saga is always remember to wear your drawers with Celtic pride and just say, "**Cymru am byth**".

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## Welsh Border Patrol

Started by **Ceri Shaw** on September 15, 2009 at 2:33 pm in **Three Word Story Group**

## Welsh Border Patrol

Interrupting his snack comprised of Ale and pork rinds he suddenly remembered his dog was locked in the ty bach back in Aberbargoed with a saxon wench of proper age to be jailbait. Looking for screwdriver to reload rocketlauncher to pop open y ty bach he found instead...a saggy hag...in a golfbag... "what a drag...to be squeezed...and rhymed poorly". Though better bard the border was. So thus began the saga of the lonesome border patrolman and his ever trusty sidekick. Offa the dyke offered to hold the patrolman's hand as leaned leaned as far as the law allowed. Morning frost prohibited walking barefoot on Llyn Tegyd, Bala thus the copter came into action, looped the loop while singing arias over Offa's Dyke ...ar hyd y nos..., and onward. On to Criccieth for a cuppa. Then there arose playing his harp the mighty Bendigeidfran riding his horse Luagor past Cadwalader's with a pint under his belt.

"What's that smell?"

"Haggis" said Scotty from Star Trek. Scotty smiled timidly knowing what he knew. To be true 'twas Ianto Penuwch..."Remove that kilt. Prove you're Scottish!" "See ma sporrán, count the wrinkles." Scotty fingered the wrinkles with care, smoothing down his moustache while he adjusted his kilt, tightened his safety-pin, washed his hands with undiluted Drano - before he realized his greatest ambition!

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Meanwhile after the moon came up, his eyes twinkled with supreme mischief; he decided to light the fuse and take cover. "Bombs away! That fulfills my dreams." In that moment the ty bach was quite warm; something was burning! "Oh! Sh\*t! Dai - what a size, you jerk", said the drunken nun. "I've seen bigger doo-dahs on a Russian dwarf hamster in my dreams!"

Talking of dreams, his lady snored like a warthog on Mynydd Gwair - and began muttering Mabinogi tales in languages that resembled sounds of regurgitating bullfrogs. In fact.... it caused a riot in Rhyl, altercation in Abercynon, ructions in Ruabon, bedlam in Bedlinog, madness in Machynlleth, carelessness in Caerffifi - and aimless alliteration amongst the AmeriCymru.

But in Pontlliw, they swatted flies (already flypaper-dead) - easier to hit using hair lacquer, they spread them on currant biscuits with a little bit of care - and Felinfach milk! Good to eat - especially in Gino's 'Eating Food' salon - spread with pizza and bara lawr and pickle relish and garlic bread ... all mixed with unresolved edible stories... , baccala chunks, fisheyes, and other jungle critters deep-fried crispy greasy, grimy gophers with witchery grub and Caerphilly croutons; special mother-in-law treat!

Then the thunder roared across the methane gas vents. Thinking ahead, they prepared to mount a dozen horses, their hearty steeds and stalwart stallions . . .

Thus it ended - that great illusive "Ddraig Goch" hunt for MonsterTruck Derby - starting in Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllandussulioogoch (a Liverpool suburb with Walmart) and continuing through Llanerch-y-medd strip malls - where people took off their shoes to do lewd

things and crept silently among waiting tires/tyres in mousey ways.

So, at last, one sleeping MonsterTruck pulled into Abergavenny, slipped into a truck funk, fueled the chopper, and flew gracefully away. The shoeless people wildly waved westward saying their fond 'Hwyls' and 'Amens' hoping this is the final goodbye, that last fairwell.

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pository

## **The Fantastical Blue Bovine of Caergybi**

Started by **mona everett** on September 16, 2009 at 4:47 pm in **Three Word Story Group**



# The Fantastical Blue Bovine of Caergybi

It came to a rest upon streets of concrete searching for bulls or accommodating passersby. Our heroine realized 'twas market day and Ifans tarw was \$7.99/lb. A rare breed in Cardigan market...more rare than Cardiganshire financial prudence!

She mourned his loss, loudly mooing "Please don't eat the stewing steak try the chicken it's free range..., a healthy choice." The sun shining over Gardigan Bay an unusual sight with autumn coming and leaves falling on the breeze and Dafydd's chickens reproducing like rabbits while roaming free on Ffosyffin common all made Blodeuwedd play air ukelele like a violin virtuoso in the darker musical arts of Hogwarts school

"Et tu, Severus?"

Blodeuwedd hoofed it down to Spar's for two cans of Brains cwrw on the way from Cardiff Brewery. She drank heavily and slyly vomited behind the hedges as she went. A pig commented "Who was that? Left us breakfast?" Cold oysters quivered in a sauce of brandy wine. Let's dig in to this delicious flavoured laver bread scented with groins ... I found truffles, truffles and loins amidst other Welsh delectable delights of teisen lap.

