

THE B & S BALL

by Diana Hockley

Way out in Gluckominivie, there stands a lonely hall,
Though once a year it comes to life, for the Bachelor and Spinsters Ball.
The walls are cleaned of possum pee, the stove is cleared of mice
The curtains washed, the windows wiped – it all looks very nice!
Crockery is taken out, chairs prop up the wall,
Spit and polish here and there, it's now a "Ballroom Hall"!
Sannies made and tea cake cooked, the mums are trying hard
To make the night a special treat; there's scones made by the yard!

Glowing with lust and pawing the dust, they'd come from far and wide,
Utes all stacked with Bundy Rum, a testosterone-fuelled tide.
Jack Johnson was a canny lad, who went through girls like water.
Each father swore he'd have Jack's hide if he went near his daughter.

Now, Angie fancied Brendan and Daisy yearned for Jack,
But Jack had made an arrangement to meet Angie out the back.
This didn't suit the girls at all, they pouted for a while,
Then plotted an alternative which gave them cause to smile.
So, the girls exchanged ID - they did it for a lark -
They had to be discreet because their dads patrolled the dark.

The sun arose upon the scene, the carnage was horrendous.
Bods and bottles strewn around – the fun had been tremendous!
Jack awoke to face the dawn, but his memory was quite hazy.
It wasn't 'til he wiped his eyes, he saw he'd played with Daisy.
Then they found his confidence had got them into strife -
Her father came to name the day and now she is his wife.
This sorry tale I tell, to warn you one and all -
It pays to be more circumspect, at the Bachelor and Spinsters Ball.