

# All the Animated Animals

Animated animals abound, around almost all activities. Some are affable, while others are agitated, and the Aardvark is absent.

A few animals are acrimonious and anxious. After acquiring an apple or an apricot, amenable animals air their anxieties, advantageously.

Angry animals add an almond to their appetite, and their apprehensions are ameliorated.

Ailing animals abdicate their aspirations, as aches and alimentary aggressions add up.

Attuned to their altitude, and accustomed to alien arrivals, airborne animals adjust in an appealing atmosphere of arrested antipathy.

Arguably, all animals are at ease among amorous artists, authors and actors, as artful activities acquire agreeable allies.

Addlepatented animals act adversely at first, but art affords amiability anywhere it aims, according to appreciative and approving aficionados.

Average animals aren't afraid to admit and accept their affection for the angelic.

Ardent activities in all areas of artistry affect animals auspiciously and advantageously. Absolutely. Just ask.

# The Babbling Baboons

Big, broad backed babbling Baboons barely breathe between breaths before barreling on. Birds by the bunch burst brightly from the branches of Banyan, Bamboo, and Birch, bent on breaking free from the bedlam below. Burrowing beneath the broadcasting baboons, Bears, Badgers, Bunnies and other beasts, (including Bugs and Bacteria) are bothered by the bombastic bravado.

"Boot the boors!" blast the belligerent beasts.

"Bring back the buzz of Bees," berates a bellyaching Buzzard.

"But I believe the babbling of Baboons is bedazzling,"

blurts a Brown Bear, boldly, "It's better than bad."

A blithering Booby bellows, "Blame the Baboons! They blanket the brooks, banks, bottoms, and bushes, with a blizzard of blows, like buckets of booms." A Blue Bird bites his bill and boo-hoos bitterly, "It's beyond bias. It burns my backside. I'm baffled and bewildered. It's a betrayal of bestial brotherhood."

"Brilliant, broadminded balderdash. It's barefaced, bankrupt barbarity," bawls a Barnyard Bat, blind to the bantering blurbs. A brood of brave, emboldened Beetles becomes a beacon of benign behavior. "Be better, by being beyond bickering," beg the Beetles, "Bless the Baboons and be gone, before blame breeds bloody, biological blunders."

"Break!" barks the boss of the Baboons, and a bouquet of bliss blooms briefly. A Begonia bud bulges. The burgeoning bud builds to a bulb that bumps, butts, and budes the bunion of a barefoot bystander.

"Back off," blurts the bilious bystander, but, behold, blossoming botany benefits the biology, in a blaze of beguiling beauty.

# The Calcutta Cat

A critical Calico Cat takes a crummy cab across Calcutta. The Cabby careens from corner to corner in the crowded corridors of cars and Cows. "For cryin' out loud!" the choleric Cat cavils, "Can't you control this cab?"

"Why so cross?" the calm Cabby coos, "Cats can't conceive of conceding their carcass to the coroner, before nine conceptions, can they?"

"I'm a Calcutta Cat," the crabby Kitty confesses, "I'm controlled by reincarnation. A carnal calamity, in a catastrophic crash, in a clunky cab, in a clogged, congested quarter, could cause a contrary corporal continuation."

"Cool it," the cosmopolitan Cabby counsels, "your cosmic condition corresponds to the corruption or cleanliness of your compulsions. That's uncomplicated by the crass incompetence of my command of this crate, or the coincidence of a coronary in your corpse."

"Come on," counters the carping, carbolic Cat, "this conceited con can't compose my concerns. I consider a careless collision conducive to catastrophe in the care of my continuing creation."

"Cancel your carnal chorus," cautions the cavalier Cabby, "clamp a close on the clangorous clamor, coax a climax to the combustible clatter, cut the close-minded condemnation, discontinue the conversational combat, this colloquy is close to completion. We're here." The cozy, collapsible conveyance coasts to the curb.

"What claim of coin and cash have I incurred," coughs the Calico. "No charge," confides the Cabby, "I crave the career of carrying commercial clients and customers, and computing the cost, but to keep a clear conscience, I can't collect your currency."

In a contrite cadence, the Cat caves, "I've been discourteous and cowardly, and your constructive character has consoled my concern for consequences. Can I confer this candy-colored collar as a contribution to your congeniality and your cordial, if casual, carriage?" The Cabby concedes and complies to cooperation and capitalism, and the Cat continues to the candle shop of his cousin.

# The Deranged Dingo

A deranged Dingo digs a deep ditch in the desert. The Dingo digs to demonstrate dumb, delirious decisions, to deter detectives from delving into his deliberate deception, due to the degradation the Dingo is dealt by the Dog Dominion. The deceptive Dingo is not deranged. He is daringly and deftly displaying duplicity to devise a distraction. The dictatorial Dog Dominion has unduly defeated the Dingo, until his debility displaces their degradation with deliberate dismissal.

Deemed deranged by the Dogs, the dopey Dingo is digging, one day, in the dark of the declivity, when a dainty, darling Dove dives down to defend the Dingo. The Dove is determined to detect a degree of the divine in the doomed Dingo.

