

# **The North Manzoan Rods**

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## The Rods of North Manzoa

More recently than not, the previously-unthought-to-exist caves of North Manzoa were unearthed, and scholars swarmed like bees to the site in search of the Rods of the North Manzoans. Indeed, they found them. The North Manzoan Rods are relatively young Rods, though, oddly, the North Manzoans themselves were less young. The culture of North Manzoa was strikingly different and disarmingly similar to the culture of Manzoa proper. Geographically, North Manzoa was actually much more east than north in relation to Manzoa proper, but then the North Manzoans did have a unique approach, as is evident from their actual Rods themselves, which are much more long than short. These Rods are often found twisted, warped, broken, or so heavily encrusted with gralloch<sup>1</sup> that parts are irretrievably obscured, and some are worn to the core—the North Manzoans, though a late-blooming people, were disturbingly energetic once they finally got around to it. Osteopathic analysis of fossil remains has revealed that many, most, or all North Manzoans had (at least) their skeletons completely, instantly rent asunder by incalculable rotonic forces, though contextual cues indicate that these deaths (?) were completely voluntary and equally incalculably pleasurable. This suggests a link to the destruction of Manzoa proper, as it all but screams of Ah-oo-o-oo-oh, the Manzoan fertility goddess. Nonetheless, this conjecture must proceed with caution, as the North Manzoan dig has coughed up no evidence of the pantheon of Manzoa proper, except the very-recently-confirmed Manzoan deity nanaoaoaannæan-æoæænnanaoaoa-nnænæoææonan-aaoaoaannænæo-anæænnanaoaoa-annnænæoæænn-anaooaoaannæon-æoæænnanaoaoa, who seems to have come on the scene almost simultaneously in both Manzoa and North Manzoa. The mystery continues. All we can say is: Enjoy the Rods, or what's left of them after the North Manzoans did.

As with the publication of other Rods, we guarantee that all apparent errors in grammar, spelling, and typography are in fact the authentic errors of the Manzoans who so careful/lessly crafted the Rods in their original form. Regrettably, the independent scholars of the North Manzoan Rods are unable to match the Quagmire reward for any confirmed report of a mistake in the transcription. This is probably inconsequential, as we are confident that nothing has been lost in the translation; however, if any such claim is accompanied by a valid proof<sup>2</sup>, we will deliver one (1) blow job, or its equivalent, to the address of the sender.

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<sup>1</sup> **gralloch** — 1. a ceremonial phallus made of gravel cemented together with fermented semen; 2. the constituents thereof; 3. the feel of said constituents. (*New International Dictionary of the Conglomerate Mineral Phallus*, ZM Press, 1991)

<sup>2</sup> Of Fermat's Last Theorem

## ***Epic Rods of the Earliest North Manzoans***

- I.** I think that I shall never pee  
Because some thing is blocking me  
I can think of nothing sweeter  
Than if I could unblock my ureter.
- II.** I think that I shall never see  
A phallus hung below the knee.
- III.** I like it when you sucke my cocke  
And bring it hardness like a rocke  
And when the cumme spewes forth from my meatus  
I celebrate your lubricated status.
- IV.** Rockes in my pants  
And sticks in my anus  
Sacce fulle of ants  
O, that's where the pain is.  
Dicke in my zipper;  
My scrotum is ragged—  
Thalidomide flipper  
Across glass it draggèd.
- V.** Bowlful of mucus,  
A bagful of pus  
You know what puke is  
So hop on the bus.
- VI.** Penis in anus  
With scrotum in tow  
Thoughts where the brain is  
And mouth with the blow.
- VII.** A flatulent fanfare  
It bursts from my bung  
and singes the hair  
on my testes, well hung

- VIII.** O yea, O groin, O boy it's fun  
To knead my testes one by one (*by one*)  
In hunt of bumps and small protrusions  
—Choosy mothers choose Jif.<sup>3</sup>
- IX.** A scattering of pubic hair upon the toilet seat  
A uvula-tickling tasty treat  
Curly locks and golden shocks and drops of pretty amber  
It makes me shake and wrench and twist and spin and writhe and clamber.
- X.** O shave me with a garden weasel  
I am the picture 'pon your easel  
So gash my groin and gash it good.  
Impale it with your splinty wood.  
Think that'll do it? Well, it should.
- XI.** And when your cunte is raw and drye  
I'll take it on a roll of rye  
And plug your anus till you crye  
And sigh.

