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To forget, for a moment,
About 'DEB'S Ceilings' and
BOTTOM LINES - LET'S

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IMAGINE:

'SLEEPING BEAUTY AND CRUSOE ON
A FRIDAY NIGHT'

SHALL WE? ^{oo} _{oo}

ROBINSON CRUSOE AWOKED WITH A GROAN,
ANOTHER DAY SPENT ALONE ON THE ISLE.
HE SCRATCHED HIS BEARD, AMAZED AT HOW IT'D GROWN.
HE HADN'T BARRED OR SHAVED IN QUITE A WHILE.

FRIDAY AVOIDED HIM FOR A SEASON,
HE HAD TO CLEAR HIS HEAD, TAKE TIME TO THINK.
TRY TO WRAP HIS MIND AROUND A REASON,
THAT SOMETHING LIVING GAVE OFF SUCH A STINK.

SLEEPING BEAUTY WAS STILL UNDER A SPELL,
THOUGH SHE COULDN'T MOVE HER MIND WAS INTACT.
SHE HAD BEEN LEFT HIDDEN THERE IN THAT DELL,
WHEN SHE AWOKED, SHE'D HAVE THAT OLD WITCH WHACKED.

FRIDAY AND CRUSOE WENT TO PICK SOME FRUIT,
AND UNEXPECTEDLY CAME FACE TO FACE.
THEY BOTH FROZE THERE - DEAF, DUMB, FUNKY AND MUTE,
AS TIME STOOD STILL, THEIR HEARTS BEGAN TO RACE.

A BIRD CHIRPED, CRUSOE BURPED, AND FRIDAY SNORTED,
EVEN SLEEPING BEAUTY LET OUT A SNEEZE.
THEY SAW HER THERE AND WERE TRANSPORTED,
BY THEIR OWN RAPSONDIE REVELRIES.

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"I SAW HER FIRST, SHE'S MINE!" SAID ROBINSON.
FRIDAY SAID, "YOU MUST HAVE LOST YOUR MIND,
SHE'S FROZEN STIFF AS A MANNEQUIN -
BUT I MUST ADMIT, SHE'S MIGHTY FINE."

SLEEPING BEAUTY HEARD THE ARGUMENT,
AND SHE COULDN'T HELP BUT GET EXCITED.
BUT ONE OF THEM WOULD NEED DEODORANT,
OR HIS LOVE WOULD WIND UP UNREQUITED.

"WELL WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIGURE SOMETHING OUT,"
SAID ROBINSON, SLYLY STROKING HIS BEARD.
"A CONTEST, ONE WINNER WOULD LEAVE NO DOUBT,
LET THE BEST MAN WIN." HE SAID AS HE SNEEDED.

FRIDAY WAS YOUNG, BUT HE WAS NOBODY'S FOOL,
THE OLD MAN LOOKED TO BE PRETTY SHREWD.
SLY AS A FOX, AND FUNKY AS A MULE -
HE'D HAVE TO THINK QUICK TO "OUTDO" THIS DUDE.

"THAT WHIPPERSNAPPER DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE,"
THOUGHT CRUSOE, AS HE PLOTTED AND SCHEMED.
THIS DAY WILL END WITH A CRUSOE ROMANCE,
AND FRIDAY NIGHTS LIKE THE ONES HE HAD DREAMED.

THE BEAUTY LAY THERE WITH MIXED EMOTIONS,
SHE HAD FIGURED OUT THE CRUSE OF THAT SMELL.
CRUSOE HAD OLDE ENGLISH BATHING NOTIONS -
WITH HIM AS "PRINCE" LIFE WOULD BE A LIVING HELL.

3-6

"Let's just have a race around the Isle -
The first one back gets to kiss the Beauty;
Said Crusoe, trying hard not to smile,
His scheming would win that sweet Pootie.

Well he was born at night, but not last night,
And Friday sensed that it was part of a trick.
But he wouldn't be rude or impolite;
Though funky, hairy, dude was pretty slick.