"Don't dig a ditch of despair," the diving Dove declares. "Deeg! Doog! Dagg!" demands the dirty Dingo, in a daffy dialect, as he digs deeper and deeper in the desert. "I dare to do a decent deed," says the Dove, undaunted. "Are you my Donkey daughter?" the Dingo deadpans. "Disgraceful drivel," says the disappointed Dove, "the Dingo is dotty."

The dissembling Dingo dazzles the Dove with a demonic dervish. "The Deity disapproves of your dark, dank dungeon," says the Dove, devoutly. Directly, it dawns on her that the ditch is delightfully damp. The damaged, destitute Dingo is dipping and diving like a Dolphin.

"You're not deranged," the decorous Dove discerns, "You're digesting delicious drops of dew. Your deception is discredited. The Dogs will destroy you, and down you for dinner." "Darn," the dingo declaims, "I'm doubtless dead." "Don't doubt your destiny," the Dove declares, as she detects a delicate dose of the dolorous in the disarmingly decent Dingo.

"Your digs are a dormant drink for drilling. A drip, is a drizzle, is a downpour, in this dry-as-dust district." The dulcet delivery of the divine Dove deters the Dingo from his despicable drift, and their dialog decodes his dimwitted daze.

"Don't be deflated," says the Dove, defiantly, "I'll defang the Dog Dominion. Doves have devices for dealing with Dogs." Dove and Dingo's dams, dikes, and deltas download a dreamy design that the duo deserve. The Dingo's digs in the desert disgorge a dramatic drainage, that douses his dismay, drums up his dignity, and draws dozens of disciples of devotion to the Dove.

# The Eternal Egg

"Every egg ends up eaten," exclaims an egotistical Eagle. His emanation evokes enmity from an Earthworm ensconced on an Elm. "Egad!" the Earthworm exhorts, exuberantly, "Each egg evolves into an elaborated entity."

"I will explain my economical ecology," expands the expedient Eagle, "I eat eggs, and I eat their evolution. I'm an equal extinction employer."

"You can't eat everyone, or even Eagles' eggs would be empty. Some escape your explication of the edible," expresses the otherwise easygoing Earthworm.

"Elementary, my earthy Elf," the Eagle expounds, "Eventually, either erosion or esophagus will enclose and encompass every embryo. Besides, the everlasting end is Eternity, where this epidemic of eradication is effortlessly and emphatically enforced."

The Earthworm endeavors to enlighten the Eagle, "Eternity ecstatically embraces all émigrés from Earth. It enlarges and enriches their essence. Your essay is egregious and erroneous."

The Eagle is exasperated, "You are endangered by this encounter. You'll end up enthusiastically eliminated by my esteemed equipment of extermination."

"Your ersatz evocation is exceedingly exaggerated," expands the Earthworm eloquently, "You exemplify your educational embarrassment."

An elongated Electric Eel enters with an encyclopedia of endorsements, endowing the Eagle and the Earthworm with endless, energetic excuses. An Egret evangelizes. An Earwig exchanges expertise with an Ermine. Each entrant exhibits extensive explanations in excited, extemporaneous expositions. An elder Eggplant encourages the escape from escalating emotions.

"In a euphoria of excess," the Eggplant eulogizes, "these eruptions erase the esprit de corps. Whereas, equilibrium encompasses every extreme. Thus, I say, enough is enough."

# The Frog and the Footstool

A frequently fat Frog (few Frogs fail to feed on flies) falls for a frail Footstool. Farsightedness fans the flames of the Frog's affections. For the Footstool, Frogs are far from foreign. Familiar with fantasy, the Footstool forgets to find out the facts about Frogs. Fatness figures into the Footstool's fascination with the Frog.

With no facility for factuality, the feverish Footstool fancies a fairy tale of fun, fabric, and food with the fatuous Frog. Fearlessly in favor of the farfetched, the fulsome Frog forges on, fanatically fastened on fomenting the formation of a fiery friendship with the Footstool.

The Frog has a fetish for financially fortunate furniture, and he falsely feels the Footstool is fiscally flush. His flimsy forecast fosters fuzzy, freewheeling and futile flattery from the fustian Frog. The fecund Frog filches a fake fish festooned with flags from a fiesta to flaunt in front of the Footstool. The Footstool fuels the Frog's farcical frenzy with fluttering fringe and feminine fragrances.

"It's your funeral," says the Frog's friend, a fidgety Fox. "Footstools are fickle. They fiddle, flagrantly and fiendishly, with fervid Fauna of the field and farm."

The Fox's folklore flops. The Frog fawns, and the Footstool flirts. Finally, the Frog floats a feeler of family fulfillment, and it flunks. The Footstool has fallen for a frank and forceful French Frier. The frazzled Frog flees, a fugitive from following fluffed-up floozies. He focuses on frugality and becomes fond of finger food. He feigns forgiveness, but he never forgets the Footstool of his forbidden fantasies and the fireworks her fractious form fertilized.

