

Nice and naughty. Dark angel. Enticing body. Oddity. Sexual object. Hot commodity. I've seen the future. The source of metamorphosis. Broken home. Spoke alone. Grew up in an orphanage. Free spirited. Easy-going. Percipient. Hot under the collar. A scholarship recipient. Neck sore. People should explore sex more. X. Not exactly the girl next door. Queen of hearts. Everybody's seen the parts. Dark corners for the very most obscene of arts. Body beautiful, long hair, coal black, Whole stack. Never been one to hold back. The eyes have it. Few words said cryptic. Cameras flashing, nothing on but red lipstick. Dangerous curves. Kids crying, adults wallowing. Girl with the perfect figure and cult following.

Shy but daring. More poses. Try comparing. Without glitz, homemade outfits that I am wearing. Outrageous extrovert, I speak up with passions. Business and politics. Don't keep up with fashions. The camera loves me more than the typewriter or drink tray. I'm humble. My favourite record's 'Rumble' by Link Wray. Hair, makeup. Don't care. Shake it in their snake pit. I love to swim and roam around the home bare naked.

Simple and exotic why should you be afraid Of a cutie displayed in the pages of 'Beauty Parade'? Duty betrayed. Cry and beg. Watch out for the flying leg. Hips and shoulders. The drips can go fry an egg. Sweaty. Painless. I'm getting to be pretty famous Amused man plenty. I'm a huge fan of Bette Davis. Some call me jungle girl. Polka dot. Peppermint. Effortless. See me in a bikini made of leopard print. Cavorting in the forest nude, I go there still. Most parties and dances are nowheresville. Joe blows and bozos with weird fetishes and no-no's. The S&M themes pay me for the other photos. It's necessary. Better than being a secretary. Oddly assuming there's nothing wrong with the human body. But this month there's a witch hunt. They chase me today. I wish a flying saucer would take me away sometimes