

## TOTAL ANNIHILATION

*(The realistic munching of an imaginary apple is the sole feature of this fragment.)*

O H he was a Bowery boot-black bold,  
And his years they numbered nine.  
Rough and unpolished was he  
Albeit he constantly aimed to "shine."

Proud as a King on his box he sat  
Munching an apple red  
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on.  
And "give us a bite," they said.

That boot-black smiled a lordly smile  
"No free bites here," he cried  
Then his comrades sadly walked away  
Save one who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low,  
That boot-black smiled once more,  
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek  
"There ain't goin' to be no core."