

Ten Years and Counting

A jaunty mob still young at heart, we set out for the beach
On Shelleys was the ideal spot. The wind was out of reach.
Food bags bulged with chops and cake, some beer, a good deal more.
With ten long years to celebrate. No time for feeling sore.
A conie and some stories designed to stretch the truth.
Stories that would take us back peak bagging in our youth.

Each yarn was well embellished with weirdo things we'd done.
It made us all remember that we'd had ten years of fun.
We watched again as Robin high dived from off a rock.
Watched Carol get her wings that day and a brand new plaster sock.
Heard how Lou went trespassing to find a gem or two.
How she then misplaced herself and walked till she was blue.

Saw Richard lead the charge way down to Lions Head.
To argue with a greenie ---can't imagine what he said.
We scurried up the Needles as shards of ice blew cold.
And warmed our hands at bonfires, huge ones so I'm told.
Fell backwards into bushes as helpless as a child.
Kevin thought to leave us there. The weather was quite mild.

And when the stories got too tall we lit our little fire
And committed all our conies to that glowing pyre
We cooked all sorts of yummy things, tatties, chops and such.
Followed up with cup cakes. We all ate far too much.
We all sang "Happy Birthday" .. now Noelene's ninety three.
Oops I think I've got that wrong. She's got some years on me.

We wandered slowly homewards as the day began to wane.
Now we've made another list so we can start again.

See you on the track folks.

GRM's fair o-tales