



Special Dr. Seuss Double Issue 2008

Communication No. 282

The Pleasant Places of Florida

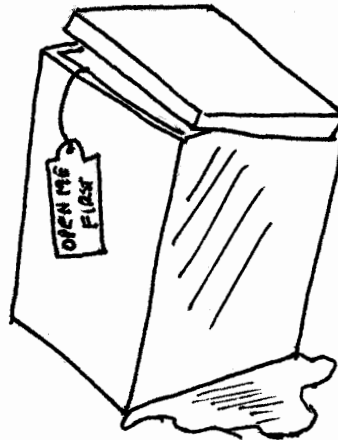
Vol. 12 Nos. 4 & 5

From the Papers on the Sundial:

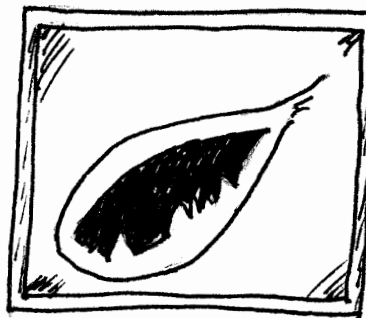
We thought we would return to our childhood for a double issue. Only this one is far scarier than anything we could imagine when we were five years old. We hope that Ted Geisel does not mind if we appropriate if not his ideas, then at least his rhyme schemes.

The Cardboard Box

Let's open up the box,
Let's see what we can see.
What could be in the box?
What could it be?
Could it be a forneblorb
Or perhaps a beeznergelb?
Maybe it's a pair of mleks
Or a domerdelb?



What about a pretty florp?
Or a tasty klep?
Could be a porpenporp
Or a tiny tlep?
Let's open up the box,
The box that's sitting here.
My that's odd—what's inside
Looks just like an—

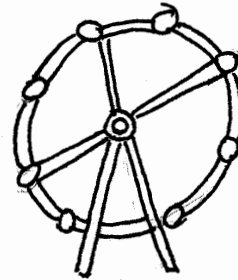




HOSMER

Hosmer is a wonderful man,
He's dressed and at the door.
We like when Hosmer comes to play,
Not like our Dad (a bore).

Hosmer takes us to the fair
To ride the ferris wheel.
When we reach the top
The heights just make us squeal.



Hosmer buys us cotton candy
And laughs at all our jokes.
He's nothing like our dear old Dad—
A most annoying bloke.

Hosmer takes us on the boats:
Across the lake we sail.
He paddles to the farthest shore
To play with sand and pail.



But then he has to take us home
To see him go is sad.
And sometimes we wonder why it is
He never talks to Dad.



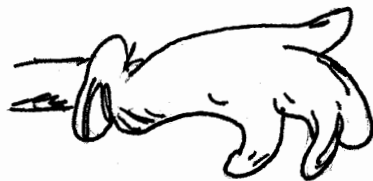


The Roariarity

The Roariarity sits and looks.
He remains unseen, surrounded by crooks
Who do his bidding by night and by day:
They steal and they bribe, on the innocent they prey.



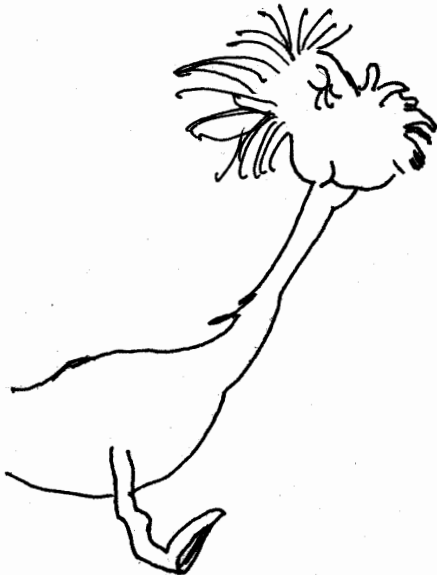
The Roariarity is too smart to be caught.
Entering his realm is dangerously fraught
With minions and lackeys and big servants too
Who will dispatch anyone with haste—even you, and you.
So take heed when he starts to utter, “I’m
The one, the only: the Cat In the Hat of Crime.”





