

VALLEY OF THE THRINGBIRD



Alan Butterworth

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VALLEY

OF THE

THRINGBIRD

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BY ALAN BUTTERWORTH

What caused the extinction of the Thringbird?
 And what is a symptom of becoming invisible?
 What makes a blob from another world write to a problem page?
 And can you become an expert on invertebrates?
 All will be revealed - read on.

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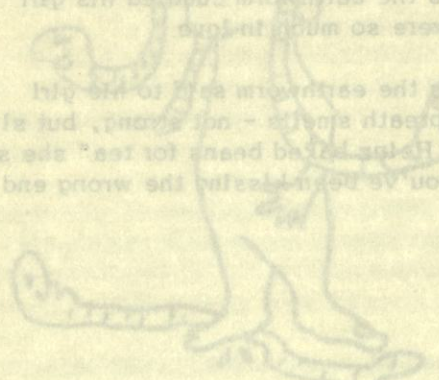
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LOVESICK EARTHWORM

IN MEMORY OF RAY

The stars were shining brightly
 The moon was bright above
 Thomas the earthworm nudged his girl
 They were so much in love
 Thomas the earthworm said to his girl
 Your death awaits - not soon, but soon
 "I had better have beans for tea," she said
 "And you've been eating the wrong end all night!"



EARTHWORMS

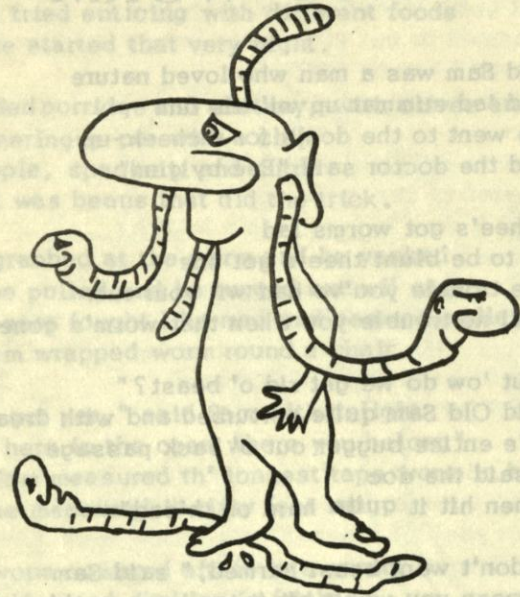
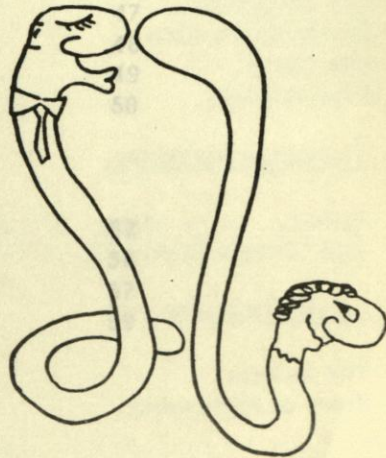


THE INTELLEBBYLE SECTION

LOVESICK EARTHWORM

The stars were shining brightly
 The moon was bright above
 Thomas the earthworm cuddled his girl
 They were so much in love

Thomas the earthworm said to his girl
 "Your breath smells - not strong, but slight"
 "I had Heinz baked beans for tea" she said
 "And you've been kissing the wrong end all night!"



EARTHWORMS

Earthworms are lovely things
 When they crawl between your toes
 They gobble up your athletes foot
 And then slide up your runny nose

They get in your ears and in your gob
 That's if you don't watch out
 And you can squash them with your 'obnall boots
 And then they're fit for nowt.

SAM'S WORM

Old Sam was a man who loved nature
And 'ad summat up wi' his tum
He went to the doc's for a check-up
And the doctor said "Eee by gum"

"Thee's got worms lad
Or to be blunt thee's got one
The trouble you've had wi' your tum
Will no trouble you when that worm's gone".

"But 'ow do we get rid o' beast?"
Said Old Sam quite perturbed and with dread
"We entice bugger out o' back passage
said the doc
"Then hit it quite hard on th'ead"

"I don't want beast harmed," said Sam
"I mean you won't hit it too hard on th' ead?"
You can stun poor thing if you like
But we don't wan't poor bugger dead"

"Yer see, I've always been a nature lover
I've been kind to things all me days
All living things I've respected
And I think I can say that it pays"

"But it's a bloody worm," said the doc
"And bin living in yer intestines off your grub
It's a parasite, it eats what you eat
And sups half your beer down at pub"

"You mean to Say it's me boozin partner"
Said Sam, throwing his hands in th' air
"That makes it me pal," added Sam
And the doc gave up in despair.

"I'll get worm out," said Sam
"Just to see what me pal is like"
So he tried enticing with different foods
And he started that very night.

He tried porridge and chutney, with olives and cream
And meringue pie with a chip
An apple, spaghetti and curry
But it was beans that did the trick.

Sam grabbed at the worm and he yanked
And he pulled and he tugged but wi' care
The beast fought like mad and seemed endless
So Sam wrapped worm round a chair.

"I've got yer," said Sam with delight
"Out here in the open where you belong"
And Sam measured th' longest tape worm in history
And he measured it sixty feet long.

The worm cowered afraid in a corner
Trembling and shaking in fright
Then Sam tickled t'worm under the chin
And became best o' pals that night.

They got to know each other right well
And Sam taught worm tricks he knew
Like playing the spoons and balancing
saucer on his chin - just to name two.

Down at pub they were a sensation
When he told landlord of his trick
Sam dropped his pants and out popped worm
And landlady was sick.

But the regulars loved them
And people travelled from afar
To see Sam and the performing worm
Play spoons at the King Billy Bar.

They got quite famous, Sam and worm
And Sam used to get stopped in street
People would beg to see worm
Which Sam would produce from his seat.

But doctors were not amused
They wanted to see worm dead
They said it was bad for Sam's health
And declared him not right in th' ead.