Courtesy of Americymru's Three Word Repository  
Surprise! In the corner, from his enormous percolating passion pod aboard SS Starbuck on the Teifi a big kerfuffle developed into a major international incident. Strong men fainted. Fifteen ferocious forwards finally funneled Felinfoel. Through the smallest valleys outside, half fainted in fright; others feigned fright, but Ianto didn't. He stood up amidst the prostrate. That's my cow in the mire! Mair, my cow! Ianto, clutching his "Grimpen dear Holmes?", gyda ei law, frantically strumming 'Banjo', the sheep dog. Funny name..... 'Banjo', mused Ianto, strumming 'Bashing the bishop'. Mrs. Griffiths leaned on the bishop, pinching his lupins saying, "What a strange situation, bishop! How's yer father?" Ianto, interceding, said "All is lost!" "All? Who's lost??" The rugby ball was wedged into a black hole of Calcutta proportions. Loud howls began as it dilated, blowing out wind.

The very unfortunate town of Llandeilo abandoned its hopes of soup de jour. But instead, menu collections included pips and neti pots served cool with Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch pickled ferrets. The glass cow is fragile and a little headstrong and throws stones, but nevertheless is . . . The washboard king sang his song whilst playing with his barbells, showing his considerably grand receptacles while chewing on brussels sprouts mixed with Welsh cockles and oysters. Madame Griffiths flexed her large extraordinary muscular, hairy arms - and large men -and continued doing her makeup while Llapgoch fighters flew on the wing.

Blodeuwedd wanted milking so the farmer gripped her firmly. Orgasmically she weeeeeeeeeeen't whilst he tenderly crooned a tuneless, unmelodic and painful symphony for bovines on a Welsh bagpipe from Pennard. Blodeuwedd mooed harmoniously using a tiptronic, which is painful if administered improperly! However, her next trick was incredible; she actually danced 'Dawns y

glocsen' while mooing carefully, milking machine attached carefully to each big round teat.

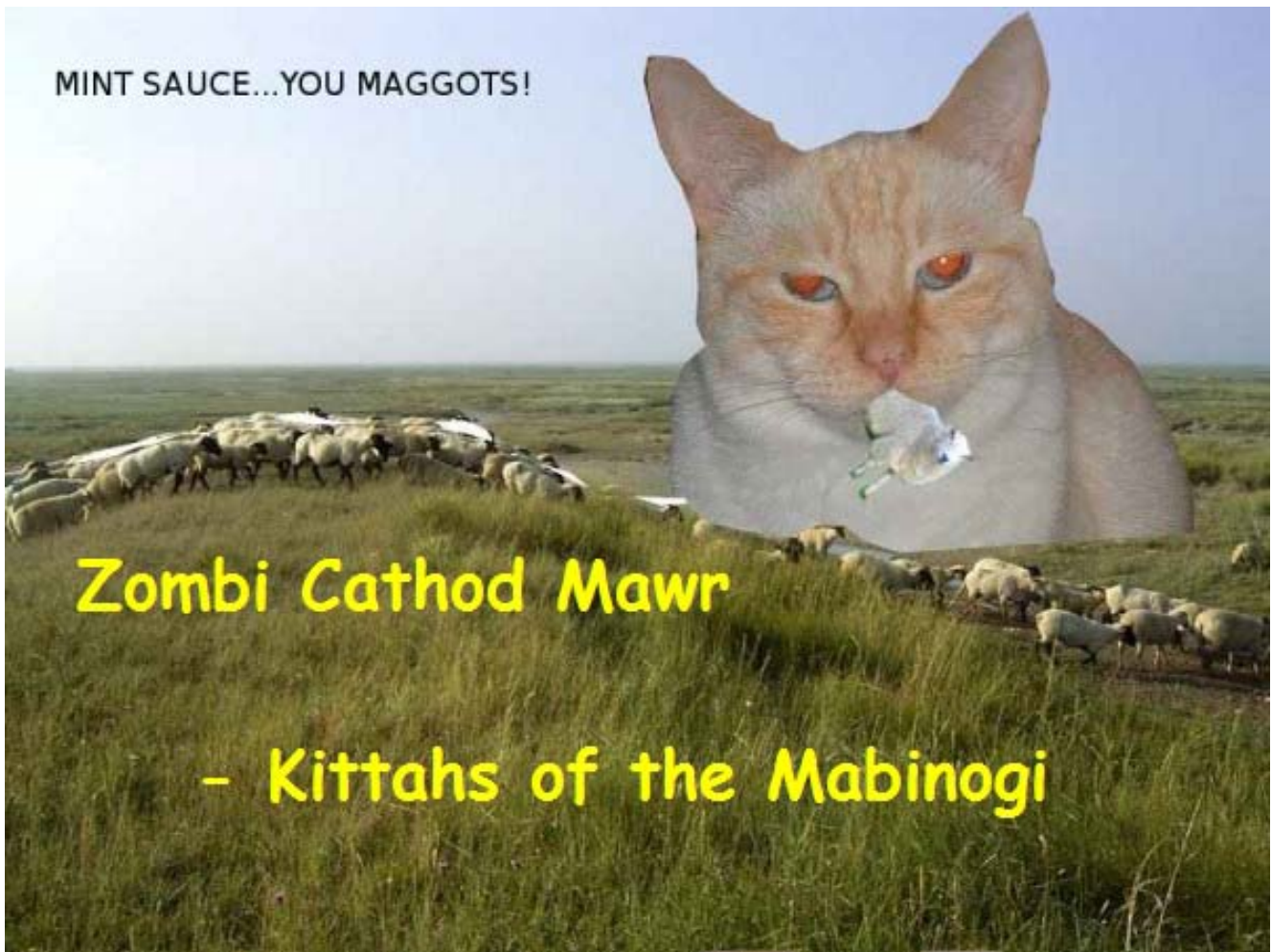
There's no justice! Whilst handling his farm chores, Evans quoted legal cases!

