

A Fishy Tail Tale

I want to tell a tale today, about the one that got away
It was way back when.....in '82, we had some house guests who were due
To visit, so we'd done a shop, drinks and freezer fully stocked

Mishka (cat) was being ignored whilst I scrubbed the bath and washed the floors
She looked hungrily at her empty plate, but I was busy, she'd have to wait

An hour away from arrival time, I popped to town to buy some wine
We'd already chilled the aperitif to sip with bourguignon - finest beef

Arriving home, pulled up outside, to find the front door open wide
A burglar had been, he'd wrecked the joint, we had so little, what was the point?
He must have been a hungry geezer, he'd even emptied out our freezer
And used our brand new wheely bin to stash his cache of goodies in

Our guests arrived, I made them toast, hardly *now* the perfect host 😞

I called the police who said they'd come, then asked my neighbour what he'd seen
he'd seen a van but paid no heed, I found this so hard to believe
He was a nosey, leery louse whose mission was to watch our house
Just days before he stirred up trouble, using techniques far from subtle

He'd told my husband with smile so smug; he'd seen me give a man a hug
My husband wasn't too disgruntled, the 'other man' had been my uncle
I felt quite angry and upset to see him peer through twitching nets
Yet when it mattered *most* it seemed, he just ignored what he had seen

Husband was very tired that day, had worked a hundred miles away
Arriving home, he heard the news "I'm sorry love there is no food"
He rolled his eyes and pursed his lips then left to go get fish and chips

The meal was plated as police arrived, hubby took the cops outside
To show how burglar had gained entry, they looked and listened most intently
They made some notes and wished us well "We'll be in touch" they bade farewell

My husband then yelled 'Oh my God' as Mishka dragged his battered cod
Down garden path, to aid our misery, adding insult to stress and injury
We counted our losses and drowned our sorrows, "This won't look so bad tomorrow"

A Rolex watch, a box of tools, two passports, and some precious jewels
Our food of course, a large tv; a quite successful stealing spree!

Now the sting in the tail wasn't really the fish, that was stealthily stolen by the cat, from a
dish

But the Insurance company refusing to pay, as I'd left the door unlocked that day

Looking back we find it funny, and wondered if he'd made much money
For the Chinese vase (that was fake Ming) that still had Grandma's ashes in