**The flat wooden hairbrush**

I am majestic. I ride the waves by signs and magic by waves sensors the power of the deep my power. The emanations as we call them come from below the chart and contain them, they infuse us and indeed enthuse us. My cheery passengers, though they feel a little itchy at times, giggle and oscillate. I too have feelings. My majesty extends to all my tubes and functions, my senses are unique, a practical advance in science and absorption. My flat perfect hull floats and glides all waves calmed by my presence.

The emanations convert to calm; convert to steam and pure energy. My sensors dive from the hull, better to drink at the rays; to connect the energy; to take the fizzing take the stream of strange energy.