

# Little Deborah Dinwitty Dyslexic Ditz

By Richard Tornello

In a town of renown from which Roger Williams fled

Lived little Deborah Dinwitty, a dyslexic ditz.  
But not without reason and certainly had wits.  
An animal caretaker, they were her friends  
To them her ailment, she made no amends.  
To them she would talk and with stories too  
They taught her languages, too few knew.

Her boss the vet noticed her skills  
Overruled the manager and kept her on still.  
The mistakes she would make were lettered wrong  
And best were usually bass backwards  
Mistakes professionals considered transgressed.

But her animal skills were second to none  
She even suggested thing to be done.  
The vet marveled at her skills and says:  
“You have a job for life if you choose to stay.”

Debbie lived close to her Mom  
Not that the relations were warm  
Most people stay a few miles from home.  
Families from ancient England ran.  
Deborah was no different and didn't like to roam.

Her peers from school were there too in town.  
And a casual meeting brought on a frown.  
All her life she was tattered and torn  
By the wind of ill speech and no parent care borne  
Abused all her life it's a wonder she's here.  
Any others would have soon disappeared.

But she had plans Yes Debbie did so and  
One day she started to put them in play.  
The boy who had raped her,  
(It was the whole team).  
He was the captain her saw the thing start  
In fact his idea, screw the little tart.

He'd be the first to get what was coming  
 His puppy was in for a checkup and brushing.  
 She mixed up a batch a potion she bought  
 From a witch named Hazel that she met one dark rainy night.  
 The witch understood her life and her shame  
 Her family past was put to flame  
 And offered to assist those who historically were to blame.

"It might take some years to  
 Get to them all.  
 But if you have patience,  
 We'll make sure they fall."

Deborah accepted the offer right quick  
 It saved her sanity and it sure did the trick.

So back to that puppy so young and so cute  
 With venom she filled it in a manner astute.  
 The venom became part of puppy's salvia  
 And when he liked master the potion would enter.  
 At first he was sick no doctor could figure  
 And then he recovered, or so he did figure.

But each time again the dog licked his dear master  
 Another trivial disease or another disaster.  
 The shakes and some blindness  
 And then sex dysfunctional  
 His wife thought he got a disease from another girl.  
 It mimicked all those things she had read  
 And out of her house and out from her bed.

He died slowly parts as failed and were spent.  
 Each on lingering and then another was sent.  
 Deborah followed the history of that person she'd known  
 Cause he was a celebrity local home town.  
 His fate and his story were carried in papers  
 She laughed and she thanked the witch for her favors.  
 He died most alone ugly and ridden.  
 The dog it was shot, it went mad and bit him.

To others she did slightly the same  
 Altering potions to fit pet and assailant's name  
 And delivered them all  
 To the mortuary as guest.  
 One by one they were all put to rest.

She never got caught  
Cause who would have thought  
Deborah Dinwitty, the Dyslexic Ditz  
Ever had the brains  
to do something like this.

Witch Hazel in her home in the town  
Now, not wearing a frown, smiled pleased  
It may have taken years, no centuries  
But the families of her historical shame  
Same that caused Deborah's pain,  
Were now suffering, down the drain.  
Sure the animal's bi and quad had to go.  
Stupid beasts, plans best laid,  
Tools and fools, she used them so.

The End