

## *The Queen of Hearts .....Oh What a Tart!*

The Queen of Hearts was so tired of baking tarts; stood in her kitchen dreaming of her illicit clandestine love and the stolen passionate moments of pleasure they had shared, suddenly seeing the white rabbit rush past her kitchen window without even a cursory nod of his purple top hat decided to follow him. Always, always late. Why was he in such a flurry and who the hell was 'Alice'?

The white rabbit with his purple top hat bobbing and bouncing up and down on his head; hopping, skipping and more noticeably he was *unmistakably* swaying from side to side. What was that I spied behind his pocket watch ... oh no, Sloe Gin. The white rabbit was hitting the bottle again!

He charged on and on not noticing as he very nearly collided with Tweedledum and Tweedledee who were again picking on poor Tom Thumb!

Meanwhile the Knave of Hearts had been stealing pies from Gregg's, silly boy should have been stealing tarts, whilst Georgie Porgie had been creating chaos in the shop by kissing all the girls ... but all was not as it seemed with Georgie! Quick, someone fetch Dr. Foster, you know from Gloucester but make sure he doesn't step in any puddles on the way back; keep an eye out too for Jabberwocky and the Bandersnatch!

Georgie Porgie was about to be 'sectioned' yet again!

The Knave of Hearts made his escape back to the troops: back to the Grand Old Duke of York marching his now much reduced army of five thousand men up and down the hill. The grim reality of Government Austerity cuts! With that bloody Humpty Dumpty sitting on the palace wall again protesting very eloquently about battery farmed eggs!

Jack and Jill too marching up and the down the hill with more chuffing water! What were they doing with all that water? Maybe the Ice Bucket Challenge, who knows?

The three blind mice too protesting at new Government Health warnings and regulations: CHEESE MAY SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH. NO CHEESE TO BE EATEN OR CONSUMED IN PUBLIC PLACES .....

Public Houses would have to build 'cheese shelters' where in inclement weather would be found drowned rats and mice secretively eating their lethal cheese!

And Mary Mary who was now quite contrary due to the vast amount of cannabis growing in her garden alongside cockle shells and silver bells; And as she wandered endlessly round and round the mulberry bush singing 'Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John'.

The result of a night of "friggin in the riggin" with a handsome Sea Captain called Bobby Shafto wondering why had he gone back to sea? He had said he would come back and marry me?

She wondered too if he had run off with the owl or the pussycat in a beautiful pea green boat .....