

"Ay yai yai yai..."

"I have you now, foolish human!" cackled - sorry, it did - the vaguely humanoid sorcerer. "Your pathetic, verse-based magic has one flaw! You cannot use your people's great poetry to cast spells if my magic makes you forget them!"

I concentrated. *Yeah, all the Shakespeare is gone. Yikes...* then a scrap of something hummed through my mind, and I grinned. "Hey, JU'lup'nark? Your species is pretty strict when it comes to saying what's 'real' poetry, right? And prudish?"

The sorcerer sneered, its four arms weaving a death spell. "Correct on both counts."

"Well, then. 'There once was a girl from Nantucket..."

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