

## Chapter 17: The Lizard and the Hornet Went to See

About a lesbian surety loan – They took some money and plenty of honey –  
Hand in hand – A hedge on the land – NLGLA Poetry Competition  
For early character development, see <http://www.usdoj.gr/ebook/>



[http://farm3.static.flickr.com/2299/1509515014\\_88c6e7848d.jpg](http://farm3.static.flickr.com/2299/1509515014_88c6e7848d.jpg)  
[http://www.barlou.com/textile/img/salomon/salomon\\_cuissart\\_homme.jpg](http://www.barlou.com/textile/img/salomon/salomon_cuissart_homme.jpg)  
<http://blog.wired.com/photos/uncategorized/2008/01/30/hornet.jpg>

*The Lizard and the Hornet went to see  
About a lesbian surety loan,  
They took some money, and plenty of honey,  
Stuffed up in a hub zone phone.  
The Lizard looked up at the parts above,  
To bang through a small cuissart,  
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!*

*After a counter-intel night stuffed with snuff films, Abel Danger UC starts to grasp the scope of the lesbian trashing of America's families, children, future, military and education centers. Chips infiltrates some not all of his members into the National Lesbian and Gay Law Association, 1301 K Street, NW, Suite 1100 East Tower, a short elevator ride from the K Street Sex Club. He finds NLGLA has imposed sexual orientation into the Model Code of Judicial Conduct for Blinded Judges in the Great Hall of Shame. He challenges his team to come up with three modified verses to a poem written in 1871 by Lear; he hopes to signal abel danger to heterosexual parents and children everywhere. Three verses are clipped in the hours that follow. With three verses approved, ADuc will submit a collective application for the NLGLA poetry competition in June 2008, which would be just five short months before the Lesbian Lizards take over Cybersecurity for POTUS 44 and with that control of the White House. Hamish pointed out they cannot discriminate against ADuc team just because one verse was written by Captain David Hunter a dead heterosexual male member. Hamish yells "Duck" or something similar as staccato gun fire seemed to erupt all around the Limo.*

.....

When the alarm went off at 0400 on New Year's Day, Chips wondered how many of the Poets at NGLA.org were willing to join Peter in changing loyalties. He would have focused a lot of time on the mental puzzle if it wasn't for the sound of a Redi Whip can being discharged at a golden triangle. "Are you up?" teased Vicky, adding her signature Maraschino Cherry.

"Take a look for yourself" responded Chips, repositioning her right hand on an item from Ireland.

### An Old Irish Blessing

May the road rise up to meet you.  
May the wind always be at your back.  
May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
and rains fall soft upon your fields.  
And until we meet again,  
May God hold you in the palm of His hand

After the Irish Ham had been placed in the oven, Vicky mentioned "I've set the oven on low heat for 3 hours, capeche?" and delicately slipped 2 Rodney Baldinger EOPs in his mouth.

Offering him a sip of his Grolsch Wide Body to wash it down, Vicky gave him an 'Icaristan force multiplier'; 36 smoked oysters blended into 3 raw eggs with a tablespoon of Durkee's Red Hot sauce.

"When you're hot, you're hot" commented Chips, probing the oven.

"Likewise to you Chips, the purple tipped red champion reminds me of the song from the sixties 'Time is Tight' and I believe you have very good timing.

After Vicky suggested she wanted 3 hours of the ham treatment, Chips realized he would have to keep his mind on other things to prevent premature exploculation. He decided that interpreting poetry would be something he could do while he was keeping the oven happy; hark back to the cliché 'a bun in the oven'. As he explained the first very of the altered poem, he told Vicky that a guilty and treasonous homosexual and his sister Amelia had gone to a Chicago law firm to see about a fraudulent loan, such as those which Fannie Mae-Freddie Mac and others had proliferated in period 1997-2007. They took some bribe money, in cash, and some sweet talking to see the Chicago boss, having concealed the cash in the cargo bay of their SBA 8(a) company cell phones. Cash buys Justice in Chicago so when a bill has to come to the Illinois State Senate floor for a vote it can be 'slid through like a greased pig slipping out of a medieval peasant's arms'. The next line is a penis's eye view of an oven; think of a one-eyed trouser trout. Cuissart is an

item of knight's thigh armour used in medieval jousting matches, not dissimilar to today's Slingshot rumpmaster thongs with a 'breeding bay' addition to the front pouch. "Oh lovely Pussy" should be self explanatory but basically refers to any vagina not attached to a lesbian, capeche?"