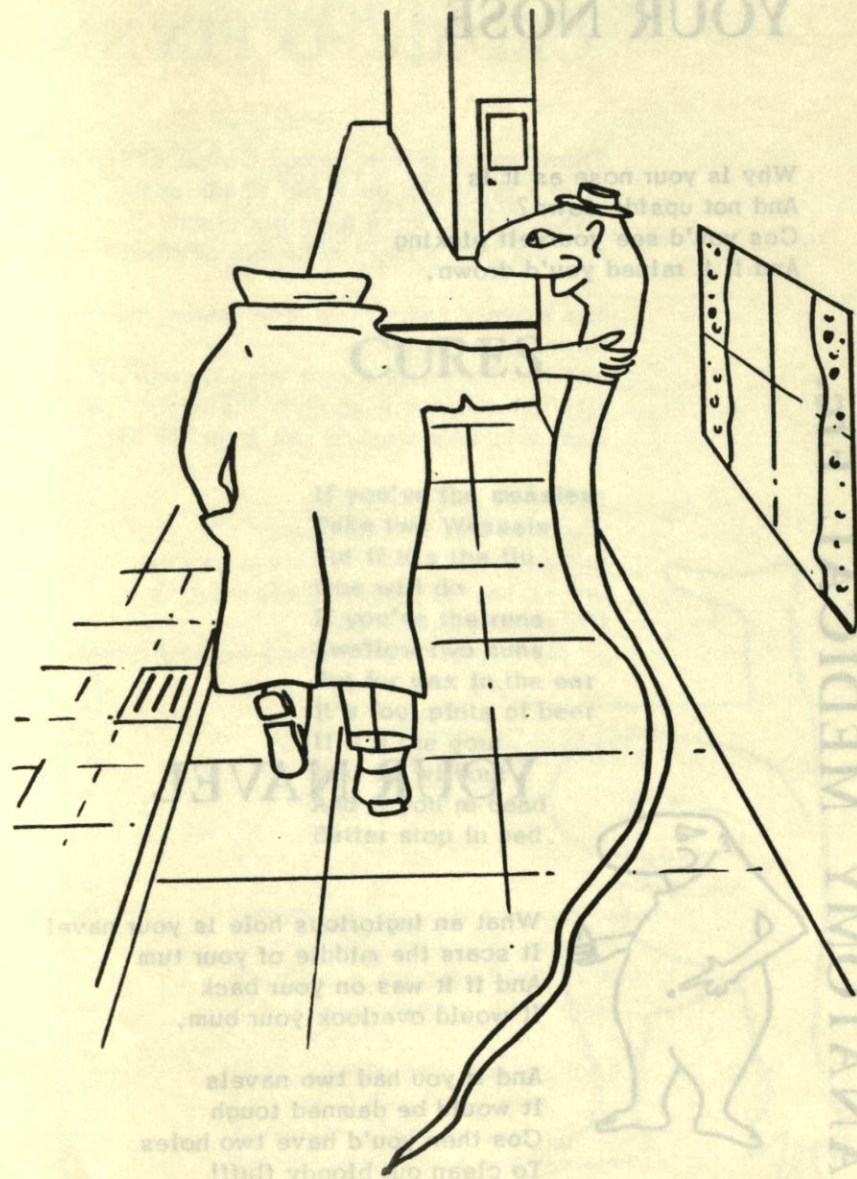
A worm cull was organised
And doctors with hammers came to Sam's door
But animal lovers had got the word
And they'd got there before

O' course, Royton and District Worm Hunt were there
Rigged out in balaclavas of worm hunt brown
With their pack of Alaskan long nosed worm hounds
The most famous in the town.

Bridget Bardot made a plea on French television
And Seal cull saboteurs came to give shout
A terrible fight developed
But meanwhile Sam and worm had nipped out.

He ran and he ran but strain was too much
And Old Sam dropped down and passed on that day
They cremated him, with worm still inside
So that the worm couldn't eat Sam away.

Now th' ashes were put on the King Billy Bar
And inscription does read on th' urn
Within are the remains of our pal Sam
Together with his pal - the Worm.



YOUR NOSE

Why is your nose as it is
And not upside down?
Cos you'd see yourself picking
And if it rained you'd drown.



YOUR NAVEL

What an inglorious hole is your navel
It scars the middle of your tum
And if it was on your back
It would overlook your bum.

And if you had two navels
It would be damned tough
Cos then you'd have two holes
To clean out bloody fluff!

YASSY CEDRIC O'FLYNN

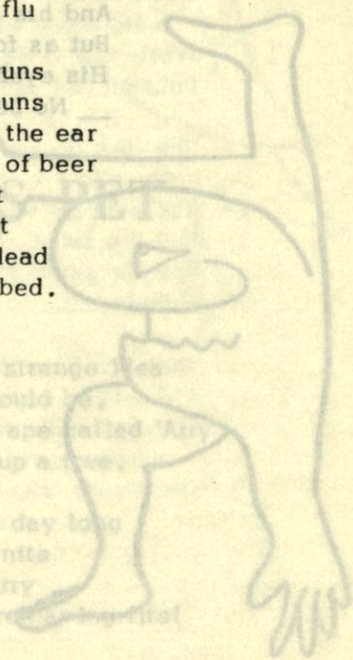
There was a fellow named Cedric O'Flynn
Who's right arm grew out of his spine,
His left hand hung from his chest
And his bum looked quite out of line.

His private parts hung from where his head
And here most people's
His left leg stuck up from his armpit
His right was straight out from his hip

CURES

If you've the measles
Take two Weasels
But if it's the flu
One will do
If you've the runs
Swallow two nuns
But for wax in the ear
It's four pints of beer
If it's the gout
Just do without
And if you're dead
Better stop in bed.

Samuel Pester has a strange pet
Of just what pets should be,
He's got a red eyed spotted 'Arry
In the back garden, up a tree,
'Arry sits there - all day long
Picking at fleas and nits
Samuel's proud of 'Arry
But the neighbours are a bit

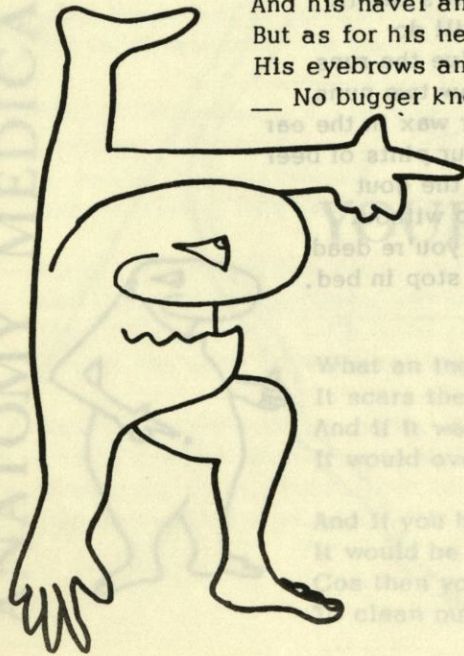


CEDRIC O'FLYNN

There was a fellow named Cedric O'Flynn
Who's right arm grew out of his spine.
His left hand hung from his chest
And his bum looked quite out of line.

His private parts hung from where his head
should have been
And his face was where most people sit
His left leg stuck up from his armpit
His right was straight out from his hip.

His nose and his mouth
Were twelve inches apart
And his navel and ears were as one
But as for his neck and his nipples
His eyebrows and chin
— No bugger knows where they've gone!



YOUR PUSSY

Today I put your pussy
Into the washing machine
The bad news is your pussy's dead
But the good news is - it's clean!

CREATURES GREAT & SMALL

FESTER'S PET

Samuel Fester has a strange idea
Of just what pets should be.
He's got a red arsed ape called 'Arry
In the back garden, up a tree.
"Arry sits there - all day long
Picking at fleas and nits
Samuel's proud of 'Arry
But the neighbours are having fits!

THE THRINGBIRD

The sexual habits of the Thringbird
are strange beyond compare -
The mating call is 'iggy 'oggy
which the male screams as it flies
upside down through the air.

The female (if she fancies the male)
Replies with incredible zest:
'Iggy wiggy, who is for piggy?'
Then rips off her purple striped vest.

The male upon hearing the positive reply
Goes mad with desire, and flies
a figure of eight
While the female on the ground
Puts on her wellies in readiness to mate.

She lies on her back with her legs in
the air
And puts on her lipstick and scent
And the male, frantic with lust
Spirals down in a hundred mile a minute
descent.

Then the hen changes her mind
And moves over as a hint
The male hits the ground at incredible
speed
And that's why the Thringbird's extinct.

THE PROBLEM OF A BLOB



THE PROBLEM OF A BLOB

The amazing, hairy, evil smelling blob
from Planet Z
Made the bravest men puke (or so it is said)
Cos it was the most distasteful creature
from outer space
And you'd throw up your dinner if you saw it's face!

But the people who had spewed at it's sight
Wronged the Blob which caused such fright
You see it's inner self was really homely
And the poor old Blob was unbelievably lonely.

