

# The Great Mother Eye!

1. Ocular Organ
2. Name Of A Person
3. Noun
4. Occupation (Plural)
5. Garment (Plural)
6. Plural Noun
7. Verb Ending In Ing
8. First Name
9. Garment (Plural)
10. Part Of The Body
11. Part Of The Body
12. Adjective
13. Weapon
14. Garment (Plural)
15. First Name
16. Animal (Plural)
17. Occupation (Plural)
18. Adjective
19. Location
20. Adjective

# The Great Mother Eye!

It is unthinkable to think one could escape the gaze of the great Mother \_\_\_\_\_Ocular organ There was no before.

There is no after. There has been and shall always be the great Mother \_\_\_\_\_ocular organ

Once, a town fool named \_\_\_\_\_Name of a person tried to hide from the unblinking \_\_\_\_\_ocular organ but was struck down. He thought he could be clever and hide behind an old \_\_\_\_\_Noun if just for a moment, but to no avail. He was Seen in the way that only the guilty and \_\_\_\_\_Occupation (plural) can be seen. Forevermore, he was cursed to lead an interminable existence of washing \_\_\_\_\_Garment (plural) for the people -- always under the watchful, unwinking \_\_\_\_\_ocular organ

A hooded infidel once scurried away from the town center to the well of the \_\_\_\_\_Plural noun where the

Punished were kept. He asked \_\_\_\_\_name of a person why he wished to escape Her \_\_\_\_\_Verb ending in ing gaze.

\_\_\_\_\_name of a person broke down and wept, replying only that he hated the odor of \_\_\_\_\_First name ... or

perhaps it was the scent of \_\_\_\_\_Garment (plural). Whatever the case, it was an odd answer.

Caught off guard by such a bizarre response, the infidel was struck senseless by a fit of rage. He began beating

\_\_\_\_\_ name of a person about the \_\_\_\_\_ Part of the body and \_\_\_\_\_ Part of the body with the handle of his own  
\_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Weapon. He could not bring himself to stop. He was consumed. Poor \_\_\_\_\_ name of a  
\_\_\_\_\_ person was defenseless; chained as he was to his cleaning apparatus by seventeen pairs of \_\_\_\_\_ Garment  
\_\_\_\_\_ (plural).

In the commotion, the full attention of the great Mother \_\_\_\_\_ ocular organ closed upon the two. The infidel  
could feel the searing radiance of Her undivided attention on his cloaked back. He was cast to the ground by the  
weight of her glare. No one could withstand the brunt of her one, unblinking \_\_\_\_\_ ocular organ Words of  
tremendous weight rained down from above. 'Who would dare interrupt the toil of the Punished?', She shrieked.

The infidel's trembling hand slowly rose to his hood, accompanied by a soft voice. 'It is I', said the infidel. The  
hood pulled slowly away from the infidel's face, revealing that it was not a man at all! It was a woman -- the  
town scribe, \_\_\_\_\_ First name of the \_\_\_\_\_ Animal (plural). \_\_\_\_\_ name of a person and \_\_\_\_\_ first name reached  
out for one another and embraced. They commiserated in a bond that only the Damned and lonely  
\_\_\_\_\_ Occupation (plural) will

ever share.

This revelation came as a tremendous shock to the great Mother \_\_\_\_\_ocular organ\_\_\_\_\_. How could She have not known? Her prescience was absolute, or so it had been thought.

In that moment, the great Mother \_\_\_\_\_ocular organ\_\_\_\_\_, once again became aware of the rest of the townspeople, but it was too late. In the time Her attention was drawn to \_\_\_\_\_name of a person\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_first name\_\_\_\_\_ the townspeople could feel that Her gaze was no longer upon them. At first, they felt naked and \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_. Once that passed, they felt a strange sense of liberation; a sensation they had not previously known. Free and alive for the first time in their lives, they became enraged.

The townspeople drew forward the town harpoon from its \_\_\_\_\_Location\_\_\_\_\_ at the edge of town. It was pulled to a clearing in a nearby field and was armed. The great Mother \_\_\_\_\_ocular organ\_\_\_\_\_ was incredulous. What could these

mortals hope to do?

With no ceremony or warning, the harpoon was shot from its moorings. Its aim was true and it plunged deeply into her spherical ocular organ meats. A corona of light was cast out from her Heavenly visage, followed by a terrible thunder. And then, the world fell into darkness. A torrent of ocular fluid rained down upon the townspeople, coating them in the Adjective goo of her passing.

At first, the goo was comforting; even reassuring. But as the sky was dark, the night quickly turned cold. The townspeople were unprepared for this new reality. They did not understand the nature of the wilderness into which they were now thrust. They had no shelter that could spare them from this sudden winter; no source of heat or flame that could stay their icy universe. They all fucking died.

The End.

