

# POEMS OF GREYFRIARS

Vol. 2

Keith Atkinson



Bevis  
Books



Dedicated to Geoffrey Good  
Gentleman and Greyfriars Scholar.



COKER - NUT ICE.

In quiet corner of the quad, well screened by leafless trees  
The Famous Five had made a slide and braved the wintry breeze.  
If Wingate or a master came they would in trouble be,  
But when Coker told them to desist, they took no heed of he.

Coker was not a prefect, not in fact, but in his mind  
The lofty Coker ruled the roost, authority defined.  
He boasted a short way with fags, "Stop that!" he rapped, severe.  
Five juniors spun along the slide as if they did not hear.

"You cheeky scoundrels, stop at once!" bawled Coker in a rage.  
They whizzed on, still regardless of his lofty personage.  
Coker strode towards the slide and nearly took a dive.  
The frozen surface was like glass, to balance he did strive.

It was beneath his dignity to slide in swift pursuit.  
He walked, but delicately trod, his senses all acute.  
The Famous Five had reached the end and came back with a rush.  
They formed a wriggling, squirming heap, with Coker 'neath  
the crush.

"Oooch! Mooooch! Gerroff! I'm squashed! I'm hurt! gasped  
Coker breathlessly.  
He sprawled face down, they took a seat on his anatomy.  
"Dear old Coker," chuckled Bob, "you asked for it you see."  
"I'll smash you!" roared out Coker, as he wriggled frantically.

More juniors came upon the scene, attracted by the racket,  
And Squiff pushed snow in Coker's mouth, and down his neck  
did pack it.

'Twas then a portly figure dawned with magisterial tread.

"What is all this?" The juniors jumped, and Coker rubbed  
his head.

"How dare you play these absurd games with junior boys?"

Prout rapped.

"Have you no sense of dignity - you, a Fifth Form boy?"

he snapped.

"How dare you slide within the quad! Such conduct is appalling.

You must not join in horseplay and with juniors keep  
brawling!"

"I didn't - wasn't - never meant," the hapless Coker cries.

"Silence! How dare you contradict the evidence of my eyes!  
Your shocking and untidy state is utterly reprehensible.

Five hundred lines you shall produce to teach you to be  
sensible."

Back Coker staggered to the House, Prout followed him, uptight.

The chuckling chums resumed their slide when they were out  
of sight.

But when the form of Mr Quelch was sighted, lank and lean,

Like silent ghosts at cock-crow they all vanished from  
the scene.







## A STUFFED OWL.

"I can't understand it," moaned Bunter,  
"Why I'm feeling so terribly ill.  
The whole Christmas meal was delicious  
And I almost completed my fill.

"I really enjoyed the hors d'oeuvre,  
(I only had seven or eight)..  
Six helpings of turkey and stuffing  
Simply melted away on my plate.

"Then came the pièce de résistance,  
The pudding was really a dream,  
Just packed full of plums and sultanas,  
Nine platesful all covered in cream.

"Of mince pies I ate quite a dozen,  
Then biscuits and cheese followed fast.  
After-dinner mints, walnuts and chestnuts,  
Just two pounds to complete my repast.

"After that I had trouble to manage  
A boxful of peppermint creams,  
So I just settled down in the armchair  
To go over the feast in my dreams.

"But something is wrong with my innards,  
And I just don't know what it can be.  
I hope I'll feel better quite shortly  
For there's muffins and trifle for tea.





"As Billy Bunter sprawled in state  
The smoke rose like a fog."



PUFFING BILLY.

As Billy Bunter sprawled in state  
The smoke rose like a fog.  
A box of fags was by his side,  
He felt a rorty dog.

Butt-ends and matchstalks strewed the floor  
As Bunter went it strong.  
The smokes were sneaked from Smithy's drawer  
And would be missed ere long.

Though Bunter sought for cakes and tarts  
All came grist to his mill.  
Fag after fag went up in smoke  
Until he felt quite ill.

The extra helpings downed at lunch  
Within him did careen,  
And Bunter turned a sickly hue,  
A ghastly shade of green.

He tried to rise, but flopped back down  
Till slowly, by degrees,  
He staggered to his feet and groaned,  
Then sank down on his knees.

To be a man was Bunter's boast  
In smoking fag on fag,  
But now he wished he'd never tried  
A surreptitious drag.

He sought a bathroom urgently,  
Then crawled into the dorm  
And vowed no more to be a blade  
And suffer inward storm.

No more to sport the dreaded weed  
And puff smoke willy-nilly.  
Enough's enough, Greyfriars had seen  
The last of Puffing Billy.



PLAYING WITH FIRE.

"Scandalous!" barked Mr Prout, and Billy Bunter jumped,  
For the Owl had, in the Cloisters, sought seclusion.  
The parcel under Bunter's arm, he hoped, contained a cake,  
And he raised a startled face at this intrusion.

The parcel, strictly speaking, was the property of Bob,  
From whose cupboard Bunter contrived to extract it,  
And retired to that sequestered spot, the contents to enjoy:  
Until in his fat circumference he had packed it.

