Written b	v Grea	Mills
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Greg	Mills	can	also	be	read	at th	e B	astard	of	Art	and	C	omm	nerc	ce
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"Buttocks," the Grand Inquisitor hissed,"Buttocks wins again."

The Grand Inquisitor handled the radish apprehensively, as its shape was far too close to that of the Shogun's crest.

The Grand Inquisitor nervously made his introductions then waded through the mud bath, scanning for the lost chalice.

The Grand Inquisitor shrugged at the waitress, then sheepishly gestured to the coupon stapled to the mink collar of his caftan.

Somewhere over Pitcairn Island, the Grand Inquisitor dropped his contact lens into the blancmange.

With the unfamiliar feel of burlap over his lower lip, the Grand Inquisitor couldn't sleep, even as the nurse primed a new IV bag.

So the conversation ping-ponged through the night, the Grand Inquisitor insisting that Father Bongo make the concession of flattening the hides, even as the priest made a pup-tent with the bear skin as if to mock the older man.

During the relatively smooth ride between the subway stations, Renaldo set the Grand Inquistor's beard in curlers.

Watching the teargas canisters dropped into the center of the gallery, the Grand Inqusitor flicked the curtain tassles nervously.

The fried eggs burnt and inedible, the Grand Inquisitor wept openly.

Some sentences about a Grand Inquisitor that heretofore probably never existed.

Written by Greg Mills

The Grand Inquisitor stared at the ceiling, avoiding looking Jaime, still in the pantyhose from the night previous.

The Grand Inquisitor kept spreading the talc over the surface of the hubcap, the stump of his thumb leaving a crimson track.

Earlier that afternoon, the Grand Inquisitor advised the game keepers to stay indoors, because there was something about this vole that made it different, dangerous, and possibly demon-driven.

Butterscotch pudding wasn't something the Grand Inquistor had much experience with, but he knew the bus passengers had been told to expect something wonderful.