

Granny's Camel

My granny stole a camel from the Central Asian steppe,
She rode it right through Europe to the quayside at Dieppe.
She asked the ferry captain, 'Please sir, may we board your boat?
Unfortunately, my camel here, can neither swim nor float.'

'This isn't Noah's Ark, old girl,' the captain said, 'so, no.
But if you sling some rope round him, I'll give you both a tow.'
So, bobbing up and down the waves, my granny crossed the Channel
Wedge between the humps of an extremely grumpy camel.

She rode it up the motorway, much to the surprise
Of motorists, who did a double-take and rubbed their eyes.
They stopped to take refreshment at a roadside service station,
Which caused a great commotion and no end of consternation.

'I'll have a bacon butty and some tea with sugar-lumps.
As for him, he'll have to raid the larder in his humps.'
They moseyed over moorland, over hills and over downs,
They ventured into villages and trotted through the towns.

Eventually, they pitched up at my granny's council flat.
The authorities just took one look and said, 'You can't keep THAT.
You know the rules, no pets allowed. He'll need to disappear.
We'll come back in the morning and remove him, is that clear?'

Now, granny had become so very fond of her pet camel,
She loved it more than any living reptile, bird or mammal.
'I really cannot bear the thought that we must part tomorrow.
It breaks my poor old feeble heart and fills me full of sorrow.'

So, in the middle of the night, beneath the moon and stars,
My granny grabbed the smelly beast and came to live at ours.
We've called the camel Cuthbert, and despite his halitosis,
We've grown to love him and, besides, we've learned to hold our noses.

He pads around the meadows and he gives me lifts to school;
I used to be a nerd but now they call me Mr Cool!
Granny takes him into town and parks on yellow lines;
Traffic wardens look confused and fail to issue fines.

She gives him treats like sugar cubes and lollipops to lick.
She tried him once on fish and chips but they just made him sick.
Sometimes I think he's pining for the steppes of Kazakhstan,
But mostly he's just happy being pampered by my gran.