"Small Profits, Quick Returns," chuckled backseat Mister
Rose. R.C. Golden Rose pinned to his lapel, tie straight, cuff
pulled, adjusts watch, and smiles to his bodyguards on left then right.
12:17, the silver cloud limosine speeds on through backstreet, forestreet,
then a right. The Mafiosa mannered guards, sunglassed, with guns
a'tuck, stare out without a word, without a sign.

"Sign here Ike," Abe produces, witness, files.

Party Behemoth, staunch loins of right, while hoping for a careful coup that's fit to print for Ilium o'woe (expensive though!), have arranged this day (after much deliberation by the Apostolic Steering Committee) to feature one brief appearance to the rabble at Happy Meadows, to be crowned at dusk, round Rotary and dinner, at the Derby. Ike's speech has been rewritten, punctuated, sealed inner folio, and lies frontseat. Upon Ike's lap sits a carefully dressed, secretly inflated, Demopublican duckypotamus. Pets. The grueling schedule now strewn with thorn and twining ivy (all agree) requires roost and rest, and soon to come. Oh yes, where was this Ikon Ike? Six months before? In days before Self, Master, and Diet? Before another Horse for Ilium procured? (But only after he had changed surname for stable's sake from Mr. Isaac Baumber, childhood's bane tho' afternamed by his cruel unyielding father, Yod, to his mother's side of Rosa Rouge, and it was so...he had...

.....six months before and once upon these very streets, with silk and shimmering kerchief in hand, paused...redened. To the fourwind corners of beggar, thief, whore, and moon-mad celibate, he had composed the chosen lines, and carefully noted, for report afterwards, ALL SOUND. But suddenly, as gentle breeze rose and guttered newspapers rustled, a sterile mating call crept forth swind. His gift of prophesy and tongues put to a test! And thus, his reply and proclamation came, in a voice of unyielding origin, thrashing the blasphemous intimacy of seeping fungus, so:

MISTER ROSE: "Perversion and Gomorrah! Go!"