"Keep talking all you want, but don't pull the ham out of the oven, oh how I love pork" cooed Vicky, now sudsing at level 9.6 on a 10 point scale.

## The Lizard and the Hornet Went to See – Verse I



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"Vicky, I hope that explains the first verse, and while that sinks in let me sink something else in from a position known as 'side saddle'".

"Giddy-up" was all she said as she closed her eyes as bounced along in full gallop, and upgrade from the cantering missionary previous in play.

As the minutes turned to hours and the oysters started lining up for the grand exit or transfer, Chips tried to forestall exploculation by thinking of the nursery rhyme from 1871, written by Lear and how the PFers trying to destroy America have miscarried even

children's rhymes in the quest to join Germany, Spain and others in the queer assault on America. According to SWAN-E and Amelia, if it weren't for a 1989 West Pointer who had changed sides, Abel Danger UC may never have uncovered the stink-link at NLGLA dot orgasms pitiful trashing of America's families, children, future, military and education centers. However, Abel Danger UC still possessed the 3 channels of infiltration that no organization on earth could defeat; although to call NLGLA and organization is a stretch, just look at their hair and facial expressions.

With 0647 shown on the cock on the wall, Vicky sensed imminent exploculation and called for a switch. While to Hot Lips of MASH that might mean Frank's riding crop, Chips understood it meant 'doggie style' so he accommodated her just before blast off. As Vicky collapsed head first into the pillow pile used for better pushing, two clippers went off. Chips could see and 'immediate' from SWAN-E. Withdrawing the world's most famous air refueling equipment, he answered the clipper squirt gun deal while Vicky took her clipper 'rubber ducky' into the bathroom to record in a quiet chamber, sort of like the US Supreme Court when Abel Danger's message arrives by non-queer carrier non-pigeon.

"Chips, Plum Sauce Ball, Pre-party secure, go ahead".

"Chips, SWAN-E, the screw has turned and the Lizard will be stung by the Hornet".

"I copy the message, who else is on the line, I am in the dark as Vicky just gave me stars in my eye, if you are picking up what I am laying down".

"Dancer, Fish, Amelia, Alice Springs-Orange Grove, Mossad and Hamish are online, Homi and Stone are down having a morning after de-brief with Roland and the KVR Rangers. It is now 0650 local and if no one has an objection I would suggest we all meet in the parking lot at Arlington National Cemetery at 0900 for a 30 minute walk through the cemetery. We can start at Chic Burlingame and walk towards you know where. If no objects I suggest we include Diehard and Nano as they will certainly be players in the upcoming 'Poet Penetration, any objections?' After hearing no objections, he dialed in Nano and Diehard and continued. "Let's all assemble at 0900 with the exception of Nano and Diehard, but the G-D & Navy Iridium Gateway in Hawaii will provide a secure video link to Australia and Anatya, Turkey where Diehard and Nano are now, according to our Roach Clip MOD 17s; see you in 2 hours, Godspeed". click-click.

In Antalya, Nano boarded his diving vessel from the rock off the Marmara Hotel while in Australia Diehard was sitting politely with his hand in the air hoping to ask SWAN-E a question. He grunted an altoid smelling grunt and changed hands after his right arm got sore after 3 hours of not being called on.

While Vicky called Loverboy, Chips called Amelia on his secure squirt gun. "Sis, is SWAN-E with us?"

Her answer was characteristically vague "It's generally rainy when big dogs go

prowling”. Choking down another two dozen oysters and a ‘gran-mal EOP’, Chips looked out the window and saw the rain. He smiled to think the big dog had grown some big nuts. It was a powerful group they hunted and the Gorilla and the Lizard would probably have sphincters snapping when they found out the switch, but it would be too late.

Working her magic to resurrect old faithful, Vicky asked about the poem ‘The Owl and the Pussy Cat’ written by Lear in 1871. Chips wasn’t quite clear so he responded “do you mean the original by Lear, or the later, by queer?” Positioned with his nose in her business, Chips leered into a delightful target indeed, had his answer and repositioned according.