### ***The Cockney Rod***

Moy cocke aleekin frum ets ed  
Oll bludsoked stickie vyle en redde  
Oye wishit justed take me ded  
Ensteduv stickin ta tha bedde.

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<sup>3</sup> This line may look strangely translated to the layman, especially considering that this particular brand of peanut butter did not exist prior to the 20th century. Authentic pronunciation of this line in the original text yields a series of chokes and sputters which evoked in the North Manzoan a particular affect which is accessible to denizens of our modern-day culture by hearing this phrase in our language. The same precision has been used throughout the text. Our translating staff has spared no effort in bringing the experience of the Rods to you by every legally available means.

## ***Pre-Compositional Rods of the Secondary-Phase North Manzoans***

- I. Stuffing up my nose  
with disrobèd clothes  
I know I've got a bulging  
budding rosey hose
- II. Roughing up my knees  
humping barky trees  
I feel an awful passion  
my head on branches crashin'.
- III. When I straddle vegetables  
I only think of you  
But when I floss my moldy balls  
I see your sister, too.

## ***The Rods of Winter***

- I. A fucke in the frost of a white Winter's morn  
with mouthful of tongue and gashful of horn  
The wind whips my nipples and frostbites my ass,  
my clitoris frozen as hard as plate glass.  
My cumme runs in icicles down from my mound  
pinning my thighs to the sub-zero ground  
My pubicke hair freezes to you in icecastles  
our cold coital wrassling the least of my hassles.
- II. When we thaw, my love  
You'll withdraw, my love  
Flip me over, and  
Fucke me on the desert sand...

## ***Rods 4C –or– The Fishing Rods***

- I. Cheeks are blowing aft and fore  
Methinks the lad's meatflaps groweth sore  
Damn this iced tea  
It makes me pee  
With every glasse I pour
- II. When I pee, the lad cries out  
“Please remove your cursèd spout!”  
And I plugge it to the socket  
'tween the left and right rear pocket  
And hope to “catch a trout”
- III. Fish aleft! And fish aright!  
Fish aplunging all the night!  
Dippe it, flippe it, bread and bake it  
Try hard not to bend or breake it  
When the frying Pan's too tight
- IV. Rod packed away, the water's calm  
I rub his bum with greasy balm  
Wrap him up with packing twine  
Soak his hair in dry red wine  
And send him home to Mom.

## ***The Typo Rods<sup>4</sup>***

- I. ““““““““““  
““!!‘..’  
h!!@\*!?.?  
””””””””””
- II. ”

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<sup>4</sup> The North Manzoans were notoriously precise with their typography; indeed, it is possible to take impressions of the Rods themselves and use those impressions directly as lines of printed type. At great cost, we have reproduced two such Rods here.

## ***Rods of the Exploding Lake***

- I.** I'm a seething broil of sexual frustration  
Got a full-time job of the chronic masturbation  
Give me what you got, I'll collapse it in a minute  
Stick it in a pot where rotonic force'll spin it
- II.** Got a tongue o' liquid fire  
in a tickle-tasty place  
gonna mount you on my spire  
from my pubicke-sated face
- III.** Pound the beat  
Mound the meat  
Fucke the space between your feet  
Sucke your toes  
Fucke your nose  
Scrub your arse where fungus growes
- IV.** Now sitte upon my turgid tool  
And play the Brisk 'n Bouncy foole  
Yea, Hop on Pop and never Stop  
And make my testes G'nip-G'nôp  
Your butte a feele I think I'll cop  
*(Damn these big white gloves!)*
- IV.** Fucke me with the hugest rod  
Magicke-power'd and metal-shod  
And do not listen to the clatter  
Till all my bones are made to shatter
- IIV.** When your vulva do I sniffe  
I'll hurl myself from off a cliffe  
And sighting your exposèd tits  
I'll shoot my wad and blow to bits