"How would I know that you went all around?"
Asked Friday, looking him right in the eyes.
"Why, as an Englishman, I'm honor bound -
I'm not some pagan native that tells lies."

Now of course young Friday felt insulted,
But he bit his tongue and showed some respect.
He knew nothing good would have resulted,
From trading barbs with that old derelict.

"Well, if you set out in one direction,
Then I would have to run the other way.
We'll cross paths so there'll be no objection,
That would assure that there'll be no foul play."

Friday saw the logic, but was it fair?
It was almost guaranteed that he would win.
Crusoe was ready for a rocking chair,
He couldn't wait for the race to begin.

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THE LOVELY LADY SAID THERE QUITE AWARE,
THAT CRUSOE MUST HAVE HAD SOME KIND OF PLAN.
THE PROSPECT OF HIM WINNING GAVE HER A SCARE -
A FOUL ANK WAS RISING FROM THAT MAN.

"OKAY, WE'LL START OFF ON THE COUNT OF THREE,
THE FIRST ONE BACK GETS TO KISS THE BEAUTY.
THE BEST MAN WILL WIN, I'M SURE YOU AGREE,
TO THE VICTOR GOES THE 'SPOILS AND BOOTY' "

AT THE COUNT OF THREE, FRIDAY HIT THE BEACH.
HE WAS DETERMINED HE WOULD WIN THE PRIZE
HE WOULD REFUSE TO LOSE TO THAT OLD LEECH,
SO HE TOOK OFF JUST LIKE AN EAGLE FLIES.

CRUSOE APPROACHED THE SLEEPING CUTIE, COPS "

CRUSOE TOOK A FEW STEPS, THEN STOPPED AND LAUGHED.
THINGS WERE GOING JUST AS HE HAD PLANNED.
THAT WHIPPERSNAPPER WAS PLUMB DUMB AND DRAFT,
NOT FLEET OF FOOT - HE'D KEPT THE UPPER HAND.

CRUSOE APPROACHED THE SLEEPING CUTIE,
AND SAW AN APPLE, STILL CLUTCHED IN HER HAND,
BRIGHT RED, AND DELICIOUS - A REAL RIPE BEAUTY,
THE FINEST APPLE IN ALL THE LAND.

HE PUT THE APPLE IN HIS POCKET,
LATER ON - HE'D BE NEEDING A SNACK.
FRIDAY HAD TAKEN OFF LIKE A ROCKET,
BUT HE'D BE WAITING THERE WHEN HE GOES BACK.

5-6

He took his SECRET TRAIL ACROSS THE ISLE,
And waited there at the halfway mark.
Before Friday showed it would be awhile,
He'd have puns Beauty before it got dark.

Friday was making good time on the beach,
He thought the race was as good as won.
The girl of his dreams would soon be in reach,
Soon Friday's best night would have begun.

Crusoe knew so surely puns he had won,
Puns he kicked back to have a little snack.
Soon his island would be Elysian,
He pictured "Beauty" grazing his old shrapak.

He saw the apple was missing a bite,
But he had no idea about the curse.
When he bit it, he was out like a light -
Which is good, because it rhymes with this verse.


When Friday passed him, he was fast asleep,
With the apple now clutched in his hand.
It served him right for being such a creep -
He'd have the "upper-hand" in LA-LA-LAND.

When Friday made his way back to the dell,
Sleeping Beauty laid there - holding her breath.
If it were Crusoe, she dreaded the smell,
A kiss from him would be the kiss of death.

But...

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Beauty was in for a pleasant surprise,
Because of who it was on that by-way.
A tender kiss, and she opened her eyes,
looked up, and said "PHEW!"


THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY! " ^{oo} 

And they lived happily ever after.
HA!

Emrey Field

www.betweenthebars.org/blogs/1398

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I'd like to give thanks to my
friends at the College Guild
for reminding me that writing
should be fun. ^{oo} 

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