The indescribable 'it' that did so offend
Only wanted one thing - a little friend
And because for hairy, evil smelling blobs
There were no societies or clubs
It spent it's nights on earth in back street
Salford pubs.

One such night, tentacleless and in a drunken
rage

It happened to come across the Daily Mirror
Problem Page

It read - for your problem small or large
You've only got to write to Marge - Droops that is
Whatever the problem, however silly
Whether you've got acne or a little willy
If you're in the family way
Or your wife's an easy lay
If you need police protection
Or can't get an erection
Then there's only one thing that you must do -
That is to write me a letter
(The sexier the better)
And I'll write the answer back on page nine -
just for you!

So the amazing, hairy, evil smelling Blob from
Planet Z
Wrote a letter like the Mirror said
From its intergalactic flying barge
The envelope it addressed to Marge - Droops that is
And a more heartfelt plea they'd never seen
But nevertheless, for its cheek
The answer was in the Mirror the following week.

It said:

Dear Blob of Salford
Masturbation, nipple, sexual intercourse, incest
Oops - sorry, you must excuse
It's nothing to do with your case
They're just words I like to use.

Now your problem letter I have read
And it's not as bad as you have said
Ejaculation - oh, there we go again
You mustn't mind my kink
But sexy words just tickle me pink!

Everyone needs someone
And you're no exception to the rule
So go out and meet people
An evening class - flower arranging
Or better still a dancing school
So put your best tentacle forward
Go and don't delay
You'll find there's someone just for you
You'll find a friend today.

So buttocks, busts and bellies
And lots of tit for tat
Nocturnal emmissions -
By jove I needed that!

Yours sincerely

Marge (Droops, - that is)

The Blob squelched with joy at Marge's views
And slumped out to buy the evening news
It looked up the dancing section on page four
And there it was: attention all beginners
- we'll teach you to waltz, quickstep, cha-cha
and many more.

So that night the Blob, nervous and grim
Approached the dancing school, gulped and went in
It couldn't see much, the lights were low
And couples were swaying to and fro.

Then a voice from the Blobs side
Said, Hello baby, let's glide
A shape appeared from out of the gloom
And swirled the Blob around the room.

They waltzed for three more records
And the Blob - it's fear was gone
But then it's heart - it missed a beat
Cos when the music stopped - the
lights went on!

The Blob, it screwed it's eyes up
Worried at what effect it might have
on the mob
But it's fear was short lived
Upon realising it was dancing with
another Blob.

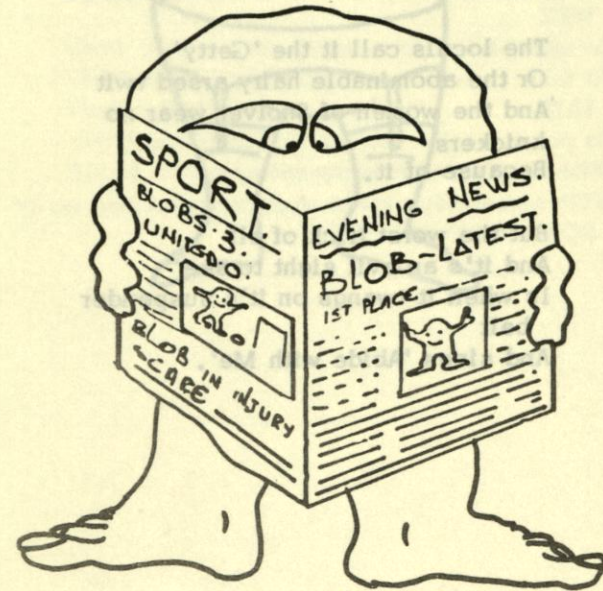
Well, it jumped for joy, a tear it shed
It stared in disbelief
You're a Blob too, it sighed,
In absolute relief.

Take a look around you kid
And end those silly sobs
You've found your niche in life
There's no one here but Blobs.

The Blob, it scanned around the room
By jove it cried you're right
There were only Blobs in the place
- Not a pretty sight!

Well that was eighteen months ago
And the Blob has changed for best
It's on the Blob's formation team
Does the tango and the rest.

It has a sense of being part of things
It's circle of friends is large
And it makes it's own dresses from miles of
lace
And its all because of Marge
- Droops that is!



THE GETTY

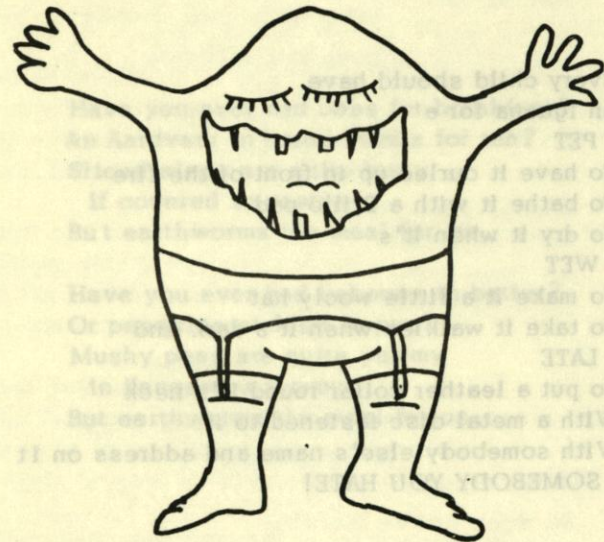
On the northern slopes of Oldham
There lurks a strange beast
To meet it is a catastrophe
And that's to say the least.

No man has ever met the thing
And lived to tell the tale
It's as hairy as an ape
And as big as a whale.

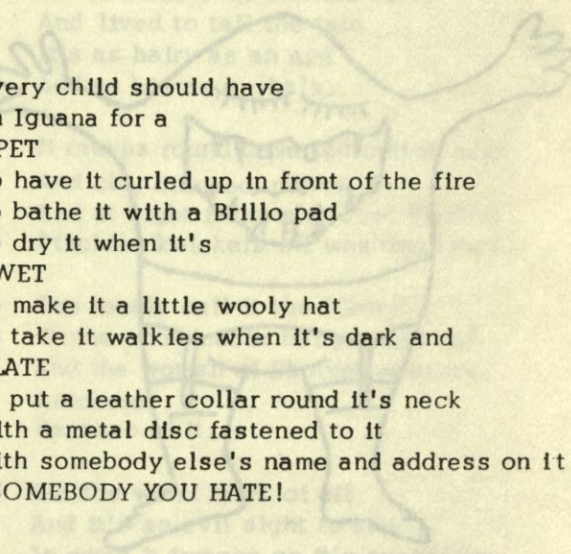
It creeps round deserted cotton mills
And old, disused mines
And at night it crawls round Sholver
Pinching knickers off washing lines.

The locals call it the 'Getty'
Or the abominable hairy arsed twit
And the women of Sholver wear no
knickers
Because of it.

But the worst trick of all
And it's an evil sight to see
Is when it twangs on it's suspender
belt
And sings 'Abide with Me'.



EVERY CHILD



Every child should have
An Iguana for a
PET
To have it curled up in front of the fire
To bathe it with a Brillo pad
To dry it when it's
WET
To make it a little wooly hat
To take it walkies when it's dark and
LATE
To put a leather collar round it's neck
With a metal disc fastened to it
With somebody else's name and address on it
SOMEBODY YOU HATE!

