

T H E
MAUDLECOW
FELL DOWN
A WELL



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The Maudlecow fell down a well.
How deep it was, I could not tell.
Why he fell, he did not mention.
But I suspect he was not paying attention.

To make it worse, he'd been on his way
To see his mother on her birthday!
Poor dear was left stood up for hours,
Plus...
To keep him going, he'd eaten her flowers.

As he was chewing on the last of the stalks,
I chanced to pass by on one of my walks.
Tossed a coin in the well and made a wish,
And the well replied 'Ouch!' instead of saying 'Splish!'

'Is that you, Maudlecow?' I enquired of the hole
'No, it's the Queen,' he replied, being droll.
'How did you end up down there?' said I
But the only reply was a pitiful sigh...

'I'd rather not say,' sulked the miserable cow
'And it's not very interesting anyhow...'
'Well, don't worry' I called, 'I'll find you a rope,
And you'll be out in a jiffy, you clumsy old dope'.

But there was no rope, nor cord to be found.
There was nary a scrap of twine around!
I returned to my friend-in-a-hole-in-the-ground,
Scratched my head, peered down and said as I frowned:

‘No, luck with the rope, I’m sorry to say.
Perhaps I can think of a different way.’
‘Please, hurry,’ he whimpered ‘I’m getting The Fear’
And a light-bulb sparked between my ears.
(Apparently, that happens when you have good ideas)

See, a Maudlecow is like no other cow,
They’re a little bit different, and this is how.
He cries easy, he does, the old sad-sack
But not from his eyes, no- *out of holes in his back.*

Each hole works like a great whale’s spout,
From which a big fountain of tears spurts out.
And when he’s upset, oh, he weeps such a lot-
Like a shower-head on legs, or a wet pepper pot.

My plan was simple- I’d make him cry,
‘Til the old dry well had filled up high.
Right up to the top so that he could swim
To the surface and out. That’s how I’d save him!
‘Please think hard, use all of your wits.

Being stuck in this well is simply the pits,'
He whined. I prepared all the jibes that I could,
Being nasty to him for the greater good.

I began to insult him for all I was worth
'Why should I save you, you scum of the earth?!'
(Though I felt awful being cruel to my friend,
My mean means would be justified by the end.)

I called him 'Snot-Face' and a 'big waste of space'
And a 'total disgrace to the Maudlecow race'.
I implied that he was very much overweight,
And that his personal hygiene wasn't that great.

I told him his dinner-parties were a bore,
And just talking to him was a terrible chore.
A big bag of that and a pile of old this,
And if he never got out, no one would notice.

'Fat Belly, Egg-Smelly, big dim dribble-chin...'
I saw that the tears were about to begin,
And, then, yes! The waterworks started to come
'That's right- cry, you useless great pimple-bum!'

But a few little droplets just wasn't enough-
I would have to think of much sterner stuff.
(So, from here on, dear reader, things will worsen.
I'd stop reading now if you're a good-natured person).

'The butcher's knife would make best use of you,
But you'd probably taste mouldy and ruin my stew.'
I ranted, I raved, and I really let rip
And the tears 'came a-trickle instead of a-drip.

But, it still wasn't deep enough to swim.
I had to try harder, and so I called him
All of the rude names under the sun
(And I'm sorry to say that at times it was fun!)

'Hey, Slug-toes, pug-nose, old-black-cabbage-breath!
You'll stay down there 'til you catch your death.
Never again hugged, and never again kissed,
Huddled alone and completely unmissed.'

The Maudlecow let out a heart-rending wail,
It would work! It must work! I could not fail!
And, yes! Through the whining and gnashing of teeth
His back 'came a spurting great fountain of grief!

That's it! That's it! It's beginning to work
I cried down 'Go on sob you wobbly great berk!'
The water level was beginning to rise-
He was standing in tears, right up to his thighs.

For hours and hours I called down abuse
No jibe was too sharp, no name too obtuse
'Cheese-ears, dog-lips, Flea-bitten old goat!'
He wept and he wept, and started to float!

'I've been finding your company increasingly dull,
So I'm glad you fell down there, you fat-eyed numb-skull.
And that tie you bought, *did* clash with your shirt,
And your famous mud pie *really does* taste like dirt.'
(Insulting his cooking hit him where it hurt!)

And at last! At last! He was up to the top,
Climbed out and lay down with a big tired flop.
He looked hurt up at me with puppy-dog eyes
And I told him '*don't worry- what I said was all lies*'.

I explained that to save him, it was all I could do
But he couldn't accept that my words were not true.
I think that I must have pushed him too hard-
My rescue left poor 'Cow emotionally scarred.

I tried my best to reconcile,
Nice dinner, a movie, but all the while
I could see it was there at the back of his mind-
I had been kind of cruel, being cruel to be kind.

We are no longer friends after all that I said.
He couldn't forgive that I called him 'spud-head'.
And I'm sad to say that we no longer speak,
Since I said he resembled a hippo's bum-cheek.

And that is the way that some things end,
How you lose a companion, a very good friend.
It was no-one's fault, no-one's in the wrong.
We just parted ways, farewell, so-long...

But I'd certainly say that it was worthwhile,
Although what I said was horrid and vile.
I did what I did for my good friend's sake.
(Oh, and don't worry –
Mother saved him a slice of her birthday cake...)

THE END