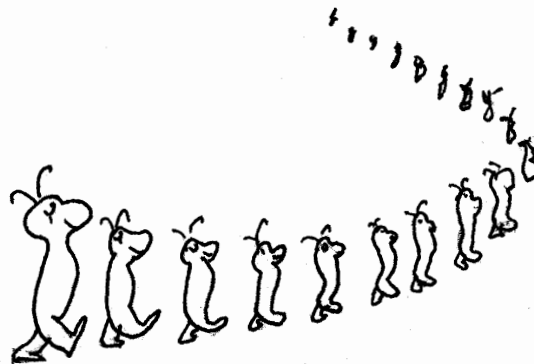
The Red-Headed League

There's a family that lives
Whose reputation is known
From Snoreham to Doreham
Down to Temmenybone.
They're peculiar and flighty
But nothing to dread.
And their singular feature
Is their hair that is red.



There's Jabez who works
Down in old Coberg Square.
He owns a pawn shop—
It's a great business there.
There's Jobafow—a constable who
Solved a case involving
Lord and Lady Fornoo.
Jordy and Jerrin are both
Fast on their feet:
They dodge all the hansoms
That run on the street.

Then there are cousins—
A hundred or more
Jornoo and Jepper
And Jomenerodore.
Jeprus and Jellish
And Jyruk and Jorph,
Jemmin and Jammish





And Jorkenadorph.

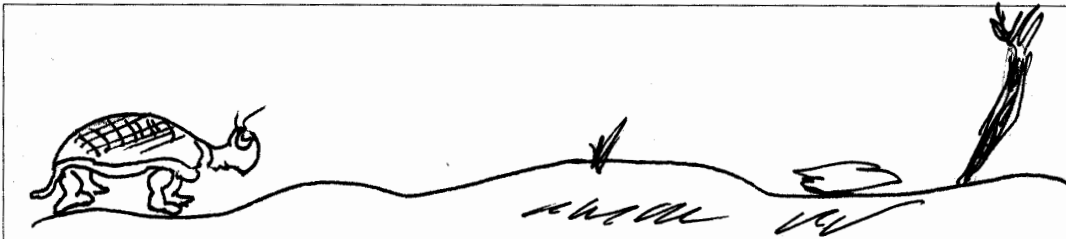


There are so many red-heads
It's easy to see:
They're more than a family,
They're almost a league.
So here's to dear Jabez
And his brood with their hair
They'll take over London
And always be there.

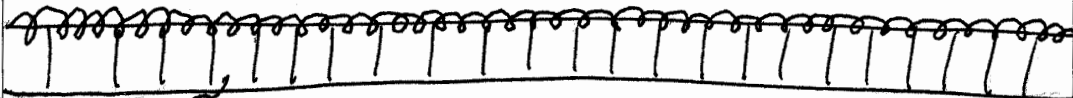
Yertle at the Myrtles

A curious animal resided at the Myrtles
Until nasty little Harold found the poor turtle.
Now Harold did not like amphibians at all,
So he drop-kicked poor Yertle just like a football.
(Soccer or otherwise—doesn't matter what you play.
The effect is the same when you're sailing away.)

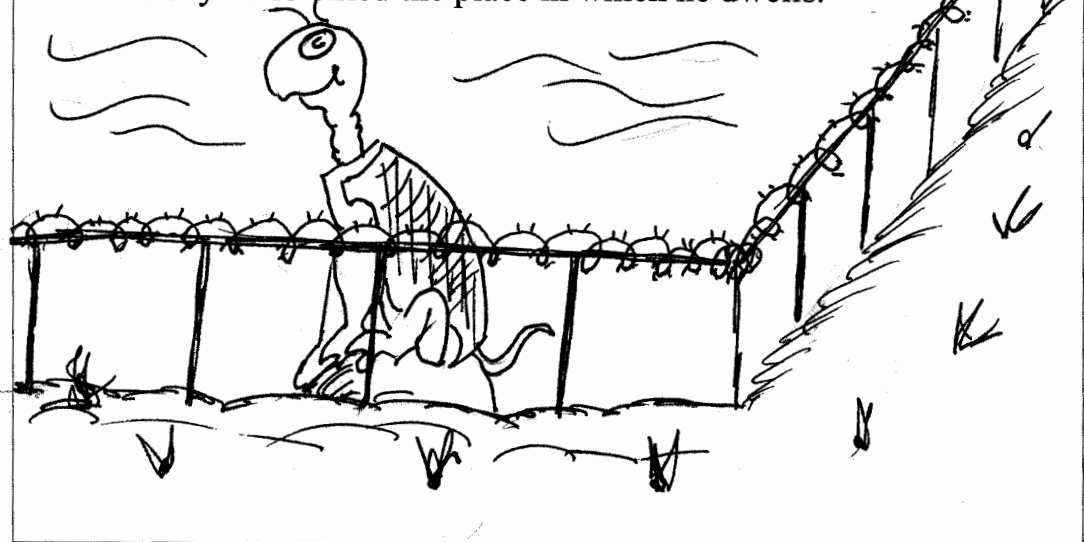




Poor Yertle landed in a field on his crown,
But he'd kept his eyes open he knew where he'd come down.
He had to get home, back to his pad.
So he walked and he walked 'til his legs hurt so bad.
Then he walked more; it took him a week
To return to his pond and his house made of teak.



