
Christmas Lunch *(Brad Davies)*



Christmas this year didn't quite turn out as planned. But sometimes life's just like that. It's the price we pay while living.

It was Christmas day last year and bloody hot at that
When I went over to the Stepmother's to catch up and have a chat.
The invite said Lunch, just your family and me
but as I arrived that was not meant to be
The stepbrother, his sister and her husband the tool
Rick the prick the obnoxious fool.
Other family members duly did arrive
Even family members from my side.

Hello I thought there's a number been done as least there's Uncle John
He's always up for a beer but then he gets full on
Politics is John's forte he likes to talk a bit
And then he always ends by stirring up the shit.
I'll stir up the Stepmother he winked at me and said
I'll really stir the pot and get inside her head
So, we had a few beers, roast and ham
Other treats of all sought even a tin of spam

Then Uncle John said like a man on a hunt
I think Prime Minister Malcolm Turnbull's a great big fucking c**t
I laughed to myself as the stepmother sighed
The distain on her face she could barely hide.
As we had lunch it got very, very hot
And Rick the Prick he could bear it not.

'I've had the heat,' he said, 'and I have a plan
Get up off your seats, I am the man

We'll close the windows and close the doors
We'll even try something to cool the floors
We'll turn on the aircon from Stepmother's room
And it will cool us all down soon.
Get going. get going. It's getting very hot.'
But I yelled out, 'It will work not.'
But nobody listened and did as they were told
And they all pitched in even the old.

We returned to lunch and it got even hotter
And we began to sweat even more, oh what a bother
I watched Rick as his face went red
And I looked at the vein pulse on the side of his head
The heat's got to him the prideful prick
He needs to stop his plan before he gets sick
Next thing in slow motion he began to stifle
And his fell head first into the trifle

It was spectacular as he hit with a bash
And he spread trifle everywhere even into the trash.
The stepmother ran to the phone trembling with fear
As Uncle John rose to his feet and said he'd have a beer
The ambulance came they took him away
And so, he did not die that day.
We said goodbye and left the place
To go and get our own space