

The Evil Inverlochus

by Harry Dunn

received 18/2/16

**If you live in Inverloch, you will know the Inverlochus,
That evil little Imp who gives us colds and 'flu,
IBS, golden staph and the dreaded streptococcus;
Then, not satisfied with these and other pesti-lence
He gave us CGT, a sneaky tax on our investi-mence,
Then, to further pain and shock us, he invented -
Those baggy bowler's knickerbockus.**

**The evil Inverlochus -
From our humble huts he tries to lock us,
With his invidious inventions, such as front door lock and key
You know - that thing we madly search for in our hand-bags, purse or pockets
While we're jiggling round outside the door,
And dying for a pee.**

**But it's the BOWLING Inverlochus
Who hexes us with ditchers, widies, narrow bowls and blockers,
The Bowling Inverlochus can't bear to see a bowl
Stop at or near the kitty,
He despises resting touchers
And other decent bowls, more or less and such-as,
More's the flaming pity.**

**I've been hexed by Inverlochus,
On me he put the mockers,
And it makes me bowl some bowling shockers:
So - am I now too old to give away lawn bowls, and take up table-tennis?
Perhaps white-water rafting, like some other ageing Ockers;
I could even try abseiling,
Although my ageing ticker's failing,
I'm prepared to try most other sports - anything but soccers,
To escape - the dreaded Invy Bowling Inverlochus.**

**That evil Inverlochus
Does all he can to mock us;
He's an ever-present menace out there on the green;
I hate that evil swine - he's the devil's valentine,
And he's out there, omni-present,
With behaviour abhorrescent,
He's diabolical, historical, and this little rhyming allegorical
Is a warning to lawn bowlers, so take heed of what I say;
Beware The Invy Inverlochus - with his widies and his blockers,
*And of course, it's never our defective bowling that sends those bowls astray !***