MEALS

Have you ever had bees for breakfast?
An Aardvark in breadcrumbs for tea?
Sliced slugs are quite tasty
if covered in pastry
But earthworms the meal for me.

Have you ever had baboons in batter?
Or penquins pickled in pus?
Mushy peas are quite yummy
In Kangaroos tummy
But earthworms the meal for us.

DAN GROTER'S STEW

Snotty old hankies
Wee wee of bat
Senile slow worm
Turd of cat

Sheep tick's titties
Spider's spilt
Rancid vole milk
Just one nit.

Wagtails winkles
Moth legs too
All these things
Go in Dan Groters stew.

Puke of body louse
Fungus and slime
Dan Groter serves it all
At dinner time.

So when you're starving
Or feel like a change
Nip around to Groter's
The foods quite strange.

THE PAINTER

Now this is an historical story
A tale of paintings, and it's in rhyme
S'about a fella called Michelangelo
Who painted a bit in 'is spare time.

Now Michelangelo's name got around
Cos with a brush 'e was a dab 'and
He painted Granelli's ice cream parlour
And 'e made it look right grand.

Michelangelo - 'e liked doin' figure drawin'
And all 'is figures were fella's - dead rough
He delighted in pectoral muscles, biceps and bums
Cos Mike was a bit of a puff.

Now one day in Rome, there was this fella
Whose job it was to be Pope
In 'is line of work 'e 'ad to pray a lot
To give the world some 'ope.

One day in t'Sistine Chapel
The Pope was praying, with 'is 'ands in the air
Then 'e looked up at the ceiling
"God" 'e said - "That's a bit mucky up there".

God said "Yer right lad - get it painted"
So 'is 'olyness, as the Pope was sometimes known
Put tenders out to all the big firms
And when 'e got the quotations back
Guess who offered the best terms?

Ey, it was our Michelangelo
The lad had cracked it - you'll see
'is price was forty million lira
Or in stirling - eighty three P.

LOCAL HISTORY

So the lad was summoned to Rome
Where 'e 'ad an audience with the Pope
In a pub called The Brazen Nun
They 'ad seven pints of Newcastle Brown
Then threw bottles about just for fun.

The next day 'e started the ceiling
And 'e painted right through the night
And seven years later
The end was nowhere in sight.

With the paint dripping over 'is face
'e lay on 'is back night and day
Painting men, youths and boys all over
the place
Cos, as I've said, Mike was gay.

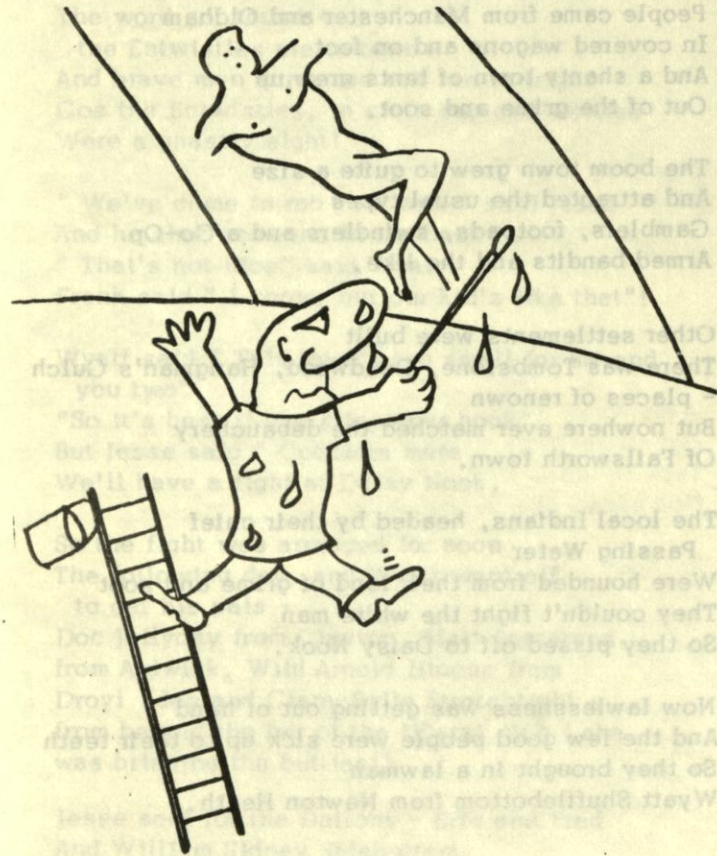
Sixteen years later, 'is brushes worn out
Mike, a bit jiggered, went to the Pope,
said it's done
Bloody 'ell said the Pope, I don't believe it
Let's go and see it, come on.

Well the ceiling was covered with figures
There were cherubs with bare bums and wings
Mama Mia, cried the Pope
The Apostles are showing their things!

Now the Pope was not laughing - cos 'e was
choked
Why, 'e said, does the Virgin look manly
and rough?

Cos I used a big buck navy for model
said Mike
You know I'm a bit of a puff.

Whats up cock? said Michelangelo
As the Pope looked decidedly faint
'is 'olyness just shrugged and said
I was thinking more in the line of pebble
dash anaglypta, and a coat of emulston paint!



STORY OF FAILSWORTH

This is the story of the Gold Rush
That happened in 1842
Somewhere between Manchester and Oldham
Where no man had ever been through.

People came from Manchester and Oldham
In covered wagons and on foot
And a shanty town of tents grew up
Out of the grime and soot.

The boom town grew to quite a size
And attracted the usual types
Gamblers, footpads, swindlers and a Co-Op
Armed bandits and the like.

Other settlements were built
There was Tombstone, Deadwood, Hangman's Gulch
- places of renown
But nowhere ever matched the debauchery
Of Fallsworth town.

The local Indians, headed by their chief
Passing Water
Were hounded from their land of grime and soot
They couldn't fight the white man
So they pissed off to Daisy Nook.

Now lawlessness was getting out of hand
And the few good people were sick up to their teeth
So they brought in a lawman
Wyatt Shufflebottom from Newton Heath.

Wyatt rode into town
He said " Upon my soul -
What we need is gallows"
So he put up Fallsworth Pole.

He was sworn in as the sherriff
Six guns in his hands
But the next day Frank and Jesse Entwistle
rode into town
And knackered up his plans.

The word got round -
the Entwistles are in town
And brave men screamed and ran in fright
Cos the Entwistles, in cloth cap and wellies
Were a ghastly sight!

" We've come to rob your bank" said Jesse
And he shot someone in the back
" That's not nice" said Wyatt
Frank said " I know, but our kid's like that"!

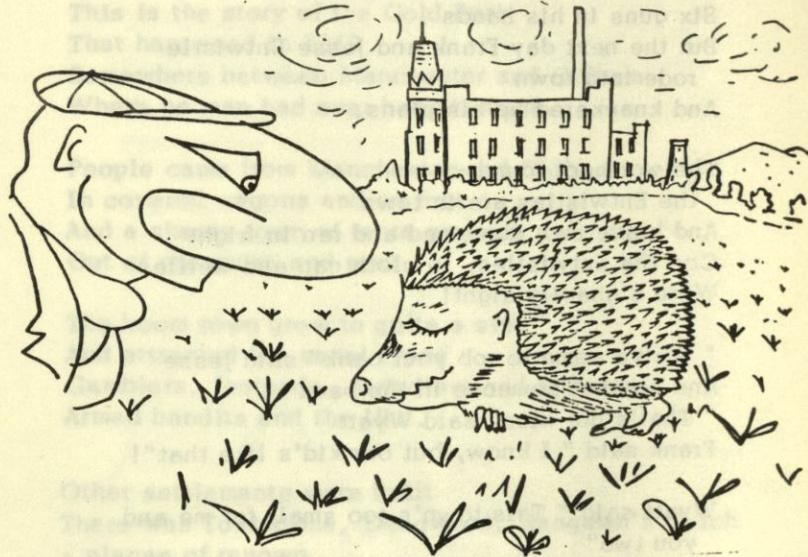
Wyatt said " This town's too small for me and
you two"
"So it's best if you sling your hook"
But Jesse said " Cobblers mate
We'll have a fight at Daisy Nook.

