**REFLECTIONS WHEN AN OCTOGENARIAN REACHES A BINGO CALL AGE**

Two Fat Ladies – All the Eights – Eighty-eight.

Is this the best the Birthday Boy can do?

It’s not as though he’s short of time to concentrate;

There must be better sources to pursue.

In a fam’ly where the gender ratio’s three-to-one

One must try hard not to cause offence.

T, double o fat ladies? - what have I done?

Aagh – what can I say in my defence?

When you’re in a hole – stop digging , don’t they teach?

So, with a final toast “To Fat Ladies” – g ‘bye!

[If you’re caught short on a Yorkshire beach,

Is it “Too far t’ t’Ladies.”] Sorry, worth a try.

If we turn to anagrams, it might cut down the strife.

We’ve: *Wife lost data. Wife, Toast Lad ;*

*Ta-ta, wolf dies. Ta-ta, sold wife.*

Stop digging that hole, you’re driving us all mad!

So, back to the Drawing Board on Page One;

Eighty-eight or **Eight T Eight** ; let’s have a shufty.

Bend and stretch a bit – an idea has begun;

These look like Scales of Justice at the Bailey.

So, here we go; sorry for the wait.

With a smile that stretches ‘til it hurts:

*All the eights – Scales of Justice – eighty-eight,*

And, I hope I’m gonn’a get my just deserts.

*Roger Shakeshaft. 11 July 2021*

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*Dedicated to the Three Fragrant Ladies who have tolerated my Gentle Chauvinism*

*over the last fifty, or so, years.*