“Vicky, I think SWAN-E will get into that later so allow me to get into something right now if you please”.

With the ham going back into the oven, she oozed “I please, I please and thank you”. As the cock on the wall turned to 0800 her clipper rubber ducky quacked as Chips cracked.

“Vicky, Lengthy Portion, Plum Sauce Ball, secure go ahead”

“Vicky, Stone, if you happen to see my father, tell him the Limos are leaving at 0815 or if he wants a whirlybird ride Amelia can pick him up”.

## The Lizard and the Hornet Went to See – Verse II



<http://www.p42.org/funny/phat%20pussy.bmp>  
[http://static.highend3d.com/tutorialimages/17/cow\\_fight\\_small.jpg](http://static.highend3d.com/tutorialimages/17/cow_fight_small.jpg)  
<http://di1.shopping.com/images/pi/c8/33/c9/41117713-177x150-0-0.jpg>

*Pussy wiped on a towel; said, 'You flagellant Cow!  
How smarmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?'  
They male-d away, as a pair for the pay,  
To the bank where the Boinky-tree grows  
And there with a woody a Piggy-wig stooody  
With a ring at the end of her hose,  
Her hose,*

*Her hose,  
With a ring at the end of her hose*

“Thanks Stone, if I see him I will pass the message” said Chips, passing a message to the man in the boat, “I think he is reading some poetry about an owl and a pussy, or something like that” and with those last words, his voice quavered, her pussy quivered and loyal oysters changed locations.

Chips continued explaining the second verse subliminal message to Vicky, as she cleaned up. "Amelia had to wipe Lizard Woman's laptop for explosive residue while riding in the elevator up to see Lizard regarding the loan, due to reduced ambient pressure as the elevator went up, the obese lesbian flagellated in the elevator car, whereupon Amelia suggested they pool their efforts to defeat Lizard; in effect 'marrying' their efforts to expose Lizard and the lesbos assaults against heterosexual males. The Chicago bank is located at the corner of Lester and Michelle streets, and to signal her willingness to cooperate she was to plant some lipstick at the end of a dill-dough Amelia presented. The roll of dough was laced with dill as they were more succulent than kosher or dijon. Capeche?"

A cryptic knock on the door of room 205; Stone's signature knock. The stars in Chips' eyes subdued for the third time since midnight. He knew something must be interesting and walked nude to grope under the door while Vicky gazed on in wonderment; he almost looked 3-legged. Good thing he was a helmet instead of an ant-eater.

The message from Stone was clear.

'The man who reads nothing at all is better educated than the man who reads nothing but newspapers.' [Thomas Jefferson]

'We hang the petty thieves and appoint the great ones to public office.' [Aesop]

Chips understood immediately and explained it to Vicky as he stuffed himself into an Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster in pastel rainbow and put on his signature pink shirt and Dubai tie, wishing it could be a Mai-Tai or a Fur-pie. Selecting a matching pastel rainbow Thong, Vicky hummed “Come Together” by the Beatles. In response Chips sang “Let's Get Together” by the Youngbloods and mentally imagined getting inside college and military enlisted blogs with the Abel Danger Truth. As they walked hand in hand to the stairwell to go to the limo, Chip's shared the lyrics of “Blowin' in the Wind” by Bob Dylan. Vicky opined that she wished Mr. Dylan would have written Blowin' in the Limo and she went further to ensure it was not the Sinclair Limpo to whom she referred. Chips got the message, Vicky got her wish.

A knock came on the window of the blacked out Security Center of Limo 1; some quick stuffing of rainbow preceded the arrival of Raven and Hamish. Stone was ready to drive as Homi and the Hounds got into the trunk with Roland and the KVR rangers for a

security briefing. He admonished Duke and Dyke, “When we get to the briefing, no digging up bones” which gave Dyke a good idea. Duke was picking up her doggie-pheromes and he was getting up for the challenge.

‘Who knows what evil lurks in the minds of men.....the Lizard knows’ and Abel Danger UC was all over and inside the Lizard. And a big surprise awaited the entourage at Arlington.