# The Gazelle and the Goat

A gangly Gazelle glides gracefully, gaining ground on a great-gutted gamboling Goat. The gazelle has gotten good at galloping gainfully in the Serengeti.

Gung ho for game, grooving on Geese, generous with Grasshoppers, grumpy with Gophers and guarded with Gorillas, the Gazelle grows greedy and gluttonous with Giraffes, Gibbons and Goats. The Gazelle is in gear, with gusto, as the gimpy Goat galumphs in the grassy gloaming.

The Goat grapples with garbage. The grizzly gadabout gorges his gut on gross groceries. He guzzles gallons of grotty gruel, gunk, gristle, guano guacamole, and one golden goblet.

The Gazelle gets wind of the goblet and guides his gams to graze on the Goat, guessing that gumming the geezer guarantees getting the gold. The Goat is gruff and guards his girth. The Goat grunts, and the Gazelle growls. The Goat grovels, and the Gazelle grins.

Gratefully, the goat has glommed a gun along with the goblet. The Goat gurgitates, and the gat's grapeshot grazes the Gazelle's gluteus.

The Gazelle gauges the gap tooth gash of the grimacing Goat and grasps the ghastly graphics. The Goat's gargle gives the gate to the Gazelle to be gone. The gloomy Gazelle is galled and grants the Goat a gracious good evening.

The gray Goat goes goony for glitter and gaga for glitz. The Goat's gaiety glows with glee, he gives gratis gifts of gilt to the gang of Goats who gather to gawk at the goods. The Gazelle grows a goatee and gravitates to golf and gardening.

# The Hotheaded Horses

How hot is hot? Ask a heavy Horse. Harold Horse heaves his haunches homeward. Halfway to his haven, he's had it. Hearth side, he hits the hot tub. Horatio Horse has hiked from Houston to Hot Springs, and his hide is heated from the haul. He's never heard of a hot Horse in a hot tub on a hot day. He hoots at Harold.

"How hilarious," Horatio howls. "Hinky," he hacks, and hints at the hex that's heaped on Horses hung up on hokey hobbies. Horatio is a honey-hued hot-dog Horse, and he's happy in hurricanes and hail. Heroics, hurdles, and hijinks are holy to Horatio. However, he's hostile to hazy, humid, humdrum horseplay.

"Hogwash," Horatio hurls at Harold. "Humbug," Harold hoists at Horatio. Herman Horse heckles Harold and Horatio, as he hastens to hop the hoary hedge. "Histrionic hypocrisy," high strung Herman says, harrying Horatio. "Highfalutin' hibernation," he hisses at Harold. "Hardhearted hairsplitting," says Horatio, haughtily. "Haphazard hyperbole," Harold harrumphs. Henpecked Herman heads home to his hitching post, after hounding and harassing his henchmen with heaps of hoof-and-mouth hooey.

Horace Horse, the hulking halfback of the hometown Horse Valley High, homeboy to all the hotheaded horses, hopes for harmony, as he hangs out in his humongous hammock. "I hate to be haunted by these headstrong heathen. How can I halt this hapless hectoring?" He hums in his harmonica. Headache and heartburn hamper Horace's humor. Higgedy-piggedy, he hems and haws. "How can I hook the hoo-hah in this heedless herd of harness hacks?"

Henry Horsefly hovers hard by Horace's hat band. "Have a hoe-down at the hotel. Hasten! Your heyday is hence." Horace hears "hey" and hollers "HAY!" and all the horses hear it.

Hay Day becomes a Horseflesh happening. All the Horses, from horizon to horizon, hightail it home. "Hip, Hip, Hooray," says Horace, Herman, Horatio, Homer, Harold, Hank, Herb, Henrietta, Helen, Hortense, Heathcliffe, Hester, Hally, Heddy, and Hippolyta.

Horsefly Henry hitches up his hose and hobnobs happily with the horsy set.

# The Ibex and the Impala

"If I'm inflamed, I increase my indulgence," imparts the Ibex.

"I inspect insects," the Impala interrupts.

"I imbibe, indiscriminately, when I'm indisposed," the Ibex iterates.

"Ichthyology interests me, intermittently," the Impala interposes, impatiently.

"I ingest icebox inhabitants at the inkling of instability," insinuates the Ibex.

"I've inherited an inclination for information," intones the Impala, "but I intend to ignore your impulsive inventory of incidental items."

"That Iguana, over there, is the instigator of my irritation," intersperses the Ibex.

"The incandescence of your imagination is the inaugurator of your irrational incoherence," the Impala interjects.

"You are incisive, ingenious, but inane and insane. I intend to incise the Iguana," incants the irked Ibex. "Instinct informs me I'm interfacing with an idiot," the Impala indicates.

"Instead of interfering with my investigation of the Iguana, inspire me with ideas for introducing it into my infrastructure," the Ibex inquires. "The Iguana is ill-tempered when it's incited to inconvenience and indignity," instructs the Impala.

"I insist on icing the Iguana," interpolates the Ibex. The Impala identifies an inconsistency in the Ibex's intellectual intercourse. "This idea illustrates ill will and it's ignorant of its initiation, but it illuminates the idea of intrauterine intumescence. I insist that your impregnation is its intrinsic inducement," invokes the Impala.

