“Porge the Clown Defies Death!”

Porge laughed at that advertisement, he knew that it hadn’t really helped. He looked and leapt left as the bull careened at the small frame, and sighed down the field at him. His heart pumped Anna. It was precisely a year with his blood throughout his body, this thing of life coursing in his veins.

Since she died a subtle irony, had made the day she left faster than the bull could run, pounding the world, the same day that he, in his ears louder than the crowd’s roars, had entered it. Everything stopped He lived for the rodeo, when she died, even her present from last year was still unopened Here where danger and laughter combined.