

## The Seagull by Brad Markham.

Although some diving can bring about a smiling.

It is always suggested, to avoid being arrested, all your kit, must be there, pre-tested.

To ensure your rising, and avoid a surprising, don't be a plank and secure your tank.

It's also suggested, without being contested, the joyancy of buoyancy is somewhat invested.

With all this combined, I do have in mind, your diving shall therefore, be somewhat refined.

But out of the drink and within a blink, it is without any feud, that we head for some food.

With a massive swoop, you head for a scoop and avoiding the troop, you pick up your prize.

Jan's face is like glass, as you sit on your ass, eating her sea bass, looking rather crass.

But at great cost, she summons a wasp, oh what a thing, you received sting.

With some great pace, you'll never guess the place, no, it's not on his face, but it is a disgrace.

The sting on a wing, would make you sing, as where it stung, was close to the dung.

Oh yes he was, our little wasp, was somewhat inclined, to sting on the behind.

You hop and jump and develop the hump, but on that rump, there is a lump.

So in a frump, you take the long jump, with friend in tow, you head to the joe.

You drop your pants and in a chant, you sing your song, "check near my thong"

With a little duck and a bit of a suck, you're friend in tow, sorts down below

After some laughter, you return with your grafter, looking somewhat dafter.

Although this may sound dull, you've been named the seagull.

And just like Oliver, you always want more, hence your name, Mr Paul Moore



Brad presenting Paul with his award.