

## *Question*

### *Slug*

SIMPLE, open, honest slug,  
You may think that I'm a mug,  
Now you've left a trail to show  
Where you felt the need to go.

But now you've gone, I find I fail  
To know if you were slug or snail –  
And that's because, my slimy friend,  
I can't see you at either end.

How can this be? I wonder why.  
I've never heard that slugs might fly. . .

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