"I'm irritable, I'm incontinent, I'm ill, I'm interested in Iguanas and ice cream. Can it be I'm impregnated?" the Ibex interrogates. This info inflates the intelligence of the Ibex. "I'm incubated, I'm implanted," the incredulous Ibex inflects.

"Immaculate Inception?" importunes the Impala.

"Insistent Inamorato!" intimates the Ibex.

The irritated and informed Iguana immediately increases the impassioned instrumentation of its independence. It takes off. Instantly.

# The Juggler in the Jungle

A Juggler is juggling jam jars in the jungle,  
when a Jaguar comes jogging by.

A Jaguar in the jungle is not unusual,  
but a Juggler in the jungle is out of the ordinary.

In the jungle, a Juggler is a jarring juxtaposition,  
but the sight of the Jaguar jerks the Juggler's jawbone.

The Juggler keeps the jars aloft, but some of the jars  
jangle, and the Jaguar jumps at the jangle in the jungle.

A jumpy Jaguar is not jarring in the jungle, but a Juggler,  
juggling jars of jam that jingle and jangle, is.

The Jaguar judges the Juggler, as if to jump on the Juggler's  
jugular, but the jingling jars seem jake to the Jaguar, and  
the Jaguar jolly well can't jump. No joke.

"I like those jars," the Jaguar japes, "They jibe with my jocular-ity,  
the way they jingle and jangle, whenever they jiggle and joggle."

The Juggler is justifiably jazzed, when the Jaguar is jolly and jocose.  
The jacked-up Juggler juggles in the jungle from June to June.  
The Jaguar never does jag the jugular of the Juggler.

The jovial Juggler jukes and jives and jumps for joy,  
and the Jaguar joins the jig.

# The Kentucky Kangaroo

Ken, a Kentucky Kangaroo knows his kick can kill, but can he keep kidnappers clear of kith and kin? Ken's kids, Karl and Kathy, are in kindergarten, and Ken keeps an eye on them, as the kids catch a cartoon of a kitty with a kite.

Ken's wife, Katy, leaves a kettle of kippers in the kitchen for Ken and the kids, along with kabobs, kasha, kumquats, kale, knishes, kraut, kibble and a keg of kelp.

Ken is keen for the kickoff of the Kansas City Koalas, a kinetic kickball club. In his kilt and kimono, Ken watches the Koalas K.O. the Keokuk Kiwis. The Koalas put the kibosh on the klutzy Kiwis.

Katy is on a ketch in Kankakee, kibitzing with the kingfish of Kokomo about cracking into Korean cuisine. "Kudos for Katy," Ken keens and kisses her kerchief. "Her ketchup's a killer with the Koreans. Ka-ching!" Ken crows.

Ken and Katy are kennel keepers, karaoke carolers, karate and kung-fu kickers, kayak competitors, and crafty keglers. The keystone of their kooky karma is a kernel of kindness, but kidnappers are off-kilter and kinky.

Ken kvetches, but he keeps kerosene, kryptonite, and Klieg lights, in case the kidnappers come calling. The kidnappers are kaput; caught and keelhailed for kleptomania in a Kangaroo Court in Kalamazoo.

Ken, the Kentucky Kangaroo, gives the kids kazoos and kaleidoscopes, and kanoodles the keyboard, until he and Katy can rekindle their kissyface.

# The Lonely Lion

The lonely Lion lies in his lair, in lacy layers of lamentation, listening to lush lyrics on the lyre. He hasn't been laid off or lost his luggage. He isn't a lackey, a loafer, a lazy loser, a litterbug, or a little bit late on a loan.

He isn't a lounge lizard, a lunatic, or legally liable for lawsuits. He's living in loneliness. The linchpin of his loneliness isn't the loss of a lover or the leftovers of a lousy liaison.

All the animals in the land love the lonely Lion. The Lynx, Lizard, Leopard, Llama, Lamb, Lemur, Longhorn, Lark, Lobster, Lamprey, Loon, Leghorn, Limpet, Lemming, Locust, Lung worm, Ladybird, and even the Leech and Larva love the Lion.

As the leader of the land, the Lion is likely to limn and laud the lessons of life that lift all who look and listen to his lead.

So why is the lion lonely? The love of the Lion is legendary, and the lustrous literature of life is the Lion's livelihood. The lion is loyal to the luminescence of the light. His labor is to enlighten the landscape with the lantern of his large and lasting, lyrical, linguistic, lonesome lament. To live is to love, and to love is to live, and to love is to land in the life of the lonely, until love is all that lives, until loneliness is left with love alone, to be loved by love itself.

Only love itself is large enough to lift all lovers to the Lion's lavish lament. The Lion lies in his lonely lair and longs to be in the lap of love itself. He longs to lead the lamentation of love that ends in endless love, in all the hearts of all the animals that love the Lion, that the Lion loves.

