

# The King's Snit

*by David Ackley*

The king was in his countinghouse,  
pouting.

“Very! Very! Sick!,” said he, “of all this  
Shouting!”

“Perhaps they think” pondered his  
minister,  
“you are, Your Youness, just a little bit  
sinister?”

“I used to like them, but they're not very  
Nice!  
To the royal me, they are nothing but  
Lice!”

And he leaned out the window to yell,  
“Lice!”  
Adding for emphasis , “ Very Not  
Nice!

But who's at the gates, what's all the  
Noise?”  
“With pitchforks and hoes, Sire, a mob of the  
Boys.”

“Hoes? My word, that sounds very  
Yummy!”  
“Not that kind, My lord; these aren't so  
chummy.”

“Mine is the finger. Mine is the  
button.  
I'll turn all you sheep into plates of roast  
Mutton!”

“Time for a change,” Murmured the  
Minister,  
“Sire, your new attendants, Bubba and  
Finster.

And the latest wardrobe, a very nice  
Jacket,  
See how the sleeves tie in  
Back. It

fits you so nicely. With your new room of  
rubber,  
all by yourself you can tweet and can  
Blubber.”

forward-  
Away the king goes, his minister quoth, “Friends

Hence,  
we'll forego the billions, and make do with  
Pence.”

