

Visitors

by Harry Dunn

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SENSITIVE, DEDICATED ROYALISTS ARE ADVISED TO GIVE THIS ONE A MISS.

A year or two ago,
The strangest thing occurred,
So strange it was in fact, that you might even doubt
My faithful written word.
It happened on a Saturday,
One night in cold mid-winter,
About eight pm I think,
I heard a knock on my front door,
And I *might* have by then partaken
Of a harmless little drink -
Just a glass or two of red and white
To help me sit, relax, and think:
The missus was away, you see,
All that day and one more night,
So I was left in charge of things,
As was my privilege and right.

I opened our front door
And peered into the gloom,
And called "Who goes there?"
In a voice straight from the tomb.
The night light wasn't working,
But I made out four figures, standing there
In the shadows, lurking,
Then came an answer to my question, in a rather plummy voice,
A woman's, or should I say, a lady's
She was wearing dark sunglasses,
Red wig and false moustache,
Looking, you would have to say, somewhat suspicious
If not downright shady.

She said, "We seek accommodation for the night,
And we shall pay our bills in cash,"
That voice - it sounded foreign but familiar,
Although the face was well disguised,
Until she removed the sunnies, wig and false moustache,
And I was quite surprised.
When she said, "My husband and I are here in Inverloch
We have come, as you can see, from distant lands and far,
To spend time with our Orstralian subjects;

Sir, I am your gracious Queen
Your right Royal Majesty and Sovereign
Elizabeth of Windsor – followed by an 'R'

Now, I shall introduce my fam'ly, so you can bow and greet,
That chep two paces to my rear, with his hands behind his back,
Decked out as an old salt, the Admir'l of the Fleet,
That's Phiddip, HRH, Duke of Edinburgh,
Known to some as Phil the Greek,
My loyal, royal consort,
My grisly old help-meet,
And the balding chep behind the Duke
Is Chols, our eldest son:
Chols, when speaking of himself,
Refers to his august person as 'Oneself' or simply 'One'
(One does this, One does that, One prides Oneself - that sort of thing)
One hopes that he'll get over it
When he becomes your King!

And standing there with Chols, blushing and demure,
Allow me to introduce the Cambridge Duchess, Chols' turtle-dove,
Nee Mrs. Parker-Bowles, ever faithful, chaste and pure
The regal, Royal consort, whom we all adore and love,
A distinguished Queen-in-waiting
Sent by God above
To help Chols run the Empire
When *I* get the final shove.

Then, leaning forward, so no-one else could hear,
She whispered, confidentially,
Right into my ear:
“She's a sneaky Queen-in-waiting, and she will one day be
Happy and Glorious, long to reign over us,
And I know that she just can't wait to see the back
Of poor old royal - *me*!
She can't wait for that great happy day
When they put this Royal down,
Why, just the other day, when she thought that I was out,
I caught that mean old bitch,
Sitting on the Stone of Scone,
And trying on my crown!”

I said “You'd better come inside, your Maj,
And bring the Royal stock,
But I'm puzzled, as you might well have guessed,

As to what brings you down here, to sunny Inver-loch,
And why you've applied at this late hour
To be *my* distinguished, uninvited guest.”

She said, “Of course you're puzzled,
So let me explain, if I can and may,
We're travelling incognito, unguarded and anonymous,
To enjoy a break from the regal daily grind,
In your little village, for just a two-night stay,
Unaided and autonomous:
Phiddip, you see, has been here once before, way back in Fifty -six
When I sent him out to open, and attend on my behalf
That silly games thing held in Melbourne,
Yes, of course I still remember, it was the Mel - bourne O - lym - pics.

Phiddip stayed at Pine Bloody Lodge,
Incognito then, as we are again today
And assured us there'd be no need to book,
And probably no need for us to pay.
But these days he's just a little bit bewildered,
And I should know better than to let him have his way,
For Pine Bloody Lodge has disappeared, and everywhere is booked,
There's not a single bed in town,
And you would not believe
Just how hard we've looked and looked and looked.

We almost gave up our search,
Asking people in your town,
And One's subjects, I must say, can be rude and quite unhelpful,
When One's not dressed up, in One's ermine robes and crown.
But then, when we'd lost hope, more or less,
We met a helpful chap called Graham,
Who said that he'd be happy to straighten out the mess:
He was very friendly, although a trifle rowdy
And we had a lengthy chat,
He said there's rooms to lease and let,
Up there in Dixon Street, off Sandymount, turn right,
He said he won a fortune on the Scratchies,
So he gambled day and night,
He said he always won, or at least he sometimes did,
Then he put the bite on Phiddip,
To buy some bait, he said,
And clipped him for a quid.