# The Majestic Marmoset

A Marmoset is making music with magnetic machinery, one morning, when a majestic Mastodon, massive and mighty, makes its way from maritime and mountainous meanderings to meet with the Marmoset. The Mastodon is mildly mindful of the Marmoset, but the Marmoset maneuvers to make like a meteor, to manage a maximum of mileage between him and the Mastodon.

"Oh, marvelous Marmoset," the Mastodon murmurs.

"Marvelous Marmoset?" the Marmoset mumbles, "don't you mean malignant, meager, mean, mediocre, melancholy, misled, melodramatic, messy, miserable, miserly, mistaken, moaning, moping, morbid, moronic, muddled, mundane me?"

"Not that Marmoset," the Mastodon mouths, "that Marmoset is mocked, manipulated, marginalized, minimalized, mistrusted, misunderstood, moralized, mortified, massacred, and mourned."

"That marmoset is missing in this moment," the Mastodon musters.

"The Marmoset I'm mindful of, and the Marmoset I'm making eyes at, is magnificent, matchless, meritorious, masterful, miraculous, monumental, mysterious, mythological, and more."

"More than me?" mutters the mystified Marmoset.

The Mastodon masquerades as the Marmoset in a magical mirror, and the Marmoset is mentored, melting into the messenger of his own imagination. In one motionless moment of mindless movement, the Marmoset matures. He becomes mighty, masterful, and merry. The Marmoset Mastodon mugs for the mirror and milks the miracle, for many moons.

# The Nickel-Plated Newt

The nickel plated New Zealand Newt nudges from his natal nook to his never-ending niche with no notoriety and no nobility. The Newt's not-so-nice neighbors needle him for being nebulous, naive, and no good.

The Newt names numerous negations of their needling. "I don't need to go on nauseating nautical navigations. I don't need to see the Nile, the North pole, or Niagara Falls. I don't need a nest egg of nuggets for necklaces or neckties. I don't need newfangled necessities. I don't need nocturnal naughtiness. I don't need nuptials or a nursery. I don't need to network. I'm not a nuisance, I'm not neurotic. I'm like a nun, but I'm not one. I'm not nuts, I'm natural, naked and no nonsense."

His neighbors niggle, "You're neglecting your nature, and you're not naked, you're nickel plated."

Nightmares begin to nibble at the Newt's nonchalance. A nagging noise nips at the Newt's neat nub of nothing doing. One night, when the Newt is near to nodding off, a news flash nominates him as the most noteworthy, nonprofit, nonproductive nonconformist in New Zealand.

"Oh, no!" he says, "No way! Never! Not now! I'm being noticed for nothing! I'm becoming notable for nada." A nuance notches his noggin like a nuclear bomb. "I'm not nobody. I'll never be nothing again," the newly nervous Newt notes, "I'm being nourished and nurtured by notoriety."

In November, the Newt is named New Zealand's Notable Newsmaker. He writes a novel, and his name goes up in neon lights. He nuzzles nymphs and noodles noisemakers on New Year's Eve. He's named National Nickel Donor of the Year.

# The Owl and the Orangutan

Oscar, the obnoxious Orangutan, and Otto, the ornery Owl, are old friends from the old days.

Otto is often out of onions and oranges, and Oscar occasionally offsets Otto's ornery outbursts by offering him other oral options, such as olives and omelets.

Oscar is obliged to Otto for outbidding the overwrought Owl for ownership of the Ohio Olfactory Factory for Offensive Oysters.

Otto is obsessed with the odor of oysters and options the ooze, from Oscar, for his obnoxious ointment, Otto's Original Organic Oil of Oyster.

The outrageous Owl takes orders on-line from ornithological optimists all over the orb. The only oversight in Otto's and Oscar's operation is its onerous outlaw opportunism.

On trial for outrageous offenses, Oscar becomes an out of luck outfielder for the Orlando Oxen, and Otto becomes an ordinary Owl in an orchard owned by an Osprey.

The Oysters open an Oyster bar in Omaha and call it Pearl's Place.

# The Peripatetic Pig

A peripatetic Pig named Prospero plans to pedal his penny-farthing from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, to raise proceeds for the purchase of plantains. Along the way, he passes through panoramas of postcard perfection. He poses in Pittsburgh for pictures of his porcine passage. He pauses in Pottstown and Peoria. He piddles in pastures and periodically plops down in puddles and pig sties.

In North Platte, Prospero pops his patella and has to pull up in the parking lot of the Platte River Planetarium. Peggy, the proprietor, is a Porker of some pulchritude with plenty of purchasing power, due to her Papa's providential prudence. When Prospero proves to be a preeminent punster, Peggy pleads with the punning Pig to put down roots in North Platte. Peggy prefers preposterous puns to the plodding patter and piffle that prevail among the Pigs of the Platte River Valley.

Prospero presumes to open a plantain plantation on the Pacific plateau, and a planetarium on the Platte River isn't particularly appealing. But Peggy is. Prospero paces, as the patella responded to patient practices. Peggy puts up produce and paints pretty portraits of petunias. As Prospero and Peggy pose their path as a pair, plenty of problems polarize their proposals. "I pledged to peer at the Pacific," Prospero proffers. "I promised my parents to promote the planets," Peggy pluckily pitches.

