

THE PUZZLING POEM

Isadora Quagmire was looking for clues she could use to assist her friends the Baudelaires. She pored over a poem she had recovered from the estate of Josephine Anwhistle, a woman who had briefly served as the Baudelaire's legal guardian. The poem seemed cryptic, a word which here means "using its stilted meter and limited vocabulary to convey a hidden message."

Isadora knew that if she worked it out, she could unearth a glimpse into how Josephine felt about her time with the Baudelaires. But the poem was tedious and woeful, and riddled with errors, even though Isadora knew that Josephine was famously proud of her grammar...

Staring at the page of wods, long and grey	No sweeder could a bouncing baby be
That measure out the rythm of each day /	Caunt Olaf came to play /
Helpless makes me, for shortlee I can see	Lighting natches on the way
The swiming sharks that circle hungrily /	Hope yu've got a nice insurance policy!
You do not know our secrat history	Witing this, growing tired, stopping, she
Of whispers beneath wreckage and debri	Eyes the stainz of bitter tea /
Making plans to kultivate the free /	So much for calming potry!
And revive the gost of the library /	Wiked our world is doomed to stay.
(Axcept, you know what's next--oh, pity me!)	I can't held its weight on bended knee
A kingdon overflowing with decay	Withstanting vile acts eternally /
Sunny Baudlaire, the youngest of three /	The world, once quiet her, ends noisily /

How did Josephine feel?
