

How to Sing Like a Bard in Twenty-Four Hours

Written by: Bard-Concubine-Smith

Ah yes, I remember it all clearly now.
Yes, yes, I survived somehow, somehow.
It was a score and four hours ago.
I was called upon, but the answer I did not know.
Thusly, I was sent to the hall for my malicious deed,
For 'twas the teacher's communistic rule I did not heed.
Step by step, I walked to the door.
I shouted with a fury, "This isn't the last of Lenore!"
Immediately following I was sent to the see 'the man.'
Instead of him, to the bathroom I ran.
Oh how I lingered there in all my rebellious glory,
Until the woman so white and hoary
Wearing a mullet of gold entered the room
With her mop and her broom.
After almost an hour of monologue,
She finally stopped, for there was a toilet to unclog.
I related to her my tale.
And she told me of a place called jail.
Kids like me end up there, she told me with a wisdom beyond her years.
"Anal rape?" I could not believe my ears.
I heaved a sigh and said,
"If I go back, I surely am dead."
She told me, with her intelligent head,
To skip town and become a lumberjack instead.
I said with a perk of the brow,
"Being a lumberjack? I don't know how!"
She said with a cackle, "I can always teach you my pretty."
I still shake now as I play this ditty.
The mullet woman's eyes turned a fiery red.
By her quiet demeanor and flashy, gold mullet, I was surely misled
Into believing that she was a savior to me.
Then, by chance, by fortune, oh how luckily,
Came a young tot, rushing in to use the pot.
I made a fast break, for that janitor had scared me a lot.
The principal, just at that moment, was cavorting down the hall.
I had not expected him to be there at all.
He asked me why I had fled so fast.
I told him I would never tell him until the last.
He asked me once more and his eyes grew dark.
I whimpered and sang like a lark.
He commended me upon my skill with song,
And now I act as a bard all day long.
Aren't you glad I sang this for you?
Now, you can become a bard too.