Peggy is paralyzed by her promise, and Prospero is pulled by his pledge. They ply their plaint in practical pursuit of plausible placation. Prospero grows partial to Peggy's pasta, pastries, and perfume. Peggy is prejudiced in favor of Prospero's piano playing and poetry.

On Peggy's porch, they puzzle and plot. "What part of our plans can we paste and patch into a partnership?" pleads Prospero. Prospero peeks at Peggy, and Peggy percolates. "What if we open a plantain plantation and planetarium in Pacific Palisades? My Papa will be proud, your pledge will be performed, and our passionate, personal plunge into prodigious piglet propagation will be promoted and prolonged, permanently."

Prospero pronounces, "Your proposition is propitious, prudent, and perfect. This plan is planted in plain talk, and I propose to place a peck on your puss as we perambulate." Prospero punctuates their pilgrimage with puns, and Peggy points out the position of Pluto and the Pleiades.

# The Quail and the Queen

Quincy Quail is the court quipster for the Queen of Qatar. The Queen is queasy about Quincy's questions, even though his qualities are required and qualify him for quantities of cash. The quaint practice of court quipster is quarantined in all quarters but the Queen's.

The Queen quivers, as she clings to her quilt and quenches her cravings with quaffs from a quart of cooked quince. Quincy quacks his quota of quintessential quips, as the Queen quavers and quakes. The Queen is quick-tempered as Quincy's quips cut to the quick. The Queen quadruples her quarrelsome quest for Quincy to be quiet, but quietude is not Quincy's quintessential quirk.

"Quiet! The Queen requires it!" The Queen caws.

Can the Queen quell Quincy's quips? It's questionable. It's a quandary and a quagmire. She gives no quarter, and he takes no quarter. She's the Queen of Qatar, and he's no quitter.

A clump of quartzite, kicked from a quadruped in the Queen's quarry, hits a quartz crystal and cracks it. Quincy and the Queen consider the quartz.

"The Queen is not crystal, "Quincy queries,  
"Surely, the Queen is not so easily cracked."

"Quite," quoth the calmed Queen,  
"Continue your querulous quest."

# The Regal Rooster

Rudy, the royal Rooster, is remembered for ruling with restraint and responsibility, but when Rudy is a rambunctious, ragamuffin in Rangoon, he ranges the rustic roads and railways as a ruthless rascal.

He ravages the respectable ranches and ravines, and rides roughshod over rules and regulations, rivals and real estate. He rules out ransom and rubbing out rivals, but he runs risks, he runs riot, and he runs amok. He roars in a racket of rebellion. He's a ragtag rake on a rampage. The rap on Rudy is rank. He raises the rebuke and resentment of his relatives and the rest of the residents of Rangoon. Rudy is a red-blooded reflection of the reign of rogues rooted in romance.

The ruffians' route to ruin rages until reaction rallies, the riot act is read, the rebels are restrained, and the realm is reclaimed. Rudy's ruin is deep in the red, when Rudy reverses his rampage.

As Rudy rips a Redbird's roost from a rival Rooster's ransacking, a remark from the Redbird prompts Rudy to renounce his reprobate reputation. "You replicate your rivals in ruthlessness," the Redbird says, "but one requisite for royalty remains ripe."

Rudy is rooted by the Redbird's riposte. Out of the Rooster's rampant ruination, the Redbird reaches Rudy's readiness for royalty. "Rid me of my reluctance and reveal my remedy," says Rudy.

Resolutely, the Redbird raps, "You have eroded and erased respite and refuge from your reality, as well as from all you seek to rule. And now you are reviled instead of revered."

The Rooster reacts in recognition. "I'm a refugee from royal rule, and everyone seeks refuge from me," he responds and begins to regain the regard of the region. Rudy's ruinous repertoire is replaced by refuge, respite, relief, and reliability. Regal Rudy's remedy is revealed when he is revulsed by his own reverence for the rout of rudimentary rights.

Rudy's rule of the Roost of Rangoon is rugged, radiant, and revolutionary in its revival of rhyme and reason, Rat races, Rabbit rafting, Raccoon racquetball, Rattlesnake rodeo, Rhinoceros ring toss, and Reindeer roller rinks.

# The Song of the Sailfish

Seldom has Sally Swordfish seemed so serene. Satisfied with her settled state, Sally swims the seas with a smile, swallowing several sorts of seafood. Simon the Sailfish is sore and severely set-upon by the sinking sales of his "Simon Sailfish Sings Songs of the Sudsy Sea." "Show me the seashells," Simon snorts, as sales slip and slide. Simon's success sinks in slime and sludge, similar to Simon's sickly surface.

"You're being selfish," says Sally, softly.

"What's wrong with being a Sailfish?" Simon spits.

"I said selfish, not Sailfish," Sally states.

"But shellfish is what I save and spend," Simon spurts.

"I said selfish, not shellfish," Sally shrugs.

"I don't sell fish," Simon sputters, "I sell songs."

"Selling fish is wrong," says Sally, slyly,

"but you're still being self-centered."

