

## Take-away

The gods had their ambrosia  
And Popeye had his spinach,  
The Hebrews had laid-on milk and honey,  
But my fancy runs to junk food,  
So we're starting at the finish,  
And if the Missus wasn't watching  
I'd have it twice a day.  
You can have your fancy rest'raunts  
But I loves me takeaway!

Takeaway! you cry out in abject horror;  
Why, that's like taking poison - nothing better,  
It will harden all your arteries  
And make your belly fatter!  
So, let me here defend  
My harmless little passion  
With some words of explanation,  
So please spare me now your frowns of disapproval  
And the imminent tongue-lashin'  
I don't need your sound advice,  
Tho' I know it's all well-meant,  
As is your righteous indignation.

The Yanks, they call it 'Take-out'  
The Brits say 'Food to go'  
The Frogs turn up their noses  
And insist on cooking slow.  
The Asians serve it hot  
From little cholera carts  
On a busy parking lot,  
And if your stomach's not quite up to it  
You'll spend time, a few hours later  
In an Asian toilet squat,  
For that's the price we Round-eyes have to pay  
For eating out in Asia, but I don't care what they say  
I'll do it all again  
Because I loves me take-away.

We all know that fast food's evil  
It will kill us, given time,  
It's an agent of the Deevil,  
High in nasty salt, and saturated fat  
It's much worse than beer and wine.

It has absolutely no nutrition  
But more calories than Europe's national debt  
Adding lots of kilos, not a good condition  
And fast-food addiction is an early, ugly sign  
That you're heading for perdition.  
We adults have all known this for more than fifty years  
But still we eat the stuff to fill our little bellies  
Knowing it can only end in tears.

While it's hardening your old arteries,  
It's causing baldness and obesity,  
Mem'ry loss and cataracts,  
And it's a known and proven cause  
Of the common old-age farteries,  
And brings on early symptoms of the male meno - pause.  
But it mostly tastes delicious, it's greasy and lip-smackin'  
And even finger-lickin'  
And full well we know we've broken, all the dietary laws,  
As we hoe into that leg of the Colonel's deep-fried chicken.

Now that it's been mentioned, let us look at KFC,  
Famous for the Colonel's secret recipe,  
It's in every chicken sold,  
With eleven herbs and spices  
Or so we have been told.  
But who are we to fault,  
If it transpires that one is pepper,  
And the other ten are salt!  
Just enjoy your herbs and spices  
And your super-sweet coleslaw,  
When that chicken-fat runs down your chin  
You know you'll want some more.

When nature calls, and it seems there is no rule  
It's Macca's that we head for  
Run by children wagging school,  
School-kids don't ask for much, so Macca's jobs are cool.  
And Ronald has those toilets, they're modern, by and large  
And a place to wash your hands,  
For customers and others - free of charge.  
So what we mostly do, to access Ronald's loo,  
Is to order one of Macca's famous meals,  
Perhaps a serve of chips -  
It's quick and hot, and only costs a pittance.  
A burger, small and flat, like a dunny man's old hat

In a bun that's sweet and fatty,  
With little bits of greenish this and that  
On a round of meat like a small cow-pat,  
Which Macca calls a pattie.  
Macca has his salt and sugar, and loves to chew the fat  
And he also has those wash-rooms  
With hand-basins and clean lavyies  
And we're grateful to old Macca, just for that.

Of course, if you are craving  
A genuine Aussie 'burger  
Of the type we scoffed in youth,  
You go down to the local chippy  
Where a Greek bloke called Steve, or Vic or even Greasy Joe  
Fully understands - the sophisticated Aussie - burger tooth.  
Joe's 'burgers are divine;  
The quintessential Aussie food,  
With sloppy half-fried onions and a rissole of real meat  
With egg and streaky bacon, some salad and beetroot  
A slice of cheese and lots of sauce,  
Joe's burgers can't be beat.  
And we are spoiled for choice, down here in Inverloch  
With three great fish and chippies - a man could run amok.

These local fish and chippies, we call 'em F and C's  
Cook knockout fish and chips,  
Dimmies, Chiko rolls and scallop  
And they sprinkle all of these  
With heaps of lovely salt  
So their fast food always packs a salty wallop.  
And who can say they haven't been transported, and taken way, way back  
To their childhood or their youth,  
Most of it mis-spent, and some of it provocative,  
When they get a whiff of frying chips, as they pass the local chippy  
On a rainy winter's night- that smell is so evocative.

And now we come to a take-out treat, last but never least  
I refer of course to the baker's pie  
A traditional Aussie feast,  
With two local bakers toiling-  
Paul and Slice by name,  
To knock out those lovely hot meat pies,  
All of them delicious  
And no two quite the same,  
Where you meet the meat at second bite,

I could eat a half a dozen, but common sense prevails  
So I limit my intake, to one or two at most  
And take a couple home, in case we have a guest,  
Because I'm the perfect host,  
And they'll never go to waste

To eat an Aussie pie never seems complete  
Unless your brand new tie and shirt  
Sports traces of dropped meat,  
And a spot or two of bright red tomato sauce  
From that plastic squeeze-me bottle -  
So you always pick it up, and have another squirt!

But what about the pizza-shops, did I hear someone say  
And the Super-Subs and sangers,  
And the hot dogs - where are they?  
The take-away Chinese and the vindaloo and curry  
In plastic tubs, to eat at home  
When you're in a flaming hurry.  
And what about those donuts, with their super-heated jam,  
The lasagnas and the pasta  
Which you'd rather eat at leisure  
With a glass or two of red,  
But take home in plastic tubs, which surely halves the pleasure -  
But you get to eat it now, and it's hotter and much faster.

Well, all these fast food outlets are legitimate contenders  
For the Take-away Olympics, the Oscar and the Emmy  
I award them every year, to those crafty food extenders  
Who can take a small amount of meat  
And stretch it to a ton,  
But those of us who love the stuff,  
Never ask them how it's done;  
We know they all use sleight of hand  
So it's best for us to say,  
"Don't tell us what you've put in this,  
It might spoil our take-away."

We can have our take-out treats, with minimum delay,  
We can even place 'phone orders  
In the town in which we stay  
And if Inverloch ain't got it yet,  
Wonthaggi's sure to have it, and it isn't far away.  
So, gird up your loins, me hearties,  
And undo your bulging belts,

For this will not be pretty:  
We're about to start a tour  
Of all the take-aways mentioned in this ditty,  
And if some of us should sadly die in action,  
Or lose our flaming way,  
(As they do , when crawling pubs)  
It's a noble cause we die for,  
Because we loves our take-away.

Some folks say they detest fast foods,  
They say it's tasteless, tacky goop,  
And to eat such stuff is eating rough,  
And this low they will not stoop.  
However, whilst I can't agree  
With such cul-inary snobbery-  
I must say there's one thing even better  
Than all the fast food in the loop -  
And that's a large and steaming bowl  
Of my darling's home made soup;  
Yes, you have heard correctly,  
*I just loves that home-made soup.*

by Harry Dunn  
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