

**JILL AND PERCE**  
**Celia Kershaw 2018**

Our lovely friend Jill's a beautiful soul  
And I loved her as I would a daughter.  
I have never myself claimed to be tall,  
But Jill was considerably shorter!

From Tamworth she'd moved down to the coast  
Port Macquarie's quite nice, so they say.  
She bought a new house and decked it all out  
Then invited her niece to come stay.  
Her niece had just left so she tidied the room  
And was very surprised to find  
The shimmer of diamonds set into gold  
Of the earrings that she'd left behind.  
A family heirloom from Great Grandma Scholes,  
From parent to child handed down.  
Remodelled, re-styled to suit this wild child  
A modern young woman round town.  
Jill knew she'd be seeing her niece fairly soon  
And the earrings were just too fantastic  
To entrust to the mail at the pace of a snail,  
So she wrapped them in tissue and plastic.  
They went into her bag, in case she forgot 'em  
Quite safe and secure at the bottom.  
And there they would stay for many a day.  
In fact, she forgot she had got 'em.  
A week or three later, she walked into town  
With the poodle, young Perce, at her side.

Now, what Perce might deposit what not pleasant, was it?  
But a bag meant the poo she could hide.  
Perce duly obliged so Jill scooped up the poo  
With the bag that with her she'd brought.  
The poo was all in, so it went in the bin.  
They continued their walk into Port.  
It was normal for Perce to poo just once a day  
And a creature of habit is Perce,  
But that day Perce was sure he must produce more,  
But no poo bag had Jill now – and worse,  
They were at the Town Green - lots of people who frowned.  
Jill's spirits were starting to flag,  
But she rummaged around and, thank goodness, she found  
In her handbag an old plastic bag.  
With the bag she removed the odorous pile  
And binned it as quick as a wink.  
And in a short while she was wearing a smile  
As she sat down with me for a drink.  
We sat and we chatted, as ease with the world  
As we slowly sipped at our gin,  
But then her lip curled, "Oh my God! I've just hurled  
Em's earrings right into that bin!"  
Oh the panic, the anger. What could she do?  
Could she use the umbrella she'd brought?  
She rushed to the bin and tried to reach in,  
But the bin was quite tall – and Jill short.  
She needed assistance, but where could she go?  
Whom to call in this situation?  
She was tempted, but no – couldn't ring Triple 0.  
She might walk round and ask at the Station.

But first she remembered, the barman looked kind.  
She'd see what assistance he'd lend.  
On looking behind the bar, what did he find  
But an arm with a claw on the end?  
He was also quite tall, and very amused,  
Quite happy to lend some assistance  
So over they cruised and the long arm he used  
And rewarded Jill's dogged persistence.  
The earrings were safe, untouched, in fine fettle.  
The tissue had kept them pristine.  
Still, she boiled up the kettle and washed them in Dettol  
To ensure they were perfectly clean.

Perce is a poodle, an intelligent breed.  
At the word "Walk", his tail starts to wag.  
As you look for his lead, what else might you need?  
You need to take more than one bag!