

# Hubert Cumberland

1. Noun
2. Noun

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One day, this creepy guy who smelled a bit like \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ decomposing \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ and a little like  
sweaty armpits, would not leave me alone. His name was Fisk. I said to this guy, as nice as I could, 'Go away,  
you smell like soot and poo.' He simply remarked, 'Pi.' 'What?' I remarked to the smelly boy. '3.  
14159265358979323846264338...' and while he went on, I thought of killing him... and did... not... kill him...