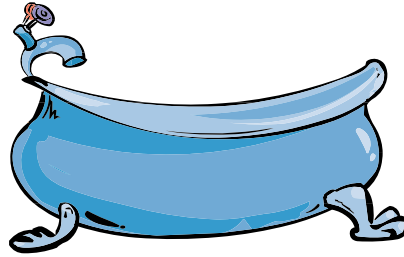


Let's Just Get This Silly Thing Out Of The Way!



Isadora Glickenspat
Was neither thin nor very fat
But loved to sit and marinate in sauce
She wasted time by doing that
Complained the elder Glickenspat
Who, after all, was Isadora's boss
The two went round till ground was found
(With Isadora stark un-gowned)
On which to meet regarding daily soaking
Miss Isadora in the fray
FOR saucy soaking every day!
To which the Angry Elder screamed, "You're joking!"
An answer, then, was nowhere found
With Izzie soaking in the round
In sundry sauces brimming to the top
Midst mighty hue and raucous cry
And Angry Guy disgorging why
The practice stunk and surely then should stop
But Izzie sat 'neath pansied hat
Not saying this nor much of that
Her mental closed and not about to bend
Since pages hence and words galore
Will never ever tell us more
We now conclude this silly rhyme must end

AMEN