## ***Bad Pizza in the Court of Kings***

- I. I clutche my butte and feele it wrenche  
And spewe forth fumes of sulphurous stennche  
A farte so vast my asshole gapes  
And perpetrates the nasal rape
- II. O hark! The rectal rumblings call  
And bravest knights in armour fall  
No legion bold could seize our castle  
Whenst bubbling bung bursts from my astle.
- III. A chunky funky fetid feast  
Ne fit for neyther man nor beast  
But for the Gods! To Them I cry  
My passion from my nether eye
- IV. Afire, dire 'Rhea spurts  
(*Oh my Godde! It really HURTS!*)  
—unwaning flaming bungus fills  
The keep and cascades o'er the hills.
- V. Avast! I can ne stop the churning  
Floode of fecal froth-a-burning  
The stoutest armour steele, it melts!  
And flesh bursts forth in spouting welts.
- VI. My asse spewes all! The geyser stops  
But for a last few sizzling drops  
And falle I to the flagstones, spent,  
My wretched arsehole torn and rent.

## ***The Healing Rods***

- I. So stuffe my butte with Gouda cheez  
And copper filings, if you please  
The cure of every dreade disease  
And ailment known to Man
- II. 'Twill cure unGodly rectal itch  
And croupe and gout (*Oy, 'tis a bitch*)  
And kill the crabbes without a hitch  
It's Panacea in the Can.
- III. A gush of bloode flows from my haunch  
But I cannot see 'neath my paunch  
To reache the wound, the flow to staunch  
So (*Oy!*) it shall infest and raunch
- IV. But hey! (*Butt hay?!*) the magicke mix  
Of cheez 'n' filings's sure to fix  
That hem'rhage once it works its tricks  
So plunge that unguent inbetwixte!
- V. Bloode and pus and bile and phlegmme  
Oh, not just one, but alle of theme  
Are fixèd by that cheezy crème.  
(*Ask for it by name!*)

## ***The Rods of Spring (Les Verges du Printemps)***

- I. The Sun is the direction for my wakening erection  
My phototropic phallus needs no guidance or correction  
It's all inside my headde (*down there!*)—My glans has its own plans  
The rest of me will wake and quake and bow to its demands  
My periscope sees signs of hope, first up to sound the call  
Ahoy! A lass! Fresh tits and ass! The first we've seen since Fall!  
My blood runs free; I take a pee—a liberating piss  
A fragrant breeze blows through the trees and sings to me of this:
- II. Fucke me in the Vernal dawn  
Fucke me on a fresh-cut lawn  
Lube me up with morning dew  
And fucke me! Fucke me! Fucke me! Ooh!

## ***The Flat Rods***

- I. Rattle my cage; worry my brow  
Burrow in my furrow with a fresh flesh plow
- II. Nose-a-fucke-a-orgy in a cave o' rocky crags  
And snort my fine white nectar from its crinkly wrinkled bags
- III. Feede me grasse and proppe my asse for herds of rutting stags  
(...)

## ***The Longing Rods***

- I. My twiddle-finger's grown a callus  
I have so missed the pheelee of phallus  
Bang at me with all your malice!  
Pound me through the floore
- II. Put it in my box again  
I beg to feel some cocks again  
But don't give me that pox again!  
I've had it once before
- III. My slick and sticky tricky twat  
Yearns and burns for you-know-what  
So whippe on out that Rod you've got  
Staraining at your thong
- IV. Anoint the joint with steamy cream  
And plunge my walls until I scream  
O God! Your Rod is more a Beam!  
It's just been much too long.

## ***The Musical Rods [Translatable Fragments]***

Today come the sounds and the sights and the smells  
For I play on the lubular tubular bells  
"Dong!" is the song of the gathering throng  
That reckons and beckons my schlong from its thong  
"Lo! Witness the Hammer! Behold how it swells!  
Truly, it is the Rod of which legend-lore tells."

spurts its fantastical jells?