

The grangle wangle.

The soldiers did point their eyes,
Their expert hearing no doubt applies.
A shimmering glimmer in the gutter is found,
A small coin there had lay drowned.
And down the dark path our dear soldier walked home,
Dark airship clouds like crashing foam.
The great man is called to serve.
The grangle wangle did wait to preserve.
A stew he would make,
For as many men as would come he would take.
For male skin was his favorite,
And teeth used to flavor it.
In need of advice he goes to his father,
Always disappointed and always a bother.
“When i was a boy i worked all live long day,
You ungrateful leeches, you kids of today.
How great our king was, how great indeed. Yet you will not serve him,
in this time of need.”
The ship did sail, the men all aboard,
The grangle wangle they moved toward.
The wicked cave in front did yawn,
Their forces stayed, still their courage withdrawn.
The grangle wangle did rear terrible and great,
His hair a matted tangle of hate.
His tail was long,
each claw a hot prong.
He glared Horrible eyes of yellow,
Out he gave a blare, a bellow.
His head ever livid,
Did soon roll rigid.
Home at last, victory assured.

The greatest feat he found endured.
Only to find his king beheaded,
This uncertainty he found he dreaded.
And down the dark path our dear soldier walked home,
To mark this down in his own tome.