

Holiday Season, 2003

THE COOT IN THE SUIT

© 2003, Andrew A. Poe

The following work is the exclusive creation of the author. Any similarity to any other work is not necessarily coincidental but probably indicates that they stole it from me.

It was raining outside; there was nothing to do.
My sister and I stayed home feeling blue.
The Nintendo was broken, the VCR, too,
And my sister all suddenly cried out, "Boo Hoo!
It's boring, so boring, to sit here all day.
I wish that someone would come up with a way
To find us right now a fun game we could play!"

"No, no!" squeaked the voice of our tiny pet fish,
"Always be careful when you make a wish.
However harmless it may seem to you,
There is always a chance that it just might come true!"

Well, the fish was a whiner, we always did say,
And tried with his might to ruin everyone's day,
And so I decided to turn a deaf ear,
But, all of a sudden, what did I hear?

A knock on the door! Who could be there?
Was it a dog? Was it a bear?
But, no, just a man; a gray-haired old Coot,
Dressed to the nines in a dark green flight Suit.

"I have a game we can play," said the Coot,
"A wonderful game," said the Coot in the Suit.
"A game that will render all other games moot;
A game that will make your heart go toot-toot.

"I know things of your mother that would knock off your
socks.
Did you know, by the way, she collects yellow rocks?
Big rocks and small rocks, medium rocks, too.
None are the same but all have yellow hue.
They're not in one place; no, they're scattered about.
Why don't we find them while your mother is out?
For each rock you bring me, a point I will post,
And I'll give a prize to who brings me the most!"

So my sister and I, we dashed off right quick,
Looking for rocks until we were sick!
We looked inside closets, in cupboards and socks.
Trying to find those bright yellow rocks.
We looked in the hamper and our mother's cello,
Hoping to spot some rocks of bright yellow.
We looked inside drains, and lampshades and plungers;
We looked inside three-handled family gredunzers!
We looked in old envelopes; we looked in our hair.
We looked and we looked, but the rocks just weren't there!

So, tired and angry, we walked up to the Coot.
"What? Do you quit?" asked the Coot in the Suit.
"Yes, we do," I screamed. "We've looked all around,
But try as we might, no rock can be found!
Not in the kitchen, not in the front hall;
We think that those rocks might not be here at all!"
"Tut, tut," said the Coot. "You listen to me.
Those rocks are here; they just have to be.
I heard from my cousin, who heard from his mother,
Who heard from her husband, who heard from his brother,
Who heard from his Uncle McWhartle McBlott.
So those rocks must be here, whether they're here or not!"

"What's up?" said the fish. "Are you deaf? Are you blind?
Do you have a contagious disease of the mind?
Do you think that there is what no one can find?
Do you realize the mess they have made of this place,
Bouncing around for your stupid race?
Do you not think you might have some egg on your face?
Clothing is scattered all over the floor!
The knob was removed from the living room door!
The lamps are all broken; the pipes are all leaking;
The carpet is soaked; the furnace is squeaking;
The windows are scratched; the books are all torn;
The food is all spoiled; the curtains are worn!
And with all of this damage, there is nothing to show
For your stupid quest. In fact, do you know
How expensive this race was, that you think is so funny?
How much to repair? How much time? How much
money?"

"That's not my problem," said the Coot with a sneer.
"That's up to you; you see, I don't live here.
I have my own house, my own shoes, my own socks.
And everyone knows that I have yellow rocks.
You might not have them; I just needed to see,
For no one is allowed to have them but me.
If you will not look then I guess that I will.
I will keep looking till the world stands still."

"Are you nuts?" said the fish. "Are you daft? Are you
mad?
Do you seriously think there's fun to be had?
This place is a mess; do you have any doubt
That when their mother comes home, she'll throw you right
out?"

"Out? I think not," said the Coot with a grin.
"I've got Saddam. She'll vote me back in!"

Andy P O E
e n a
a r
c t
e h