

I left my stove running

By A. C. Zito

Vibernus, my stave

Round up the horses

Two, Five, and Eight

Betwixt the night

With some fiddle faddle potion

My eyes are tingling

I say

They've got boodle boddle in sight

Carry my drawers, will you, Vibernus?

I've seen to have lost my clock

It was hanging from the second curtain on the right

But that's the one that held my chair from last night!

Good golly, Vibernus

The answering machine is asking for you!

But no one likes you, Vibernus

Last I heard you smelled like cabbage stew

But I like you, Vibernus

Because I like cabbages

Taste like cherry gumdrops to me

Oh, good, you found my drawers

Or were we looking for my clock?

Check the third curtain on the left, Vibernus

Last I checked, the swamp belcher took it and ran off with Bertha's sock

Is that the telephone again?

Pick up, why don't you, and tell them we're not home

Unless they have my drawers

Then ask what the ransom is

And I also bet it's that gnome

If it is less than a nickel say thanks but no thanks

We don't deal with swoozie woozers who don't drive a hard bargain

But if it is over a dollar and seventy-two cents

Then they must think we're rich

And we'll bring out the good champagne

And toast to our fortune and good sense

I believe I lost my drawers, Wallace

What did you say?

Your name is Vibernus?

Well, I've never heard of such a name in my life

Sounds like *you're* going crazy

I'm not Wallace, you're Wallace

My name's Vibernus

It's nice to meet you, Vibernus

I bet you know what happened to my drawers