

BLOCKBUSTER
Thanksgiving ISSUE

Still really cheap

Letters to the Editor

2011

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Find us on Face book- It's worth a try...

~EDITOR'S DESK ~

Dear Reader,

If you have opened these pages hoping to find some worthwhile stories of human courage, compassion, and heroics--or even some stories bearing some educational value—you have sadly come to the wrong place. This year's Newsletter has lived up to its well-deserved reputation of bringing intrigue, innuendo, lies, and accusations to the forefront and hopefully starting some fights. We have stories that will make you gasp in disbelief, cover your mouths in horror, and retreat to your favorite reading chair to devour each and every last juicy bit. So if you were looking for a nice story about incredibly intelligent dolphins- now is the time to put this down and move to Florida! Or —stay put, and enjoy the exhilarating ride that is and always will be The Little News Weekly!

Happy Thanksgiving!

The Editor

LETTER(S) TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

As President of the The Boston Bruins Organization, I am pleased to announce that the 2011 Stanley Cup Champs will be attending the Thanksgiving Extravaganza at 15 Matthew Drive, Littleton MA. The guys are looking forward to coming in on duck boats for the banner ceremony—there *is* going to be a banner ceremony, isn't there? The guys are used to

a lot of hoopla at this point. We did receive a preliminary agenda from someone called "Poppy" – (Is that Big Papi, by any chance?) As far as it goes, the agenda looks pretty good— but we need some clarification: You proposed a skate-off on the "swamp"- you mean rink, right? Anyway, the "Bobby" mentioned is THE BOBBY, right? Other questions: Is the "flag ceremony" actually a BANNER ceremony? And the "flyover" is a nice touch- we haven't had that yet since winning the CUP. What we've had is more like the "hangover." Which brings me to my next point: This agenda has the guys going with "Poppy" to various local spots, like "Cataldos"— the guys want to know if that is a bar (hopefully?). And there was some question posed on the agenda about going to "Raymond's"—another bar, maybe? And, oh yeah, the guys all say they have NOT seen the movie Witness – you can tell Poppy to stop bring up the "silo" reference. You have to remember that these guys are mostly not American—Chara is from Slovakia for Chrissake, and a lot of the others are from (gulp) Canada. I don't know if there are silos in Canada- who cares, really. All I do know is that there are a lot of losers in Canada right now! Hee Hee Hee! That's right! We are the Champs! Break out the Champagne! We will see you Nov 24! GO BRUINS!

Cam Neely
President, Boston Bruins
2011 Stanley Cup
Champions



~FEATURED ARTICLES~

The Tree

By J. R. Donohue

Last year I noticed that the large Pin Oak tree in my backyard was not looking too good. I took a few pictures and some dead branches to the Master Gardener at the Freehold office, Monmouth County Agricultural affairs. The Master took one look and said “AHA! Bacterial Scorch.” He said it was a death sentence and there was little I could do to bring it back to life. I called a tree surgeon and he said “AHA! Bacterial Scorch.” Naturally, I didn’t believe either of them and tried fertilizer spikes, watering, etc., to no avail.

This year the tree looked just as bad with a few leaves that started falling in early August. A few weeks ago, I gave up, and a local tree company took it down in two stages. They took everything down by the trunk, which stood a good 25 feet high and 2 feet in diameter. It looked like a totem pole. The tree company promised to come back to finish the job but then we had the snowstorm, blackouts, et al, and they didn’t return for a week. Meanwhile, my brain started thinking about the totem pole.

I have a good friend who does wood-carving but he moved to Florida. I knew him from grammar and high school and being my age he might have a problem up on a ladder. Besides, he knows how cheap I am and would only give him free beer to work on the project. What are friends for?

Meantime, my brain functioning at night, dreamt of the Totem Pole:

Who would be on top?

What family members to include? Exclude?
In-laws?
Old Girlfriends?
Religious Symbols?
Non-Religious Symbols?
Sports Heros?
My Enemies List (on the bottom of course)
The Waterman Calendar (abbreviated version)

As you can see, my brain was working overtime. Then I made a fatal mistake. I mentioned it to my wife. My wife, although very sympathetic to the Native American issue, did not share my dream for the Totem Pole. “What are you Nuts!” or words to that effect was her first response. From there on it was all down-hill. I tried to dissuade her by offering to put a copy of the racing form near the top, in honor of the Lynch side of the family. Not a good move. How about St. Francis up there, where there are sure to be some birds sitting on his shoulders? Sacrilege.