"Even if my songs are centered on the shelf,  
they still don't sell," Simon says, sharply.

Sally sighs and sets off swimming in the Seychelles. Simon swims his separate ways, sailing the Seven Seas in search of a songster's salvation. One day, soaring in air, Simon hears a salty Sailor singing shanties, and the simple scraps of silly sounds, score in Simon's sensibility. The sensual shapes of the Sailor's song sharpen Simon's shyness and sweetness. He surrenders to the stimulating sincerity of the situation.

His speeding spirit slows, to the splash and spray, the surf and sprinkle, the stars in the sky, and the steady strength and subtle surge of sun and sea, of sunlight and shadow. Simon suspends his somber suspicions and succumbs to the surrounding seasons of sight and sound. He sings from his silent and sweeping source, the song inside his soul. Simon stops sweating if he sells another song, and his serenade sails from the sounding depths to the shoreline shallows, from sea to sparkling sea.

Sally smiles at Simon's song and smacks her sword on sandy shoals in sympathetic syncopation.

# The Trumpeter Tarantula

Twelve times Tom Tarantula takes the test for typist, and twelve times Tom trips up. All because a trickster, Tab Tapir, tells him typing is required to toot the trumpet.

Tim Turtle tells Tom to take the trucker's test, but Tom is determined to try to type. Terry Toad tells Tom to try trail tracking, but Tom is intent on tooting the trumpet.

Travis Tree Frog tells Tom Tarantula the only test for tooting the trumpet is to be in tempo, in tune. "All it takes is time and training," Travis touts.

"Take your trumpet to Ted Tiger. He's the top trumpeter in town."  
Travis tells Tom to trust Ted, and Ted takes Tom on as a trumpet trainee.

Ted tells Tom to toot with tranquillity and then tells him to turn up the temperature and tickle his trumpet into a tantrum. Ted tells Tom to be trenchant with the tremolo and to tackle the tropes with terrific tootles.

Ted tells Tom to take time off, and then Ted tells Tom to take time back on, again. Tom trusts Ted to tinker, test, tolerate, transform, and turn him topsy-turvy into a torrential tunesmith.

Tom is a tenderfoot, but under Ted's tutelage, Tom turns into a technical tower of temerity, from temperamental to tempestuous, from traditional to trendy, from topical to tribal, from turbulent to tender, from titanic to torrid.

Tom takes Ted's tactics to the top, and one Tuesday, Tom Tarantula takes the typing test, and triumphs.

# Ursula and the Unicorn

Ulysses Unicorn unpacks his ukulele at the urging of the uptown undertaker. The unlawful and unsavory head of the Upton Underworld Family is under suspicion, under a cloud, under arrest, and under fire, when undercover agents put him under ground.

Ulysses is understandably uncommitted to unwrapping his ukulele for uncouth urbanites, but Ulysses is unemployed, and it isn't unethical to uplift the undersoil undertaking. Ulysses wears clean underwear and an up-to-date uniform, to the unveiling of the undone Umpire of the Underworld.

Ursula, the Upton's unwed ugly duckling daughter is ubiquitous at the funeral. She is urbanely ultramodern, and ultimately, Ulysses is not unaffected by her undulations. Ursula is unconventional and not as unattractive as ugly ducklings usually are. Her passion is unfeigned and unfettered. She unburdens herself to Ulysses, and he unravels. Ulysses is under her spell. His unpreparedness cannot be understated. His universe is unglued. The fact that he's an ungulate, and she's an undergraduate, and the daughter of a usurper and a usurer, is ultimately unimportant.

The Underworld mob is unanimous in its ultimatum that Ulysses is unwelcome in uniting with Ursula. Their unworthy utterance goes unheeded by the uppity Upton heir and the upbeat Unicorn. They are untamed and ungoverned.

Their unity is unparalleled and unabated. She is unhitched from the Underworld, and he is unsaddled from unhappiness. Ursula and the Unicorn usher unworldly unification into the universal unconscious, and they unite the upper and under worlds in an unending Utopia of unlikely unions.

# The Vicuna's Valentine

Victoria Vicuna ventures into vast vegetation where she views no Vultures or Vipers. Victoria vacillates between various vacant valleys in her vagabond vacation from the venom and virus of varmint violence.

Victoria is a veteran of vicious victimization and vivid victories. She has heard the voracious voices of the villainous ventilate their vain vulgarity. Victoria is a visionary vamp who vamooses from vociferous Vermin.

Victoria vaults into her vehicle, and then into her vessel, and then into the virgin vicinity where virtues are not vilified. Victoria venerates the vivid volunteers of the ventricular volcano; the valiant heart.

The vigilant verve and vibrato of the vent in the vest is Victoria's vibrant vocation. Victoria's voltage and voluptuousness are a vortex of voluble veracity. Victoria views the voluminous vulnerability of the vast void, from her volcanic vigil, and vouches to validate the venue of veritable verbal ventriloquy. Victoria vows to versify the valid virtues via the verbiage of her own invention.

