

Lot's Lot



There was once a city called Sodom that was filled with wickedness, depravity, and giant bedsores. And there came to that city Lot, son of Abraham, and Betty, his wife, in search of bunting with which to adorn the collars of their four dogs, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego, and Fluffy. They knew not of the city's wickedness until the Angel of Anaheim appeared to Lot in a dream. "Am-scray," sayeth the angel dreamily, "for the god Yahwoo seeks vengeance on the evildoers of Sodom. Verily doth he make no allowances for guileless bunting seekers, so were I in your sandals, I'd for the countryside posthaste make. Oh, and gazeth not behind ye." When Lot awakened, he was much troubled by his vision, having drunk deeply of the grape the evening previous. But he sensed that the angel had truthfully spake, ergo made he ready to leave Sodom at once. "Come, wife," instructed Lot to Betty, "for we must speedily absquatulate, lest Yahwoo in a snit smite us like dinky mittens." So saying, didst Lot strike out in a westerly direction. "But, but the bunting!" protested Betty, but only briefly. Then followed she her husband out of the city, with Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego, and Fluffy leashed close behind. And lo, arosest there a destructive din most thunderous from Sodom as Yahwoo smote it most smithereenly. "Gaze not behind ye, woman!" shouted Lot, however the oblitative racket obscured his words and she heard him not. And lo, in curiosity didst she indeed glance back at the city. And, in that instant, did the dogs turn most sadly to salt cedar, true story.