Daniel G. Fitch - Enticement

Ho, there! Take out your listening-wedges and prop up your pant-fingers on my opening stoop, children! I say, I have harvested quite a cutting-tale for you today.

No, this is not grafted from an earlier tall-fruit tale. It is entirely born a-new! Fresh from my memory-gourd just this morning! Please, just a few merry-minutes of your captive ears-plenty.

I am *not* scary-weird! What are these “cops” which you entreat-call?

No, no, do not shall-phone the country-captains on my account. I am scented-human, just like you, children!

Fine, grating-fine, children... I shall return this cutting-tale to my gourd. Perhaps another tomorrow!