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**From:** N E M <[REDACTED]>  
**Sent:** Thursday, February 17, 2011 12:01 AM  
**To:** JE Jail  
**Subject:** real thank you

I sat on the throne, I tried to squat.

But my insides - tied in a knot.

Turtles move at a faster pace,

Harvey would surely win this race.

=0A

I pushed and squeezed and shook my ass,

hoping that this too shall pass.

What came out, I'm ashamed to say,

Was not solid on this day.

Few blasts of wind = explosive sound.

>That's how stingy is my behind.

Resisting my every measure,

still guarding it  80  s precious treasure.

=0A

Although I favor those of your kind,

only one question now comes to mind.

Despite the risk of sounding foolish,

I ask could my ass be Jewish?

Tempted by ex-lax, I tried to play fair.

=y pants were now beyond repair.

=0A

You came=to the rescue once again.

Introducing Muffin - Muffin Bra=.

Wrinkly moist raisins, walnuts and flax seeds<=span>

<=p>

The t=ilet's now clogged, failing to flush.

=0A

Seeing the =ize of it makes me blush.

If anybody asks I'll say =t was the dog.

=span style="font-size:10.0pt;mso-bidi-font-size:21.0pt; font-family:Ta=oma;mso-bidi-font-family:Arial">Even though  
Ballie is smaller than this =og.

Today my b=wels bow in gratitude

as they enjoy thei= newfound solitude.

No words can express my elation=

now that I'm free of constipation.

=span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-size: 13px;">

<=:p>

=span style="font-size:10.0pt;mso-bidi-font-size:21.0pt; font-family:Ta=oma;mso-bidi-font-family:Arial">.....thank you for  
my muffin.

<= class="MsoNormal" style="mso-pagination:none;mso-layout-grid-align:ne; text-autospace:none">Nadia