

## **Kidnapped by a public house**

by george stanworth

## kidnapped by a public house

A Public House abducted me  
and wouldn't let me go.  
It forced me to down twenty pints  
then 5 shots in a row.

It tortured me with Scampi Fries  
then dragged me to play pool.  
It tied me down onto the stage,  
and made me act the fool.

It told me to provide some thoughts  
on playing 4-3-3,  
and threatened me with cards and darts  
if I did not agree.

It spun me round the room so fast  
and made me feel like trash.  
It stripped me to my boxer shorts  
then took away my cash.

I never thought I would escape,  
but then it let me free.  
There were a dozen hostages  
released along with me.

I know it seems a bit far-fetched,  
(like meeting Captain Kirk),  
but really that's the reason why  
I'm always late for work!

## there's another person leaving

There's another person leaving,  
the firm's loved less than thieving;  
so I know what I'm receiving:-  
    Another card to sign.

He only started yesterday.  
(I never met him anyway),  
so what the hell am I to say?  
    "You're the fastest to resign!"

The comments range from 'It's A Shame'  
to 'All the best', and 'Call again!',  
but no one seems to know your name.  
    'Dude, better luck next time.'

And then an envelope appears  
but none of my cash disappears,  
as I give disapproving jeers;  
    And now I think, you swine!

He only started yesterday.  
(I never met him anyway).  
His leaving fund, I will not pay.  
    My messages aren't kind.

Instead I buy some lunchtime wine  
and have a bloody jolly time.  
I slag him off. It's not a crime!  
    I don't care if he minds.

There's another person leaving.  
I'm less likeable than grieving  
or hair that keeps receding.  
    They told me he was blind!

There's another person leaving.  
The others were all seething.  
I know what I'm receiving:-  
    My P45!

## blameless

If I don't do the job that you ask  
and fail on each and every task.  
If I then refuse to come and see,  
a presentation - don't blame me.  
It's your fault for employing me.

If I say no, and come in late,  
and bring along my evening date.  
If I refuse to go and see  
a counsellor – then don't blame me.  
It's your fault for employing me.

If I refuse to see HR  
in worktime, as I'm at a bar;  
and then get sacked, I will be cross,  
and will appeal, and win because  
It's your fault - you're a rubbish boss!

If some of you do not agree  
and think that all the fault's with me  
well piss off, la de da de da  
you bunch of knobs, de da de da -  
It's your fault that you've read this far!

## i saw your cv earlier

I saw your CV earlier -  
The best one on the site,  
I have an opportunity,  
I think that you will like.

It's situated locally.  
(Well 50 miles away)  
and fits your profile perfectly  
(except on role and pay)

But those are just some minor points,  
I'm sure that you agree,  
the most important things these days  
are perks for you and me.

I can't disclose the ones I get  
but yours will make you drool,  
for once a month you get to leave  
5 minutes early, 'Cool!'

Their bonus scheme is excellent.  
I think they have the edge  
It's never failed to pay out once  
(although it's fruit and veg.)

They also give you so much more,  
like lunch breaks and some leave.  
This is the best role that I have.  
Oh please, you must believe.

Please say you'll go for interview.  
Please tell me your position.  
I know you need it, need it more  
than my need for commission!

## **your office was smaller than others**

Your office was smaller than others.  
Your ego was somewhat destroyed.  
You would have been quitting that evening,  
if you hadn't just gone self-employed.

## commuting by train's much better than war

Staring at screens stating 'Cancelled/Delayed',  
then hearing apologies 'Blue Peter' made.  
Stranded on platforms in missile like rain,  
whilst waiting for lights to turn green once again.  
Commuting by train's a little like pain.

Six per cent rises, and still not on time.  
Train comes then stops due to trespassers crime.  
Someone swigs Stella and belches so vile  
that words are exchanged like on Jeremy Kyle.  
Commuting by train's a little like piles.

My head in an armpit, foot under bags.  
Virtually eating 'The Metro' or 'Mags',  
such as 'Broadcast', 'Rialto'..."Excuse me" I roar.  
"This is my stop, but I can't reach the door."  
A guy with one arm shouts things may be poor  
but commuting by train's much better than war.

## e-fail

You sent me  
flowers as an  
attachment  
to my email  
account.

It wasn't  
quite the  
romantic  
gesture  
I was  
looking for.

I replied  
with a  
JPEG of a  
dump.

I never  
received  
a postmaster  
failure  
email  
back  
so you must have got the message.

## **the annie lennox lewis 3000**

It sang like a lion  
and boxed like a thrush.  
Inventors should sometimes  
not build in a rush.

## **has it been a year since we last had sex?**

Paul Daniels said 'seven of spades' in his text.  
I woke from my coma a little perplexed.

## **old ladies don't tolerate that**

I went to bingo and shouted out 'Flat',  
after only one number. Flo called me a 'Tw%t'!

## **delia's advice just cannot be beat**

How to eat some sweets?  
Put one in your mouth – repeat.

## **professor green bin goes out this week**

“That budgie’s got a snout-like beak.”

“It’s a piglet, not a budgie – freak!”

## voices fell out of the tannoy

"Ship ahoy, ship ahoy, ship ahoy"  
Pirates in Millets meditated.

## **“what time is Will.I.Am’s gig?”**

I looked on the net for a wig,  
but ended up buying a pig.

## party political games

David Cameron and Nick Clegg  
played Mario Kart.  
The PM was Bowser. His No.2 – Princess Peach.

John Major sulked.  
He wanted to play Daley Thompson's Decathlon.

Cameron and Clegg just laughed  
and mocked him for being way behind the times.

Barack Obama told them to simmer down  
as it was time for bed.

Clegg sucked his thumb  
and Cameron took his anger out  
on the sick and the needy

## a party popper political broadcast

Hic! Hic! Hooray!  
Hic!  
Our manifesto is this.  
Get pissed,  
more fizz,  
and randomly shout  
'Hooray!'

Squeeze the day  
and mix it with a  
'Whey-Hey-Hey!'  
Laugh, have fun, and let the moonlight rhyme.  
Party like it's nineteen ninety... nineteen ninety wine.

Hic!  
Pick us.  
We're lush,  
and can't be shushed.  
We're not contrived  
or full of lies.

Is that Todd Carty?

Vote for us -  
The Party Popper Party

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