

**Bend Me Over and Butter Me Up!**

By *Brendan Ruddy*

Here I sit broken hearted  
Spent a penny and only .....  
Wonderful words and a great rhyme  
And poetry I cannot match  
But bear with me whilst I wend my words  
And tell my sordid tales  
Of divers young and old, fair and foul  
And of items they shouldn't ever dispatch.

A.I. is for Artificial Intelligence or Advanced Instructor  
But one can never tell  
For this chap headed south  
With his kit prepared well  
Toothbrush, spare undies and something to comb his hair  
Everything he needed apart from .....air!

Oh, the shame, the embarrassment  
How will he ever live this down  
Laugh and titter as they may  
At least he'd packed his dressing gown!

To save him further blushes  
We shall not mention Loch Fyne  
Of a surface buoy cast asunder  
And a not long enough line  
Did it float, did it thunder!  
Held it's nose as it sank under.  
Byeeeeee!!

And now to the Brothers Grimm  
A lovely pair of lads  
Joined by a family name  
One being a son and one being his Dad.

The elder fell down the steps of the Gaelic Rose  
Nearly broke his ankles  
And bust his nose!  
Did it once, did it twice  
Strapped him up and applied the ice

The waif and stray  
Spent all of the night  
And most of the day  
Calling for someone called Huey!  
The list was checked but no one was lost  
Who could this Huey be?  
Toilets and cupboards searched  
Oh where is he?  
At last they looked overboard

And what did they see?  
Carrot and swede swimming free!  
Yeeuk!

Andy Cronshaw must get a mention  
For leading them astray  
At least he loads the ammo  
And really makes them pay!

But now to the winner  
Looking resplendent in full dress  
A wonderful Chap, very dear friend  
A student of Debbie's at weightwatchers no less

How much weight has he lost you may ask  
Many many kilos would be the answer  
All from round his waist  
None of it fat but all of lead  
Much to his distaste.

Three times in Loch Fyne  
He has bombarded the fish  
With lead being dropped in the brine  
Weight belts whistling past their head  
The fish have taken to wearing helmets  
To save them from being dead

It would be remiss to not mention  
The trailer that he stole  
From two poor fishermen  
Oh what an own goal!

And last but not least  
Where shall we dive, It depends on the cost  
Shall it be Capers, or Eccy seems fine  
It doesn't really matter you see  
As Bradders always get lost!

And now you know  
The cat is out of the bag, the pussy runs free  
Bradley Winston Markham has been named  
And shamed for all to see!  
I wish I could be there  
To sup all of Phil's Whisky and to see Brads face  
To see him win this trophy  
And see him take his place  
As the winner of this years  
Poseur of the Year!

To me, to you!!