

# EXTREMELY BAD LIMERICKS

There once was a penguin named Pete,  
Who fell deeply in love with his feet.

    He wooed them all day,  
    But at night stole away,  
Unaware that they'd seen his retreat.

While exploring the jungles of Biff,  
Sir Jervis fell right off a cliff.

    He survived by caromin'  
    Off a hippo's abdomen  
And was back on the trail in a jiff.

Through thistles and sticks a snake slithered,  
His brain thick with thoughts of a lizard.

    As those snakey thoughts thickened,  
    His slithering quickened,  
Not being a slithering wizard.

I think that I never shall see,  
A frog that's more lovely than thee.

    For a frog, he has slime,  
    Most all of the time,  
Which is not too appealing to me.

If the dead all get reincarnated,  
Then how, when we get numerated,

    Can Shirley McClain,  
    Ever hope to explain,  
How the head count became so inflated?