With the 96 LT1 supertrick, pisswicked Limo hastening on by, Stone sped down the empty streets of Washington. Stone and Chips wondered how many of the USDOJ Pride PFers were up this early and doing something positive. More likely they were sleeping it off next to someone equally repugnant. Or two or three equally repugnant. Homosexuality doesn’t occur on a farm or in nature, ask any person who is informed rather than deformed. Hitler had a little genitalia problem and so did the most, if not only, treasonous President in US History. That was soon to change. After the Limo crossed the river into northern Virginia, Chips visually acquired a Bell Jet Ranger and Hamish’s Mod 17 got a hit at the same position.

“No worries Stone, it’s Amelia” came the soothing report from Hamish as Raven measured his manhood digitally; and that does not mean a camera for you Pfers. When the Limo and the whirlybird got to the parking lot, they formed up on a black hearse with parking lights flashing, the hearse looked bigger than average. Perhaps a 1976.



[http://www.hearse.com/+random/000053\\_Zondervan\\_Lincoln/2\\_200h.jpg](http://www.hearse.com/+random/000053_Zondervan_Lincoln/2_200h.jpg)

After Amelia and another woman had stepped out of the Park Police helo, Chips, Stone, Hamish, Vicky, Raven and Homi joined them. Duke gave Dyke and the Rats a signal to ‘lay low’ while Dyke licked Duke’s bone and Roland, Rhonda and the Rangers feasted on Gouda, Aged Swiss and Fromunda cheeses. Duke smiled.

Opening the back door of the hearse, Amelia signaled the group to remain silent. Inside was SWAN-E, alone, while the driver was Swany doing active duty augment days from his position with the Air National Guard. SWAN-E pointed at Amelia, Chips, Hamish and in the direction of Chic Burlingame’s marker. From that azimuth, a man approached who also joined the other ‘pointers’ in getting into the back of the hearse. And when I say

pointers I do not refer to USMA grads such as “I’m in charge here, USMA ‘47” or “he’s a troubled guy, USMA ‘89”. SWAN-E handed Stone a handwritten message saying “switch vehicles with Swany, have Swany take the rest of the crew to breakfast while you drive this hearse around the cemetery”. Stone and Swany switched vehicles and Stone started driving slow; as the rain continue to fall, though little more than a drizzle now. Driving through the resting place of fallen Americans, they noted that not a single headstone called “There is a Jew behind me, shoot him”.

SWAN-E started to speak in quiet, measured manner; he asked all of them if they knew who he was, what his job was, and which service branch he had served in.

Everyone nodded.

Then Amelia introduced ‘Sybil’ and asked if the Abel Danger UC assets understood why SWAN-E had been forced to ‘silence her’. Everyone nodded and thought of Ashcroft’s book, "Never Again" which indicates to Abel Danger UC that Ashcroft had some prior knowledge of the 9/11 attacks.

Then SWAN-E instructed all to go to Clipper Channel 15 for a secure briefing from Dancer. “Dancer, SWAN-E, please make it brief”.

“Hello all, I am in the hotel in Antalya with Nano, I have some predictions to make based on my friends in another country, nearby. Nano may speak later concerning his recent learning of what sank the Albogas 37.”

“Let me say that according to the bankers in France, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium it appears that the surviving frontrunners may be Shorty and Obomba later this year. It seems that France’s ambassador to the UK believes that Israel is a “shitty little country” and he questions why Europe should concern itself with Israel’s survival. Speaking only in terms of military might, that ‘shitty little country’ can defend itself against all odds and now can also project military might that could take out Iran, Iraq, UK or France. Watch for an enhancement to EITAM that is parallel to the AQFB 17 improvements which cannot be mentioned here for security purposes.”

“Our sources suggest that America in 2008 will follow the paths of Spain and Germany and be mis-led by homosexuals and worse, it would not surprise any of us if the USDOJ actually had a poetry/literature contest promoting sodomy and bestiality, and if they do Abel Danger and Brother ‘I’ will infiltrate and cause chaos from within.....”

“Not to interrupt, Dancer, but that is exactly right. In my position within DOJ, I have been compelled to appear to can Sybil, but she, in fact, is one of the most prolific sources of genuine Intel that has survived the Clinton imposed USIS or the Gorelick Wall. Sybil and I have had recent chats with “BB Nen” from Israel who for 10 years worked in the US. We anticipate that he may re-assume leadership of Israel in time to forestall the 2nd False Flag, Operation WIPE. He endorses Operation BVR-WIPE, the Abel Danger UC counter to WIPE.”

