

A CAUTIONARY TALE

There was a boy whose name was Wayne;
Whose parents thought he was a pain.
He bunked off school whene'er he could
And never did the things he should.
He never helped his Mum a bit,
Nor ever stood if he could sit
Nor ever sat if he could lie.
It made his mother sob and sigh
To see her lazy loutish lad –
So diff'rent from his worthy Dad.

At home Wayne lay upon the couch
The whole day long – the slothful slouch –
And filled with muck his mind and belly
By eating junk while watching telly;
His only exercise would be
To press the odd controller key
And change a channel now and then,
Or slope off to the kitchen when
He'd no more crisps or coke or chocs
And needed to renew his stocks;
And one more exercise he knew
Was texting friends, however few.
For Wayne was not a social guy;
Though 'twas not that the boy was shy;
'Twas selfish idleness galore
That made our Wayne a crushing bore.

If ever Wayne should go outside
To walk – or better still to ride –
He had to have his iPod so
His ears were plugged and would not know
The sounds around, but only heard
– and you may think this quite absurd –
Downloaded stuff at volume high,
Oblivious of the passers-by.
And one more thing our Wayne thought needful –
His mobile phone, so quite unheedful
Of all around, he texted, clicked
Its cam'ra, now and then, and flicked
'Tween text and video as the whim
And fancy ever came to him.

As time went by he grew so plump
He could not run – the silly chump –
Nor scarcely walk; with shoulders bent
And eyes on mobile phone intent,
And iPod plugged into each ear
And ne'er a thought of who was near,
He shuffled as he moved along.
His parents warned him it was wrong
To take no note of other folk.
“Naff off!” he said. “You’re both a joke!”
His mother almost in despair
Did warn her son he should take care.
“Now listen to your Ma, my boy.
That mobile phone is not a toy!
You could be mugged for it, I say,
And for your iPod too, one day.”
“Naff off! Don’t nag! You stupid cow!
You do not know the young and how
They live their lives! You are not cool,
and nor is Pa, the stuck-up fool!”
Oh yes, young Wayne was very rude.
“Naff off!” he shouted. “Go, get stewed!”

This boy who missed so much of school
Received but scorn and ridicule
From fellow students when he came;
Yet Wayne, whose mind had now grown lame
From too much TV dross, I fear,
Whose damaged eardrums could not hear
All that was said, was not aware
Of mocking jibes; nor did he care.
He lived a virtual life alone
With iPod and with mobile phone.
“What use is school and kids and stuff?”
He thought. “I’ve really had enough!”
So day by day, I must confess,
He attended classes less and less.
He shuffled home to lie and slouch
And sprawl himself upon the couch
And stuff himself with crisps and chocs,
And gaze at junk upon the box,
While listening to his iPod’s drone,
And texting on his mobile phone.
While Wayne was multitasking so,
His working parents did not know
Their wretched son was not at school
But home again against their rule.

One day as Wayne was shuffling home,
Co-truants spied him: "There's the gnome,
Old Ipso Fatso," shouted they.
"Let's have some fun with him today!"
They jeered and mocked and round him pranced,
But Wayne oblivious never glanced
At them nor heard their mocking brays;
But on his mobile kept his gaze.
With their own phones the louts did snap
Their antics round the hapless chap;
They sent the pictures of the scene
To Wayne who saw them on his screen.
"A happy slapping," grinned poor Wayne
And sent this text – Oh how insane! –
"Go, slap the git." He did not see
Till far too late the git was he!
"Oh help!" he cried, "Why ain't I thin?
Then I could run and save my skin."
He could not flee, but stood in fear
And trembled as his foes drew near.
But he was saved the dreaded smack,
With timely massive heart attack.
Those louts deprived of harmful fun
Decided they had better run;
They took his phone and pod and said:
"He'll not need these now he's brown bread."

The moral of this tale is plain:
Do not, do not grow up like Wayne.
But go to school and help your Ma;
Be courteous and respect your Pa.
Don't sprawl about, but sit up straight;
Don't overeat and put on weight,
But eat the foods that do you good
Like fruit and veg – as all folk should.
And do each day – this I advise –
Some really strenuous exercise.
With healthy body you will find
You have a healthy, lively mind
Which will not ever let you be
A slave to phone, pod or TV.
But you will live to ripe old age,
Respected, happy, wise and sage.