

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A LOWLY MUSHROOM INTO A HIGHLY PRIZED TURGID-SLUDGE THAT TALKED TO THE PLANT THAT TALKED TO THE PLANT THAT TALKED TO THE PLANT THAT TALKED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES GATE Round the back of The Arches down in Sunnyside Lane, that's where I was a gloomy fungus, undeservingly plain. And then the sunshine was all over and the precipitation came out again. I was deserving once again! For an important Aspidistra flew out a window, fell down a stoop, turned to the moon, so Dieu Droit low gathered up her below and Told this precious morsel to me: "I'm the aspidistra that talked to the palm that talked to the radish that talked to the dill that talked to the Prince of Wales. And the palm that talked to the radish that talked to the dill that talked to The Prince of Wales told me." "I'm the radish that talked to the dill that talked to the prince of Wales. And then the dill that talked to the prince of Wales told me."

"To the gill, I'm the dill that Talked to the Prince of Wales."

I was the Prince of Wales veggie.

He and I were very wedgiey.

He called me Belle,

His precious Nell,

His own bluebell,

His salacious dell

His Joi De Nose,

His delicious smell

Akin to a very light

Neo-Pre-Raphaelite

Damask Tea Rose.

And if this were

Not enough at all,

To amplify a thrall

Beyond Pall Mall,

The Roman Wall,

Red robin's call,

Gulliver's yawl,

The Ghost Walk,

Lassie's mawk,

Quilp's squawk

C-Caliban's gawk,

Heathcliffe's gall,

ER's champion stall,

The HMS Eunuch's ball

Beyond all obscene Gaul

To thrill your To's and fro's,

To shrill your frills to glows,

To thrill you down your dew's,

To your drizzly clammy shoes,

Beneath your moldy slimy toes!

Moons shine bright in foggy light. O God Furthermore! as everybody knows! night. Thee.The.The. That's may all Please let all royals broil our oil day and He gave me all his old hose." royals ever spoil loyal soils, folks.