

That Mad Party Sunday

by J. Richards

That mad party Sunday
Was one of those ones
When the kids get 'fed up'
With the sweets and iced buns.

Cakes become tiresome
Biscuits a bore
And by supper...
The angels can't ear any more!

Strange entertainers
Whose names don't make sense
Puppet shows, magic,
And other events.

Some of the monsters
Just want to watch telly
While others get trampled on
Queuing for jelly.

Food finds its way
Into carpets and walls
'Cause kids just don't like
Vegi dips and fishballs.

Passing the parcel
Turns into a brawl when
One child had two prizes
And one none at all

And those who lose interest
In passing the parcel
Go outside to play
On the big bouncy castle

The big bouncy castle
Is great fun all round
And Mum won't get off
'Til she's lost a whole pound!

At the face-painting tent
There's an unhappy crew
Because Dad's sign says
"Batman is all I can do."

The boys all want pirates
The girls just want flowers
But all of them end up as bats
For two hours!

The neighbour, not happy
About all the noise
Peers over the fence
Getting cross at the boys

Dad tells him: "Don't worry
It's all over soon"
And makes him a sausage dog
With a balloon

Mum's up all night, baking
Before the big day
Creating a cake
In her own special way

The sponge football ground is
A joy to behold
Though Mum used some old icing
And the grass is green mold.

The 'going home bags'
Have been left by the door
But some siblings take, too
So we have to make more.

But that's all right, really,
'Cause all they contain
Is 'waterproof' watches
That break in the rain.

Well, that's how these parties
Will normally run
With no major hitches
And plenty of fun

But that Sunday was
An exception, you see
A mad party Sunday
I think you'll agree!

For starters, the parties went
Right through the day
With Mums and Dads chauffering
Every which way

No sooner had one house
Been quickly vacated
A new bouncy castle
Was being inflated.

Police had to marshal
The rota brigades
To safely move kids
To their next lemonades.

Balloons adorned houses
Wherever you looked
And there wasn't a venue
That hadn't been booked.

The gifts just kept coming
All wrapped with great care
To keep contents a secret
Until the first tear.

Some scuffles broke out,
As the cards got detached,
In attempts to pair up
Bits of gift wrap that matched.

When a name tag got lost
One poor Mum just went wild
'Cause the name tag was still
Firmly pinned to her child

But all's well that ends well –
They found the young boy
In the attic, unwrapping
Another kid's toy.

Just then we heard screaming
It wasn't a joke
For it came from our neighbour
A big brutish bloke

We rushed to the garden
And all of us froze
When we saw a real lion
Inspecting a rose.

But the rose bush was hardly
Our primary fear
'Cause the lion was sat
On our poor neighbour's ear

Poor Bill lay quite still
Like he wasn't alive
As we waited
For chaps from the zoo to arrive.

The big cat had
Slipped out the zoo through a gate
That had been left ajar
By the zoo keeper's mate

But no one had noticed
That Larry had fled
'Til we rang to say
Larry was licking Bill's head.

As the minutes marched on
And the tension increased
The great lion began
To admire his feast

So we called once again
To get help right away
But the zookeepers said
There had been a delay

They were treating a cold
In a poorly giraffe
And the vet had advised them
To knit her a scarf.

Well, this didn't do too much
To lighten our mood
But things changed
When we asked the cat's favourite food.

The zookeepers told us
That Larry liked fish
But that jelly had long been
His favourite dish

There was no time to waste
So we rang round in haste
For some left-over jelly
To fill the cat's belly

In minutes a long line
Had formed in the drive
As the big bowls of jelly
Began to arrive

There was strawberry, raspberry
Blueberry, too
(Though of orange and lemon
There were but a few)

The jelly was all put
In one great big pot
(And I must say
There really was rather a lot)

And the lion was caught
In the midst of a yawn
When the pot was put down
At the end of the lawn.

All those forest fruit perfumes
Made Larry's nose twitch
And he sprang to his feet
Knocking Bill in a ditch

Oh, but Bill was all right
And he thanked us a lot
For the rescue we'd made
With a big jelly pot

When the zookeepers came
They were very impressed
How we'd skilfully handled
Our big feline guest.

They said we'd been brave
But we knew it was Bill
Who had faced giant jaws
As he lay deathly still

With gentle persuasion
And plenty of rope,
Though he put up a fight
And they nearly lost hope

They coaxed Larry
Onto the trailer with care
Took him back to the zoo
And we think he's still there

No, that mad party
Sunday was really unique
And "Paw Bill" still
Has souvenir prints on his cheeks!

So, next party you make
Just put someone on guard
For a lion called Larry
In next door's back yard!