
WHY SOME SHUN TOLSTOY

PRINCESS Sizzizyqqssihetch-hetchykoffski sat sipping her vodka. She was waiting for her lover, the gallant Count Cisibeo-leotweedledeedeskirumpskitumpskishkiskivitchovitch, to call for her in his droski. What would her husband say? Probably "Wyzxxisizksizggghskizzski"; no more; he was *so* indifferent! Anyhow, the husband, or to call him by the pet name she had given him when they were wed, Alexnicholastom-dickharryheuvaheluvaskibumkukluxklandamtheinsurrectoevitchkoffski, was off snipe snaring at their country place on the Bugabugosizosizosizoziszkzjgjsazxggxzsqq Steppes, with his quarter brother, little Sanisixtellwityalequff, who was called for short, Brrbrxcvxcvzexexevexizizisixisvvcggkziz.

What was that? Lo! Harski! The Count was there with the droski. Hastily seizing a samovar of vodka and throwing on her robe of serf-skin, she leaped through the window. "Come, dear little Gedumpdeltrobridgeissajrwsksisolizziesz," he called softly through his whiskers. In a twinkling she had climbed into a pocket of his cossack-fur coat. They were off, guilty but gleeful, for the little town of Eatachelseasizkiheulavaheluvanameskirecrecrecrecrecrecvitchovitchoskiokoffodamskioski.*

*Marks death of the linotyper.

Harvard Lampoon