“BB has reason to believe, and Sybil agrees, that the bad guys may become so bold as to attack Jews with bulldozers; a second attack near the King David hotel on King David Street could signal their brazen ignorance. If that possibility develops, the third attack will not be with bulldozer, but with F15Is and F16Is, guided by EITAM....”

“Right you are SWAN-E but from a woman’s perspective, I believe Israel must change leaders and would welcome a “company man” over a “senile”, if that is the best we can do. In their charter the Palestinians are charged with a mission to kill Jews which is a mission impossible to complete, completely. At some point, the Eagles, the Falcons and EITAM respond and an F15 moves faster and is more lethal than a D8 Cat, capeche?”

“Look for the leader of France to continue to act like he is 6 feet tall and try and dictate to Israel. Watch for Obomba to travel to Israel and do his impersonation of Mr. Roger’s claiming that he hopes everyone likes him, and “would you be my neighbor. If these two non-students of history and reality attempt to suck up to Israel it will be BB Nen who tells them to pack-it, not the ‘senile one’” reminded Dancer.

“Dancer, as always, you are correct. It seems that the students in America do not read history. Germany was led by a genitalia-deformed Austrian painter into WWII. America was lead by a genitalia-deformed POTUS into a precipitous reduction in power and prestige. Even if the Americans do not see the Black SS for what it was, or the USDOJ Pride for what it is, we in Israel have better Intel and better schools. Just as Eva Bron and her lesbian lover stimulated the impotent Hitler, and Gadget Bent and company stimulated USDOJ Pride, at some point the rubber meets the road, and that point is soon approaching. Mossad is looking at 29 August, 2008 as a date where a signal will come from America to Israel. If the signal does not come, Israel will ensure its own survival regardless of the course of history of America. It is Israel, not America that is the apple of God’s eye.”

As Stone parked the hearse at the grave of Chic Burlingame, the rain stopped, the sun broke out and Fish and Chips laid two white roses on the ground at Chic’s feet.

With Swany closing on the rendezvous point, SWAN-E ended with a 5 paragraph prediction. "Working closely with CIA, NSA and Chips' ONI , we in our branch look for 5 events in 2008 as the election approaches:

- 1) A second investigation of TWA 800 will occur in California late summer and open the door to a second 9/11 Commission
- 2) An organization of family farmers will resist 'chipping' of livestock and pets knowing chipping humans would be next; [www.NoNAIS.org](http://www.NoNAIS.org)
- 3) The Global Guardians will switch from BUAP/QRS11/SMACsonic hits to 'controller error' hits; look for 3 mid-air collision in July, 2008, Chicago to NYC areas.
- 4) A systemic demolition of PFers Campaigns will roll up Cross Dresser, Stupid, Haircut, Arkancide Ace, Obomba, and Shorty.

5) If the USDOJ-Pride PFers don't back off, a backlash will cancel their Plum Sauce Balls permanently.

I have to get back home, but Godspeed, and may the force be with us". As he bade them good bye, Amelia and Sybil returned to the Pork Police helo, Fish walked back into the center of the cemetery, Swany and Stone changed driver seats, and the 1996 LT1 Limo headed up the road to the Ramshead in Crownsville, Maryland.

In the middle seat of the limo, Vicky, frustrated that she couldn't mount old faithful, asked to have the 3rd verse of the queer poem explained.

### The Lizard and the Hornet Went to See – Verse III



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<http://www.artoflegendindia.com/productimages/PSAC012sm.jpg>  
<http://www.bossupentertainment.com/images/4.jpg>

*'Dear pig, are you killing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'  
So they stole it away, and were married for pay  
By a Hillary stuck on a Bill.  
They fined all the men, and sliced at least ten,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, with a hedge on the land,  
They pranced in the sight of the loon,  
The loon,  
The loon,  
They pranced in the sight of the loon*

"The poem that we of Abel Danger UC have written suggests, in the third verse:

1) The Global Guardians [PFers] will use Con Air and Bank One credit card in Chicago, Counsel on Global Affairs, the Lizard Woman's hedge funds and Sidley Austin to fraudulently impoverish America citizens while transferring wealth to themselves through bogus programs like Global Warming in hopes of collapsing the Economy of the United States; thus completing a systematic destruction set in motion during the administration in 1993-2001. Names like Dodd, Conrad and Obama will get 'sweetheart' mortgages.

