

to doist this. As I had said before, it was modest for the standards of those who stood in higher standings. But none the less 'twas cozy like the mother bird caressing its young in the nest of multitude.¹

I remember walking into the room a fluster, blast with a sound of untimely confusion. I saw the three men, if I can even call them men, with their backs to me. I alone, as a mere helpless lady, felt afraid. They looked as paupers from another planet, or maybe worm sputtering trolls from an unknown jungle. I grabbed on tight to my purse expecting that at any moment these men might turn around and spray traumatic acidic sheeps' milk from out of their demon eyes.

At this moment the sound stopped and I saw past the men to a painting on the barren wall. As my curiosity pulled me closer, I saw my own shadow appear over the men. I asked myself under a sweat filled breath, "*What in god's name is going on here? What is this mirage of light that I have come to?*"

And then it dawned on me; this must be one of the Duke's magic light machines and I had fallen prey to the illusion! I was so foolish to be scarred by such simple trickery. I took it upon myself to play along and challenge the Duke to a game of Danish Knight.

I sang out loud:

Duke oh Duke, where is my Duke,
Come so soon before I puke.
Duke oh Duke, where is my Duke,
Come so soon before I puke.

But the Duke did not respond, so I continued on:

Fetch me a Danish knight my Duke,
That I may give a daughter to thee.
But only if the knight is right,
Will my daughter to you marry.

¹ — to doist this. As I had said before, it was modest for the standards of those who stood in higher standings. But none the less 'twas cozy like the mother bird caressing its young in the nest of multitude. I remember walking into the room a fluster, ablast with sound of untimely confusion. I saw the three men, if I can even call them men. You shouldn't call anyone a man, unless you've seen them in the shower, i made this costly mistake once and ended up needing a water and a wet wipe, livo turbo. The three of them with their backs to me, I alone, as a mere helpless lady, felt afraid. They looked as paupers from another planet, or maybe worm sputtering trolls from an unknown jungle. I grabbed on tight to my purse expecting that at any moment these men might turn around and send forth traumatic acidic sheep's milk from out of their demon midriffs. At this moment the sound stopped, the men stayed, I saw past the men to a painting on the barren wall. As my curiosity pulled me closer, my own

Again there was no answer from the Duke. I looked around the room and wondered where the Duke was hiding. I walked closer to a painting depicting a grey stone lying in a mess of grass. Aha, of course, the Duke would not make this game without tension; he would leave his response in a painting's clue! And so I responded:

Here comes a knight, a knight of Dane,
To court my daughter, lady Jane.
He comes with stones as his price,
But our daughter is much too nice,
Too nice for stones as the price.
You must bring better from your side,
For us to give you Jane as bride.

And once again, the Duke stayed hidden, offering another painting as the second clue. Here I found the image of a golden shepherd's cane adorned with black feathers, religious iconography no doubt. I smiled and responded:

Dear Duke, the knight has thy gold,
And with a kiss my Jane is sold,
For you to take her by the hand,
And lead her to the royal land.

Duke oh Duke, where is my Duke,
Come so soon so we can dance,
Duke oh Duke, where is my Duke,
This will be your only chance!

And with this I closed my eyes and began to twist in ultimate euphoria awaiting his response. The sound of the magic light machine played its eerie tune. The room was dark and I heard footsteps coming. I swung back and forth with joyful anticipation. Two hands appeared at my sides, and I felt his breath at my lips. We kissed and I slowly opened my eyes. To my surprise it was not the Duke at all, but an enormous eggplant.

shadow appear over the men. I asked myself under a sweat filled breath, What on god's green earth is going on here? "What is this mirage of light that I have come to?" "What is this temple of delusional behaviour?" "What are these effervescence male juices?" "Whoa, all he-mens of sea-mens" And then it dawned on me; this must be one of the Duke's magic light machines and I had fallen prey to the illusion! I was so foolish to be scarred by such simple trickery. Although, if i may boast, it once worked to such affect that i ended up breaking into a homeless mans cardboard box and sleeping with him. Hungover and disgusted by this discovery, I ditched him, stole his umbrella and left while being yelled at by the homeless man over the stolen umbrella. That was the past, I would not be undone by the future. Instead I took it upon myself to play along and challenge the Duke to a game of Danish Knight.