

WHAT IF?

by Harry Dunn

received 26/10/15

What if Mavis Parks met Paynesville Bowler Bob
Way back when she was young and single,
Fancied him a bit, and cut him from the mob,
She would now be *Mavis Davis*,
A lovely rhyming couplet, perfect for this jingle,
So her son "Parksy" Parks would now be "Davo" Davis,
The smartest plumber in the game;
He'd have a different pedigree, of course,
But to Janis with an ess, he'd still be Parksy, just the same.

And what if Cilla Black
Had migrated to Australia, when it only cost ten quid,
Instead of singing all those catchy songs, in Sixties Mersey-beat,
The way she really did,
But moved down here to Inverloch, and married J.F. Miller,
The flying milk-man known as Jack,
Before that rascal got the chance to meet Elaine,
A lovely local lass, and cut her from the pack;
Then Cilla Black would now be *Cilla Miller*,
And in this new scenario - did someone mutter "Please explain -
It sounds like the tangled plot of an Alfred Hitchcock thriller"
But if it had ever happened, Jack would have reasons for regret,
Because that cute young Cilla Black -
Despite her stunning looks and ticky-tack,
Was the most *vocal* female person that he had ever met.

And their dedicated son, known to us as Steve
Would more likely have been christened John,
Just like his old Dad, I do believe,
Or maybe Paul, or George or Ringo, or some other carry-on
And these days Cilla would no doubt be old and wrinkly, gaunt and skinny
And Jack would probably be draped across a Zimmer frame,
Drinking through a straw, from tepid lager tinnies,
And still known to all the Scouse as 'that Aussie bloke wot's married to our Cilla
And said to be the father of them Half-Black picaninnies.'

And what if Jewel Huntriss - not your normal hunter,
Had met the younger Arthur Moule,
And prepared to take a chance - in matters of romance
What you might call an Aussie punter,
And if she'd married Art instead of Richard,
She would now be *Jewel Moule*,
So - would Arthur be remembered as the hunted or the hunter?

And the charming Judy would be free
To court any man she met,
So why not Bob The Barman - if they could both agree,
And as this scenario unfolds, the youthful Bob could even be
Shakespeare's handsome Romeo to Judy's Juliet,
A romance made in heaven, as anyone can see,
But there's still that ancient feud the feuding families can't forget,
The feud that's raged for generations,
Between the noble houses
Of Montagu and Capu - let.

So, what if Bob then changed his name from Robert (Bob) to Dickie
He'd then be *Richard Pritchard*, don't you see,
A charming family name, and free of affectation,
Then his lovely spouse, had they both lived, would then be Mrs P.
Like half of Punch and Judy, but living just like you and me -
To escape that old vendetta, which went back a generation
But sadly, as we know, it wasn't meant to be,
And their awful feuding families suffered further depredation.

And what if the Dunns of Inverloch had all been kosher Jewish,
Instead of Irish, with just a dash of Pom,
They might have named me Solly,
Hezekiah, Zebediah, Jeremiah, Nehemiah, Joshua or Philemon,
Isaac, Jacob, Obadiah or even Job, by golly,
Making me Job Dunn, as I strutted to and from,
And round the old Vic market, 'Oy Vaying. all the Jews,
And greeting the poor Gentiles with 'peace on you - Shalom'.

I would hope that they'd avoid old Jewish names like Izzy,
I mean, who'd want to be addressed as Izzy,
When the family name is Dunn?
I wouldn't mind a moniker like Wilby,
Or even Jobwell: then I'd be Jobwell Dunn,
Or even Robert Unwin, which would make me R U Dunn,
Anything but Izzy, a name that's on the nose,
Because it tempts folks like yourselves
To invent some rhyming pun,
And I've lots and lots of these already,
So feel free to call me Jobwell, just for fun.

And what if Raymond Gostling knocked you off your feet
One day when you were out there hanging loose,
You would call him *Jostling Gostling*,
No longer Ray, The Goose.
And what if that other Ray could paint a decent face,
Of the kind that Mr Rembrandt churned out every day,
Then he'd be *Portrait-Painter-Paynting*,
Not as 'bloody Ray from Inverloch, that cannon on the loose.'

So - what's the point of these ridiculous *What-Ifs*?
Is there any point at all?
Well, none that I can think of at the moment,
But the process of inventing them has kept me occupied,
So my ambition must indeed be small,
As I sit here, deep in thought and constipation
Writing all these little rhymes,
On our freshly painted lavvy wall:
It's just a harmless spare-time occupation
Of a man who sits and waits
Mother Nature's great un-hurried call!

*In case you're wondering, the good folk whose names are mangled here have generously given their permission for this scurrilous exercise.

And no animals were killed or injured, either.