Being a complete coward as far as my wife is concerned, I locked myself in the bathroom until she calmed down from being on the warpath. Good choice of words, no?

My pin oak tree is gone now but my dream lingers on. I can see my father’s pipe wrenches, my brother’s NYC police badge, my sister’s piano keyboard and on and on. All of these images would look great in my yard and bring back some memories from the past. I’m sure my neighbors would love it!

“ Before the moon, crosses the sky three times, I will have my Totem Pole”

~Crazy Horse 1876

“The winters have treated her kindly”

~ Geronimo 1885



(referring to his good-looking trophy squaw)

“Wine for my horseman, we ride with the dawn.”
~J.R. Donohue 2011



IN THE GREEN:

US Debt to China Forgiven!

In a stunning announcement, the US State Department has confirmed that the government of China has forgiven all US debt, following a two-week visit by an American scientist, John T. Jayne. The press release, by Secretary of State Hilary Clinton, while verifying information first reported by The Drudge Report and the National Enquirer, also raised questions concerning the reasons for this apparent windfall. Apparently, Dr. Jayne, who holds a Ph.D in Atmospheric Chemistry, went to China in August of this year to meet with customers and attend a conference in Beijing. The Chinese science community has been waiting a long time for his visit. Reportedly, the Chinese scientists have been pleading for Dr Jayne to visit them to “fix it”, referring to scientific instrumentation that Dr Jayne invented. Our investigators discovered that the American scientist, while somewhat well-known in the states, enjoys Rock-Star status in China. Throngs of supporters were at the airport when he arrived. Many had

slept there anticipating his arrival. One young Chinese scientist told us, “We wait long time! We love John Jayne-- He finally here! We keep him long time.” Dr. Jayne greeted his followers cryptically, saying, “Why are there so many people in China? Why is it so hot?”

With this auspicious beginning, it is no wonder that the visit ended up an unparalleled success, culminating in a banquet, where JTJ was actually given the Keys to the *Forbidden City* and told that he could use Facebook, too. Dr Jayne smiled at that and said no thanks, but I would like to speak to my son, Joe Joe through Skype. The Chinese were intrigued and after several rounds of whiskey shots and some groggy references to high-level finance, Dr. Jayne had a late-night session on Skype from a poorly air-conditioned hotel room with Joe Joe, who is handy with a calculator. One thing led to another, and the entire debt broo-haha was sewn up in a neat little bow with the US holding the strings!



Here's something John Jayne did *not* do in China!

Following the news, of course the Market has soared. Investors are thrilled!

Market Analyst and Financial Consultant Joseph K. Jayne had only this to say “It’s all butter, baby!!!”

An anonymous source at the State Department said that Secretary Clinton had ambivalent feelings at hearing the news: “I was JUST in China! I was JUST there! Nobody said anything to ME about this! You’d think I might be let in on this as SECRETARY OF STATE. Yet another reason why I should have been elected President”...and so on.



Archive Photo: Earlier visit to China by John Jayne and colleagues (1972)

The Department of the Treasury also released a statement through Assistant Secretary Mary John Miller: “Huge changes in debt management do not usually happen, and even small changes should be well-telegraphed events to benefit the American People. However, Treasury and I can handle any perturbations, so no worries. Actually, this makes my job kind of boring, so I may move to Greece.”

In closing, we contacted Dr Jayne at this home and office for comment to this article. His people have repeatedly rebuffed our advances, with his spokesperson Hannah Jayne obviously trying to distract us with “I LOVE those boots, where did you get them? Are you going to Kohls this weekend?”

However, as we went to press, the normally reclusive Dr. Jayne has finally accepted our offer for an exclusive interview

at a time of his choosing, as long as he can bring his laptop and doesn’t have to talk to that “jerk” Matt Lauer.



“Can I go next? I already have Chinese pajamas”



Return of Brenda Starr?

Gotham Gasps! Our own girl-wonder, Leigh Stambaugh, has landed a job at the New York Post! Effortlessly gliding through every interview, Ms. Stambaugh impressed the career staffers at The Post with her intelligence and solid work ethic. One of the editors, apparently in charge of the front-page headlines had this to say:

“Red-Haired Dynamite!”
 “The Post Likey Leigh”
 “Murdoch Mesmerized!!”
 “Short Stuff = TALL Order”
 “Merri-Leigh We Go Along”

.. and other unintelligible things. Needless to say, a short visit with him = short trip to loony-ville.

