

was not their day to go fishing.

Krazy Kathy was the first to stir. So the Potato Chip Muncher had to pour. "I hear them coming", she said, gently shoving a frog off her lap with the advice that it should go a-woooing and leave off the lily pad wine.

"About time", replied the Potato Chip Muncher as he added cob-wed silver to the butterfly he was drawing, and stepped aside as the tree trunk flew high over its aunts and uncles, no doubt headed for Woodstock. "Their century is almost due."

And it came to pass that the maddened hoard arrived with much loud and unkindly noise to the spot where Krazy Kathy and the Potato Chip Muncher stood, as mentioned before, shoulder to shoulder.

"Have some tea", said she.

"Or a spot of mushroom brandy", he added.

The mob stood glowering, glimmering, showering, shimmering, its voice as one ragged hole blown out of a paper bag.

"We'll have not of that.

We want none of this.

"Just one answer.

"And it better be true."

They want none of it", said he.

"Then none they shall get", said she, and

with a toss of her hair they were all transmitted to a glossy, immaculate, clean and classy, nice and easy, A&W drive-in restaurant and operating room. "And all the Poppa Burgers you can eat", she added.

The roar of the rabble could be heard in seven counties and five townships, while the sound of smacking lips and grinding teeth caused three mice playing nearby to head for the closest hole and swear off strong cheese for a week.

"What about the Magnificent Appendage?" asked the maid, who upon finding she could not eat and breathe at the same time, decided to forego the eating. But no one paid attention, for the Magnificent Appendage had been forgotten.

Krazy Kathy gave a satisfied smile, the Potato Muncher returned a wink, then pressed his toes together and they were once again where they had started. A voice

spoke from behind a tree.

"Thank you."

"Think nothing of it", said KK.

"You're more than welcome", said the PCM.

"Well, thank you anyway", and the Magnificent Appendage came out of hiding.

"Now I can continue on my way."

"Do you want us to accompany you."

"Yes please. I'm afraid of what I may find."

"Then we will all go."

And so, as it was supposed to be, the three of them, Krazy Kathy, the Potato Chip Muncher, and the Magnificent Appendage, all took their bearings from the bright night sky and walked o'er-moor and mountain 'till they stood overlooking the small town.

"We really should go down." said the Potato Chip Muncher.

"It's now or never." said Krazy Kathy.

"But let's wait a bit." said the Magnificent Appendage.

For you see, at another time, centuries ago, they would not have hesitated, they would have been sure. But now - well - they did not know what they might encounter in that cozy manger. Love having failed, what waited for them? What rough beast indeed?

By Dale Estey



TWAS THE NIGHT OF THE KING'S CASTRATION

Twas the night of the king's castration  
And all the counts, discounts, vicounts and counts  
That didn't count at all were there  
The king was there in his diamond studded jock  
Where is the Queen said the King?  
In the bed with Daniel  
Throw that bastard out  
Daniel was quickly thrown to the lions  
He grabbed the lion by the tail  
And swung him over his head  
Shit flew at Random  
Random ducked  
It hit the princess  
Fuck said the princess  
The prince, a stud in his own right laid it to her  
Where is the queen said the king  
In the bed with Daniel  
I thought I said to throw that bastard out  
I'll do it myself  
He threw Daniel out the window  
The queen was lying nude on her belly on the bed  
Roll over said the King  
Be fucked if I will you bastard  
Be corn holed if you don't roll over  
The kings diamond studded jock fell on his toe  
Shit said the king  
The king's word being law  
Forty thousand pair of iron clad shorts  
Bit the dust.

Author Unknown