Whilst still dancing a frisky reel, clogs a blur, both brooms crossed light of foot, but heavy heart, he danced between two big cows. The cow collapsed in a waltz, sending milk spraying over Evans' large metal turnstile. The hinges gradually creaked to Addams Family hammy sound effects, 'Turnstile of Dreams', adding suspense to the original bovine - its glass fracturing, mooing and snorting, its hoof scratching red poppy, spreading a brief tattoo on his rump. He scratched his roast USDA Prime and spake thusly, "Spare me some ribs", twitched an eyebrow and ordered T-bone marinated with jam and cheese topped with Celtic string cheese designs – 'know', and 'how'. To accompany this, he guzzled cider.

"Thus it ended – again", he replied. Little did he expect udder comments, but he milked continuously until his stool popped out, tumbled head over heels into the lake of yoghurt forming around Blodeuwedd's chocolate shop and swam miraculously to the Bunny Planet . . . under marmalade skies . . . with sticky humidity and silently concluded he couldn't write and chew gum and recite the story's imminent end.

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Courtesy of Americymru's Three Word Repository



## **Zombi Cathod Mawr - Kittahs of the Mabinogi**

Started by **Ceri Shaw** on September 16, 2009 at 3:20 pm in **Three Word Story Group**

## Zombi Cathod Mawr - Kittahs of the Mabinogi

This one's rubbery and inflatable, perhaps I'll just blow inside the hole. The sheep expanded and exploded with a mighty bleet alerting watchful corgi with his tail. The corgi sang a woeful song. Drenching the hills the rains came with Brains Bitter. Brains bitter for bitter corgis and their tails wearing Welsh Wellies and checkered shawls; with the dragon leading the way...

So it began! The story of zombi cathod mawr... covered in mud from head to toe with their little known secret language! Unfathomable "ll"s littered with "FFs" following. Well, I'll be needing a dictionary from Dai Ram before this is translated into another mess from which nothing but swahili could decipher it with the exception of wenglish possibly or maybe klingon. This needed a bigger, better book with more vowels to open up... a clever llyfr. 'The Speaking Book' explained the mystery by telling tales of kitty tails in lovely Wales. When Sion Cwilt closed the book he finally understood why he was married to Myfanwy the preacher's daughter. She could read the Kama Sutra and Reader's Digest in one day while horse riding and sitting backwards, spurs in reverse, with his shackles like the sea calling him home to his cottage in Abertonllwyd Street.

Whilst on honeymoon, Geraint the cat was distracted by a poetic mouse called Minnie. From this mouse muse near Tonyrefail in August, Geraint learned how to pass wind in public and accuse dog Pero the Corgi of farting. Instead, Corginistas were born. How were they? Where's my collie gone to now? Behind the cat? Upon the mat, where he sat? The collie barked at the cat; the cat spat and started singing a strange song containing large crotchets and some quavers (about a saucepan filled with semiquavers and huge chords) and many-colored goats. The cat said, "Now look goat!!! Stop singing and eating quavers." "Okay," goat answered, "take a break from flogging mice! Instead, I will recite a poem whilst setting the netting around my buxom wench, with her fantastic knowledge of poetry: '*Under the spreading . . . of her neat chestnut tree . . .*'"

Then, with a blinding insight into American foreign diplomatic arguments, he raised his thick right eyebrow and fell over dead! Thus ended his affair with the modern world; becoming goat cheese with some morsels of hot pepper on toast. Points towards the extraordinary flavoured goat's cheese moral of the masticated mouse moment story! 'Who wins?' Geraint certainly doesn't. The wine flowed. Like Thomasina, he stretched his tongue and licked his plate which was closer than his favorite can of condiments. "You...stop! Or I'll hammer holes in cat-food".