What *is* clear is that Leigh’s stock is rising!!! Congratulations, Leigh!!

Occupy-Shrewsbury: Status Report

As we go to press, the Occupy-Shrewsbury effort has been going on for several weeks. This grass-roots movement, started by Dillon Stambaugh, has followers camped out on the front yard of 99 Obre Place. Piggy-backing on the (perhaps) better known Arab Spring and the Occupy Wall Street movement, Stambaugh has focused his movement on “getting things done” at 99 Obre place. His message is very clear, and unlike the Occupy Wall Street folks, he doesn’t want to “enter into a dialogue” to achieve his goals. In fact, he says, “Are you kidding?-- that’s part of the problem- a BIG part of the problem.” So with tents and kerosene lamps he borrowed from his reluctant father (“What if there is a storm, Dillon!’), Dillon and his friends are holding out for the ultimate prize- a new dog. Apparently this whole movement is predicated on the fact that Dillon CAN NOT TAKE IT ANY MORE—or at least that is what his posters say. Dillon himself is fairly tight-lipped: “They *so* know the issue. AND they know the solution.” His friend and spokesperson, Austin, had this to say; “Well, you know, Dillon’s got it pretty good, but with Connor and Leigh out of the house now -and his Dad travelling for work-- it can get a little tense around the house. Every night it is just Dillon, his Mom, and of course, ME. Sometimes I answer Mrs. Stambaugh’s nightly questions for Dillon, because he is really not into it and I love it! It’s easy-they are always the same:

“How was your day?”

“How was Practice? (*catch-all question: this can cover a lot of ground*)

“Do you have any homework?”

Reportedly, Fall 2011 had been going along like this for a while, when suddenly things reached a turning point when Dillon came home one day and just said” No offence, Mom, but I really need a Dog”, and without waiting for an answer, staged a sit-in on the front lawn. Since then, Dillon has set up tents and flushed out the cast of characters usually loitering in the Stambaugh basement to take a stand with him on the front lawn. But no one is starving. While our staff was there interviewing random hangers on, someone sent back their Trader Joe’s Macaroni and Cheese into the house to be re-heated.

Latest development: Our computer hackers discovered that someone inside the house at 99 Obre Place has been looking at the website BARK AVENUE. Stay tuned!



David Crosby and Graham Nash hold fundraising concert in Dillon’s honor at Occupy-Shrewsbury

Monmouth Beach Update:
Isabelle is Athletic!
Ian pulls a Switch!

Isabelle Rosa has plunged herself into the world of athletics. Choosing to join the Cross Country team at her grammar school, playing soccer with assists to goals

and playing goalie, and earning her orange belt in Aikido! Yahooee! Her Mother overheard her recently saying, “Can’t wait for spring softball.” Go Isabelle! Watch out sport-entrenched household Stambaugh!



Izzy finding the force in Aikido

Ian Chick has switched it up and transferred to Montclair State University. He has left the inner city of Newark and is now experiencing power outages in the suburbs of Montclair. He will be attending the Winter Ball and has been texting his Mother– “Yea”, “OK”, “I wish I had my car”(during the snow power outage), and “Can you put some money in my bank account.” So happy for him! Go Ian!



Nice T-Shirt Ian!

Connor Stambaugh's Circle of Controversy:

*Interviews with the mad men of
Hollywood, sports, and beyond.*

It's been a crazy year. From the Occupy Wall Street to Lindsay Lohan, controversy and public scandals have infiltrated the media, subjecting us to some rather interesting characters. Luckily, I was able to catch up with some of the stars of these meltdowns to get both sides of the story. In a group interview I managed to fire questions towards Charlie Sheen, Lindsay Lohan, Nicolas Cage, Tiger Woods, and even Herman Cain. Needless to say, it wasn't pretty.

Q: Welcome, all, to the Circle of Controversy. Like many, I sympathize with your current situation. You've all developed somewhat of a bad reputation—some more recent than others—and struggle on a daily basis to live your lives as normal people. I would start with you, Ms. Lohan, but considering you're scheduled to be in court in 30 seconds, I'll just take back the watch you stole from me earlier and you can be on your way. Mr. Cain. Tell me, with all of the publicity coming from the harassment scandal, how do you think your campaign will hold up?