So the fight was arranged for noon
The following day, and Wyatt went off
to get his pals -
Doc Jollyday from Clayton, Matt Basterson
from Ardwick, Wild Arnold Hiccup from
Droyl sden and Clara-Belle Stretchtight -
from behind the bar of the liberal club (she
was bringing the butties!)

Jesse sent for the Daltons - Eric and Fred
And William Sidney Sidebottom,

STORY OF FAILSWORTH

who shot you in the groin if you called him Sid
His hobby was peeing up chip shop windows
and nutting hedgehogs
And was known as Billy the Kid.



Well Wyatt's team was there
And Clara-Belle handed round the bottles and flask
Tuck in lads, said Wyatt
Cos ahead is a fearful task.

But then a voice was heard
From t'other side of the stream
"Save some of them bottles for us - you swines"
It was Jesse and his team.

Well the Entwistles drew their guns
And Billy went off nutting hedgehogs, for the crack
Then Wyatt aimed his shotgun
And shot Billy in the lower back.

Then all hell was let loose
Guns blasted, a man screamed -
"Who's done this evil task?"
It was Wyatt "I've not had my coffee"
he said " And some bastard has shot the flask"

Clara-Belle sat down on the grass with her
knitting
And wished she had stopped at home
There were bullets whizzing all over the place
Then Wyatt stood there on his own.

All was quiet, save for Clara-Belle
Knit one, pearl one
And Wyatt looked down and cried
He looked at the shattered remains of the flask
" That's the last of the coffee" he sighed.

Well, they buried them all where they fell
And Failsworth got dull after that
There was no more robbing and killing
Wyatt Shufflebottom saw to that.

But if you go down Daisy Nook at night
And hear strange noises in the grass
It'll be the ghost of Billy the Kid
nutting hedgehogs
And he's only got half an arse.

P.S. Failsworth Pole is a 'phallic symbol' sticking up
from Oldham Road and nobody knew what it represented
(the Maypole has been a suggestion) until my startling
discovery.

Daisy Nook is a local beauty spot and lovers lane
(noted for it's strange noises coming, at night,
from the undergrowth, sounding amazingly like a
hedgehog being repeatedly nussed).

SNORKY FOX

Snorky Fox has snuffed it,
He's breathed his last breath of air,
People are cryin'
Cos Snorky's been dyin'
An' his coffin is lying there.

The Vicar consoles all the mourners
And the coffin' moves off out of sight,
People are cryin'
Cos Snorky's been dyin'
Then troop off in tears at their plight.

A legal man sits at the front,
A legal, signed will on the desk,
People aren't cryin'
Cos Snorky's been dyin'
They're all wondering what Snorky left.

The legal man starts with the reading
" In sound mind - I Snorky Fox
lived for economy
So I want my money on-a-me
what I mean is - I want my cash in my box".

Snorky Fox has snuffed it,
Snorky who's fame was his cash.
People are cryin'
Not cos Snorky's been dyin'
But cos of his money - now ash!

ANTI D.S. ISM

There's anti sexism
anti racism
and anti agism

What about anti drunkensodism?

Cos
There's actually people who
Discriminate
Against drunken sods
They're not even allowed in
Some public places
Like libraries.

Aunty Mary
Discriminates against
Uncle Herbert
Cos he's a
Drunken Sod

What we need is a
Drunken Sod Discrimination Act
Then Aunty Mary would get
Flogged
In public places
And Uncle Herbert could
Watch.

THE FUNERAL

Bert Have you just come in?
Arry Course I have!
Bert It's three o'clock
Arry Aye!
Bert You've been boozin'
Arry Aye!
Bert Where've yer bin?
Arry Tom Skelmerdine's funeral
Bert Oh! aye- I forgot - course, you being the shop steward and all that. Did you give his missus that money we collected?
Arry Course I did (Pause)
Bert Was there a lot there?
Arry There was a lot in the boozer
Bert I hate funerals - everybody's cryin' an that
Bert -Hey - er, 'ow did she take it?
Arry Nearly snatched me 'and off - ha ha.
Bert No. I mean his death, y'know
Arry Oh, she's as well as can be expected
Bert Where was the funeral at?
Arry St. Mary's, then at Moston Cemetry (Pause)
Bert 'Ow did it go down?
Arry you takin' the piss?
Bert No. I don't mean the coffin, I mean the do.. where was it at?
Arry Moston Trades and Labour Club.
-He was on the committee there you know

Arry Eric Cuthbertson was in tears
Bert Bloody 'ell - just shows yer, and 'e's as 'ard as nails
Arry Tom owed him seven quid. Cheeky bastard wanted me to deduct it from the collection money!
Bert Was Mrs Skelmerdine cryin'?
Arry She was when Eric asked her for 'is seven quid. Just as they were throwing earth down the 'ole. Brought a bit of humour to a very moving occa sion.
Bert Well Tom was laughing in his box. Eric'll never get 'is seven quid now
Arry I don't know, he made her get first round in - and she did that out o' collection. Six halves o' bitter and she was sat on Eric's knee.
Bert Bloody 'ell - just shows yer. - What's she like? is she alright?
Arry Suits black
Bert I don't know why you came back. I'd 'ave had the full day off
Arry I 'ad to. Got that union meeting. About that sacking.
Bert But it was Tom who was sacked. An' 'e's dead.
Arry I want him reinstated, an' everybody out till w we get satisfaction
Bert But 'e's six feet under
Arry Aye - I think we've a long do on our 'ands - come on.

YOUNG SCIENTIST

OF THE YEAR

I wanna be a chemist
Cos I aint no fool
I wanna mix fings like they do
An' blow up the bleedin' school.

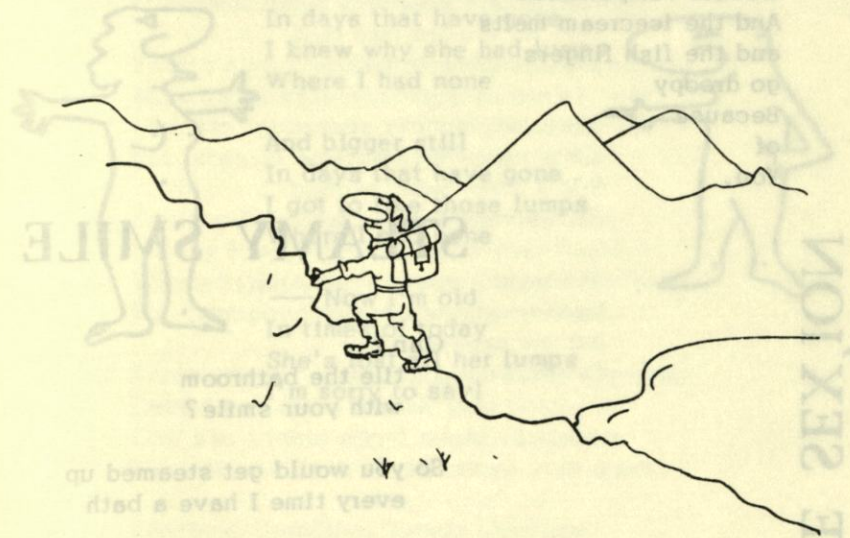
POOH!

