



Boğ of Eternal Stench

"Hoggle, if she ever kisses you, I'll turn you into a prince...Prince of the Land of Stench!"

soggy mutt (3, 3)

wind of butt (10)

sweaty pits (4, 4)

mud and shit (6)

scent of Hell (6)

dying smell (5)

septic water (6)

highway slaughter (8)

acrid breath (9)

piscine death (4, 4)

rancid junk (7)

upheaved chunks (5)

showers gold (5)

yolk with mold (6, 3)

R M A F P T Y C H H L A kiss from Sarah sparked a curse; this hit adversely, for
 E O T L T I E A S R G Seal heroes in morass this did! Fruit rotten to the core,
 L P T A E O G I C A R This pit, stink endless piled on stink: revolting shore to shore.
 L S I T I G F S R E O "Goldarn it, Sarah," pulling hair, the dwarf did writhe and wrench.
 I G M U E D A B T U D "You've gone and done it now! Do you enjoy Eternal Stench?
 K O O L A N A W R Y O You stumble in this water and, a sprinkle or a drench,
 D D V E T G E I E I Y You'll smell of it plain simply, smell of common, standard Hell."
 A T D N E O N G N S D But there on top the scent were rocks producing footholds well
 O E S C T E O W G O O Amid the plant and tree vines used to also make defense.
 R W R E R U F L U S B "Attend your footwear in this bog; these stones are not immense,
 H A L I T O S I S D S And to be branded with such stink would madden and incense."

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 9 6