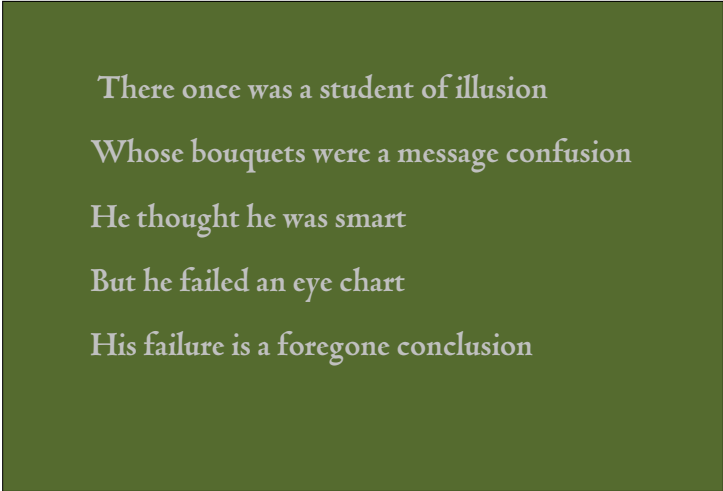


## Background

Our sorcerer was attempting to talk to a hidden ally via floriography (the language of flowers). He had various ups and downs with that.

One day, out of the blue, a taunting message was given to him on fancy green card.

## Note



*There once was a student of illusion  
Whose bouquets were a message confusion  
He thought he was smart  
But he failed an eye chart  
His failure is a foregone conclusion*