

## Rainy day game birds, #s 48 and 35

He was a most pleasant pheasant, of that you may be sure  
Who once lived down by the hazel lake, in a land called nevermore  
As he shuffled into his breeches, looking out towards Choctar Ridge  
His pillars of most sweet repose, were rocked by the sight of- partridge!  
How could such a bird have landed here, and didn't he look a state?  
Sat down by the parchment turlough, like a coloured immobile weight  
Now the gunwales of his status, were ennobled and profound  
Until such as this partridge, alighted here off life's merry-go-round  
Now the piston of his self-restraint, was jostling here with pheasant  
But as he looked back the partridge flew off,  
and it was back to sanguine, pleasant pheasant