

And rained toads

For magic was about.

So fiends became wet sods.

And got batted out.

And amphibians did croak,

On the Garrison cricket field.

And a merchant slipped into a black frock.

For disguise and changed behind a shield.

But toads were there so a merchant did wart.

For toads were numerous.

For they multiplied so became the in art.

And the cricket field became toady poisonous.

So giant annelids came forth.

And slid up a black frock to escape toads.

Annelids full of annelid wrath.

And Harry was allergic to segmented thingamajigs.

So he shouted, "Let me X," a Satiretext tapping the grass to see if it that really brings
out the worms.

And Womba's burly arm appeared from thin air holding the enlistment paper and quill.

"What is this smudge," from a master smudger so the arm vanished so annelids fell upon he who hated them for they wiggle and look like vermin tails.

"Is that rose water I sniff," Harry added not sure he wanted to be invisible after all but then a fiend spear went between his legs.

"Shriek," he screamed.

And from invisible land an empty peanut shell pinged off his nose.

"Ouch," the salesman cursed.

Then a spear thudded in the ground between the parts needed to make a lineage of great salesmen so he shook all over.

"Kill kill kill," a fuzzy wazzy and sent another spear so it parted Harry's legs a little bit higher up.

"Enough of this I want like any salesman little salesmen in nappies so will sign my X."

But the greedy salesman had left it too late and so had the fuzzy wazzys because Apes appeared and shredded the spear and the fuzzy wazzys so Harry could not sign.

"Why did you shred the enlistment papers?" Harry asked.

"Ook," as an ape never forgets.

"Oh Harry, a friend of yours has arrived," The Mage showing his dark side.

And Harry who had already been sooted was sooted again as that red dragon with soot smudges appeared and sooted him good.

“Soooooooooooooot,” which means in dragon tongue “Where is my Bat Wing?”

“Let me in let me in,” Harry the salesman as a dragon sooted him to crisp.

But the salesman found empty peanut shells instead and that dragon suffered from bad breath.

“Sign here,” a burly arm and a salesmen’s X was signed.

Eight class private and then big muscular fingers grabbed the salesman’s neck and pulled him into invisible land.

And on the other side Harry found the world a purple haze and guitar music played, “Groovy,” Harry and floated away till his sergeant kicked his parts and said, “You have enlisted son.”

“I am not your son,” Harry replied and added, “Wheeze gasp pant that was some kick?”

So the sergeant kicked the son again somewhere so a loud shriek was heard and the son knew he had enlisted.

“I never employ such underhanded means to get my railway tracks laid?” The salesman and was a dirty lie. In his broom closet whips in varying lengths and many minor relations to use them, relations found collecting warty toads for a salesman had advertised, 'A cure for plies,' and illustrates a dirty lie for warts grew next to the piles so much moaning was added to the howling on full moon nights.