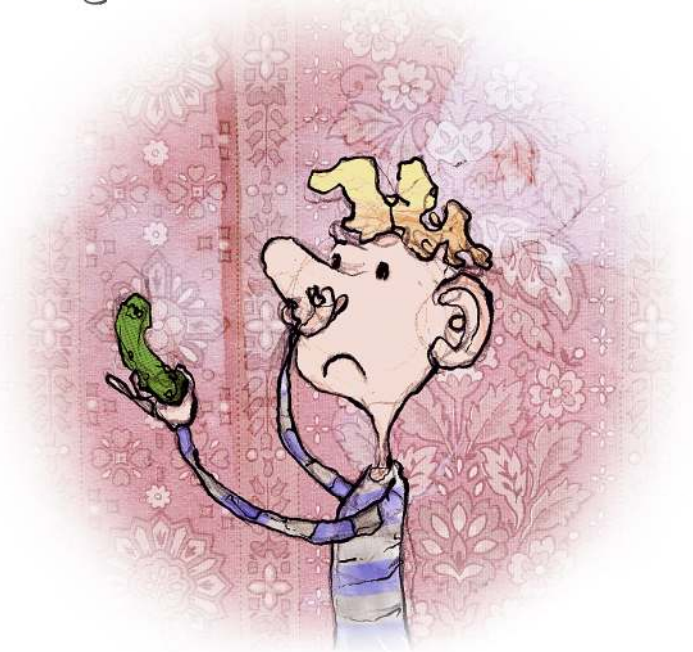


The Pickle Debacle

By

Mark Fisher

*There once was a boy,
who had a pickle,*

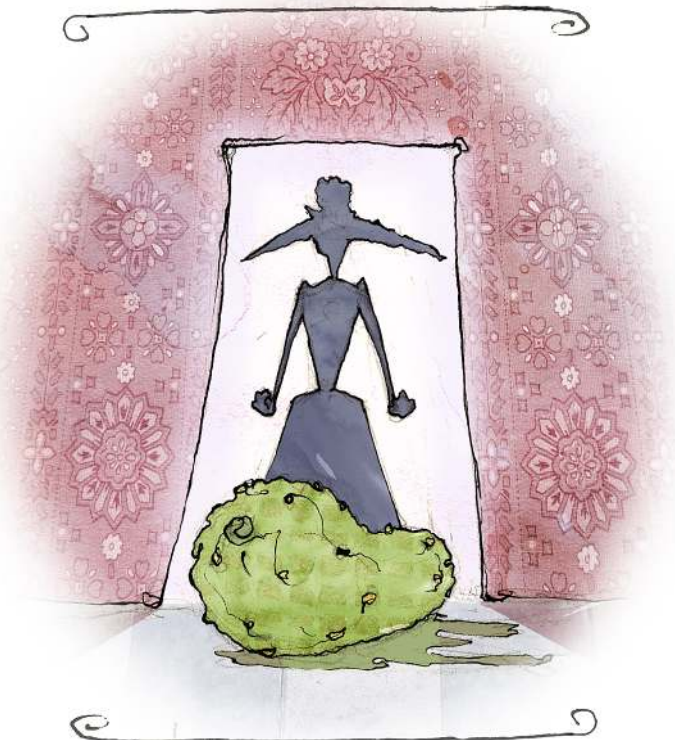


*Not a bite he'd take,
his tastes too picky.*

*His mother warned, were it not eaten that day,
There'd be no ice cream till the month of May.*

*The calendar read the month of May just gone,
A year without ice cream for this pickled chum?*

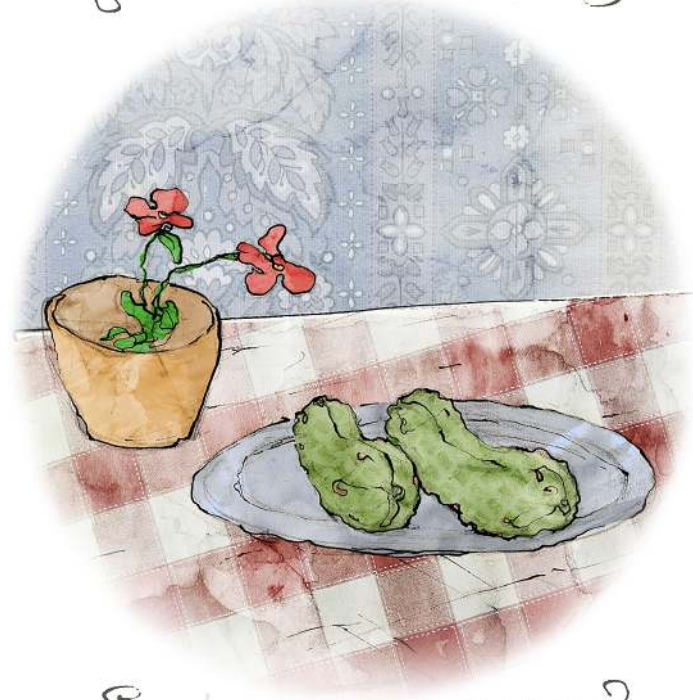
*He frowned and stomped,
stood his ground,*



*For twelve long months
no ice cream'd be found.*

*A sack of ice cream the boy could tackle,
But, next day, much to his chagrin another pickle debacle.*

*There on a plate, all green
and prostrate,*



*Lays yesterdays pickle
with an emerald mate.*

*Two pickles today or no more
ice cream she said,*



*The boy stubbornly shouted
'I'd rather be dead'.*

*So a stalemate it would be, a tasty treat gone every day,
And yet another blasted pickle added to the fray.*

*For weeks this stretched, of his favourite food was made hereft,
Till bread and water was all he had left.*



*With pickles piling, the boy gaunt and declining,
His stubbornness waned, maybe his tastes need refining?*

*But one look at those cumber fiends, he wouldn't budge,
Over these weeks and days he'd borne a grudge.*



*He hobbled hungry to bed still full of fight,
But in his battle with the pickle, it was his final night.*

*Morning came and breakfast went,
But while pickles are preserved, the boy was spent.*



That's the story of the dogged boy who wouldn't behave,

Who now lays in the ground, pickles growing on his grave.

