

Garage Sale Fever

by Harry Dunn

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**A monster garage sale, down at I.B.C.
Oh Boy! Oh Joy! I holler in delight,
This is made for me!
I can't resist a garage sale, and all the fun it offers,
So I empty out my piggy bank
And other secret coffers
And down we go to see this show,
The Ball and Chain and me,
She's come along to add restraint
Lest I should find myself
In a fevered buying spree,
Although in my opinion - always humble -
She herself is far from garage - fever-free,
So I'll be watching her,
And she'll be watching me.**

**They open the gate on the dot of eight
And in we addicts pour
Intent on finding treasure,
Amongst all that useless trash,
And wealth in boundless measure
No man could wish for more.
Wow! Now just inside the gate,
An Exer-bike I spy;
I love it, want it, just have to have that thing;
I'm running hot, and this I can't deny,
I don't even try to hide it,
But Old Grizzle - Guts says - NO WAY - so of course I ask her why,
You already have one in the shed - that Little Woman says -
And never once been known to ride it!**

**I see a lovely khaki-coloured Johnson outboard motor,
In very good condition, or so the label says.
Whoopee Doo! just what I've always wanted for my non-existent floater,
I declare with heartfelt passion, on a high and rising note,
But whatever would you do with it, says Kill-joy Madam Lash -
You don't even own a boat,
And we don't need more garage trash.**

**Then on to Lawson's Weeds And Seeds,
All neatly labelled, beautifully laid out;
The Missus says - I'll take them all,
But I turn her round about:
Keep moving, Dear, I whisper, for only two days back
You pulled out heaps of those, enough to sink a ship,
And tomorrow we will load them up
And take them to the tip.**

Now we've reached another table, stacked high with children's toys,
Yippee! I cry out loud, these toys are just so cheap,
I'll get them for the boys.
No way, says Madam Common Sense
Not while I'm alive,
And have you forgotten, Dear,
Our youngest's thirty-five.

So on we go, to Huie's Bibs and Bobs,
And I see the Missus stop, excited, with that look in her green eyes,
In fact she almost sobs.
A GRAVY - BOAT, she cries,
It's what I've been searching for, ever since you broke
That lovely gift from Mother,
When you were full of rot-gut red
Knowing not one end from the other.
This could be Royal Doulton, it may even be a Spode;
I'll take the set, the Madam says, I know it's worth a load!
Quietly, I mutter - Don't touch it, Dear,
For on the base I see the words
"Spode-type China, Number One, made in North Korea"

So then we stride right through that door, and find ourselves confronted
With loads and loads of real cool stuff;
Wacko! say I - from here on in I'd like to be alone,
For I see some great stuff here,
Which I'd dearly love to own
So go and have yourself some tea and scones, my love, and buy tickets in the raffle
While I go look for Big Boy's Toys
Some bargains there to snaffle.
And now let loose, without The Noose
I'm in Garage Saler's heaven,
With tools and spools and books and rules
I feel my old heart leaven.

Now it's gimme this and gimme that,
I don't want to know the cost;
Quick! put them in your largest box
And Sello-tape the top.
If Madam sees the stuff I've bought,
I know that I am lost.
Then on to Bob's Big Bargains, with all things here electric,
I see a largish panel
With big knobs and dials and Mega-Hertz, balanced and symmetric,
What is it, Bob, and where's it from, and is it one of a pair?
Well, not exactly, says our Bob,
The U.S.A. is where it's from,
And it controlled the lethal voltage
On San Quentin's 'lectric chair!
Oh God! I gotta have it, I've always wanted one;
Wrap it up, please, Bob, and keep your eye out for another,
But please be quick, old son,

For here comes wife and mother!

**The Memsah'b now has bags of stuff in tow,
And won't tell me what she's bought,
(As if I didn't know)
But I'm in no position -
All things now considered -
To conduct an inquisition,
So I maintain a lofty silence, as I think I'd better aught.**

**Jack Miller's selling hand-bags
To the last and highest bidder
It's young Bev, the wife of Bob The Builder.
Don't fret if we are left with some, says our trusty auctioneer,
We can always send the surplus stock,
To those boys down at St Kilda.**

**One P.M. - It's getting late
With half the trash and treasure still sitting on the floor,
And new buyers are no longer coming through the gate.
Auctioneer J. Miller says - It's time to lock the door,
And all the captive folks inside ,
Will be like lambs led to the slaughter
So I'll sell all the unsellables, in big and bulky lots,
To those poor buggers now locked in, Father, Mum and daughter.**

**Who will offer me a dollar
For this great big box of sundries?
Thank you, Ma'am, it's all yours now,
And there's so much stuff in here, you will prob'ly need a porter!
But when the auction ends - and this cannot be defended -
He gets two strong men to stand outside the door,
And each departing guest is grabbed and then up-ended,
And if they have a dollar left, it drops and Carol grabs it,
Before it hits the floor.**

**It cost you nothing to come in, says Jack,
But you pay a price to leave,
And consider all those bargains you've procured:
You leave us stoney broke, but surely not down-hearted,
For you know that you have treasures up your sleeve,
And our garage sale result has been assured,
So Carol will be pleased.**

**But what of me, and Mrs D
Hopeless suckers for a bargain?
We've both spent like drunken sailors;
Surveying all this junk we've bought - for now the fever's past,
She says, go home now, dear, and come back with both our tandem trailers.
We won't bother to unpack them - we hardly ever do;
But won't we have some stuff to sell
At our own next garage sale,**

Which must be almost due!