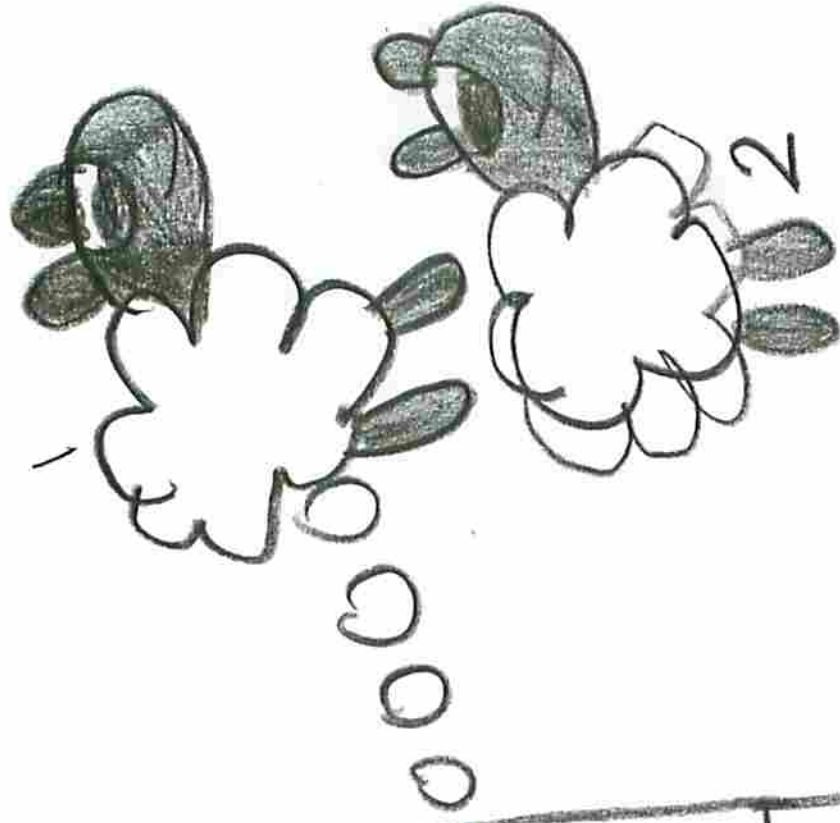


The darkness crept around him
Like ink from a returned well



But his night light always told him
That things would turn out swell

Little Jimmy Horner
was laying himself to sleep



Tired and ready to lumber
his nightly counting sheep

Tonight was much the same
At least upon first glance

But then his light bulb died
And the dark began its dance

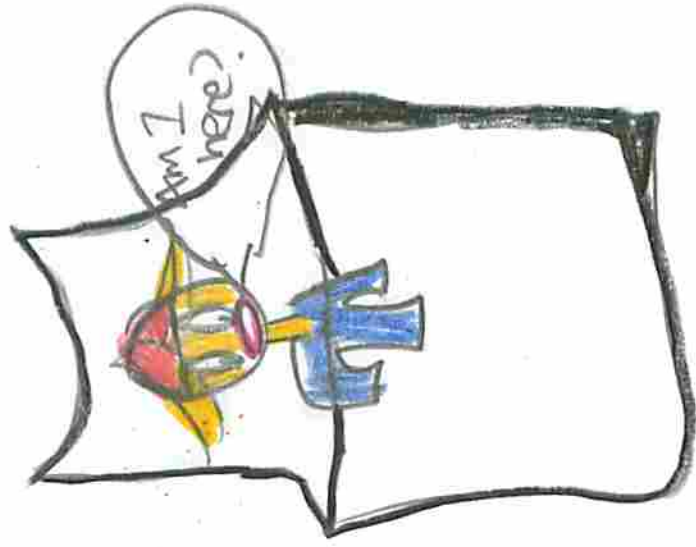
Shadows jumped around the room
Making Jimmy see false things



Wourks and Storks and Hicdebies

And nasty Singing Splings!

Jimmy nodded and was pulled
Away from where he sat



Beneath his pillows fluffy was
Where he felt renow was at

Suddenly he felt a tap
And turned with quite a start



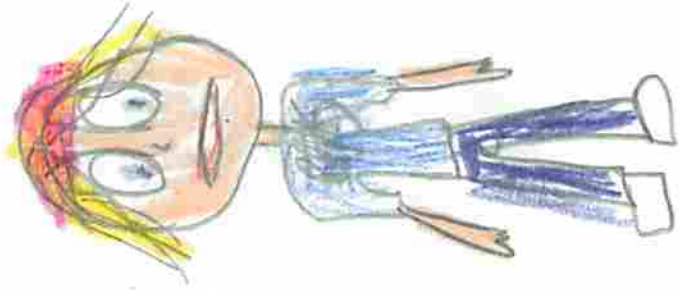
He couldn't quite see it yet
But he'd just met a Blart!

