

SANTA MEETS THE SELECTORS

By John Thornton
Received 5/1/17

Santa scratched his head again,
And gave a great big sigh,
No matter how he tempted them.
His reindeers wouldn't fly,

He really was frustrated,
His work was near complete,
Only one more gift was resting,
Safely twixt his feet,

'Invy Bowls Club' printed on the front,
'Selectors' on the back,
Santa picked it up and gently,
Placed it in his sack,

The Bowls Club wasn't far away,
So Santa gave a grin,
"Perhaps I'll ride a reindeer,
Instead of flying in!",

So choosing his friend Rudolph,
He saddled up the deer,
Setting off for Inverloch,
Now full of Christmas cheer,

He headed down a'Beckett Street,
And broke into a trot,
"I hope nobody sees me,
They'll think I've lost the plot!",

He shook the reins and urged the deer,
To break into a canter,
Rudolph was excited now,
But not as much as Santa,

Their pace had reached a gallop,
When they passed the Bowls Club sign,
Rudolph didn't change his stride,
He thought he would be fine,

Heading through the carpark,
They saw the gate was locked,
Rudolph couldn't stop in time,
And Santa was quite shocked,

Rudolph slammed into the gate,
And gave his snout a thump,
Santa flew across the fence,
And landed on his rump,

"At least I'm in the Bowls Club",
"How are you my deer?",
"My nose is sore" said Rudolph,
"And redder now I fear",

“That’s not good” said Santa,
“I’ll pop into the Club,
Perhaps someone can recommend,
An ointment you can rub”,

Meanwhile, in the Clubhouse,
The ‘Selectors’ drank their beer,
They watched as Santa entered,
And gave a great big cheer,

“That’s a great disguise!” one said,
“It’s ‘Onions’ guys I’m sure”,
“Oh no I’m really Santa,
And Rudolph’s nose is sore”,

“I’m looking for some ointment,
To rub into his snout”,
“I also have a gift for you,
Which should remove all doubt”,

The group fell very silent,
As Ross unwrapped the box,
Pulling out some gaffa tape,
And sixty pairs of socks,

“I thought your club might need those”,
Said Santa with a smirk,
“I’ve seen the Pennant ladders,
A few still need some work!”,

“That’s true” said Ross, “I must agree,
We’re still to meet our goals,
Although the only ointment here,
Is Grippo for our bowls!”.

The moral of this story,
Is clear to understand,
We need to pull our socks up,
And bowl as Ross had planned,

The Club could not help Rudolph,
But Santa gave his gift,
Let’s hope that Christmas spirit,
Will give our teams a lift.

MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR ALL!