Cain: Well, it is hard to *get a feel* for the future election. I've been going through and *fondling* all of the possible outcomes, but I just cannot *put my finger* on what I think will come out of it. I am a happily married

man, and as far as the election goes I sincerely believe that I, Herman Cain, can compete with the *breast* of them!

Q: Mr. Cain, I think you mean the BEST of them. You recently said something along the lines of "Once you ride the Cain Train, its impossible to get off." Ever think of revising that statement, especially in light of recent events?

Cain: Can you re-phrase the question?

Q: Absolutely not. Tiger Woods, you single-handedly tarnished your image as one of the biggest role models in sports with your scandal. In addition, your performance has been terrible...

Woods: I wouldn't say it's been terrible!

Q: I'm talking about your golf performance, Tiger.

Woods: Oh, golf! Yes, just awful— I'm terrible now. Sorry, I've been trying to keep my mind out of the gutter. My addiction therapist has been teaching me wonderful techniques to control my sexual appetite.

Q: I think it's absolutely wonderful that you're taking positive steps forward by seeing a therapist. Who is it, may I ask?

Woods: Gene Simmons.

Q: God help us all. Moving on...Charlie Sheen, you created quite the buzz when you were fired from the long-running sitcom Two and a Half Men and replaced by Ashton Kutcher. You were then accused of using a variety of drugs while living with adult film stars and calling yourself a "rock star from Mars." If you could go back in time, what would you do differently?

Sheen: Well, you know, I never really said any of those things. You see, that wasn't Charlie Sheen talking. It was the Vatican assassin, the stealth ninja. You know, the tiger-blood-thirsty warlock not necessarily from this terrestrial realm. I've got poetry in my fingertips. I'm an F-18, bro. I will destroy you in the air. And your children will weep over your exploded body.

(NOTE: These are all actual quotes from Charlie Sheen.)

Q: Well that was quite the story, Sheen. Thank you for rambling incoherently while threatening my family in a completely unforgivable manner. You're such a gentleman. Now about the drug use...

Sheen: I am on a drug. The Charlie Sheen drug. And it's not available because if you try it, you will die. Your face will melt off.

(NOTE: Yes, he said all of that too.)

Q: Alright, enough with the nonsense. You always talk about "winning." Can you please, coherently and without any gibberish, explain what the hell you're talking about?

Sheen: I'm bi-winning. I win here and I win there. Now what?

Q: I don't know, probably an insane asylum. Nicolas Cage, you actually seem quiet and reserved for once in your life. Recently you've starred in a slew of unforgivably terrible films and although you haven't done anything to cause a tabloid stir, your life in general is just a train wreck. What is wrong with you?

Cage: Nothing troubles me, sensei. I see clearly.

Q: You are laughably ridiculous. You have appeared in so many movies that I cannot help but call you the white Samuel L. Jackson. Stop grinning, that wasn't a compliment. What, may I ask, draws you into these feature films?

Cage: These films have the essential qualities of a Nic Cage flick. One- nomadic eyebrows that have long since traveled from their home. Their forehead village they grew up on was a safe haven, a breeding ground for the epic. And two- I was told the actors were given food...

Q: None of what you just said makes any sense whatsoever. I think we're just about done here, thank you Mr. Cage. I hope I never have the inconvenience of running into you in the future.

Cage: Wait. How do we exit this Circle of Controversy?

Q: I'm not so sure I know what you mean.

Cage: A fight to the death! Two men enter...two men leave.

Q: I think it's "one man leaves."

Cage: Maybe. Math was never my strong suit. Anyway, next time this goes down you will have to let me know in advance so I can bring my life coach.

Q: Do I even want to know who that is?

Cage: Mel Gibson.

****Thank you briefly to Saturday Night Live for inspiring a tiny portion of this segment (I was taught never to plagiarize).**

~LIFESTYLE~

It's Beginning To Look a Lot Like--a Tourist Season

By: Leigh Stambaugh

There's something magical and almost indescribable about the holiday season. There's something in that moment you watch a little girl sit on Santa's lap and ask for ballet slippers; something in the air when your mother puts an ornament on the Christmas tree she saved from when you could hardly spell; something about the sound of carolers singing "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" to an old friend as snow falls on Christmas Eve.

