

HANNA

(A Run-On Odyssey In Three Parts)

by Frank Gagliano

Part 1: Hanna And The Horny Dwarfs

Part 2: Hanna In Tinsel Town

Part 3: Hanna And Harold

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so hanna was glum and anyway what did it all mean and that made her head cavities ache and rant and she was full of self pity and unhappiness and while moping around the deviated septum of a deviant mogul's head drain and kicking aside squashed empty coke cans because she couldn't find a recycling binthing which really made hanna despair she decided to hang a left over the bridge on the canal di naso and came upon a beautiful young man playing the eardrums and he seemed to be very angry and was beating the wax out of those skins and hanna almost got deaf and had to run from there and came upon a circus which had not yet opened its tent flaps to the masses and hanna roamed the sawdust and kicked about twenty thousand empty coke cans out of her way and got her feet stuck in the sticky syrup and felt better there because she was desperate to see freaks and even humans more grotesque than she thought she was but she made the mistake of looking in the mirror that made you short as a midget's coffee table and fat as a pregnant armchair and the pull of the mirror sucked her in and she was now in the land of squat and waddled around on elephant knees and turtle elbows and found a squat village of eligible squat bachelors who however were all hot for alligator knees and armadillo elbows so hanna of course was shunned and went to the lagoon to cry her sweetlelani tears and dangled her hoofs over the side and saw her reflection in the polluted puddle and saw herself as jane about to dive with a giggle and scant scanties into the inlet so that crocodiles could slither after her and the ape man could save her but where was the image of greystoke now with his junglejockeyshorts that covered his junglejinglejangles but anyway mejane's image fades and hanna sees other images because the water is as black as the back of a mirror and finally hanna settles on and likes the image of herself as a butterfly which is yellow with black spots and the water becomes yellow and she bellyitalians into the pishpuddle and becomes the butterfly and all flutters now she flutters up to the yellow rose and turns into a caterpillar with little hairs on squishy body the back end of which takes ages to catch up with the front end and so hanna slipping back into the past tense slugged along the edges of the yellow rose until the outside petal she was suckwaddling on peeled off and she would have squinchsplattered herself onto the ground when a black crow swooped in and beaked hanna in his ebony puckers and seemed about to chomp when hanna said don't nibblenosh on me please because i'm not a caterpillar i'm hanna and the black crow said well i'm harold and i saw you before when i was beating the eardrums to bamereens and fell in love with you but i ignored you because i was angry as a fire ant at

my former mastermaestro the evil orchestra conductor with an ego as large as constantinople who has been on my kneebacks for weeks because he knows i can't stand his shallow showoff and lustless interpretations and shortly after you saw me he waved his wicked magical baton at me and turned me into a black crow because he said i broke wind once too often during a ten hour bruckner symphony and hanna who really missed looking on the former beauty of this former bambanger and wanted to again said look i'm pissed and you're pissed so let's can the self pity you and i and go get that armwavinggargoyle and especially his magical baton to reharold you and rehanna me and hanna felt hard in her hardhearted center and also battered and bitter and despairing and her soul overflowed with bile and pestilence and angst and flatulence and had in short and therefore a strong desire for revenge for the first time in her life and felt excited when they flew over culture junction in pretentious county but harold's tailbone got caught in a headwind and caught a cramp in his clawnails and so was forced to debeak hanna who fell forever until she reached the rehearsal of the evil philharmaniac and just missed being crushed by the new bambanger who was taking harold's old bangerplace and who was just about to klangcram his cymbolbongers together but hanna slipped through them just before the krunchcrashreverb happened and landed momentarily deaf on the bambanger's left hush puppy and was about to be scalopenied into swedish pancakes by the bambanger's percussion mallet when hanna regained her eartones and accordioned away out of whack just in the nick and the mallet splatflattened the bambanger's own toe instead and he screechhorned so bellowystereoy that all the bellybutton lint popped out of a third of the orchestra's players because the other two thirds didn't have bellybuttons and when the evil conductor saw this he pointed his allmagical baton and turned harold's replacement into an armadillo's anus and laughed the special conductor's laughofarrogance and placed his magical baton inside his hells angel's brass studded black jacket and tookout a handkerchief to wipe his eyes because the gutwrenching laugh made his tearsacks overflow the sandbags under his eyeslits so hanna saw in action the awesome and grotesque power of hewhomshewastogetrevengeon and slithered to her focusofhate and he saw hanna coming at him in a slitering gallop and tried to take out his wicked baton to point at her but before he could whip it out she slithered under his glass slippers and made him slip on her and hanna was halfdegutted but didn't feel anything because she guessed she had no bones and so was not out for the count and the magic baton fell to the ground and hanna draglimped her squishedhalfummy over to the magic baton and she touched it and her body recaterpillered whole again so that she was able

somehow to flip the magic baton point in the direction of sir maestroevil who was getting to his feet and she said revengerevengerevenge three times as loud as she could and paralyzed in him the thing that made his wrists wave around a lot to impress the money out of boards of directors and when he was derailed like that he became depowered and rehuman and therefore ashamed and the whole frame of his manhood and his backbone became a floppy disc and all he could do was cross his grounded wrists in front of his oncerandyrammerpeepeeplunger and tried to lead his orchestra by feebly whistling the tenth movement of bruckner's 45th symphony but his former tootbangblowandsawslaves laughed at him and instead broke tutti wind and so hanna knew the ecstasy and joy of revenge which however immediately passes once it is achieved and she felt a void in her centerfold and slid herself on top of the magic baton and wailed and said why me and what do i finally have to look forward to but loneliness and endless transformations that mean zilcho and heartburn and as she wailed and broke caterpillar wind she slithered to the baton's tip and touched it and lo and behold hanna turned into a whole note with a proud flag and then she touched the baton again and again and she became half notes and quarter notes and rests and crescendoes and finally a G clef and made herself into a glorious melody and so hanna whose voice used to sound like a flooded engine trying to crank up now sounded like every mythical nightingale the world had ever imagined and felt o yes happy for the first time in her life but that was short lived because she felt incomplete somehow and suddenly she felt a splash on her staff and looked up and soaring listlessly above her was stillacrowharold crying down on the world and revealing to no one in particular his center of pain so hanna knew then that harold must be a true artist and she loved him for that and for his pain and she heard or imagined she heard the most pitiful wail in the world and said harold it's me hanna and i love you and i'm going to change your wail into our most magnificent song and she sang her magical melody at harold and lo and behold harold did not become his old beautiful self which was no longer of interest to anyone but became an f clef and supported and made interesting hanna's wonderful tune and on and on and on g and f and their melody soared together in the void side by side with all the melodies that ever had been and finally hanna seemed happy o yes even when their glorious song soared over the land of alberich and the million dwarfs and all those leaping bitter and envious dwarfs threw empty coke cans up at them but she knew now that they could never reach her and that she would always be out of their range so yes finally yes hanna seemed happy she yes really did o yes