Thus it ended, with the hammer poised to crash on cat-tail bones. A flesh-eating slug purring contentedly '*Onward Christian Soldiers*'. Rats in Pain, still charging onwards at sluggish pace ran down by. A huge mouse with afterburners ignited, charged toward Geraint - with tail erect, gimlet eyes glitt'ring, little rat teeth ready to nibble at little oysters (Geraint's 'privates', euphemistically) seasoned with special crisp pepper. Cayenne! That's so hot - as bad as Paris Hilton's porno movie about pussies, Tom and Jerry!

That's all Folks!



Courtesy

epository

## **The Welsh Chef**

Started by **gaabi** on Oct. 1st, 2009 at 12:55 pm in **Three Word Story Group**

## The Welsh Chef

The Welsh Chef prepared his best. Searching for ingredients he left home, spoon in hand, and fell into loutish cooking ways. Mixing cockles with mussels alive alive-o. Steaming his whelks with some baralawr and laver bread (to be sure it was sweetened). Alas, for him, it made him fond of beans all the more. Beans on toast ..... with Welsh lamb!

Flatulence soon followed and intense gurgling sent Llinos running to the ty-bach . . . to knit englyns with Spanish tassels full of cynghanedd. Wind, I wonder? Always after beans he had to regrout the bathroom, buy new carpets. What, after beans? Not ordinary beans? Try kidney beans!

Meanwhile in Gdansk, Dai Walesa wondered if human beings can really swim in tomato sauce doing the backstroke. Then there began the crusade to go for a famous swimming coach, 'Dai Two-lengths' - the master floating 'Ponty Baths' backstroker. Toking with Michael increased his target of holding breath whilst playing trumpet under the water, but not inhaling anything other than rich smelly aromas - stinking lava bread and Welsh-cakes made from genuine Welsh place names.

They began lessons on how to coagulate cuckoo droppings for the French. Ratatuoile des Merdes, the thick brown nasty smelly stuff, is Parisian cuisine gone totally mad - with whiffs of ground down walnuts! Grows chest hair all over his boney little elbows!

A sudden thought! Where were the whelks? Must have been whelk-napped by a lobster - or a mobster - a criminal crustacean!

From Caswell Bay, a barrister came. A languistine lawyer, a shellfish fella, a shark-like solicitor bearing briny briefs without wet wipes! A ransom note written on creamy coloured wet clothed clam chowder notepaper; using blackberry tarts for ink. Attorney Lincoln Lobster 3rd lost his brief's papers, scattering all. "Not the briefs! My best polkadot, white-with-dragon, Italian silk-lined blazer is dirty!"

I'll have to keep repeating this!! Hic Hic . . . upp, erp! What next? Rapidly regaining composure, loosening his suspenders, he dropped his accent and began his notorious gastronomic exercises - snapping mackerels in their briney!

Solitude; missing whelks!

Now, O Beowulf, what is this? A lot of oration! Peroration! Adjudication!

Baloney! I see but no sign of his quitting to use Spam in his final and Beefaroni-stained menu compilation, never wiped by Myfanwy's dirty dishcloth.

Linc thought, "Yaaahhhh! It's the gallows or the dishes; I must cook the books or tie the knot in my apron to remind myself how to cook boiled beef and cabbage without any bara lawr and cockles!" Cracking his knuckles - crackling with knuckles? – "Sod those cockles!"

Chef rotated his half boiled cabbage and sod-cockled bara lawr on his saucer with bamboo chopsticks - missing his whelks which were stewing in the rice, jaundiced by turmeric.

Thus it ended! Rolled into fetal-ball and served alongside a raw, uncooked skunk cabbage, his '*piece-de-resistance*' flopped. Then instantly he hissed, covered up the unappetizing creation now glowing radioactively in the microwave ready to disintegrate, "Blod's bloody whelks!"

The moral of this cautionary tale must be digested by all culinary critics, picky eaters and gorging gluttons with extra portions and no manners avoiding any regurgitation of bara lawr or extraordinary phrases: A food tester was poisoned by lethal liver flukes playing hellish banjos out of tune – and he died!

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Courtesy of Americymru's Three Word Repository



**The Hitherto Lost Canine Branch of the Mabinogi:  
Gracie, daughter of Gelert''**

Started by **mona everett** on September 15th, 2009 at 3:08 pm in **Three Word Story Group**



## **The Hitherto Lost Canine Branch of the Mabinogi: Gracie, daughter of Gelert''**

Woe is me...Will someone flush the tank with out flushing the last remaining pup or at least cast a spell so moat drains into the river. And so began another strange tale. Gracie dragged herself from the moat coat dripping wet before the lifeboat emerged from the mists of time. Pulling in close to the shore, the waves began rolling, churning, spraying. Gracie whined unhappily, "All is lost".