Since I've been a little girl, I have always been fascinated by anything and everything "New York City". I remember traveling there during the holidays to see the Nutcracker ballet. Each year, following the ballet, I would carry around my own figurine with his green pants, red military coat, and black furry top hat. I would move his jaw up-and-down to feed him walnuts as I wore a big poofy dress & pretended I was Clara (if only I were as graceful). I remember watching the figure skaters in Rockefeller Center circling the rink in unison and they danced so beautifully I could have mistaken them for the Radio City Rockettes.

This of course, was many *many* years ago and though I still stand at a demure 5'1, I'd like to think I've grown up. In my "old age" I have finally knocked one MAJOR check-mark off my bucket list- "Live in Manhattan- At least once, while I'm young and before it makes me hard." I

got that one-liner from an article about graduation called "Wear Sunscreen" a few years ago and it seems to have stuck with me. As for the sunscreen- that's a work in progress.

I've been living in Manhattan for a little over a month now and considering my Upper East Side apartment and position at the New York Post, I'd like to think this is my best shot at embodying Carrie Bradshaw, another "fellow" New Yorker with much better shoes & a much higher rent to pay. Like Carrie and the rest of Manhattan residents, we all tend to notice a little thing I like to call the influx of tourism around the holiday season.

During November, the hustle and bustle of the city seems to amplify as store windows are dressed up with glitter and sparkles and topped off with big, red bows. They are so grandiose and so elaborate that even Barney's has called in Santa's own little helper, Lady Gaga, to adorn their windows with upside-down elves and six-legged reindeer.

Each night when I walk around the streets of midtown, I tend to feel the same way I did when I was little- that Christmas is upon us. And just when I start remembering the bright lights of the Swarovski Star on the top of the tree I am rudely interrupted by a man with binoculars, three backpacks, and his double decker tour-bus pass in hand. "Excuse me, misses, which way to ar, uh, da Times Square?" His wife, son, and Hello Kitty clad daughter follow him closely, all of whom seem extremely grateful I agree to show them the way.

Once I help them to their destination, I instantly become blinded by everything from Ann Taylor to Gillette. The stand alone billboard that is Times Square never ceases

to amaze me. I would love to meet the person who signed off on the implementation of a 20-foot jumbo screen so tourists can smile, wave to *themselves*, and take pictures of *themselves* to mail back to whatever European/Asian fusion country they hail from.



Editor's note: We think this is Leigh having a New York moment

Down a few blocks, you'll find the cast of characters formerly known as "Occupy Wall Street," who have now become Rockefeller Center's newest bunch of tourists. Unlike your typical fleeting NYC visitors, these mucks are sporting a whole new line of tourist garb- blue tarps, fleece blankets, rolls of toilet paper, and soap on the off chance it will rain and they can shower in the street. As most tourists come and go, "Occupy Rock Center" has loudly returned to their humble Zuccotti Park, where they then were kicked out and are hopefully planning on finding an OCCUpation.

Regardless if you come from Kentucky, China, France, or even the far, far away land of the Financial District, Christmastime in the city can be felt from the garland hanging at the Plaza Hotel all the way down to the very last light hanging on the tree at Radio City. I'd like to think each and every one of us has that same feeling as we tilt our heads to stare at the bright red

and green lights, the silver bells, searching for Santa's sleigh; the same feeling of Christmas I felt as a little girl, a small tourist, in a poofy dress holding her nutcracker.

And *that* truly is Christmastime in the City.

~HEALTH AND WELLNESS~

NEW CANAAN CITED WITH EXPERIMENTAL LAB IN RESIDENTIAL HOME

By Kennon Jayne

Financially underfunded but equally overloaded with prescription drugs and some not so prescribed, salves, ointments, creams, vibrating machines, wrap around athletic band aids, bibles, bottles of vinegar, capsuls of Extra Strength Tylenol, Doctors directions, and appointment calendars for internists, dermatologists, gerontologists, neurosurgeons, cardiologists, dieticians, religious clergy, and Chinese acupuncture specialists, this shingles research center is now powered up and serving its first victim with its highly experimental and desperate techniques.

