

Quoth the Puppets excerpt.

Once upon an evening sunny, while I thought things fun and funny,
But regretting that I'd not got groceries from the local store,
While I nattered, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping (if someone *can* be "gently" rapping),
Rapping at my workshop door.
"Tis some trick or treaters," I yawned, "tapping at my workshop door –
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, 'twas the day before November,
And each happy family member strutted costumes 'cross the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; – vainly had I sought to borrow
From my friends the perfect costume of a Spanish Matador –
For the rare and radiant montera and cape of a Matador –
Awesome garb for evermore.

And the silken happy rustling of the other costumes bustling
Thrilled me – filled me with fantastic envies never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"Tis some trick or maybe treating, tapping at my workshop door.
Some child trick or maybe treating, rapping at my workshop door; –
This it is, and nothing more."