

liberty torch et by the Grace of God and Madam Psychosis, stood, teetered, up to utter:

"DEMOPUBLICAN!"

"And your candidacy?"

...nodded, dropping asnout, and broke into blooming smiles of gold-plated fourteen carrot dawn.

"One think Ike, yew gotta clean up the imache an' vocaboolary."

"Whill do...but my name is...Rose! Rose!" Whew!

"Now that's a start!"

Abe stood atop his chair, swayed once, hol on! then lifted glass, up:

"Lishen everyone. A toast! To our beloved Ilium..an' our Mayor to be...The MESSIAH! By the grace...of..."

Hold on to 'im! All tidings surged and teetered momentarily, then up hurrah! Twelve crowing an' angelic Y.M.C.A. shoulders hoisted heaved Ike up a perch and gathered covenant to toast, clink,clink, clink, and sign Auld Lang Syne. Forgiven all. St. James, the wasp's ole skeletal remains, joined in precisely perched on a stool of a throne, reciting constitutional deistic limericks in hexameter, when o! ssssssssst! with silver wings afoot o'adios runners, Ilium's own Simple Sinon rushed in, stumbled, crashed to the floor amidst his virile rooster charms and arms tattoo! tattoo! coated to crow:

"The gym's on fire! Fire! Whelp!"

"Wha? Leggo! Doors pulled off hinge bellowed forth a host of Seraph Teraph and arch-domestic fallen Aquafers; Ike Abe alast to go.

"Till Rotary on Phriday! I'll introdouche you,all," Abe waved, and barely fell.

Mr. Ike Rose, none the worse for quested Ivy, made his way through winding hillock streets back to inevitable office soliloquy (and dew dreamt steno buttock pods squirming too wiggle of fertilized ripe relish the one thorn paper clip placed there, another glancing off nipple