







*May the winner wear gold while the loser eats crow  
Knowing nothing save that which he knew not to know.*

**C**ross! Cross was the owl at the albatross  
For catching the bulk of the fish  
So the owl cast deeper, awaking a sleeper  
Who made of both feathers one dish.

**A**s we have heard, the worm's got by the bird  
Who gets up so early a-dawnward,  
But what of the bird who, deceased and interred,  
Becomes food for the worm worming onward?

**"U**npalatable!" Spat the fat, flesh-fed worm  
Upon lurching on sons of the judge;  
Then he made of the father a rather fine sauce  
Thereby showing he bore him no grudge.

**G**ormandelle, the lady gorgier  
Dined on beans and bones and ordure,  
Lost her teeth so took her daughters',  
Then went wading to make water.  
When Sir Crocodile attacked,  
Used his teeth to bite him back.

**H**ead you word of the sword who's a chef for all fish?  
Have you seen how his sea bream can brighten a dish?  
Dare you steal of his eel, or rob roe from his pan?  
Bid him send you the menu as fast as he can!  
But don't duel with the sword for his finest filet,  
Or he'll serve you up cold as tomorrow's entree!

**T**he croco-dee-dile  
Cracks open his smile  
So the birdies may fly in and nosh  
On fish-guts and crumbs  
And the bones of their chums  
Who last week fluttered in and were lost.

*...Who is the last to dine?*