

IS THIS OK. FRED?

Right, said Fred, I've got to fill the website;

Write me a poem, Elizabeth . He said.

So I went on home and tried to write a poem

Cos I didn't like to disappoint Fred.

My husband was out and I had no key;

He didn't come home 'til half past three.

Then the door bell rang, followed by a bang;

Some crackers throwing crackers through the door:

Jumping up I spilt my tea, swearing loudly as could be,

When I tripped up and fell onto the floor.

Well my husband helped me up and I got another cup,

Then he cuddled me and gave me a kiss.

So I forgot about the poem, really glad to be home,

Life can't get any better than this!

What do you think of it so far? Rubbish!

But nice rubbish, eh Fred?

Elizabeth Burdis