

## MY TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

*On the first day of Christmas my true love said to me,  
"I'm glad we bought fresh turkey and a proper Christmas Tree."*

*On the second day of Christmas much laughter could be heard,  
As we tucked into our turkey, a most delicious bird.*

*The third day, we entertained the people from next door,  
The turkey tasted just as good as it had the day before.*

*Day four, relations came to stay, poor Gran is looking old,  
We finished up the Christmas pud and ate the turkey cold.*

*On the fifth day of Christmas, outside the gum leaves flurried,  
But we were nice and warm inside for we ate the turkey curried.*

*The sixth day, I must admit, the Christmas spirit died,  
The children fought and bickered; we ate turkey rissole – fried.*

*The seventh day of Christmas, my true loved he did wince,  
When he sat down at the table and was offered turkey mince.*

*Day eight and nerves were getting frayed – the dog had run for shelter,  
I served up turkey pancakes, with a glass of Alka-Seltzer.*

*On day nine our cat left home; by lunchtime Dad was blotto,  
(He said he'd have to have a drink to face turkey risotto.)*

*The tenth day the booze had gone – except for our home made brew,  
As if that wasn't bad enough we suffered turkey stew.*

*The eleventh day of Christmas the Christmas tree was moulting,  
The mince pies were as hard as rock and the turkey was revolting.*

*On the twelfth day my true love had a smile upon his lips,  
The guests had gone – the turkey too – and we dined on fish and chips!*

