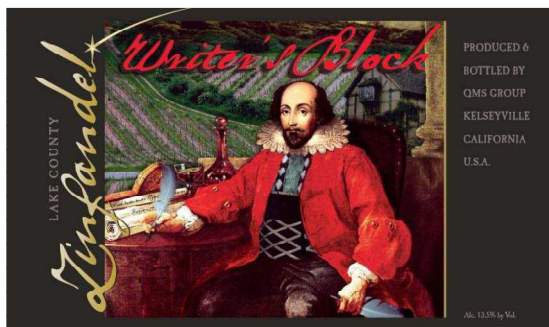


*O, Writers Block Zin, we sing of your praises! Your seductive fragrance, your shirt-staining color. Oh, and your flavor, gregarious and trappy, you pair with anything. Parting with you is indeed sweet sorrow. Until the next cork goes "pop!" (free poetic license with every purchase)*



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