

# THE INVERLOCH FOG

by Harry Dunn  
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As you enter the Inverloch Bowling Club,  
Beach side of the Esplanade,  
Down from the Inlet pub,  
Between sea and promenade,  
You'll see a welcoming sign, with all the usual trappings,  
Outside of the Pearly Gates  
With their artistically – mounted  
Lawn bowl and kitty cappings,  
Where the free-campers congregate,  
It welcomes the visiting bowlers  
And hints at the joys which await:

*Don't dump your bowls,  
Wear shoes with soles  
Which comply with regulations,  
Pay your fees, allow for the breeze,  
Always remember to flush the bog;  
We're glad you came;  
Enjoy your game,  
And be aware of the Inverloch FOG.*

So what the hell is this Inverloch FOG  
I heard a new bowler enquire;  
Well, it's not a bit like that mysterious thing  
Known as St. Elmo's Fire;  
It's that sometimes risible, always invisible  
Noxious methane gas,  
Which sight unseen hovers over the green,  
And it comes from somebody's ass.  
It's that thing which, at home, we blame on the dog,  
But out here on our bowling green,  
We can't put the blame on poor Fido or Spot  
Because there's no dog to be seen,  
So we call it the Inverloch FOG;  
Short-hand for *Flatulence On the Green*,  
A toxic gas which belongs in the bog,  
Or somewhere remote from the scene.

Of course, this FOG is far from unique -  
It's not unique to the Bowling Club;  
It lurks in the aisles of Coles super - market,

At Bunnings, the Lodge, and the Club,  
In theatre and church some patrons just park it  
It's always on tap at the pub,  
In restaurants it's served a la carte  
And you'll get an occasional whiff at the Hub  
By those patrons who silently fart,  
And of course it's unpleasant inhaled,  
And although you won't actually cark it  
It seems doubly potent and toxious  
When you strike it out on the rinks ,  
Where, for some reason, it seems more obnoxious  
And, of course, we all know how it stinks.

So why is this pestilence present,  
Lurking 'round our precious green rinks?  
Could it be that certain lawn bowlers,  
Are convinced that *theirs* never stinks,

Why then do these deluded, superior folks  
Always stand a little upwind,  
Full of onions and beans and raw artichokes,  
So their fugitive anal emissions,  
Smelling like rotten egg-yolks,  
Drift down to the place where I'm standing,  
Talking to two other blokes;  
Then the donor strides quickly away  
As if on some urgent mission,  
And we are left to inhale  
That gaseous nuclear fission,  
The Inverloch Fog's struck again,  
It would kill a black dog on a chain,  
And it hasn't lost much in transmission.

The only donors I sometimes forgive,  
Yes, forgive but never endorse,  
Are those wilful old show-offs we've seen,  
Mostly silver-back males, of course,  
Who lean to one side, and raise a contemptuous leg,  
Then turn right around, with no sign of remorse,  
But a hearty guffaw, our indulgence to beg,  
Then bow like performers expecting applause,  
While the rest of us wish for a peg,

For the noses attached to our faces.  
But at least these old stagers are giving fair warning,  
So we have time to renege  
And perhaps to step back a few paces.

It was something like this, I suspect,  
Which kyboshed my old Aunty Flo,  
A regular down here at the Inverloch Club,  
From twenty-odd years ago,  
But a lung-full of flatulent air  
That she inhaled quite unprepared  
Gave poor Aunty Flo the old heave-ho  
And now she's as deaf as a post,  
And profoundly vision-impaired.

So, no matter how much we pretend  
That we ourselves give no cause for complaint,  
In fact, we've all been known to offend,  
Although we practise restraint.

So, pity the Royals, and persons of simiiar ilk  
Living their lives in the public eye,  
Born as they are to the silk;  
But they're all well-versed in sphincter - control,  
They try not to get caught firing off a report;  
They take charcoal tablets and pills  
With their tea, their coffee and milk,  
But when one of your actual Royals  
Suffers a wind indiscretion  
In an embarrassing public place,  
- For example, a Royal Wedding reception-  
It's considered a minor disgrace,

And it leaves a lasting impression,  
On us, the lesser poor members  
Of this odiferous human race.

Spare a thought for the dear old Queen,  
Although, of course, she's not a lawn bowler,  
But somewhere betwixt and between  
Head prefect and Ayatollah,  
And you can be sure that the Queen, Elizabeth Two,

Along with Mohammed and Jesus and Buddha  
- Call them the Good, the Goodest and Gooder -  
All must have suffered the need sometimes,  
To bid their waste gases adieu  
And 'tho she's not the type to whinge or to gripe  
The dear old QE2  
Exhales just as much as the great unwashed  
I mean, the folks like me and you -  
Us, the dogs and the cats, the mice and the rats,  
And the monkeys who reside at the zoo.

Have you ever laid sleepless and pondered,  
On your virtuous couch of a night  
What it is those Royal ladies-in-waiting  
Are actually waiting for,  
And is it a commoner's right?  
Perhaps some of those ladies are charged with the task  
Of creating a timely diversion,  
Providing a shield and a mask

When Her Majesty, Happy and Glorious,  
Breaks wind, loud and stentorious,  
And is there a lady-in-waiting  
Who'd be up to this difficult task?  
It could happen without any warning  
At an important state dinner, perhaps,  
In a place like Mumbai or Chennai or Poona  
Or even worse, in the Capital, Delhi,  
If Her Maj, after eating her Indian curry,  
Succumbed to the dread Delhi Belly,  
And we know what that's all about:  
Coping with royal gas must be a worry.  
Especially the type which just has to get out.

And would Her Majesty, Happy and Glorious,  
Own up to the crime, and say, "It was I,  
It was We, or even perhaps – it was Us,"  
Probably not – there's no way she'd admit to the crime,  
Happy and Glorious, and sometimes victorious,  
She must appear regal and royal at all times,  
So who wants to be Queen, when she leaves the scene,  
(Except Mollie Meldrum, of course)

Not me, not you, and certainly none of us,  
So God help poor old Charlie  
When *his* time finally comes,  
As it eventually must -  
Unless he falls under a bus.

But pardon me, dear reader, because I've digressed,  
This saga should be about bowls,  
Not bowels, with additional letters,  
Nor the trials of our monarch, the Good Queen Bess  
And our other Superiors and Betters.

It's about the Fog at the Bowling Club,  
And a little request from your host  
To all visiting bowlers, addicted to garlic and onions,  
Green peas and baked beans on toast,  
Please think hard and long  
About what you intend to eat  
Before you bowl here, at Invy-on-Coast.  
We already have more than our share  
Of flatulent, windy old bowlers;  
Those who sneakily, silently, share  
And the disgraceful old pro's who raise their right leg,  
To show that they no longer care.

Avoid cabbage and beer and broad beans,  
And the other notorious sniffers;  
Take charcoal suppressants, by all means  
So you won't add to the Inverloch FOG,  
And if you develop a build-up of flatus -  
Release as much as you can in the bog  
To retain your amateur status,  
To be considered a person of class,  
So may the Force remain with you  
Keep a tight rein on your arse,  
Don't add to the Inverloch FOG  
While you're bowling out there on our grass.