

THE LAST END

Whoever assembled the following team,
Could never have picked it so well,
Even the members had to agree,
This would be the team to excel,

The Lead was called "Junior", a sprightly young lad,
His bowls always reaching the jack,
His first bowl would usually kiss to the front,
The next one placed just at the back,

The Second was "Lofty" who played with an arm,
A towering brute of a man,
Never afraid to drive his bowls down,
Whenever that was the Skip's plan,

The Third was a legend, "the Wizard of Oz",
Who bowled with consummate ease,
Some say he bowled from out of his arse,
But enough of that language here please,

"Skip" was club champion, a master no less,
A bowler that everyone feared,
No one was better at reading a head,
His bowls always carefully steered,

The team was all ready to win the day's game,
A fours-comp of twenty one ends,
The prize money large, a four figure sum,
The winner would make a few friends,

Dressed in their whites, with blue bowling shoes,
Their bowls bags a dark shade of green,
Junior, Lofty, the Wizard and Skip,
Were surely a sight to be seen,

The team they were playing were yet to arrive,
Their bowling skills nobody knew,
A rumour had it they were still in the pub,
And that they had drunk quite a few,

So Junior, Lofty, the Wizard and Skip,
Were forced to wait nearly an hour,
Before their opponents eventually appeared,
Each holding a pie to devour,

"Where have you been?" said Skip to the four,
"Sorry" said one with a laugh,
"We stopped for a whisky to settle the nerves,
I apologise on my behalf",

It was clear he was drunk as well as his team,
As the game finally got underway,
Their play quite aggressive, with "cannonball" shots,
Which made it a difficult day,

Junior as usual got close to the jack,
But only to see his bowls hit,
Lofty, would then try to rectify things,
But his counterpart just wouldn't quit,

His bowls would be driven out of his hand,
With hope and drunken flamboyance,
Often connecting with bowls, or the jack,
To Lofty's increasing annoyance,

The Wizard would then be left to survey,
A head that was split far and wide,
Having to get the shot for the team,
By bowling from out his backside,

Skip did his bit and bowled like a champ,
Despite having no heads to read,
Securing the shot at the twentieth end,
Which put his team one in the lead,

Skip told Junior to roll the jack long,
Skip's opponent looked very intense,
Frowning not for the strategy though,
But more from acute flatulence,

Junior rolled the jack to the 'T',
His first bowl sent resting jack high,
His counterpart tried to do the same thing,
But rolled a short bowl in reply,

This was the pattern with subsequent bowls,
Including Lofty's turn too,
The team now holding shots at the head,
Their opponents unsure what to do,

Skip told the Wizard to cover the back,
The Wizards' bowls matching his call,
His counterpart's bowls finding short ones to hit,
Thus adding more bowls to the 'wall',

Skip took the mat and gave a wry smile,
He could see they were holding six shots,
Deciding to block any path to the jack,
That his opponent may happen to spot,

His opponent could see the game would be lost,
If he didn't get close to the jack,
His first bowl failed, so a decision was made,
To drive his last bowl through the pack,

His drive took a route that none could perceive,
Three wicks and a rub that's not all,
It hit the jack, which hit a back bowl,
And the jack sprang back to the 'wall',

A cheer went up from the opposing team,
As they realised what had transpired,
Counting the end as four shots up,
Thus getting the shots they required,

Junior, Lofty, the Wizard and Skip,
Could only look on in dismay,
They weren't the team, members said would excel,
The "bowls team from hell" won the day,

And so it is written for bowlers to read,
The moral of this story told,
Never believe that the game's "in the bag",
Until the last end has been bowled,