

From Spain to the feet of Sam's ears

Once there was a man named Kermit the Bog. He was a marshy lake. His brother was named Constantine the Swamp. He was a saltwater stream in the middle of his aunt's basement. The stream was highly acidic and slowly melted them all away. Now in Columbia someone named Cholent Nièce was eating bacon And smelled the acid. He liked the smell. And told his slave Erhte Jrham to give me more food or sniff it. She sniffed it and died a lot over and over again... Until!

The living tape dispenser attacked Erhte Jrham and prosecuted him to the fullest extent of the law. Erhte Jrham went to jail for life. Six months later, Erhte Jrham Broke out of jail with the help of his good friend, Steve the eight-ton gorilla-bat.

Steve later became severely stinky and later was found to be dead. This made Erhte Jrham very happy. Next he decided to go to the zoo called "Seventeen Men and Lion Den". This was a big mistake. Cholent Nièce was the beekeeper and shouted "release the bees!" This was done immediately and they were consumed quickly. Cholent Nièce laughed contently and started a fire. This was the best time of his life.

"Rocket beamed.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!

"Little frog eats rabbit stew."

The deranged lions screamed at the bottom of someone else's lungs. Then, Erhte Jrham founded a new country, the Anti-Government Communist Alliance of Pluto (it was actually two city blocks in **Spain**) Then, Sam, who had feet on his **ears** and was also 64 **feet** tall, was climbed by Erhte Jrham. Thus the title, **FROM SPAIN TO THE FEET OF SAM'S EARS**.

Erhte Jrham was not good. Food is smelly. Rotten is the good bad eggs of the Martian allies. Control is not Spanish. Then the A.G.C.A.P. prevented Aflac from hiring their duck. Bart Pistachio was in Gatorade and thus was going to the A.G.C.A.P. to join their side for Erhte Jrham was strongly opposed to a peace treaty with Cholent Nièce, who never hurt anyone. Bart Pistachio was allied to a bullet named Ramirez. They both liked the A.G.C.A.P., which had secret plans to eat the cheese off of the moon.

This is a gorilla and they both are not in the vehicular traffic tariff of 1492.

The end

After word and poems

Erhte Jrham

A poem by somebody in the A.G.C.A.P.

I'm Erhte Jrham.

This haiku doesn't make sense.

Nevermind, go! GO!