

# party animals



Wishing You Well For 2014

from Lynne, Garrath,

Helmut & Helga.

**Copyright Message**

**All the verses and images in this calendar are copyright of the poet, artist & photographer Lynne Joyce ©**

**All rights reserved.**

**These pages are protected by copyright. No part of any of the pages may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or otherwise, without written permission from the copyright owner.**

## The Gruesome Groper



At every kind of Christmas Party,  
Friends or work or family,  
There will be a drunken Lecher  
Celebrating bawdily.

Every woman at the Party  
Needs to wear an armoured bra,  
And a pair of chain mail knickers  
To stop this louse from going too far.

Subtle hints and direct put-downs  
Even being really rude,  
Nothing ever seems to change his  
Lewd and sexist attitude.

The more he drinks the more he thinks  
That he is irresistible,  
Whilst every woman in the room  
Thinks that he is horrible.

Inevitably someone will  
Confront and clout the lout,  
Punch him soundly on the nose  
Then throw the nuisance out.

What *really* irritates is that  
Next day he won't remember,  
And that will leave him conscience free  
To repeat it next December!

## January

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
28	31	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9



Booted, suited, hair gel-fixed  
In an Elvis quiff or Beetle cut,  
The self-styled King of Karaoke  
Grabs the mike and starts to strut.

Glissasndo-like enunciation  
Means words have neither start nor end,  
And his fragile grasp of music  
Makes notes go flat, melodies bend.

Guests and bar staff quake and quiver,  
Many try to hide guffaws,  
When he launches into 'My way,'  
They try to stop him with applause.

Unrelenting and undaunted,  
Croons on the Karaoke King,  
Moving on to Christmas Carols,  
'Hark the Herald, Angels Sing'

However will the guests restrain him?  
How can they end his awful chant?  
Its easy! Everyone joins in  
And it becomes a choral rant!

No longer centre stage and solo,  
The Karaoke King steps down  
Leaving the guests to howl support  
For the funniest comic act in town!

## February

**M T W T F S S**

27 28 29 30 31 1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

10 11 12 13 14 15 16

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9



Family is a cosy notion  
Especially at Christmas time  
And so with this romantic thought  
They gather as the carols chime.

But families are peculiar things,  
And family members may not be  
Always the very best of friends,  
Or live in perfect harmony.

So playing Happy Families  
With Christmas parties is a danger,  
For relatives can be more stropky  
Than they would be with a stranger.

Feuds can last for generations,  
Memories of some long past strife,  
Are all too easily resurrected,  
By brother, cousin, daughter, wife.

So, to avoid this family conflict  
Ruining your Christmas fun,  
Take a cruise trip over Christmas  
Without telling anyone!

## March

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
24	25	26	27	28	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6



When families are gathered up  
 To celebrate and have a feast  
 It seems that there must always be,  
 One embarrassment, at least.

Here we have the dreadful Aunt  
 Who flirts and drinks and talks too much,  
 Who opens up a can of worms,  
 With secrets, rumours, lies and such.

She resurrects the hidden truths,  
 The scandal and adultery,  
 The private stuff that is concealed  
 Behind the walls of Family.

She mentions the unmentionable,  
 She laughs at things that once caused pain,  
 And every year somebody says,  
 "We're not inviting her again!"

But scandals die and memories fade,  
 And the Family code is clear,  
 'Forgive, be kind, she's one of us,'  
 So she's invited every year.

E  
m  
b  
a  
r  
r  
a  
s  
s  
i  
n  
g  
  
A  
u  
n  
t  
i  
e



# April

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
31	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

## Closet Cross-Dresser

At every high class Christmas do  
And celebration of New Year  
You will see a kilted man  
In the dressiest of Highland gear.

Its almost certain he will be  
English or American,  
But he'll claim Scottish ancestry  
And evidence it if he can.

He'll flaunt his masculinity  
And dance with a teasing swish and skirl  
Trying hard to hide the fact  
That he *really* wants to dress like a girl.



## May

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
28	29	30	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

# The Dreadful Dancer



Oh no! Here comes the dreadful dancer,  
Talentless and rhythm-free,  
Always the first one on the dance floor,  
Gyrating cataclysmically!

On the first note of the disco  
Up he leaps to strut his stuff,  
Grabbing a reluctant partner  
Who, in minutes, cries "Enough!"

Still he carries on undaunted  
With his weird, convulsive bop  
Coercing partner after partner  
To join him in his spasmic hop.

