

I'll tell thee everything I can:  
As much as I recall.  
I met an egg-shaped solving man,  
A-sitting on a wall.  
"Who are you, egg-shaped man?" I said,  
"What puzzles thought you good?"  
His answers wriggled through my head,  
Like woodworms in the wood.

"I liked the one with advent doors,  
Though cutting took a while.  
Twas tricky with such clumsy paws,  
But soon it brought a smile.  
And then the one that came out right  
When trousers went absurd --  
To show a pair that had to fight  
A burglaristic bird."

But I was wondering why I had  
**To dye my answers green;**  
And why the batman and his lad  
Had vanished from the scene.  
I knew on points I must decide --  
First **one** then **two** were put.  
"What puzzles liked you more!" I cried  
And kicked him with my foot.

"I liked the one that was a cube,  
But sitting in a plane.  
Invented by a man called Rube  
With "-ik" after his name.  
And then the one that was (like Gaul)  
Divided into three.  
At first it's short and then it's tall,  
And beautiful to see."

But I was thinking of a scheme  
To decorate my hair,  
By cutting bits of **aubergine**  
Until I made them square.  
I pinched him sharply on the toe;  
His face, it turned **steel blue**.  
"I'll give them **three** and **five** -- And so...  
What puzzle won for you!"

He said "You know, I liked the one  
With dit, dit, dit, and dah.  
It sounded just like Beet-ho-vun --  
That introductive bar.  
And V it was, but shown in Morse:  
A letter -- yet much more...  
It showed the Fifth, you see, of course,  
Oh, what a perfect score."

"I solved them all in pen and ink  
With Chambers close to hand.  
Some made me laugh, some made me think,  
But **Shackleton** was grand.  
And that's the way, upon this wall,  
By which I pass my days --  
Forever in, what you might call,  
A cruciverbal craze."

His words were heard, the gist was clear,  
I thanked him for his time;  
(Despite my planning for a year  
Of solving just in mime.)  
I gave a bow and tipped my hat  
And tossed him up a bun.  
I put a **seven** down for that:  
It meant my scores were done.

And now, if e'er by chance I feel  
I'm getting in a fix.  
Or find on Amazon a deal  
For Bradford's, version six

Or if I'm solving really slow  
And feeling somewhat small  
I weep, for it reminds me well  
Of that old solver in a shell  
Who gave off a sulphuric smell;  
Whose spirit, grids would never quell,  
Despite the fact he couldn't spell,  
Or write a letter in a cell;  
Whose voice was clearer than a bell,  
Although it sounded like a knell;  
Who was content alone to dwell,  
And never worried if he fell:  
He said, he'd just let out a yell...  
That summer evening long ago,  
A-sitting on a wall.

He liked the one with Iddy-Umpty  
What else would you expect from Humpty.