With the exception that someone, somewhere, wants beagle cuteness and a pint of beagle pee in exchange I'll dance a tango with a plum up my nose preparing for a Scottish bagpipe to be inserted into the correct place. Nasty stuff, this plum is mouldy! It's plum moldy! We'll have to make some penicillin or plum jam for the English to clean their horse brass hangings.

The tango began with '*Dawnsio gwerin*'. The Baptists protested and started running in rhythm with the dangly bits of the Methodists in their mouths. Effortlessly, he then chewed it small and spit it into the collection of rare orchids where they rotted.

Whilst singing '*Myfanwy*' on Swansea pier, into rolling waves they cast their lines of best nets, expecting to catch a mermaid with golden locks - and silver keys! Waves came crashing over his enormous broad hairy shoulders, and boats splintered on his enormous replica of a fat head, like craggy wet rocks covered in black layers of seaweed (aka, in Wales: slimy pungent lavabread) and pink sprinkles of Welsh Lamb with little holes - nearly edible now, but nearly tasting like Welsh lutefisk. Whatever you say!

"Pass the sauce and shut up! Pass the ammunition - with plenty of lovely castor oil for shotgun barrels. Take yourself, privately, and do it! Shoot that bitch!" "You shoot yourself!"

He attached the bayonet. Gracie bit down, shook until the barrels jerked and monkeys tumbled. Parrots lost their right to talk.

Jimmy Buffet sang about Jolly Mons and Polly - about an hour before gulping a marguerite laced with Welsh sea salt - spluttering, as Gracie sailed down the bar, barking and belching. Owain gagged on plenty of cwrw, pulling his hair and scratching his crotchety corgi Carwyn, whilst undoing his puffy pink pantaloons (regifted by 'Brokeback Madog' last Christmas) wrapped in dragon themed tissue paper - in perforated rolls from ty bach - 10c a sheet!

Then, Gracie ran like the wind for a penny to the nearest hydrant where she sniffed the red hose along its length and sighed contentedly as the fire-engine, clanging noisily, arrived, soaking Gracie wet by the leaking bag of oil Welsh Chef dropped when the pigs started to fly in pink vapours emanating from Brokeback.

Then suddenly, Gracie began to sing barking dog songs - '*A Siren's Song*' in e-flat minor. Thus it ended!

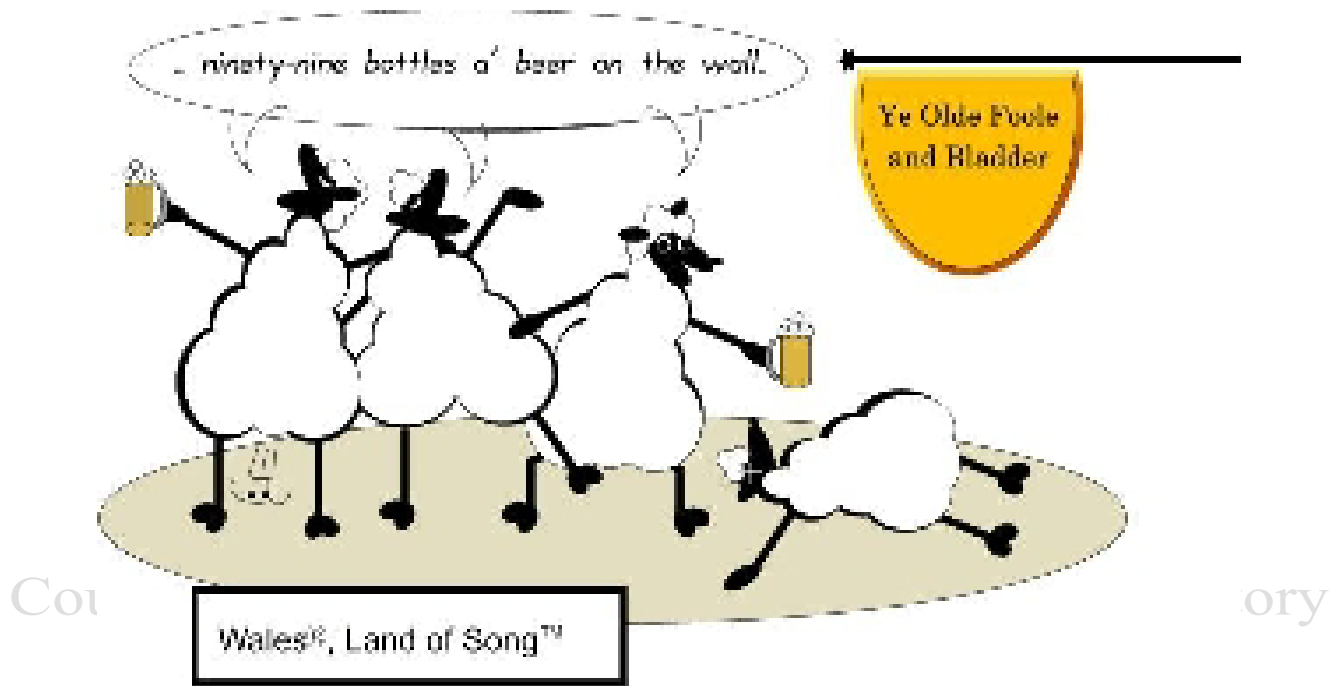
Seven coracles crashed on the third ululation, scattering bird guano (pigeon poop) onto the pasties filled with some "Chef's Surprise" – ground Pryderi pig particles purchased fresh from the German Butcher, '*VR Bratwursts*' established in Munich-on-Avon in 1374, petrified German pepperoni laced with French mustard seeds and Walla Walla onions and Welsh mountain 'guess whose' whelks marinated with Penclawdd cockles!