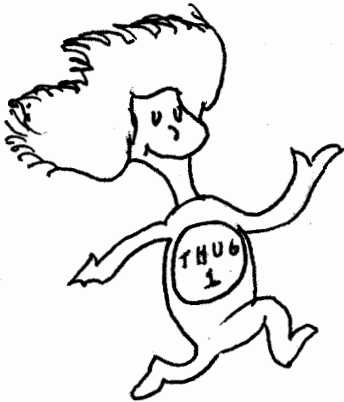
Now, a vengeful turtle Yertle was not
He returned to his kitchen and fixed a glass hot
With tea and honey and he rested his shell.
And next day he fortified the place in which he dwells.





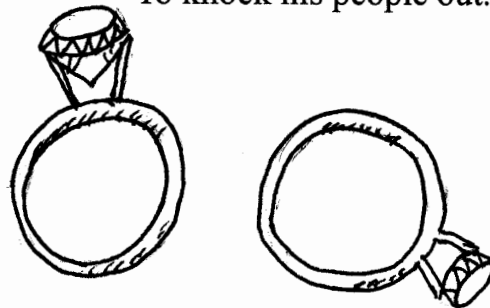
Thug One and Thug Two

Thug One likes to yell and scream
And push jewelers around.
Thug Two prefers to sneak up on
The upper-class in town.



Thug One drinks only beer
In a tavern near the quay.
Thug Two sips his port and sherry
At the end of a stressful day.
Thug One likes to hit
The shoulder, chest or snout.
Thug Two uses chloroform
To knock his people out.

Thug One has a ring
He stole from Lady Norfroom.
Thug Two has a ring
He stole from Lady Fornoom



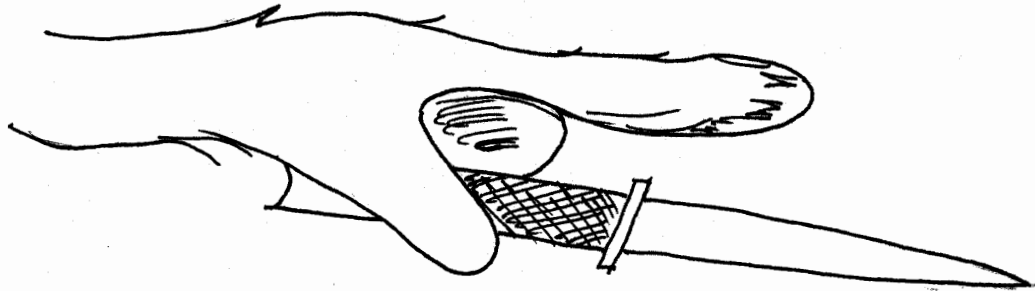
The thugs, you see, are different types
But much the same at heart:
For they both work for the Roariarty
And have mastered the darkest art.





TAKE A BLADE TO LESTRADE

Take a blade to Lestrade
His reputation is made.
His hunches are based on questionable leaps:
Logic and evidence lay around him in heaps.



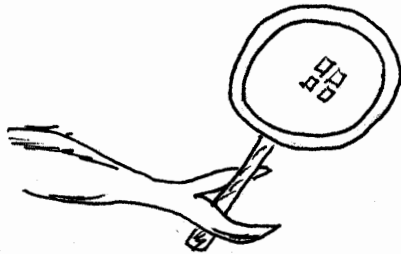
He's been known to go east
When he should have gone west.
If he's got a right answer
It's to the wrong test.



But if it weren't for the Yarders who haven't a clue,
Consulting detectives would have nothing to do.