He had started to unwrap it when he heard the voice of Pr  
Who was trying to solve a worry which arose.

Prout's ponderous tread had passed behind the pillar where  
he stood

And a whiff of strong cigar smoke itched his nose.

The fat Owl just suppressed a sneeze as footsteps died away  
And his little round eyes gleamed with expectation,  
But then, as he removed the lid, a change came o'er his face  
And he gazed down at the contents in vexation.

Nor cake nor tarts he did espy, no edibles at all,  
But some fireworks for November celebration,  
Remembering Guy Fawke's Day, which was very close at hand  
And his very glasses gleamed with indignation.

"Iniquitous!", the voice of Prout returning, smote his ears  
And Bunter crouched behind the old stone column.  
The strong cigar was near its end and glowing in his mouth  
As the portly Prout returned, with visage solemn.

On November breeze, once more, the smoke had tickled  
Bunter's nose

And, before he knew what happened, he was sneezing.  
"Oooh! Oooh! Atchoo!," "Who's there?" snapped Prout and  
threw away cigar,  
Not noticing the box of Bunter's seizing.

"What are you doing here?" rapped Prout. "N-nothing!

Bunter gasped,

But at that moment came an interruption.

Bang! Bang! Fizz! Bang! The hot cigar had dropped into the box  
And set Bob Cherry's fireworks in eruption.

"Oh, goodness gracious! Bless my soul!" and Prout performed  
a dance

As crackers cracked and whizzed in all directions.

He stumbled o'er the cardboard box and landed on his back  
As the fireworks interrupted his reflections.

Prout scrambled to his feet again, his eyes ablaze with rage,

As he galloped after Bunter, who was bolting.

He crossed the quad at frantic speed, and vanished in the  
House

To escape from violent battery and assaulting.



## I TOLD YOU SO!

The Famous Five were feeling pain  
And all because the pouring rain  
Prevented football out of doors,  
And football in the corridors  
Engaged in by the Greyfriars' boys  
Involved considerable noise,  
And Gerald Loder's lashing cane  
Administered with might and main  
And indiscriminately used  
Had left Removites feeling bruised,  
And on this miserable day  
A still small voice was heard to say  
"I told you so!" said Bull.



When Loder found his study shipped,  
And ink and soot around it tipped,  
He guessed whose hands had done the deed  
And with uncharitable speed  
Once more the Famous Five received  
A licking seen to be believed,  
And sadly they bemoaned their fate  
And wrung their hands in sorry state,  
Swearing revenge upon the head  
Of Loder, wishing he were dead.  
But once again a voice was heard  
Which spoke th'inevitable word,  
"I told you so!" said Bull.



Said Cherry, "If once more you say  
'I told you so' this dreary day  
We'll tip you in the fountain full."  
"But, I did tell you so!" said Bull.  
Without a word the other four  
Swept Johnny Bull from off the floor  
And rushed him through the schoolhouse door.  
As Johnny through the air did soar  
Into the fountain with a roar  
Those fateful words were heard once more,  
"I told you so!" said Bob.



WILLIAM,  
GEORGE.  
BUNTER—



HILL BILLY - SLOW DOWN!

Lounging and lurking and company shirking,  
Bunter in cycle shed seeking a ride.  
Smith's in detention and he need not mention  
The fact that he's borrowed his bike on the side.  
Saddle seems high, but of work he is shy,  
Which is why Bunter's own bike is never in use.  
Wobbling wildly (that's putting it mildly),  
Bunter through gates heading off on the loose.  
Pedalling spasmodically, never methodically,  
Hitting and missing and catching a rut.  
Jiggling and jolting and high somersaulting,  
Stretching for pedal and missing his foot.  
Miraculous recovery, then making discovery,  
The brakes are not working, as bike flies downhill  
Faster and faster and courting disaster,  
Rocking and reeling and feeling quite ill.  
Whizzing and wobbling like a fat frantic goblin,  
Openmouthed, pop-eyed, and screeching with fear.  
Practically flying and feeling like dying,  
Suddenly seeing that duckpond is near.  
Squawking and quacking, as speed is not slacking,  
Splashing and gurgling, soft squelching thud,  
Wild waving water, and ducks dodging slaughter,  
Yelling yaroooh's and malodorous mud.  
Gargling guggles and spasmodic struggles,  
Gouging out mud, spouting tadpoles and frogs.  
Slipping and slithering, dredging and dithering,  
Wailing, and wringing wet water from togs.  
Quick catching of cold, severe sneezing untold,  
Sad crawling and tottering back to the school.  
Rapid recovery at Smithy's discovery  
Of battered up bike in a deep muddy pool.

Rough retribution is Smithy's solution  
Evincing in Bunter a drastic dislike,  
Rudely awaking the perils of taking  
And wrecking and ruining another man's bike.  
Ranting and roaring and bumping and boring  
And chasing and thumping and booting supreme.  
Regretting and rueing of dastardly doing,  
Weeping and wailing in continuous theme.





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