Gracie ravenously selected her best silverplated doggie dish - nicely coated with Welsh Chef's concoctions dressed with raw eggs and pork garnished with kibbles - and began feasting; - alas, salmonella struck!

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Courtesy of Americymru's Three Word Repository

## The (Intentionally) Lost Choir of the Mabinogi



## The (Intentionally) Lost Choir of the Mabinogi

Started by **gaabi** on October 8th, 2009 at 3:14 pm in **Three Word Story Group**.

## The (Intentionally) Lost Choir of the Mabinogi

Clearing his throat...passing wind and raising his baton, he spilled beer on a stranger whilst singing baritone through his nose. "Cwm Rhonddal, then!" mad Ianto spluttered. The tenors smiled. While they sang, a stranger appeared, gesturing grandly. He looked like the spitting image of Jones the Voice, sang in falsetto while holding his lunchbox and flask very close to Blodwen the pianist tickling the ivories. 'That's not unusual!'... for Blodwen often tickled his ivories as a sideline to raising sheep in hard times. Then Ianto, batton up each nostril, sneezed, "I've H1N1 in my left foot and now there's woodworm in my trews!" He stammered, frightened, "Send for Rentokil or start singing! Pass the penicillin and a drop of 3-in-1 oil before I lose my wooden leg." Ianto lifted his trews and the atmosphere suddenly changed! Grown men wept, women all laughed and kids ran. The dog puked, but Ianto bravely asked them all "Where's the oxygen my trews need to sustain life?" Myfanwy ran to the running shop with white petticoat dragging through mud. "Fresh trews...urgent! And make them extra absorbent ...medium, roomy and airy - chic as hell, with shocking pink!" That's Abergwyngregyn fashion!

After donning his extra large underpants, playing with Velcro on his favourite pocket straps and stretchy, secret, taupe . . . He realised suddenly - that was his very secret, blackest reason to exist! He opened the gold coloured envelope decorated with stickers - to snap bra-straps and even more juvenile perversions like farting armpits. Who wears bras?? Only cross dressers and wrestlers with sagging deltoids - and big hairy armpits, love handles and man boobs - Haystacks Mawr! Was Daddy Mawr shy? There was little he could do; a half nelson that didn't work was beyond him. But a wrestler's sweat drenched 'underpants-triple-crotch-gripper'? I like that - and peculiar 'helmet pile-driving body slams'!

Aye! It's nice to sniff the locker-room sachets containing beads of body lint and fry them with peppered, vinegared bacon, specially prepared in gray eggplant smush - good for black-eyes, but even better for tenderloins. Wait one minute! What about the tender loins of Sumo wrestlers? They work even better - especially with sushi.

The baritone bellowed, "What about the chitlings of boar before our concert just to tune an octave lower than suppressed snarl?" The falsettos suddenly shrieked like eunuchs 'til screeches ended and objects dropped; glass things fell as sopranos metamorphosed. Mixing their rallantandos, mezzo-baritones 'acappelloed' while spinning plates on conductors' batons at the same speed and pace.

Thus it ended!

The soloist opened his silky man-bag, revealing his pink and furry baton. Kinked shiny streamers adorned its tip, but the climax already occurred!