2) Heterosexual males will be targeted; many sent to die or be maimed overseas. Homosexual males in the US will incur greater exposure to HIV, perhaps through tainted blood harvested in Arkansas prison system, modified and stored in Canada, then reintroduced to males in the US.

3) The Global PFers may start their victory dance a little too soon, as they “prance in the sight of the loon”

4) Loon is the state bird of Minnesota, where Congressman Charles Lindberg Sr. revealed 'Banker's Manifesto of 1892 and Civil Case 3:07-cv-24 revealed the illegal modification of Boeing airlines used in 9/11, and where Civil Case 3:07-cv-49 identified the "perps" of 9-11, who would be the same frustrated group that has twice had to delay the second and final false flag due to efforts of Abel Danger UC, headquartered in the 'Red River Valley' where I29 crosses I94; the heartland. And a man deemed "loony" by ALPA spokesman Peter J has his eye on the target, and his finger on the trigger, capeche?

5) Abel Danger wishes to thank Homi for verse one, Nano for verse two, and (posthumously) Captain David Hunter for verse 3. Thanks also to Diehard for his suggestion, a very laconic and mysterious "uggghh".

6) Abel Danger wishes to thank Hamish for the following Intel describing the unique opportunity to come in behind the poem, implobrate the lesbos and knock them off their rhythm, “*Michael Greenberg Student Writing Competition The 2008 Writing Competition Competition Rules: TOPIC: A cutting edge legal issue affecting the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and/or Intersex community AWARDS: First Place \$3,000 scholarship Publication in the Journal of Law and Sexuality at Tulane University Law School Registration, airfare & lodging for Lavender Law 2008 in San Francisco, CA. DEADLINE {meaning heterosexual corpses are eligible}: Entries should be submitted before the competition closing date of June 1, 2008. Entries are submitted via email to [WritingCompetition@nlgla.org](mailto:WritingCompetition@nlgla.org) . 2000 | Lavender Law 2000—Washington DC FIRST PLACE – B.J. Chisholm, Howard University School of Law, *The Back(door) of Oncale v. Sundowner Offshore Services, Inc.: 'Outing' Heterosexuality as a Gender-Based Stereotype* 1999 | Lavender Law 1999—Seattle FIRST PLACE – Laurie Rose *Kepros Queer Theory: Weed or Seed in the Garden of Legal Theory?* 1998 | Lavender Law 1998—Boston FIRST PLACE – Dirk Selland *Will Maryland Enter the Twenty-First Century in the Right Direction by Rescinding Its Ancient Sodomy Statutes?* [To pass yourselves off as valid competitors you need to answer the sodomy question]”*

"Vicky, do you understand the poem better now?" asked Chips as his ham got a glimpse of pastel lemon. "We are still insisting that NLGLA allow our poem to be considered even though late for their deadline because as Hamish pointed out they cannot discriminate against us just because Captain David Hunter is a dead heterosexual male."

"Duck" – or something rhyming with duck – yelled Hamish as a staccato of gun fire seemed to erupt all around the Limo.

.....  
For reader who want to see the three verses together; here they are ...



*The Lizard and the Hornet went to see  
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Stuffed up in a hub zone phone.  
The Lizard looked up at the parts above,  
To bang through a small cuissart,  
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,  
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*Pussy wiped on a towel; said, 'You flagellant Cow!  
How smarmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?'  
They male-d away, as a pair for the pay,  
To the bank where the Boinky-tree grows  
And there with a woody a Piggy-wig stooody  
With a ring at the end of her hose,  
Her hose,*

*Her hose,  
With a ring at the end of her hose*



*'Dear pig, are you killing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'  
So they stole it away, and were married for pay  
By a Hillary stuck on a Bill.  
They fined all the men, and sliced at least ten,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, with a hedge on the land,  
They pranced in the sight of the loon,  
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