**The Velvet Volcano** by Victoria Vicuna venerates the vascular vein from Venezuela to Vietnam, from Venice to Vladivostok, from Valparaiso to Valley Forge, from Valencia to Vancouver, from Ventura to Vatican City, from Victoria Falls to Villahermosa, from Virginia to the Virgin Islands, from Verona to Volgograd, and everywhere in-between.

# The Woodchuck and the Wolverine

Webster Woodchuck is wont to wander in the Winter without worries, but one day he wiggles into his waders and wet suit before he wobbles into the wilderness.

Winona Wombat is a wiseacre about Webster's water worries,  
"Why so wishy-washy, Webster?"

"I'm wary of water, because Wilky Weasel warned me about Wolverine witchcraft."

"What? Wally Wolverine is a witch?" Winona wisecracks, "Wally couldn't work a wicked wish on a Worm, much less a Woodchuck."

Wounded by the Wombat's words, Webster wavers, and wears the well-worn wardrobe he was weaned in, when he was a whiny whelp. Webster walks into the woods without wraps for warmth, and the worry he wallows in, wanes. At the water's edge, Webster witnesses Wally Wolverine wiping his whiskers and working at his wicker writing table.

Webster wants to see what Wally is writing, and downwind, Wally catches a whiff of Webster. Webster wends his way to Wally's wharf. "Whoops," he says, and drops a walnut on the wing of Wally's wickerwork. Wally winces, wails, and goes wacky.

As Wally runs wildly from the wharf, Webster reads what Wally has written.

"Woodchucks worry me. I'm weighed down and wiped out.  
Wilky Weasel warned me about Woodchuck wickedness."

"Wait," says Webster to the Wolverine, "We were hoodwinked. The Weasel warned us both. The wide world is welcome, if we work together." Wally wheels around, back to the wharf. Wally Wolverine and Webster Woodchuck become willing and worthy work mates.

"Watch out for Winston Walrus," the Woodchuck whispers to the Wolverine.  
"I would worry about Waldorf Wolf, if I were you," says the wary Wolverine to the watchful Woodchuck.

# Xavier's X-ray

X marks the spot in Xanadu  
where Xerxes and Xanthippe from Xenia  
exhume an X-ray of a xylograph  
of Xavier's xylophone.

# The Yak with a Yacht

Yancy Yak has a yen for a yacht, and a yearning to yield to the yen. Year after year, Yancy yammers about the yacht. The other Yaks think Yancy is yanking their chain. For years, Yancy is yoked to his yarn about a yacht. Then, one day, his investments yield a fortune, and Yancy gets his yacht.

"Yikes," says Yancy, from the yardarm of his new yellow yacht. "What are you yelling about?" says his youthful companion, a Yearling from Yakima.

Yancy yelps, "My yacht is yellow. It's the yellow of a yolk. It's yucky." "Yes?" the Yearling yawns. Yancy's yacht, the Yankee Yo-Yo, makes Yancy sick. "Have a yam and do some yoga," yabbers the Yearling.

"I looked at a yawl," Yancy yawps, "but it was a yegg's yawl, and the yegg was a yahoo." "Do you want to go to Yalta, Yemen, Yangtze, Yokohama, Yucatan, Yugoslavia, or Yarmouth? You want to go up the old Yazoo?" the Yearling asks.

Yancy replies, "You're a yeoman sailor, but you're a yokel, if you think I yearn to go yonder." "Yoo-hoo," says the Yearling, "You have a yacht, and you don't yearn to go yonder?"

"Not yet," Yancy yips. "You can yippee for the yuppies, but my yin and yang are yeasty for yogurt, yurts, yews and yucca plants."

"Yow!" yells the Yearling. "I might have been a yes man, yesterday, but your yummys are all yourn, not mine."

The Yearling goes to a Youth Hostel in Yosemite, and Yancy yodels for the Yeti in the Yukon. In days of yore, Yancy and the Yearling have a few yocks, but their yackety-yak yawns and yaws like yonder yellow yacht.

# The Zany Zebra

A zany Zebra named Zeke zig-zags across several zones.  
The Arizona Zoo is zealously zeroing in on Zeke.

As the Zebra zooms, his zest for zoology is zaxed.

Zebra zaniness is not the zeitgeist of the Arizona Zoo,  
and Zeke is a zealot for the zany.

"Zowee!" says Zeke, "I'm free, like a zephyr in Zaire.  
This reminds me of zipping above the Zuider Zee in a  
zeppelin with Zeb Zwick, the zygote examiner.

I feel like Zeus at the zenith of the zodiac,  
like the zing of zydeco in my zoot suit and zoris."

Zack Zapata and Zal Zukovski, the zookeepers,  
are zaftig, and their zeal for Zeke is zapped.

"Zounds," says Zack, "We got zip, zilch."

"I got a zit," says Zal.

Zack and Zal are zonked, like bugs in a zapper,  
like zinc zircons to zillionaires, like zombies  
in a ziggurat, like zippers on a zucchini.

Zack and Zal go back to the Arizona Zoo, zebraless,  
and Zeke zips off to a Zen monastery in Zimbabwe.