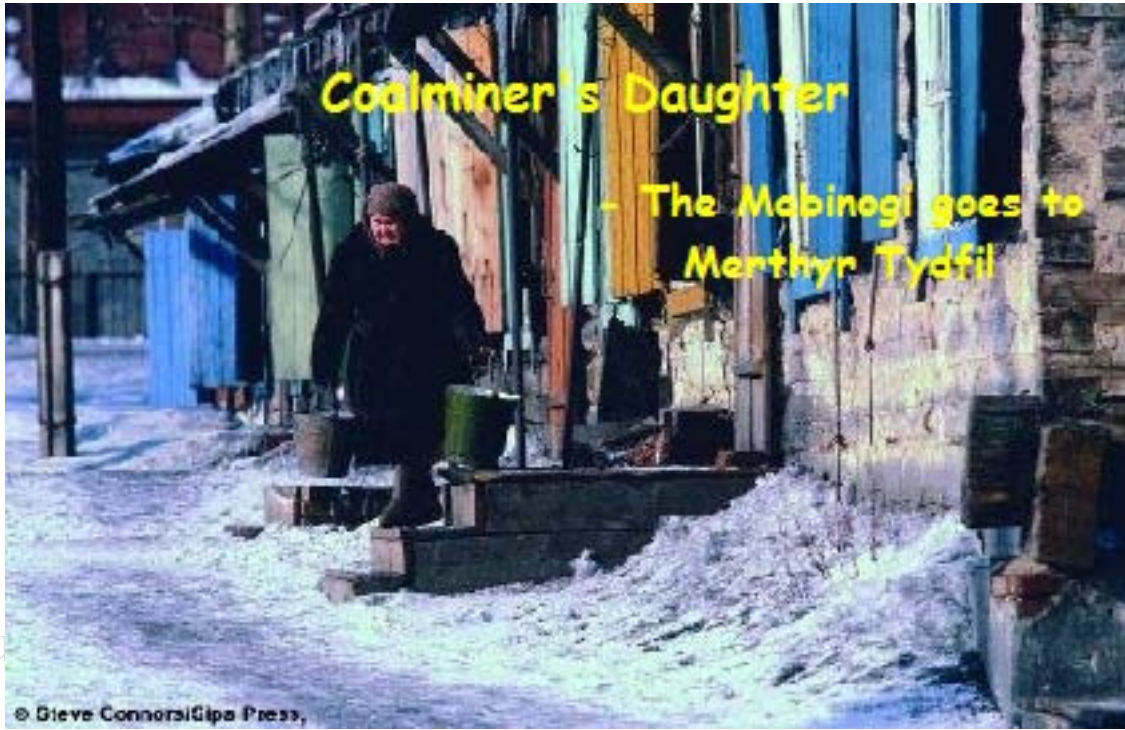
Mezzo-sopranos in miners' helmets, singing bottom bass, backing gracefully away - as did choirboys nervously twisting albs - whilst reaching 'top c', intentionally cracking voices and prematurely making utterances of the last of the Mohicans and the Arcadians.

Led by "Davy Crocket" (coonskin capped crooner named Fess Parker), accompanied by red skinned aborigines with dark dangling didgeridoos covered in Welsh dingo dog skins lined with black and white pelts of slaughtered nuns covered with monks habits, they chanted and flagellated.

With their pockets full, the aborigines filed *corpus absentium* papers!

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Courtesy of Americymru's Three Word Repository



## **Coal Miner's Daughter - The Mabinogi goes to Merthyr Tydfil**

Started by **mona everett** on October 22, 2009 at 9:42 am in **Three Word Story Group**

## Coal Miner's Daughter - The Mabinogi goes to Merthyr Tydfil

Lloretta Llynn found three black diamonds sitting on a bus in Aberystwyth. These will make nice song titles for the coal miners' male choir who drink milk stout mixed with laxatives and benzedrine and "performance" enhancers to make them gay and carefree nutters from Wales on the raz. However, it backfired. A problem arose and medical intervention prevented them from buying enough corks to make root-beer to soak their toasted cheese butties. "What will happen?" Remember the riots? Everyone went mad!! So they went singing in harmony with weapons drawn on great canvases in charcoal black.

Lloretta cleaned her front steps before beginning to sing "Sexbomb" - backwards with high, chiming ululations. Buckets in hand, and Wellington boots at the ready, she spake thus: "There's coal aplenty; come and see, two a ha'penny, coating the valleys."

Meanwhile, back at Aberystwyth bus station, strange rumblings began within the bowels of the vehicles, their carburetors pumping. The gaffer announced, "Waiting for the big bang to . . . (according to scientists) . . . start his engines. My gherkins are frozen waiting for the sun to rise!" . . . He opened the can of worms . . . "Could be never-ending, this nonsense!"

Starting afresh, he practiced his juggling. Fists gyrating tomatoes he juggled expertly. Unable to follow, my eyes behold he dropped one! The room emptied.

"Out of order!" said those present.

But the aroma was like roses. It reminded him of juggles past their incalculable prime - acidy, steam-like, green. Bug infested viperous tool that was rarely seen! Rarely came across as enchanting, alluring or, heaven forbid, 'useful'!

Soft tomatoes fell by their dozens when the engine began to backfire. Pips shot everywhere; people shrieked, covering their children's eyes to avoid the rain of seeds and green onions! What a lot of drama for a collier's offspring. Lumps of coal between two ears, her coal-black eyes matched her fingernails and foot soles - and dark soul.

And then suddenly, she bared her impressive firm and exotic white curvaceous teeth - made of finest Welsh chalcedony laced with anthracite and English mercury, and sank them with one clean 'Snap!' deep into the string-cheese maker's *Fromage des Merdes* - aged to perfection compared to Caerphilly (Caws o Cymru), American Wisconsin limburger, and Penclawdd cockles. (The) Cheese maker gasped.

