

# Canterbury tale



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Who lived in a cottage with his wife in Astrakhan. Used to be happily married, loved his wife dearly His love was very palpable, seen clearly. But as years passed his feelings towards her began to wither Because the arguments they had were getting bigger and bigger They would scream and shout and yell the night away To the point where they'd wake up their neighbors, all of whom were gay. As their emotional feelings grew more and more distant

Their overall sex life became all but non-existent. While laboring in the fields one day He thought Of a brilliant idea, with whom he'd lay. While adultery was bad, and this he knew To his morals he thusly bid adieu. He began to visit a brothel Hookers a plenty, all of them docile He'd indulge in his carnal desires While the wife had no clue he was a liar. He returned late one night to home So his wife got a case of the I-think-my-spouse-is-a-cheater syndrome. She asked where he'd been, she absolutely inquired "I don't need this" and to bed he retired.

Her suspicions were then indubitably confirmed When she revealed something from his laundry and learned In his pocket was a note that said "intercourse with you was lovely" Signed at the bottom with hearts and lipstick, was Beverly. She finally knew of her husband's infidelity Which stemmed from their lack of chemistry. To receive information and some advice She went to her transvestite brother Bryce. "Don't get mad, get even" he said "This may not be the time, but told you not to wed." "What do you propose do?" "I actually have the perfect solution for you, have acquired a concoction At the recent marketplace auction. Slip this in his food, and into a frog he will turn." "If I go through with this, will in hell I burn?" "My dear

sister that I do not know. " " All right then, whatever, YOLK. " She barely arrived home, before the crack of dawn Just as her husband awoke with a yawn. She prepped a hearty breakfast, the most important meal of the day Which consisted of milk and honey, and a warm souffle

With the honey she mixed her secret elixir Woe is she, what a tricky trickster. Just like a kitty, he tongued it deftly All the way down to the bottom, until 'twats empty. Immediately his eyes began to swell His mouth opened, but came out no yell Instead he croaked, his transformation was smooth He now had nary a hair on his body, not even a tooth He remained an amphibian, for the rest of his days Regretting his decisions that he made in his naive haze His wife was very happy, tit for tat. Adultery is bad so there's that.