

LAMB CHOPS, MY WEANLING EANLING?

SCARFIN' FATBACK

Well, if you weren't good you couldn't have stolen my works or claimed them easily. All right, you're good. But I have honed my cryptographic skills through centuries, and you are merely a Morristown mortal. Yes, Eckler, I will outlast you as I have outlasted all others, and if today's face-off does not bring my overdue acclaim (see May 1998 and August 1998 Word Ways), be sure that later adoring generations will search every page of Word Ways for the crypto-codes that prove my authorship of all of it...Newby, Thorpe, Morice, Lederer, and of course Gardner. Et al. So you still say you are the one who turned Mary's lamb into a pygmy lamb, a tiny lamb, one little sheep, and Mary herself into Maria and Polly (Polly?! I had "Molly"). Then the gauntlet's down, my friend...anguish-languish anagrams! In the masterpiece that follows, each indented line anagrams the one before. 'Zooks, I'd like to see you match this!

Whose "woolly" stars, hi-jinks his show,
 While Rossy has wish, think's wool's jo?
 Whose swill now (sue me!) stands so clear,
 Tells: wee ram Wuss's;" and schools in woe?

My! prattle, farce, muse sinks in fear.
 Feel script fun? sin makes Mary tear.
 Preteens read words, and fools, Lord's sake!
 Soon dark pest's ewe falls, droned sore...dear.

Aquiver, is lamby tail ashake?
 His bleat, saliva; "Mar-y! I quake!"
 Shun manly oath; e'en scoundrels weep--
 Unseemly wounds note plan: her ache.

By wool lamb lea Ross plots his keep,
 Blots swill: "Look, ram!" he says; "Bo Peep...
 "Yum." I stare; gauche: beef or my sheep!
 "Yum." I stare; gauche: beef or my sheep!