

#### CUNEGONDE

Well, there I was, in my cozy little bed. Wearing a fairly simple little white cotton chemise with real pretty little strawberries up around the neckline, when a big tall Yankee just busted in and flung himself upon me. Well, I was surprised and after a while I cried out... several times.

Now, a Yankee officer from East Kingston, New Hampshire responded to my distress, flew into a passion at the soldier's disrespect and slew him right at the critical moment. Well, it just all worked out.

As a thank you I did that captain's cooking. I will say he was somewhat handsome with a very imposing shape but he did not know squat about philosophy.

In three months he tired of my casserole and sold me to a Spanish gentleman who trapped and traded beaver pelts. His name was Don-something-or-other, I never could say it. One day he just packed me up, put us on a sailing ship and, whoop-de-doo, here I was in Lisbon, Spain.

#### OLD WOMAN

I awoke in the arms of a classically beautiful Italian, a diplomat who, get this, turned out to have been my tutor when I was six! He rhapsodized on my beauty in eleven languages, including Hopi, and I traveled with him to Algiers where he was bitten by a cobra he was teaching to sing and died in indescribable agony.

Alone in that exotic country I was purchased by a merchant with ears like gills, who sold me to a Turk who was killed by Janissaries, who were exterminated by Muslim hordes who found me staked and naked on an anthill. An Imam said this was not my fault but I must have one buttock removed as a lesson to others.

During the surgery an army of Russians, all singing like Gods, released me and I was given to a Boyer on his name-day who made me his gardener and enjoyed cleansing me of my labors in a malachite tub.