Politicians when making
Election promises
Should have their mouths
Transplanted to where they sit
Then it wouldn't seem odd
When what they say
Turned out a load
Of shit!

VOGUE

Thank God for Vogue
And people who go to Spain
Who flee the British summers
Avoiding the British rain.

Thank the Lord for plastic boats
Which people take to the sea
And those who play golf
And leave the British hills to me.



YOU

You
are everywhere
Like on my desk?
at work.

You
Look up at me
from among
the fish fingers
and ice cream
in the Supermarket
freezer compartment
And the icecream melts
and the fish fingers
go droopy
Because
of
You.

STEAMY SMILE

Can I
tile the bathroom
with your smile?

So you would get steamed up
every time I have a bath

Which is the reverse of what
happens now

By a mile.

LUMPS

When I was a boy
In days that have gone
I wondered why she had lumps
Where I had none

Then when I was bigger
In days that have gone
I knew why she had lumps
Where I had none

And bigger still
In days that have gone
I got to like those lumps
Where I had none

— Now I'm old
In times of today
She's lost all her lumps
I'm sorry to say!



SHOW ME YOURS

YOU

I remember it well
I was six at the time
She said show me yours
And I'll show you mine.

Our desks were together
At junior school
She had pigtails
And I was no fool.

I said, you go first
She said - no you
And we argued like that
For a minute or two

Then we came to agree
On a plan that was fine
We'd show what we had
At the very same time.

She said - yours sticks out
I said - yours is pink
But my navels better
Or what do you think.



OH! MISS CAROLINE

Oh! Miss Caroline, pretty Miss Caroline
How you've changed since I saw you last.
Well sir, yes sir, I suppose I have sir
But not forgetting, seven years have passed.

Tell me. Caroline, pretty little Caroline
Can I hold your hand like I used to do?
Well sir, yes sir, I suppose you can sir
I don't see any harm in that, do you?

There, there Caroline, pretty little Caroline
Can I put my arms around your waist?
Oh! sir, so sir, I don't know sir
If anyone sees us I would be disgraced.

That's nice Caroline, pretty Miss Caroline
Now may I kiss your lips so pink?
Oh! sir, good sir, I think you could sir
But what on earth will people think?

Darling Caroline, my pretty Caroline
Please I beg, may I stroke your bust?
Why sir, I'm shy sir, and I might die sir
But I suppose if you must, you must.

Scrumptious Caroline, ever sweet Caroline
Dare I ask can I stroke your thighs?
Oh! sir, fickle sir, I might tickle sir
But you can do it if you close your eyes.

Precious Caroline, lovely Caroline
If you let me go higher you won't have sinned,
Well sir, swell sir, please yourself sir
But I think I better tell you that I've just
Broke wind....

DETERMINATION

Eventually I fought my way
Through darkness, wind and rain
With bloodied feet I limped along
The Hate did numb my pain.

The last few miles were slow and grim
I staggered in a daze
Determination was my force
To end your evil ways.

You stole my wife, you rotten swine
Then back to me she came
So I'll trample you to death you sod
If you don't take her back again!

DADDY OH! DADDY

Daddy, oh!daddy,
There's something you should know,
Or have you noticed the protrusion
That does stretch my dresses so?

Daughter, dear daughter,
I have noticed you of late,
I was only telling mother
That our daughter's put on weight.

Daddy, oh!daddy
Please tell me you won't shout,
By the size of my proportion
I think I'm up the spout.

Daughter, dear daughter,
Do you mean that you have sinned?
Eee and for six months
We've been thinking it was wind.

Daddy, dear daddy,
Please don't kick me through the door,
I have nowhere to go
And I will be very poor.

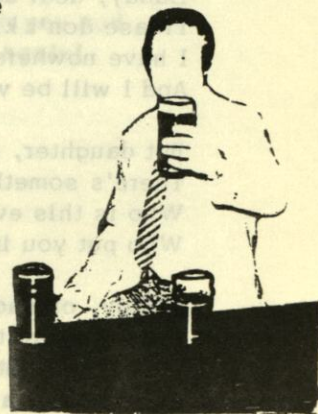
But daughter, dear daughter,
There's something you must say,
Who is this evil swine
Who put you in the family way?

Daddy, oh!daddy,
That's where the problems seem
Cos if it's not the insurance man
It's the Sunday football team.

SECRET OF INVISIBILITY

When
I have more than eleven pints of Newcastle Brown
I
Become invisible
To those
Who have had less than eleven pints of Newcastle Brown
I
Know that I'm invisible
Because those
Who have not had eleven pints of Newcastle Brown
Behave
As if I'm not there
I
Know exactly when I'm becoming invisible
Because
Those
Who have not had eleven pints of Newcastle Brown
Turn away
When
I'm half way through a sentence
(Just as if I'd disappeared)
A
Symptom
Of becoming invisible is
Extreme
Vomitting.

REAL ALE SESSION



MORNING AFTER

MY toes have disappeared
MY legs contain all
MY blood
MY bowels have their own control system
(and it's out of control)
MY stomach suspends on fine elastic
(that's about to snap)
MY hands are somebody else's
(and he's sick)
MY brain's asleep, but
MY eyes are awake, but have been nailed to
MY skull of jelly in the grip of
MY shrinking skin.
MY groans are two hundred decibels too loud for
MY over amplified ears, and
MY mind says - most very definitely, never again
Never, Never, Never, Never again.

MY God - it's Friday - and we're out tonight.



WIZARD'S POTION

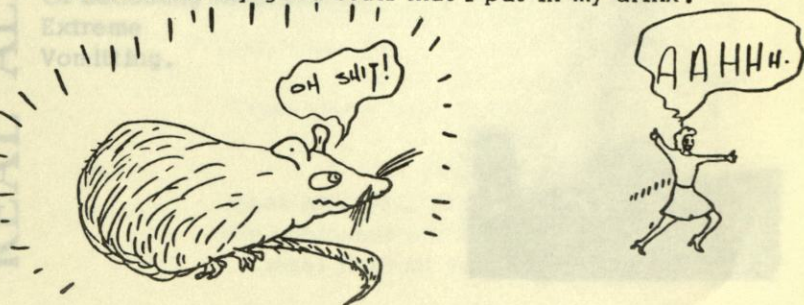
The magic Wizard had a notion
To try out a brand new potion
To make him handsome, strong and brave
So he mixed this mess in his magic cave.

Into the cauldron he put a bat
And he covered the thing with this and that
Eye of dragon, tooth of worm
All sickly things to make you squirm:
A girl guides hat, the bum of a toad
He mixed it up and said the magic code:

Dinga ling, lunga din, make me great
So that all the women will sigh and faint

There was a blinding flash and a terrible boom
And into the yuk he dipped the magic spoon -
A mouthful of the fiendish mix
And the Wizard exploded into a billion bits.

And when the dust settled down on the magic mat
Where once was the Wizard was a big white rat
The rat ran out into the town
And all the women fainted and fell down
The rat was chuffed as he stopped to think
It was bloody good stuff that I put in my drink.



MOTH & JIMMY MALONE

OLD THOMAS

Old Thomas dropped dead in the
Tap Room

At half-nine on a Saturday night
He wasn't quite pleased at the time
'Cos he never quite finished his pint.