"Clutched cuckoo eggs are ready to mix into this mess, for a coalminer's favourite meal is Caws Wedi Pobi - with extra cheese! Don't mind the teeth marks on Les oeufs d'ur", Welsh Chef cried.

"Where's the Spam?" said the coalminer, grabbing his tool and swinging it at the string-cheese with

one complete half axle; then, screaming in pain attempted the other.

Thus it ended . . . broken but happy - but nevertheless jubilant.

Loretta's father decided on the shotgun with both barrels pointed and ready! Chef'd 'porked' Loretta! Now she was an old bride; dirty as slag, and knocked up, with holes in stocking toes and sagging breasts! Poor Loretta, so undesired by Welshmen - but loved by Butcher Hollow's miners!

All of them, and Opry cowboys led by Roy Rogers, rode towards sunset.

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Courtesy of Americymru's Three Word Repository





## **Twm Sion Cati and the Porthcawl Pirates**

Started by **Dilwyn Jeffreys Phillips** on September 29, 2009 at 1:38 am in **Three Word Story Group**.

## Twm Sion Cati and the Porthcawl Pirates

Twm and his scruffy crew rowed the small boat into Cwmtedu cove, after spending a rough three days out in Cardigan Bay where the Atlantic rollers had pounded continuously at the sloop they had stolen from under Dic Penderyn's inattentive pirates noses. Twm and crew sang and drank until the dawn broke and revealed, directly from Llanfairfechan, Mary Cwmtwrch holding a coracle oar about to swing it towards the boat rowlocks.... and decided to take a step backwards into the Teifi which was unfortunate for the crew who were drunk and standing in for 'real' pirates.

"What a motley . . . ", said Twm Sion. "Hark!" she cried in her native tongue. Then she spliced her mainbrace into several sections Oh! The pain! (insert violins here). It was unbearable - like English choirs singing a reel. Wooden splinters lay on the top of a submarine moored outside the Blue Anchor Inn.

"What'll we do apart from drink?" "Play darts" said '*Dic Big Darts*', "There's the bar wench; sharpen the tips!" Dic smiled gleefully. So he started googling her large and round coracles 'til tar melted on his favourite beer mat - distracting him and making him handle his oars.

Meanwhile back at the choir rehearsal, Twm pulled out his family heirloom and jewels before the startled choristers. He loaded his musket with balls then proudly shouted, "Hello there ducky! Have my balls ever looked better?"

"Nice set." said Myfanwy, "But Twm's look slightly duller."

His musket flopped and his big brown eyes narrowed "Oh, my bits! They've shrunk with shame. Now I must wear bearskins in awkward places to keep warm and ward off large unsightly hemorrhoids."

"Wait! Don't stop! Mine are bigger. Use this cream; it makes them less itchy and redolent of boar, but they still attract puttie tats. Plus it's waterproof!" Disregarding the pain, he applied manfully.

Myfanwy's eyes narrowed. From these, generations of choristers sprung. Welsh bards emerged - grandiose, verbose, medieval and celtic blood frothing and foaming, boiling, clotting, cooling, oozing Glamorgan liquid - erected pink tents. Where snoozing fitfully, dreaming monster dreams, Twm pulled out his hymn book and a packet of Penclawdd cockles, ginger Altoids, and some fisherman's friends.

Bag-balm applied to his scrofulous, scorbutic, sclertized scruff (otherwise called eczema), he cautiously sniffed his bookmark as he sang '*CwmRhondda, Harp of Tara*', accompanied by the pirates' skin drums. The silence broke when Twm accidentally applied poison-ivy lotion to Myfanwy's bosom. What a horrible smell!

The pirates whittled their legs, made in Nantyffyllon by Whittler's Mother, little skittle whittler - the one with the mean pitchforks, knives and spoons and a large pot of grub. It was tea-time; time to invite

the village harlots to proper sandwiches spread with pieces of salted herring and dubious propositions soaked in especially prepared mole skins the Porthcawl Pirates purloined from ailing CVS.

Meanwhile back in the locked trunk in Myfanwy's boudoir, Twm pulled out his special pry-bar - which was spotty at one end! Thus it ended! During the next application of ointment Myfanwy gently squeezed Twm's trembling tube of Prep H into the cavity in his peg-leg.

One day later, still endlessly striding along Porthcawls' promenade in old broken boots and the usual squishing ill-fitted 'wellies', Twm felt pebbles falling on his parrot's large beak. The effect was so dramatic. Pawlie pulled out his pickled proboscis picker and plucked the profoundly painful parasite.

Porthcawl Pirate Pest!

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Courtesy of Americymru's Three Word Repository

Diolch yn fawr – whether you were a reader or a contributor, we hope you enjoyed this compilation.