

TERRE SPINE

by Arlene Nedd Brown

I'd like to share with you a story to make it easier for you to remember the *14 muscles - the test used* - their associated **meridians** and the order in which they come on the wheel.

This is the story of Terre Spine.

Our main character - Terre was 14 years old when the story begins. He was a really nice guy - some people even called him Super - but he had a voracious appetite and some peculiar eating habits that sometimes got him into trouble.

One might say then that our **central figure** *supra-spine ate* his (Supraspinatus) way *into some ticklish situations*.

This hadn't always been the case - for when he was younger he *ate like a bird ...* but teenagers need more food so *Terres major governing* drive became food.

For instance, at dinner time - in the *P. M. see* (P.M.C - Pectoralis Major Clavicular) he would *pick and grab* at his food on the table with his hands and this was something his family just couldn't **stomach**.

Because of this he was usually asked to leave the table before he had a chance to finish his salad - so he'd be walking out of the room chewing on his *lettuce*, reach the *door-sigh* and remark how **spleen** did he thought everything had been.

When Terre became of age he joined the navy and found himself on a submarine

where he continued his peculiar eating habits. Because he was so fond of periscopes now instead of picking at his food he would *reach for it like a periscope*. The *sub's captain* was *hilarious* but didn't have a **heart** to tell him he was a little off-beat.

He soon found himself looking for new employment. He had always wanted to be a cop so he *walked* over to the police station and *landed* himself a desk job on the Vice Squad - he was the receptionist - or the *squad's receptor*. He didn't find it very exciting work as he mostly answered the phone and watched the clock tick away - and he had only a **small interest in time**.

But one day he got a rather unusual call into the station - from a nudist camp. It seems people were going out swimming in their lake but not coming back - and that there were some strange fish reported in the lake. Well, since everyone at the station was out for the afternoon - and since fish (or food) was his interest - he decided to go check this one out for himself. When he got to the lake no one was around, so *he stuck his big toe into the water* to see what was going on - and immediately he felt some excruciating pain - realized what had happened and screamed *perona eeus!* as he pulled out his **bloody toe**.

SO AS it turned out when he got back to the station and his co-workers found out about what had happened they said "Are you **kiddneying** me ... why didn't you just pull your foot out quicker?"

Well, that wasn't bad enough - but then they started to **circulate** some **sex** stories around (since he had been at this nudist camp) and continued to *rub it in* and even started rumors about his peculiar eating habits and said he was a *gluttonus meateater* (Gluteus Medius).

Terres didn't like all this *ribbing* he was getting and was almost ready to punch someone out - but *Terres* was still a **minor** so he just warned them - and warned them - and warned them - he **triple warned** them to quit *pushing him around*.

Terres was pretty bummed out by all this so he called his favorite aunt - Aunte Del- and *Ante Del told* him that those guys had their **gall** about making fun of his **bladdy** toe and that he shouldn't let it *get him down*.

But Terre who had once been a pretty nice

guy got tired of people picking at him and so he developed more of a **sternal** attitude towards life. Fortunately this sterner attitude didn't affect his health because he lived for a long time - he *turned out* to be a long **liver**.

While his new attitude didn't affect his health it did affect his appetite quite a bit - he didn't eat near as much as he used to however, he still continued some of his eccentric habits - *like chopping food with a guillotine*. Now his one aunt that kept in touch with him (who was a little *tipsy* herself) was Aunt Serra. She often had him over for lunch but would get a little upset with him as he'd leave his lunch to go play with his guillotine so ... *Ante Serra ate his lun(g)ch*.

Now that was the *last leg* - his relatives didn't care to associate with him anymore so he decided to join the **large and interesting** nudist camp that he had come in contact with as a young man - so for his final exploits he became a streaker - or one might say that he *flashed a lotta* .. and that's the "end" of the story. ■