“We knocked on many doors, but all to no avail,

In fact, at one foul place, they put their dogs on us,
And only Chols' new Duchess escaped their fierce assail,
So here we are in Dixon Street,
But please don't stress and fuss
All One needs right now is a comfy chair,
To rest One's aching feet.”

She put down her travel bag,
And another, labelled 'Woollies – Fridge and Freezer'
And I thought, as she rolled out her swag -
She might be a Queen when she's at home,
But out here, in the robust land of Oz,
She's just another poor old Pommy geezer,

So, I said “Would you fancy a nice cold beer, your Maj,
I have some tinnies in the fridge.”
She said, “Certainly not, my good man,”
And her noble brow developed a dark, disdainful ridge,
“Beer's the drink of commoners,
So please excuse my Royal chagrin
You can give your beer to HRH, the Duke,
And pour *me* a glass of Bombay gin.
My son Chols drinks health-juice - wheat-grass, that type of thing,
Perhaps that's why he's always on the throne.”
“And the Duchess – what do you think she'd like?
Now, surely, Ma'am, you can't mean that - the thing that you just said -
A nice big meaty *bone*,
And a *kennel* - in the *shed!*”

The Windsors settled in and I gave them food and drink,
I opened up two cardboard casks,
One a doubtful white and the other, black as ink;
Even churlish Charlie was soon warming to the task,
When we ran out of veggie juice,
He was not afraid to ask,
Saying “When One is destined to be your sovereign king,
One needs no excuse,
And One *can* request at any time and *have*, any bloody – thing,
So – give me *jungle-juice*.”

Around two am, I said “It might be time for all to now retire,
And someone asked “Where shall we sleep,
Please inform us, Squire.”
Her Majesty and HRH demanded separate rooms,
As has always been their habit,

So that left The Duchess, Chols and me,
The double bed to co-inhabit.
I said, “You two can sleep with me, one on either side,
And I'll sleep in the middle,
But don't be surprised, four times a night,
If I have to leave the Royal chamber,
For a nocturnal, slow, prostatic piddle.”

“That's quite all right, old chap,” the gallant Royal said,
I've spent half my married life, according to the Queen of Hearts,
With three folks in the bed,
So I'm not at all affronted.”
The Duchess pricked her floppy ears and rolled her limpid eyes,
Looked hard at poor old Chols,
And grunted.
So we spent the night like that, seven hours, I think,
Those Royals sound asleep and snoring,
While I sat bolt upright in the bed
And didn't sleep a wink,
And there was not the slightest chance -
Of anybody scoring!

H M, the Queen, in her tiny single room,
Unpacked her bag, Louis Vitton, of course,
The luggage of renown
Then removed the heavy contents of that *other* shiny bag
The one marked ' Woollies Freezer / Fridge'
And to my amazement, out came the Coronation Crown,
Which she placed on her regal head,
And Phiddip, HRH, the Duke,
Said, “Must you always, always wear that bloody thing, old gel,
When you go to your untrammelled bed”
- In a tone of mild rebuke.

Well, the Royals stayed with me for another day and night;
They ate me out of house and home,
They guzzled all my grog, proclaiming their hereditary right;
They left their greying hairs in my favourite brush and comb.
And as to cleaning up their mess – they didn't have a clue,
That was work for less deserving folk,
And not the type of work that *they* were bred to do.
Without their servants, maids and lackeys, lacks and lackers,
Your Royals are allergic to anything that sounds like work,
Not an hour or two of what we call hard yakkas.
For they are bred to shirk - anything that looks like work.

On the other hand, they were all civilised and mannered,
They knew which knife and fork to use, without thinking,
And they used their table napkins to effect,
Mopping up the crumbs and drops they spilt,
As they ate while they were drinking.
But all in all, I must now say,
They were gracious guests, those Royals,
Especially Elizabeth, Her Majesty, the Queen,
Apart from their refusal to clean up their flaming mess,
Or help themselves, in any worthwhile way,
Before they left the scene.

They packed their bags on Monday,
And loaded up the Austin Seven,
Waved Goodbye, forgot to pay their bill
Then headed off to Town, and Guv'ment House,
Their natural domicile
And after their two days down here with me
That vice-regal edifice would seem like Seventh Heaven

They were gone about ten minutes, nothing more,
When the Missus came home early,
And entered our front door,
Before I had a chance to clean up the awful mess,
So I told her – word for word, what happened,
Saying, “There's no need for you to fuss and stress.”
And described, word for word, the recent Royal Visit,

As it's recounted here,
And I know full well some readers will be sceptical,
Some might scoff and jeer.
But I told it as it happened, every little bit,
Never stopping for a breather,
And when I finished my account of what had happened that weekend,
She didn't buy it either!