

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

Now hark to the tale of Cornelius Trimm,
A nice enough fellow, but frightfully dim.

One day when his Auntie had called round for tea,
He said, as he greeted her loudly with glee,
“Have some of my marbles; I’ve got these for you.
“My Dad says you’ve lost yours, and that will not do!”
His Auntie stormed out without saying a word;
His Mum was embarrassed at what she had heard,
And told her young son why his Aunt was so stirred.
“Oh dear,” the lad said, “I have misunderstood.”

His Mum saw her packet of birdseed had gone
And found all the seed being planted upon
The vegetable patch by her troublesome son.
His mother cried out: “Oh my, *what* have you done?”
“I’m growing some birds,” said the boy to his Mum
“They’ll grow here quite soon, and I’ll let you have some.”
But mother explained why his plan was so rum.
“Oh dear,” the lad said, “I have misunderstood.”

And as he got older the problem got worse.
“Oh why do you bring me a chair?” asked the nurse.
“You wanted a specimen stool,” the lad said;
“We’ve no stools at home; so I’ve brought you instead
“A specimen chair.” “Mr Trimm, you’re a fool!”
She said with a sigh and, remaining quite cool,
Explained to the lad what she’d meant by a stool.
“Oh dear,” the lad said, “I have misunderstood.”

Cornelius Trimm never learnt any sense;
Throughout his short life he remained very dense.
One day on a journey back home on the train,
He stuck out his head to survey the terrain
And saw not the post, though he did hear the shout.
“Look out!” came the cry, so he stretched further out.
The post hit his head with a thunderous clout.
Oh dear, the lad’s dead; he had misunderstood.

So learn from the tale of Cornelius Trimm:
Be nice to your fellows but *never* be dim!