Federal privacy guidelines restrict disclosure of personal information regarding afflicted individuals. However this reporter interviewed the sufferer's care taker who was so involved in administering pills, telephoning for appointments, shopping, working washing machines, making beds, and paying bills, he was too confused to

remember his own name. However, he indicated that in the foreseeable future a side walk sale on all prescription drugs and paraphernalia at bargain basement prices would be held - because, SHINGLES CAN'T LAST FOREEVER!

~SPORTS~

Rugby for Dummies

By Connor Stambaugh

Welcome to Loyola's "The World of Rugby- for DUMMIES." Our goal is to fill that void in your brain with some facts and the basics of game-play. This is for the rugger inside of all of us! Now, lets get down to business.

Ouch!

I know many of you think rugby is a dangerous sport. You are correct. However, there are many rules and regulations designed to protect the participants. For example, you cannot hit a player while he (or she) is in the air. We also place an emphasis on form tackling. Instead of a football tackle, we tackle someone with our head on the outside to avoid being kneed in the face. When tackled, the player carrying the ball must let go and place the ball on the side facing their team.

Basics

In rugby, there are 15 players on the field at one time for each team. These 15 are then broken up into 2 groups— 8 forwards and 7 backs. The forwards are primarily the tacklers. They control the tempo of the game and do all of the dirty work. I am a forward. The backs are the pretty boys ("Connor, how are you not a back?!" I don't know, I'm

gorgeous). These are the boys and girls who, for the most part, do all of the scoring.

What is that weird thing where everyone locks into place and pushes?

That, my friends, is called a "scrum," and it is every bit as awful as it looks. Each team binds up and leans in to the other team on the cadence "crouch, touch, pause, engage!" We engage on "engage" (weird, right?) and the ball is rolled in between where the two teams meet. The middle player up front on each team, called the "hooker" (Not joking, that's my position. What's that? Yes, I am a hooker), kicks the ball back towards their team and once a player in the back of the scrum gets it—play on!

And what happens once a player is tackled?

The tacklee, if you will, must release the ball once he is brought to the ground. Then, opposing players try to push each other over the ball to win possession. Think of it almost as tug-o-war without the rope. Once possession is won, the ball is passed to the backs and play continues.

Moving the Ball

To advance the ball, players must pass it backwards. A forward pass is a penalty and the other side wins the ball. You can also dropkick or punt the ball whenever you please. This is an area of rugby that really differs from American football. Compared to a football, a rugby ball is much easier to kick, given its oddly round shape.

Scoring

A "touchdown" in rugby is called a try, and it is worth 5 points. To score a player must cross the try line (think end zone) and touch the ball down. The "extra point" is actually worth 2 and is kicked from wherever the ball was touched down. You

can also score off a penalty kick or drop kick through the uprights (both worth 3 points). If you haven't guessed—scoring is good, and you want to do more of it than your opponent.

**Alas, you're all rugby pros now.
Go forth, my children, and make your
ancestors proud in a bloody great sport!
But before you do, check out a couple of
classic rugby quotes:**

*"Rugby is a good occasion for keeping thirty
bullies far from the center of the city."* -
Oscar Wilde

*"The only trophy we won this day, was the
blood and sweat we left on the pitch.... and it
was enough"* – Anonymous

*"Rugby is played by men with odd shaped
balls."* - Car bumper sticker



Joe Jayne checks out the scrum up close, while Ian Chick maintains a safe distance.

~THE ARTS~ VISUAL ART AND POETRY



By Isabelle Rosa



Graphic design by Ian Chick for Volcum
snowboard/skate/surfing company



By Hannah Jayne



By Hannah Jayne

white lotus yoga school

now open and accepting new students



hatha (hatha vidya)
preparatory stage of physical purification that the body practices for higher meditation

ashtanga (ashtanga vinyasa)
the alignment of movement and breath, a method which turns static yoga postures into a dynamic flow

sivananda
non-proprietary form of hatha yoga in which the training focuses on preserving the health and wellness of the practitioner

kundalini
physical, mental and spiritual discipline for developing and tapping into inner energy and awareness

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973-748-yoga www.whitelotus.com

Advertisement for White Lotus Yoga School

By Ian Chick

Crab in the Cocktail

by Madeline Jayne
Inspired by Helen Jayne

OUCH!
What was that I hear?
HEJ just pulled a crab right from her ear!
It crawled from a cocktail
then it disappeared
Where did it go?!
OUCH!...It bit my toe.