A look around then proved him wrong
It was bright as day!



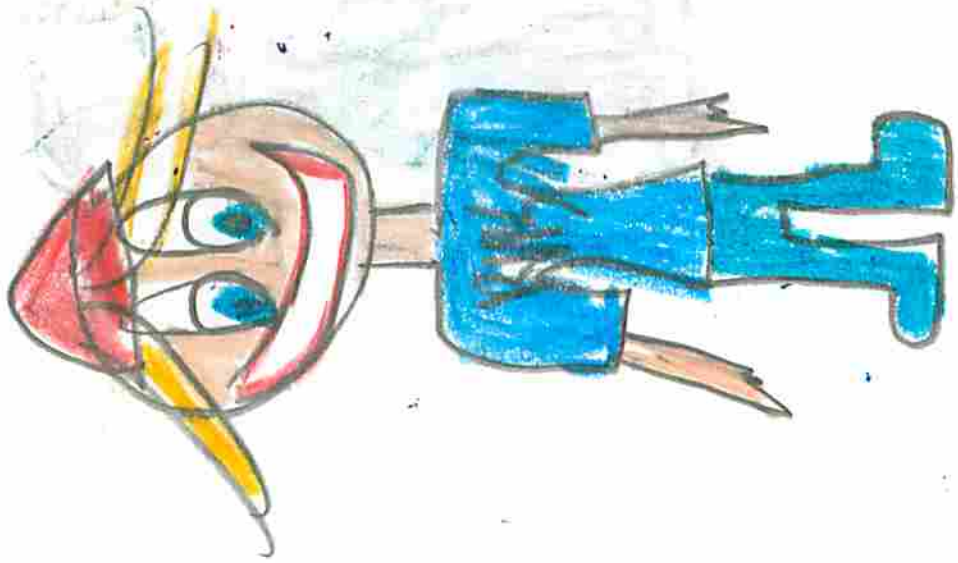
They'd gone from in his darkened room
To somewhere far away!

"Come" I quickly said to Blort.
"To me kind of Blorty stuff!"



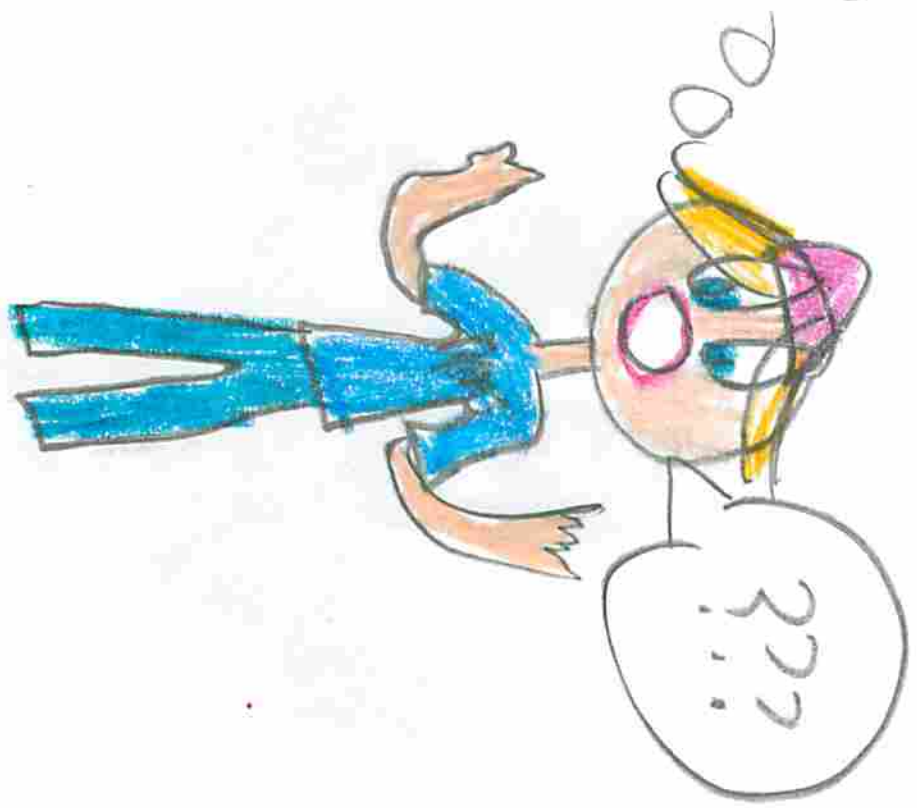
To me last night in the dark
Is really quite too tough!

"Where are we now?" asked Jimmy
with wonder in his voice



"The Land of Blorts!" me Blort said
With a happy Blorty noise.

"Howeva did we get here?"
Asked Jimmy of the Bprt



"We did not come by plane or car,
By boat, or horse and cart."

11

"However- did we get here?"
Asked Jimmy of the Bert



"We did not come by plane or car,
By boat, or horse and cart."

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