



THERE ONCE WAS A LIMERICK BARD



You stumble across a bard playing an interesting instrument. Your eyes glance past the middle section and notice that the top half is a spoon...er...is it?

(5 5)

There once was a rabbit advised,
To speak in a cellular device.
But then he did count
And saw the amount
Of three minus two would suffice.

(5 5)

There once was a very large gut,
On which some blue pants were slim cut.
And when they got tighter,
They became a blighter,
And laws and restrictions were wrought.

(7 3)

There once was some stucco let dry
Applied by a masculine guy.
But his actual wish
Was to make a real dish
That he in his skillet could fry.

(6 5)

There once was a narrative song,
Whose verses led spirits along.
If hunters did hear it,
Their arrows would then hit,
And weapons with twine became strong.

(5 5)

There once was a small intestine,
Consumed at the banquet tuck-in.
And when they were sated
It seemed they were fated
To listen to rhythms and din.