

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 fromair!

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!!