

# Cautionary Tales

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### **What's Up There?**

Peter was a dirty boy,  
who picked and picked his nose.  
Picked away so very much,  
he nearly reached his toes.

Picking snot is not so bad,  
but Peter did much worse.  
Pulled his loaded finger out,  
and flicked it in mum's purse.

He flicked it at the ceiling,  
stuck it on the floor.  
He flicked it at the curtains,  
smeared it on the door.

Peter flicked his snot so much,  
his mum and dad were mad.  
At a loss to know just why,  
their son was oh, so bad.

None could stop the snotty boy,  
from picking at his nose.  
Pick, then flick, then flick, then pick,  
not caring where it goes.

He flicked it at a postman.  
He flicked it at a car.  
He flicked it at a lamp-post;  
just to see how far.

Digging deep to reach his goal,  
Pete caused his nose to bleed.  
Silly boy just kept right on,  
and paid the blood no heed.

Then one day, he pushed too deep,  
picked out a piece of brain.  
And now the snotty little boy,  
will never pick again.

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### **Never Eat A Dog**

Rebecca was a busy mum,  
and fed her daughter on the run.  
Didn't have the time to cook,  
or clean the house, or read a book.  
So daughter, Ceilidh, every day,

lived on Chinese take-away.

Over time the poor girl found,  
her bottom growing rather round.  
Friends and neighbours came to stare,  
at such a bulbous derrière.  
Some joked, some poked, some whispered low,  
especially her cousin Joe.

Father frowned and shook his head,  
Uncle Bert just grinned and said,  
"J-lo would pay a pretty price  
to have a bum that looked that nice."  
Mother chuckled at the fuss.  
Replying, "That'd stop a bus!"

Such comments made young Ceilidh mad,  
feel unattractive, deeply sad.  
She ate and ate to fill the hurt,  
provoked by mum and Uncle Bert.  
But when she ate her dog, called Fang,  
poor girl exploded with a bang!

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## **Nonsensical**

When one lives with a wife who's a nutter,  
one tends to be nutty oneself.  
That's why this one lives in an orange,  
and sleeps with his head on a shelf.

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## **Poke Me Please**

Kylie was a lovely lass:  
pretty hair a curly mass,  
full red lips, the brightest grin,  
bright eyes lit from deep within.

Social life a heady whirl,  
Kylie was a busy girl:  
friends who'd go that extra mile,  
just to see our Kylie smile.

When Kylie got a special gift  
- wrapped in tape so hard to shift,  
tore it apart with breathless glee;  
out popped a shiny Blackberry.

So began her time of stress,  
and life became a horrid mess:

Facebook, Twitter, all the rest,  
'Liking' on-line friends the best.

Old pals now, all gone away,  
new on-line friends with which to play.  
Blond locks dirty and uncombed,  
she's friendless now and all alone.

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## **Hole**

A hole is nowt,  
So what's about,  
And then a shout,  
"Oy mate, look out!  
Too late John,  
Poor bleeders gone."

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## **Bogoff**

Old Granny Gobbins,  
sneaked around Odd Bins,  
hunting for bargains all day.  
Then Mr Nighter,  
Odd Bins proprietor,  
chased Granny Gobbins away.

Old Granny Gobbins,  
snuck back to Odd Bins,  
filling her bag to the top.  
Ran down the back aisle,  
wearing her best smile,  
slid her way out of the shop.

Old Granny Gobbins,  
hurried from Odd Bins,  
clutching her prize to her chest.  
A car hit her back,  
she dropped like a sack,  
spilling gin over her vest.

Old Granny Gobbins,  
dreams now of Odd Bins,  
wishing she hadn't been bad.  
Sits in her wheelchair,  
moans life's so unfair,  
missing her bogoffs like mad.

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## Burps

Sheree is a burpy girl,  
she burps and burps all day.  
And burps and burps,  
and burps and burps;  
her burps won't go away.

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## 3 R's

When Jane and Johnny wed in May  
the sun was high and bright.  
They loved each other very much  
and never had a fight.  
But when they signed the register,  
John said, "Oh, I can't write!"

"But John," said Jane, "you never said.  
You never told me so.  
"You've kept this secret to yourself  
since you became my beau?"  
Jane stamped her foot, so very cross,  
because she didn't know.

Ashamed he couldn't read, John frowned,  
remembering the day,  
he should have learnt to read at school,  
but went instead to play.  
And now he stood here like some chump,  
not knowing what to say.

So dear reader, if you find,  
you're just like poor old John:  
can't read, can't write, can't add your sums,  
can't use your lexicon.  
Get back to school this very day,  
learn this phenomenon.

Or just like John, there'll come a day,  
when you won't look so cool;  
because you didn't want to learn,  
this handy little tool.  
You'll be like him,  
so very sad, he acted like a fool.

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## Just Like That

See birdie Num Num,  
sitting in her cage,  
singing for her supper,  
she's really 'all the rage'

See pussy Sneaky,  
such a nasty cat,  
stalking birdie Num Num,  
he eats her - just like that

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## **Recycle Me**

Old Lady Clutter - an outrageous nutter,  
squirreled her papers away.  
She filed them, and stored them,  
piled them and pawed them,  
and read them all over each day.

Her neighbour Sir Fred - not quite right in the head,  
paid her a visit last May.  
He pyred them, and cussed them,  
fired and combust them;  
then threw all the ashes away.

The lesson to learn - is that if you don't burn,  
and get rid of that stuff, no delay.  
They'll get you, and fine you,  
upset and malign you.  
So 'cycle that stuff, right away.

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## **Just A Pee**

I went to the doctors this morning,  
to tell him about my bad back.  
He said, "Get up there,  
right up on the chair."  
Well, I tried to, but fell with a crack.

The doctor said, "Have you been drinking?  
'Cause 'I won't treat a patient like that."  
I told the doc, "No!"  
Said, "I really must go,"  
as I struggled my way off of his mat.

The doctor then typed on his keyboard,  
fingers flying - tap, tappity, tap.  
Held a vial out to me.  
Said, "Go take a pee.  
Fill it right to the top, leave no gap."

"But doctor," said I, really shaken.  
"It's my back," and I tapped it, all smiles.  
He tossed me the vial,  
said, "It's only a trial,  
so try not to drip on the tiles."

I stood in the loo, vial cocked ready.  
My trousers way down at half-mast.  
I strained and I tried.  
Had no luck. So I cried,  
"It's 'cause I am stood here bare-arsed!"

I dropped off the vial at reception,  
Hid my smirk well under my hat.  
Embarrassed, you see,  
'cause it wasn't my pee.  
I'd got it from next door's fat cat!

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## **Cake Bake**

Paul the fancy baker  
was tall and quietly droll.  
He took great pride  
he could provide,  
just any type of roll.

Breadcake roll or crusty roll,  
kummelweck or bin,  
manchet roll or seeded roll,  
'twas all the same to him.

One cold night, last summer,  
Paul frowned and shook his head.  
Said, "No, enough,  
won't make this stuff.  
I'm baking cake instead!"

"But darling!" said poor Ellie,  
It's rolls they want, not cake.  
Now get out there,  
drop that éclair.  
Bake rolls, for goodness sake!"

"No!" Cried Paul, so loudly,  
he frightened his poor wife.  
"I am changing roles -  
not baking rolls,  
for all my bloody life!"

Angel cake and carrot cake,  
Battenberg and date,  
Tunis cake and simnel cake,

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