

## **The Tragick Historie of Sir Pom**

*by Huskyteer*

Sir Pom of Pomerania  
Fairest and fuzziest of knights  
Eschewed his fellows' mania  
For swords and lances, foes and fights.  
In stead of gold or Holy Grail  
He sought the love of Princess Ditzzy  
(The Princess With The Poofy Tail.)  
Rejection tore his heart to bits. He  
Swore he should repose no more  
Until he'd won his lady's paw.

From that day forth, Sir Pom the bold  
Set out to conquer in love's name.  
He fought fierce dragons, took their gold  
Then tickled them till they were tame.  
Full mighty were his feats of war  
His rivals crumbled 'neath his power.  
At last, on cut and weary paw  
He brought his wealth to Ditzzy's bower  
Who gazed upon his matted fur  
And spake: "Begone, you horrid cur!"

The lady had a serving-wench  
Fair Custard Cream was she yclept.  
She found Sir Pom upon a bench  
Where, overcome by grief, he slept.  
"Fret not," she whispered, "goodly knight!  
I've long admired your handsome face.  
I'll brush your fur and armour bright  
And you shall win your rightful place!"  
Their wedded life's a blissful dream:  
Sir Pom - and Lady Custard Cream.