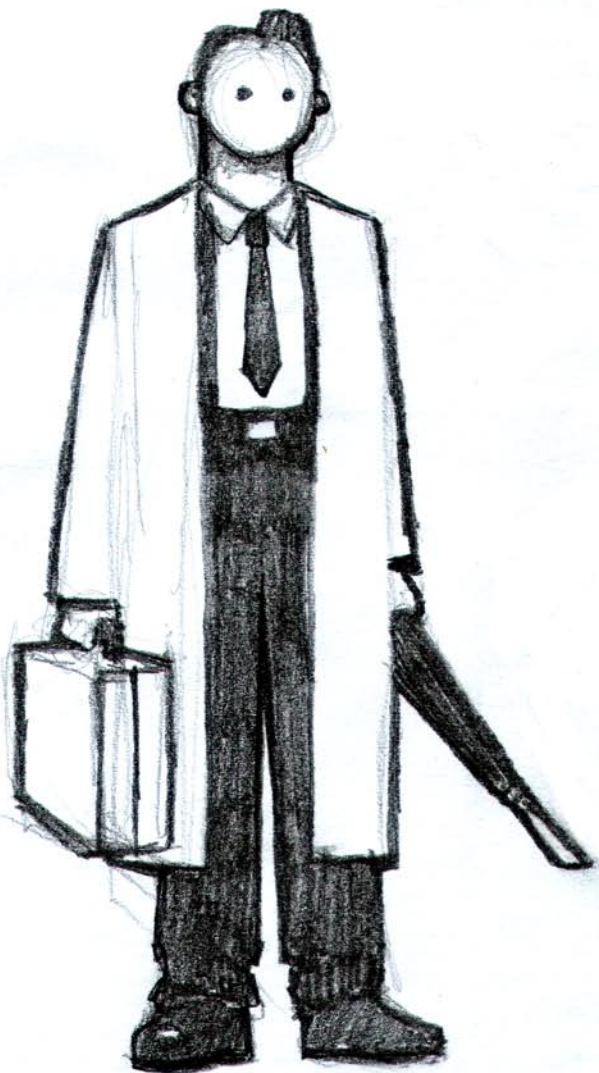


**LOST
DOGS**
BY GRAHAM
DENNEY



LOST DOGS

1. The Cut-throat World of Business
2. Doghead
3. You've Been in the Wars
4. Buying Lunch On Our Own
5. The Mice on the Tracks
6. A Matter of Life and Death

7. a) If Symptoms Persist...
 b) ... Just Put the Book Down
8. Lost Dog
9. Squashed a Bug
10. Don't Be Too Busy
11. Product Use/ Truth Abuse

The Cut-throat World of Business

Jenny's Dad has been headhunted,
By some big legal firm, she said.
She seems pretty smug for someone whose Father,
Has just been decapitated.

Now, I've read about tribes in the jungle,
Who headhunt explorers and such,
But I didn't realise that city folk,
Did that type of thing quite so much.

I can see them now, stalking the city in suits,
With their black umbrellas for spears,
Watching you, sipping at train-station coffee,
And sizing up what you've got 'tween your ears.

Oh, yes, they may look innocent enough,
With their scrubbed, and moisturized faces.
But ask yourself, what do they keep in those
Suspiciously Large Briefcases?

Chloroform, probably, and designer knives,
The blades kept sharp and clean,
And the shrivelled heads of all of their victims,
And a small portable guillotine.

They must do their murdering at meetings
Lopping heads over lunches, I think
And so that the skulls are easy to store,
Visit psychiatrists to make the heads shrink.

And when they go home to their husbands and wives
Over dinner and wine, they'll say:
'Excellent week at the office, my dear,
Made a killing at work today!'

So next time you're in the city and see
A suit heading in your direction,
Run away, hide, and protect your neck
Lest you end up part of their collection.

Doghead

I never asked to be dog-headed, you know.
Life can be cruel and unfair.
It's not my fault my snout is unusually long
And my face is all covered in hair.
I get through shampoo by the gallon,
Giving my whole head and face a good rinse.
And, yes, I'm aware of my breath problem-
I spend a fortune on mouthwash and mints.

In my office, I know they look down on me,
My desk is small and shoddy;
I get no decent projects, just menial tasks,
Like I'm nothing more than a dogsbody.
If we stop at a bar on the way home from work,
They serve me my drink in a bowl.
And in restaurants 'friends' save me their leftover
bones,
And snigger "Here boy, go dig a hole!"

I don't mingle well, because my tongue hangs out -
It makes it so hard when I talk, see.
People tend to just nod, and pat my head
And ask if I want to go walkies.
But, I'm a person, you know, not a dog,
(Though I may have a problem with drool)
So I won't fetch your stick, and no I won't pose
For amusing pictures playing poker or pool.

But for now I'll ignore it, I s'pose, and get on
With the photocopying and the filing.
And in this big grey office, you'll often notice,
I'm the only one here that is smiling.
'Cos it's difficult being dog-headed, yes, but
Some simple things still make me grin, though-
Like long summer drives in country lanes
With my head stuck out the car window.