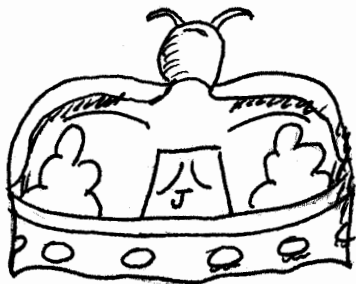


Oh, The Cases You'll Solve



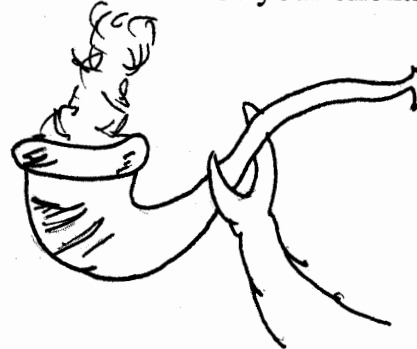
Oh, the cases you'll solve
As you go on your way
Examining the carpet,
Getting caught in the fray.
You'll travel by train
To Hooznoobler Grange
To investigate how
Poor Noobaboer became deranged.

South of fair Kent,
Where the Snoorkleptrets live,
You'll find out why Snoorker
Was killed with a shiv.
Up in Korfleb Square
'Neath the Tork-torka tree,
You'll determine where the treaty was stashed
By the Hornfloggle Three.



The Count of Borfunsluco,
The King of Jerminzients,
The Lord and Lady of Merzznerolff—
All will be your clients

So take a puff of Frontoon tobacco
And rest your inquiring eyes.
The cases you'll solve can wait a spell:
Sleep is now your prize.





TREGENNIS

Tregennis is a family name
For a funny family.
Tregennis leaves us so inflamed:
The kinds that leads to insanity.
Tregennis makes us cry and scream
And leaves us laughing madly.
Tregennis makes us sleep and dream,
And makes us wake up sadly.



Tregennis knows the depths to which
The mind will tilt awry.
Tregennis finds the roll and pitch
As sentience bids goodbye.
Tregennis contorts the fingers five
And takes the heart to hell.
Tregennis is lucky to be alive
If only in an asylum cell.

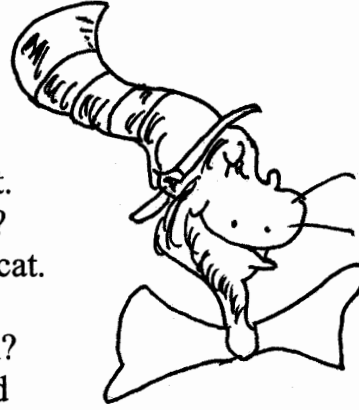
As a family lays in tatters,
Tregennis is not a funny name:
To Leon Sterndale nothing matters.
But he should be filled with shame.





The Musgrave Ritual

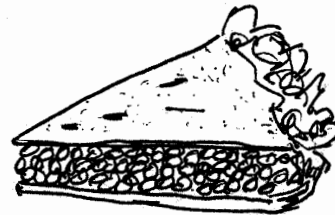
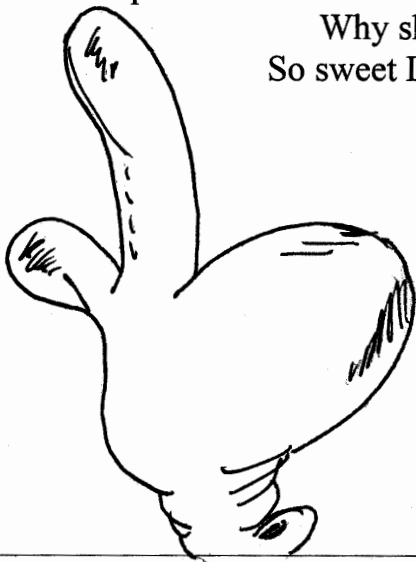
Whose was it?
He who wore a hat.
Who shall have it?
He who looks like a cat.



Where was the sun?
Behind a big cloud
Where was the shadow?
Shadows were not allowed.

How was it stepped?
Across Berfel Square, over the moor Bordeep;
Halfway up Mount Loomis-doomis
And in a canyon deep.

What shall we give for it?
A pair of hooznoobler's gloves and an eppenberry pie.
Why should we give it?
So sweet Lucy Who won't cry.



The Pleasant Places of Florida

(founded in 1972)

Rev. Leslie Marshall, B.S.I. 1972-1977
Dr. Benton Wood, B.S.I. 1977 - 1988
Bill Ward, B.S.I. 1988 - 1999
Dr. Benton Wood, B. S.I. 1999 -1996
The Last Court of Appeals 1997 - present

For the Record:

THE LAST COURT OF APPEALS

David McCallister, Master of the House,

Ceremonies at most gatherings, host of the annual Wessex Cup

Carl Heifetz, Representative (both with the Servants and with the Tradespeople),

(Correspondent) **HE'S BACK!**

Wanda & Jeff Dow, The Papers on the Sundial,

(Communications and Bookkeeping)

(Master of

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