Colleagues hide and aunts prepare  
Excuses to avoid his grip,  
Claims of injury and illness  
Pass many an embarrassed lip!

We see him there at every party,  
Every wedding, every ball,  
I wonder, If he wasn't there,  
Would anybody dance at all?

## June

**M T W T F S S**

26 27 28 29 30 31 1

2 3 4 5 6 7 8

9 10 11 12 13 14 15

16 17 18 19 20 21 22

23 24 25 26 27 28 29

30 1 2 3 4 5 6



# Party Girl

Here comes the Party Animal,  
Her party frock a size too small,  
Frequenter of the Pubs and Clubs,  
And discotheques, she knows them all.

She's out carousing every night,  
She's often partying till dawn,  
She rarely gets to work on time,  
And when she does she looks well worn.

She goes to work to pay the rent  
Gives work the least that she can give,  
For though some colleagues live to work,  
This party girl just works to live.



## July

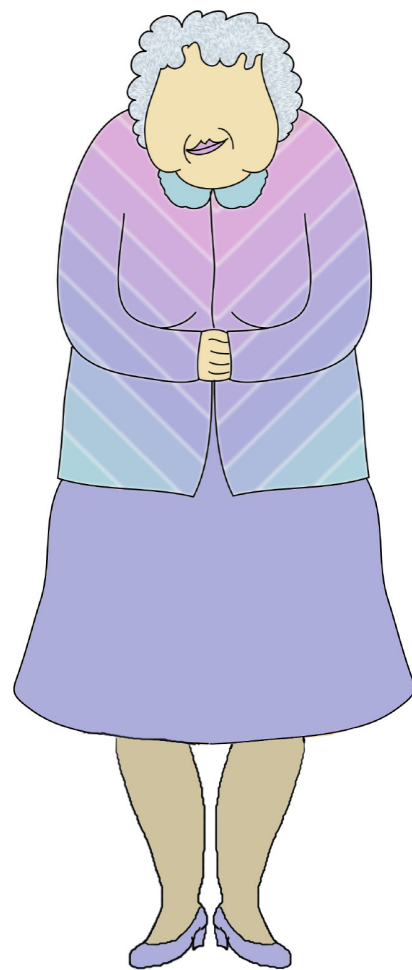
M	T	W	T	F	S	S
30	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

# Groovy Grandma

The family festive celebration  
Really would not be complete  
Without a regulation Grandma  
Enthroned on the most comfy seat.

Dressed up in her favourite cardigan  
And matching lilac jersey skirt,  
Grandma gets stuck into sherry,  
Has a dance and starts to flirt.

What a mischievous old trooper  
Grandma proves that she can be,  
Keeping Grandad on his toes  
By partying at eighty three!



## August

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
28	29	30	31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Hostessing the Christmas Party,  
This Pub Landlady looks her best  
Lemon hair bleached to perfection,  
Set in a 70's birds nest.

Amplly swathed in lycra leggings,  
She tops it off with P.V.C  
Trimmed with zebra stripes & leopard,  
Monochromed impeccably.

Every bulge and swollen bosom  
Empha-sized by Lycra clings,  
Topped with a tent in patent plastic,  
Plus huge and shiny hoop earrings!

What a terrifying creature  
A shiny, swaying, awesome mass,  
Keeping the party guests in order,  
The Doyenne of the drinking class.

T  
h  
e  
  
L  
a  
n  
d  
l  
a  
d  
y



September

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

O  
c  
t  
o  
b  
e  
r

The moment that the buffet opens  
Someone makes a racing sprint  
Determined that they'll get there first  
Before the best of fare is spent.

See them there, the buffet-busters,  
With much more victuals than they need,  
Piled high plates a testimony  
To their unrelenting greed.