(wags tail)

The Mice on the Tracks

I fear for the mice scurrying round on the tracks
The underground train might break their backs
I think those mice would be just fine,
If they stayed behind the yellow line.

Lost Dog

Around.

Unfound.

Unfortunate Hound.

You've Been in the Wars

Oh dear, oh dear, you've been in the wars.
The state of you! Those trousers of yours!
You've been like this ever since you were little,
Your skin's like a tissue; your bones are too brittle.
You fell off your bike three times last week,
And hid in those nettles playing hide and seek.
You knocked yourself out doing tricks with your yo-
yo,
And climbing trees is a definite no-no.
The cat seems to go for you whenever she chooses.
Legions of lesions, and armies of bruises,
Your body's in patches of cuts and scratches.
Remember that time you got hold of my matches?
I still shudder to think of the smoke and the flame,
Your eyebrows grew back, but they were never quite
the same...
Yes, it's fair to say you've been in the wars,
Shut your fingers in gates and walked into doors,
And now you're home and you're tired and hurt,
(And I'm not too happy about the rip in your shirt),
But please don't ever be too scared, my son,
To laugh and tumble and jump and run.
Because there's time-a-plenty for healing to be done,
But so little time for a boy to have fun.

A Matter of Life and Death

Please don't switch the machine off,
I've still loads of life left yet.
If you do this to me now, you know,
It's something you'll always regret...

Now it's getting harder and harder, but,
I'm still fighting, wave after wave.
I'll get through, I'll make it, I know that I can;
I've come much too far not to save.

No, I beg you – don't switch the machine off,
I won't ask for anything more.
No! Don't touch the button! *Oh, bloody hell Mum!*
I'd almost got past level four!

a) If Symptoms Persist...

KEEP OUT THE DIRTY RIVER | DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'LL GIVE YER
NEVER SHARE A CUP | ONE DAY YOU WON'T WAKE UP
NO MATTER HOW IT ITCHES | DON'T PICK AT THE STITCHES
COVER OPEN CUTS | MAY CONTAIN NUTS
SWELLING OF THE FACE | AN ISOLATED CASE
DIZZINESS, INFLAMMATION | PERSISTENT IRRITATION
SYRUP, CAPSULES, DROPS
AVAILABLE IN SHOPS
SCIENTISTS NOW BELIEVE
CORRECT POSTURE MAY RELIEVE
IT'S FILTHY - LEAVE IT THERE
GRADUAL LOSS OF HAIR
KEEP BAGS AWAY FROM BABIES
STRAY DOGS MAY HAVE RABIES
THE GIVING & RECEIVING
CAUSES DIFFICULTY BREATHING
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT
STOP SNIFFING AND JUST BLOW IT

b) ... Just Put the Book Down

Now, don't you worry, don't you fret;
The world it isn't ending yet.
It's just another panic attack
From a raving hypochondriac.
She got this all into her head
From that Family Health Guide that she read.

Buying Lunch On Our Own

We're bloody starving and it's ages 'til tea,
And that bright plastic sign is calling me
The seats are wipe-clean and the floors are too,
And if you buy something there you can use the loo,
But when you're seven years old it's not all problem-free.

Because fast food counters are too tall for me.

If you give me a bunk-up, I'll be able to see-
Just cradle your hands and get down on one knee,
That's it, that's enough- I can see the menu!
Don't worry, I know- no onions for you,
The assistant smiles tightly 'What'll it be?'
'Well, ... what can we get for fifty pee?'

A harsh lesson in finance is learnt painfully,
And we're still bloody starving and it's still ages
'til tea.

Squashed a Bug

I cracked it good, I squished it flat-
Crawl on my sandwich? I won't have that!
I thumped it hard, I mashed its brain-
Crawl on my lunch? Well, never again!
It's splattered to bits- that's how hard I smacked!
What do you mean? I didn't over-react!

...

Well, you know, perhaps you're right,
And I should have more care.
Thumping passing insect life
Just isn't very fair...

And there's another reason why it was
An awful thing to do-
When I squashed the bug under my fist,
I squashed my sandwich too!

Bum.

Don't Be Too Busy

Please don't ever be too busy
To spend some time with me.
I get really sad playing on my own,
When your programmes are on the T.V.

I wish we could read together;
I've just got a really good book.
I've drawn lots of pictures; they're up on my wall,
If you could just spare the time to come look.

And some nights, when you've finished the paper,
Perhaps we could go to the park.
Bring the football and a couple of jumpers,
And take turns in goal 'til it's dark.

I just like it better when we're together,
I just like you around, that's all.
I want you to watch me ride my bike
And make sure I'm OK when I fall.

Or if you've got loads of paperwork,
I could help you out in some way.
My handwriting's neat, and I'm good at spelling;
I got full marks in my test today.

I know this is all wishful thinking,
And you really are busy, I know.
But, when you leave for work in the morning, come up
And just kiss me goodbye 'fore you go.

PRODUCT USE/TRUTH ABUSE

When shampooing your hair,
Or when telling lies
Take note: 'CAUTION –
AVOID CONTACT WITH EYES.'

