

THE BOOK
OF
THHWILLE

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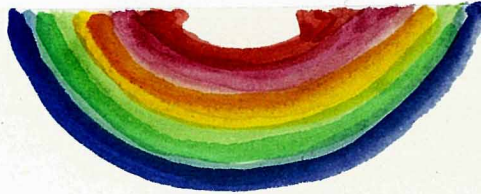
An Illustrated Ballad by



T. GŌRO



*T*hose who are lucky find most life worthwhile
When others may take lives for granted, Like
Thwile.



Thwile lived on a bed at the edge of a field
With a hood for his head and a blanket for
shield.



Each morning at eight Thwile ordered fried eggs
Preferring delivery to using his legs.

His bed was on wheels in order to flee
In case of a hurricane, pigeon, or bee.

And because the green field was his primary pad
He rarely had visits, which made Thwile quite
sad.



WHAT SUV?

BEDMOBILE

YES EGGS

YES EGGS

Then one day at lunch, Thwile gazed at the sky,
Upon looking down he noticed an eye.

The eye, great and round, sat deep in the ground,
Reflecting Thwile's face when it looked around.

Now, instead of approaching it with
apprehension,
Thwile was enthused by this source of attention.



“Of course Thwile asked the Eye, “What brings you here?”

The Eye just glared back, and welled with a tear.

Thwile offered it berries, but Eye looked away.
The same went with pudding the very next day.



Thwile pondered Eye's sorrow until he was sick,
And ended up prodding the Eye with a stick.

“Good lord what's the matter? You weep like
you're broke!
Tell me what ails you right now or I'll poke!”



The Eye just closed tightly, still crying quite hard,
When out from a teardrop there popped a small
Bard.

Before Thwile could welcome his guest to the
land,
Eye's tears put a banjo straight in the Bard's
hand.

And strumming a beat like a goat on a roof,
The Bard-man proceeded to sing Thwile the
truth.

“An eye is no toy to poke or to pester.
It sees you, bed boy, as a nature molester.

“You think it's a God that props up your head,
And feeds you those benedict eggs in your bed?”



“Praying to those deities in the sky,
Can never account for the chickens that die

“Stuffed in small cages with no room to run
They squeeze out your breakfast and croak when
they’re done!

“All day you recline on this mattress of fluff,
When you barely acknowledge what gives you
this stuff!

“Each night you’re asleep over-nourished and
huge,
You only wake up to reapply rouge!

“And though cheek definition’s the *least* of your
errs,
While we’re on it, they test those cosmetics on
hares!



“*You* tear ‘round this field putting tracks through
wild stoat,
Ignoring their widows who yell “Thwile look
out!!”

“And when you steer beddy-bye into a bog,
You purchase a new one and leave it to sog.

“ Now, I know that a wet bed ain’t really a hoot,
But four in a month is lot of darn loot!



“So you wonder why Eye stares at you in
despair?”

It’s because you’re the lice in her once glossy
hair.

“It’s because you’re the zit on her once childlike
face,

You, my dear Thwile, and the rest of your race!”



At that Thwile looked blankly, as blank as a
dove,
Then cast his wide eyes to the heavens above.

And asked, in a manner confused and of doubt,
“If not, God, to prosper, what *is* life about?”

The Bard shrugged his shoulders, and started to
strum.
Thwile looked at those fingers, then looked at his
thumb,



▲ And then, in a moment of sheer inspiration
Thwile met the Bard with a retaliation.

“That Banjo, my dear Bard, is made out of hide!
YOU are a hypocrite! Take your own side!

“You’re giving me grief for *my* selfish survival
While strumming that banjo to think you’re an
idol!

“You don’t need it to breathe, to sleep, or to eat!
You wasted a cow and still think you’re elite?”



Ptfoof! Went the Bard as he vanished from sight.

Thwile knew very quickly the minstrel was right.

He felt quite ashamed of the things the Bard listed...

How foolish to think that the banjo existed!

Alone in the field, save for the huge Eye,
Thwile hung his head and he started to cry.



He meekly awoke the next morning at dawn
Only to find that the huge Eye was gone.

He searched through the grass like a fox hunting
hound,
But never a trace of the Eye could be found!

And soon ends the book on this note of
confusion:
Why should poor Thwile accept his illusion?



If he stays at his ways, wasting chickens and
money,

Who will despair at the cost when it's sunny?

And who will say "Stop" when they're doing the
same?

When everyone wasting is cause for the blame?

But no need to preach human beings should
repent,

There are more constructive ways time can be
spent.

Just let us remember our morose example,
And be not like Thwile, whose Earth he did
trample.



Yes, to be alive, how lucky we are!
A beautiful planet has carried us far.

Yes, to be alive, how lucky we are!
A beautiful planet is wearing our scar.