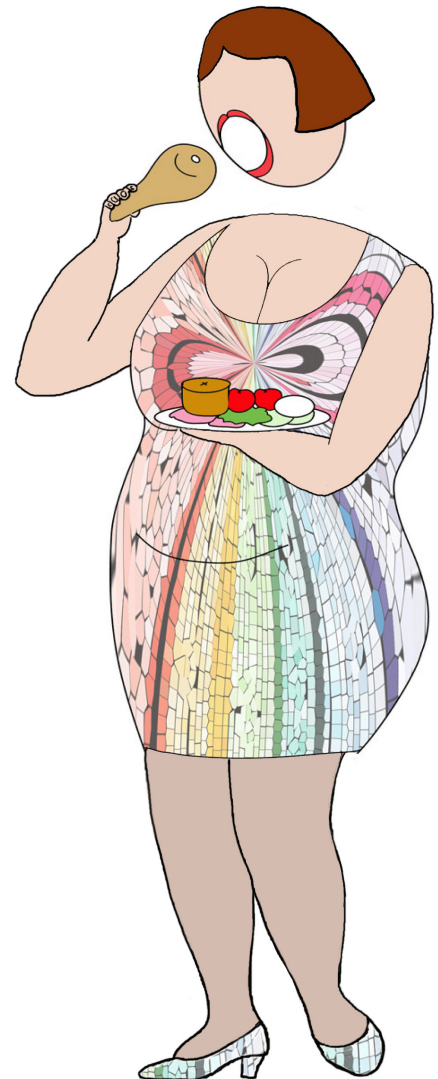
Look at them, the buffet-busters,  
Going back for more and more,  
Making food into skyscrapers,  
Munching 'til their jaws are sore.

Do they move from feast to party,  
From Christmas bash to funeral tea,  
Then to an engagement do  
To feed their fearsome gluttony?

Are their greedy, grasping manners  
Only saved for festive feasts,  
At home are they abstemious  
Or are they still voracious beasts?

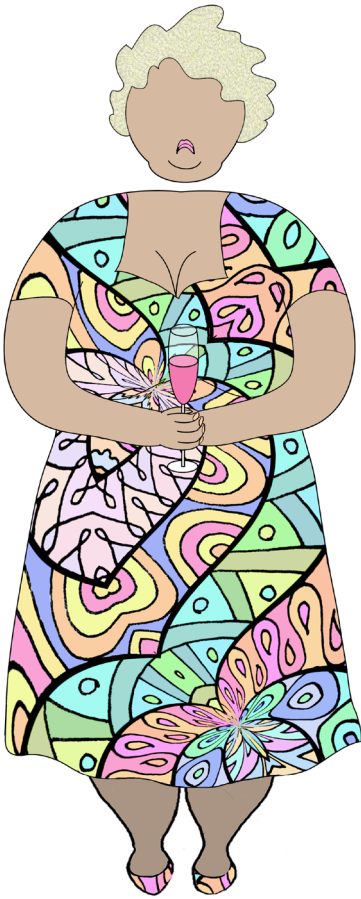
Who can tell why buffet-busters  
Stuff themselves with undue haste,  
But at least with buffet-busters,  
*Nothing* ever goes to waste!

B  
u  
f  
f  
e  
t  
  
B  
u  
s  
t  
e  
r



**M T W T F S S**

29	30	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9



P  
a  
r  
t  
y  
  
P  
o  
o  
p  
e  
r

There she is, the party pooper,  
Savouring her bitter wine,  
Eyes like coals and face like thunder,  
Spoiling all your fun and mine.

Each year her negative vibrations  
Ruin all our Christmas cheer,  
Souring our celebrations  
Of Christmas and the brand New Year.

Why ever does she come, I wonder,  
If Christmas parties aren't her thing?  
Or does she come here hoping that her  
Spouse will *stop* philandering?

Is she a masochist, or stupid?  
Can she really fail to know  
That the romantic works of Cupid  
Thrive beneath the Mistletoe?

Or is it that the party pooper,  
*Likes* the taste of bitter wine,  
Is this her twisted way, I wonder  
Of having *fun* at Christmas time?

## November

**M T W T F S S**

27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7





When you're invited to a party,  
A Christmas or Thanksgiving do.  
A Wedding or a Birthday bash,  
Someone's being kind to you.

They're saying that they want you there,  
That they enjoy your company,  
So if you just don't want to go,  
Don't disrespect their courtesy.

Get dressed up in your finery,  
Turn up on time, enjoy the do,  
Smile, boogie, and by doing so.  
Return their compliment to you

# December

**M T W T F S S**

**1 2 3 4 5 6 7**

**8 9 10 11 12 13 14**

**15 16 17 18 19 20 21**

**22 23 24 25 26 27 28**

**29 30 31 1 2 3 4**

**5 6 7 8 9 10 11**

**Lynne Joyce & Garrath Earnshaw**

37 Park Road

Shipley

West Yorkshire

BD18 2JU

01274 597803

lynne@c-n-u.eu

Garrath@ c-n-u.eu