Now he pleaded with God
did old Thomas
To let him come back down here
So God gave Thomas a pass-out
So Thomas could finish his beer.

MOTH & JIMMY MALONE

Jimmy Malone, he washed and shaved
Cos to the pub he was paying a call
He came out of the bathroom all smelly and clean
Then he noticed something strange on the wall
It was a moth

It was all orange with big black eyes
And it stood out on the anaglypta quite clear
Jimmy said "Hello Moth - I'm off to the pub
for a beer".

The Moth just did nothing in reply -
like moths do

So Jimmy said "See yer"
And he shot off to the pub with zest
He had ten pints and talked a lot
Like you do - to get things off your chest

When he came back he was drunk
And he fell all the way up the stairs
He came to a halt on the landing
And thought about saying his prayers.

Cos he was face to face with the skirting board!

But when he looked up, guess what he saw
Ey, it was the moth still there on the wall
The moth looked down at him
And said "You've been having a ball"

"I'm as nished as a pewt," said Jimmy Malone
"Cos I've drunk ten pints of beer"
He stared into the Moth's big black eyes, adding
"An' 'ow come you're still 'ere?"

"Well we only live a few days at best," said the moth
"And it's cold outside and it's dark
So I've come in here where it's warm and light
I got drenched last night in the park"

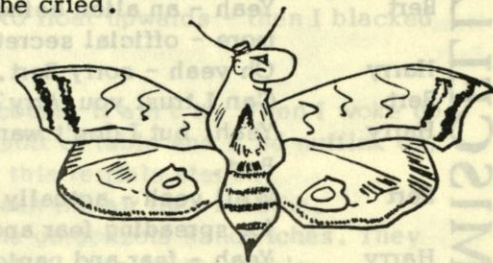
"By all means," said Jimmy Malone
"You can shtay as wong as you lont
You're shertainly a meautiful both,
Is there anything else that you want?"

" I need nought, but good conversation
Would help pass the odd hour of the night
I could tell you of moths, you could tell me of man
That is if you're not too tight"

So they talked and they talked
Of men and machines, politics and various things
And of lady moths, hedgerows and spiders
And red admirals with gally coloured wings

But after two hours of talking like this
Jimmy's eyelids got heavy, like lead
He said "Goodnight" to the Moth
And the Moth just nodded his head

But when Jimmy woke in the morning
The moth was on the floor by his side
And Jimmy knew the Moth was dead
And Jimmy Malone - he cried.



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

MISCELLANEOUS SECTION

Harry Oh, I see we're blessed wiv your company today.

Bert Yeah, well...

Harry Well what?

Bert What?

Harry Well where was you?

Bert What do you want to know for?

Harry Well I do 'ave a right, don't I? after all you know Thursday's always the day for cleaning the boilers, and we usually do it between us. So where was you?

Bert Can't tell you.

Harry Why not? I'll tell you why not - cos you was skiving that's what!

Bert Not so 'Arry, but don't ask me, please don't ask me where I was yesterday, please 'Arry don't ask.

Harry Yeah - alright.

Bert I 'ad a close encounter of the third kind. Me and my big mouth!

Harry A what?

Bert A close encounter.

Harry Wiv what?

Bert Wiv an alien being, stupid.

Harry An alien being?

Bert Yeah - an alien being - now don't ask me any more - official secrets act.

Harry Oh yeah - sorry Bert.

Bert Can I trust you 'Arry?

Harry Yeah, but I don't want to get you into trouble Bert.

Bert Well yeah - actually we could be incarcerated for spreading fear and panic.

Harry Yeah - fear and panic.

Bert But I'll tell you what I'll do, if I impart what I know will you solemnly swear not to repeat it to a soul?

Harry Course Bert.

Bert Cross your heart and hope to die.

Harry Cross my heart and hope to die, Bert.

Bert That's alright then, cos if you don't you might just be atomised wiv laser beams and your particles spread all over the universe.

Harry I don't want my particles spread over the universe.

Bert Then they'll probably kill you.

Harry That's not very desirable, Bert.

Bert No. Anyway, I'd just got on me bike, yesterday morning, when all of a sudden I thought....

Harry You thought of that boiler that needed cleaning.

Bert No, I thought I saw something out of the corner of me eye.

Harry Was it an horrendous, fat, green monster with tentacles and bloodshot eyes, ready to render you incapable wiv it's rancid breath?

Bert Naw, it was the wife wiv me gorgonzola sandwiches. Anyway, suddenly my dear wife looks up and says "Oh dearest, whatever is that hovering over the off-licence" "What?" I says, and when I looked up - there it was - a cigar shaped object.

Harry I bet you was frightened, Bert.

Bert Yeah, I was a bit. Anyway, this thing moved across till it was over me and the missus, and then this bright, white light sort of engulfed me and I seemed to float upwards - then I blacked out.

Harry That it?

Bert No, stupid, 'course it ain't it. When I woke up I was on this sort of table and I 'ad nuffink on, and there was this terrible stench.

Harry It must 'ave been the air they breathe.

Bert Naw, it was me gorgonzols sandwiches. They were being analysed on another table.

Harry What about the wife, Bert?
Bert Oh, her, she was on a third table.
Harry Did she 'ave nothing on?
Bert Well she 'ad 'ad nuffink on but they'd covered 'er up again cos the sight of 'er body made two aliens sick. You see, where they come from they 'ave nuffink like 'er, they were sort of unprepared so they 'ad to go off and be sick.

Harry Bad as that is she?
Bert Well it doesn't make me sick, but 'course I'm used to it. Anyway this like alien chief comes over, after his mate had finished probing about me person. And he starts communicating wiv me - not wiv his mouth though.

Harry What did he use, Bert? Psychic thought waves what transmitted his advanced communicating system into something more understood by your base human interlect. Hey Bert?
Bert Hey, you know about these things, don't you?
Harry And what did he say?
Bert He said, 'cor mate is that your missus?
Harry Interested in your missus was he then?
Bert No, he was more interested in me bike. Thought it a marvel of Earth Technology. Course, where they come from they don't have bikes.

Harry I bet they'll have them now.
Bert Yeah, but they'll 'ave to redesign them.
Harry How's that, Bert?
Bert Well them aliens see, they don't 'ave a bum.
Harry No bum?
Bert No. It's brought about by centuries of queueing up. Yeah, do a lot of standing about them aliens. See this chief alien said to me "What's this then?" meaning the saddle on me bike, and I said, "That's where yer put yer bum", and he said, "Not much use to me - see - cos I ain't got a bum".

Harry What do they 'ave there then Bert?
Bert Their 'eads.

Harry It's to be 'oped they don't 'ave to use one of our loos Bert, cos they'd drown if they pulled the chain.
Bert Yeah well, that's one of their problems.
Harry How do they - er - mate, Bert?
Bert They don't, 'Arry, well not like wiv any touching, they do it by psychic remote suggestion. He asked me 'ow we did it and when I told him, he looked at my missus and said, "Blimey, you must be joking!" Made him very sympathetic towards me. He said he'd show me how to do it by remote control.

Harry How did you get back Bert?
Bert Well we chatted for a few hours, then he said he had to be going and the next fing I remember I was back on Earth suffering from shock, an' I 'ad to go down to the pub to recover.

Harry What 'ave you told the personnel officer Bert?
Bert Oh 'im, he knows, cos 'e's been vetted by the Home Office. But the official reason why I was off is flu - so you don't say nuffink see.

