

ANSWERS AND SOLUTIONS

LIMA ITEM by William Webster

With great energy, Sera Toga was tidying the dining room, when the doorbell rang.

Spouse Hector hurried from the shower. "There's the postman," he stated with great delight. "I'll get it."

"I'm expecting United Parcel," the slim redhead was telling Hector.

"Where from?"

"Irving, Texas." Casually sorting the stack, Sera told the rotund man, "Ads, letters; here's one from Aunt Stella."

"Any pictures?" He spread the green satinet drapes; lit the gas heater.

"Bur, Sera," he said. Altho an inside door was openable, he left it shut.

"No, no snap shots; just cartoons this time." Sera'd sat on the flowered recamier. "Last year there were, with extra postage."

"Relate what the dear relative wrote." Hector sat on the dusty love seat.

"Worst storm ever--tornado scare! Blowing rain, cold."

"Tho their parents were strongly against it, Marge Parchesi wed Major Alan Canid," Sera related.

"The old dog, eh?"

"Get this--Chili Winters is still the old maid."

"What's the gal's real first name?"

"Chelsea."

"Has the Badger son, Eddy, enlisted? What service?" he demanded.

"Marines; an airman."

Near collapse, the stout lout was now asleep on the large leather sofa.

The lithesome gal droned on. "Mervin was inside the stable, when their bangtail was stolen. Later, he shut the gate. Dear? There's much more."

He roused. "Oh--read on," the restless idler insisted. "She is never brief."

"Nearby was Ronald soothing Jane."

"Not so fast, darling," Hector cautioned.

(One could not say, Sera was hectored; neither was Hector antisera. Anti-Sera? Never!)

Altering the reading pace, tireless Sera related, "Sidney's the new Los Angeles Daily News editor.

"Nancy Cremona had an affair; however it was short lived. She has asthma."

"She is an armful," was Hector's remark.

"Dawn plays ragtime on the viola," she continued relating.

"It was ladies' night at the cinema; they saw Lassie."

Sare's fingers grasped the sheet. "Page seven. Caesar Grippe's the Las Vegan now. He was from Kitchener, Ontario."

The muscly man snored.

"There are just three pages left," persistent Sera reported.

He sprang from the sofa. "I'll get cold beers!"

"Make mine Sprite, please. I'm tired, too."

The chesty man partly lowered the pale blue shades.

"Reading ahead, she ends it with 'Until the earth orbits the sun once more, Happiest Holidays!'"

BANANAGRAMS by Edmund Conti

Two heads are much better than one. No mistake.
Unless they're both yours and each of them ache.

Snoring distresses. The snorer's a bleep.
Please don't make noises when you are asleep.

Pawns become queens. The editor yawns.
Here's what makes headlines: Queens spawn pawns.

If you blow out the candle and the candle won't quit
Just keep on blowing until it's unlit.

It entails ten tails for a very large group.
And thus ends our opus on oxtail soup.

The food and the service stink? Don't be a saint.
Don't be compliant. Make a complaint.

The plight of the bumblebee's dreadful but that's
Not quite as depressing as the angst of the gnats.

We don't hire hippies. So Personnel said.
I shaved off my beard. I needed the bread.

I've been here all day getting rained on and roasted.
Why aren't the schedules in train depots posted?

He's going to send the next one roasting
If the agnostic spends his lifetime coasting.