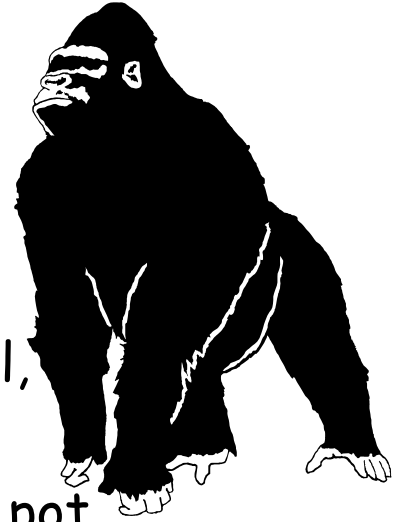


Gorilla



A giant Gorilla came to tea,
Whoever asked him? It wasn't me.
He came in through the kitchen wall,
It took six chairs to seat him all.
He drank his tea straight from the pot,
And sandwiches - he ate the lot.
He poked the jellies to make them wobble,
Then swallowed them up with just one gobble.
All that remained on the plate was the cake,
There was nothing else for him to take.
When he'd eaten that I showed him the door,
And hoped he'd go now there was no more.
Instead he ate the door as well,
Except for the knocker and the bell.
After that he at last decided to go,
Who invited him? I'd lie to know.

Martin Honeysett