Harry Course not Bert - Hey remember last Thursday when you was kidnapped by passion crazed amazons and held captive for seven and a half hours?
Bert Don't remind me 'Arry.
Harry And the thursday before when Ron Greenwood begged you to get his team fit for saturday's game?
Bert Shh... I'm beginning to doubt my confidence in you 'Arry. Hey up - here's the foreman. What job on today 'Arry?
Harry Cleaning the boilers Bert.
Bert You're joking - didn't you do that yesterday?
Harry Naw, I was off - got involved in a fracas wiv a Chinese Tong leader down behind the gasworks - finished up down Shangai - 'elping INTERPOL wiv a drug problem.

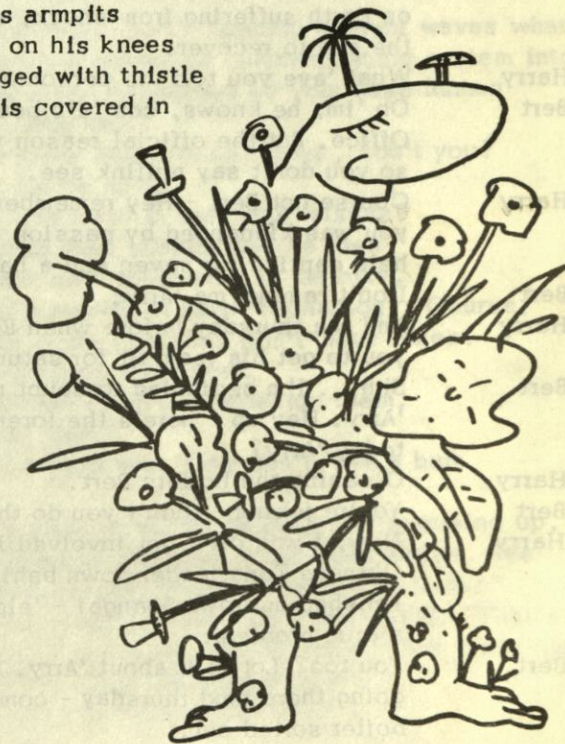
Bert You too? Lot of it about 'Arry. Shangai hey? I'm going there next thursday - come on, let's get that boiler sorted out.

MAN WHO TOOK ROOT

A Man planted grass seed in his navel
And it grew to quite a size
He was delighted - so
he tried primrose on his thighs.

The primrose took root and blossomed
Yellow flowers every June
And before very long
His whole body was in full bloom.

Violets are under his armpits
Daffodils grow wild on his knees
His privates are ringed with thistle
And the rest of him is covered in
TREES.



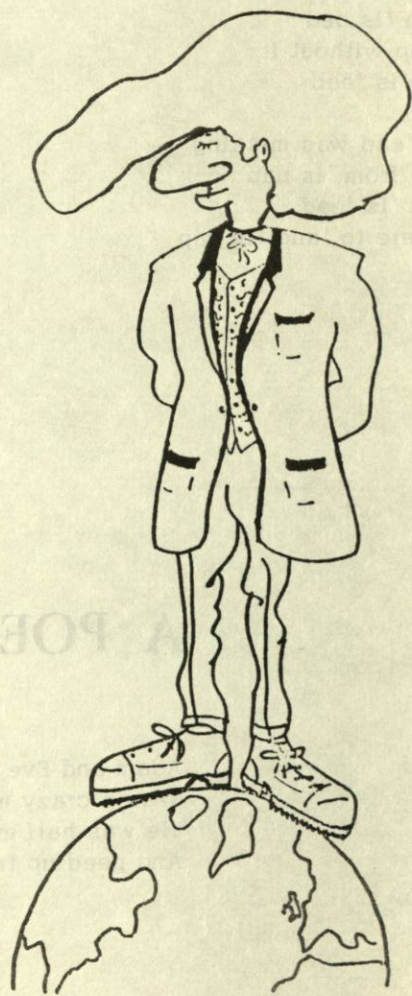
'ARRY'S 'EAD N TED'S RULED THE WORLD

'Oos cut "Arry's 'ead off
When 'e was in 'is bed
Cos 'Arry got up without it
An 'Arry needs 'is 'ead

"E noticed 'is 'ead was missing
When 'e got up from 'is nap
An' 'Arry needs 'is 'ead
Cos 'ees nowhere to 'ang 'is cap

A POEM

Adam and Eve Rover
Was a crazy mixed up sod
He was half man, half woman
And peed up trees like a dog.



WHEN TED'S RULED THE WORLD

Aye, them were the days, when teddy boys ruled the world.

Bloody well extinct now, just like dinosaurs, mores the pity.
Mind you - just like Loch Ness Monster, there have been sightings.
Nothing substantial you understand and always in places cut off from civilisation, like Glossop.

Bill bloody Haley was bloody God and Rock Around The Clock was like a bloody psalm.

Elvis Presley was the king and when he sang Blue Suede Shoes you felt like nutting lamp posts.

And Little bloody Richard. When he sang Lucille it made your velvet collar stand on end and your brothel creepers jived on their own.

Aye! they were the days of real songs.

Gene Vincent - bebopabloodylula she's my bloody baby,
bebopabloodylula I don't mean bloody maybe. - Oh, they don't write 'em like that anymore.

Names to remember - Eddy Cochran, the Big Bopper, Jerry Lee Lewis.

When Jerry Lee Lewis played Great Balls of Fire it made you so happy you could bite somebody's ear off with joy.

Hey, and them Ted suits - raindrop, sky blue with black velvet collars. Knee length jackets and trousers so tight you 'ad to unstitch the seams to get 'em off.

Yellow waistcoats and bootlace ties - that was fashion at it's best.

And what about the girls then - back-combed hair, bubble cuts, stiletto heels and - suspenders! They used to call that bit of flesh at the top 'the giggle patch' cos if you got that far you were laughing!

Even sex was more exciting - with trousers too tight to pull down and skirts too tight to pull up, it was very frustrating. I don't know how we managed. Perhaps we didn't.

And Teds were hard - hard as bloody nails. And we used to fight - one against one, not like these little bastards who go around mugging old ladies today.

You see, Teds had a code of conduct. If anyone mugged an old lady, he'd get kicked to bleeding bits and trampled on till he was a mass of blood and snot.

Yeah - dead against unnecessary violence were Teds.

And we 'ad nowt in them days, so don't go blaming society for what these little scum are doing, blame the parents.

Mind you it's probably Teds who are the parents now, and that's a sobering thought.

Police were bigger in them days though. Aye, that's what's wrong now - little coppers and too many do-gooders.

Come to think of it, things started to decline when they pulled down the Corner Cafe and Buddy Holly died leaving a world full of broken hearted Teddy boys.

Some dance halls wouldn't let Teds in, mind you - who wanted to go where there were no Teds?

Teds were very misunderstood really and just because they dressed differently. All they wanted was to be accepted in a square world, and if anything they brought a bit of colour to an otherwise drab, bomb-sited greyness.

We're still Teds at heart though, ready to rock back the clock when the world needs brightening up again.

You still see old Teds in disguise, jiving at weddings when some kind D.J. wants a laugh.

That's probably the only good thing about weddings.

You see, old Teds never die, they just hang up their drain-pipes to catch the rainwater of time.



Alan Butterworth has written radio scripts and sketches, and pantomime.

The Valley of the Thringbird is his first collection of nonsense verse....

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What makes a blob from another world write to a
problem page?

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