



Jovo & Eileen
8th September 2012
Cartat ... Croatia

Moments
not monuments

When I board Qantas ... I'm home

Australians yes we should rejoice
Our home being girth by sea
Means every time we travel abroad
Flying's the only choice for me

Bombarded by many offers to fly
By carriers from Dubai to Rome
All promising the world but in my heart
When I board Qantas I'm home

Seeing the World truly opens my eyes
Rich people's Yachts on Greek Isles
Poor beggars on streets of most major cities
To the Thai people's endearing smiles

The more I travel more home sick I get
Rely on emails and my mobile phone
Just when I think that I'm totally lost
When I board Qantas I'm home

Like Sunday night roast I'm glad to be
Surrounded by my family and friends
Excitement at sharing my journey with them
It's good to know where my journey ends

You've heard it said that no matter how far
In this World that you choose to roam
A Qantas HELLO is like "G'day mate welcome back"
When I board Qantas I'm home





6 more sleeps ... :))

Counting down the days
 Croatia here we come
 Marriage is the reason
 Not that we needed one

Our boys will all attend
 As many friends are on their way
 Traveling from around the globe
 To celebrate our special day

The joining of two people
 In stories it has been told
 Find yourself the right partner
 You'll never feel the cold

To the friends who are unable
 This journey they can't make
 Keep an eye on Facebook
 We'll send you an update

Living life without a care

The church bells chime its 6am
Time to wake and start the day
The sun is up and so are we
We run the sleepy dreams away

I see the tranquil clear water
Gently lapping at the rocks
I see boats of all sizes bobbing
As birds fly by in flocks

I see the lazy cat meander
Around the cafe dinner chair
A lone dog wandering the street
Living life without a care

The young man has his water hose
Cleaning sidewalk cobble stones
Old men out ready for coffee
Sitting like kings on thrones

I see the sunbeds white and stark
Waiting for guests to arrive
Lay out towels and soak up sun
Their stress release — revive

This is Cavtat an ancient town
On the Croatian Adriatic coast
The simple pleasure of just being
Is what I see and feel the most





Dubrovnik people watching

The piazza is full
Tourists everywhere
Pigeons walk the cobbles
Home turf without a care

Cobbles shine a millions feet
Who've walked this way before
That is just in the last month
In three two million more



Cameras click in every direction
Postcard scene wherever you turn
Take a walking tour of the old town
Its history you will learn

The cafe tables are all set
For food cannot be missed
As lovers stroll hand in hand
Stealing the occasional kiss

This is Dubrovnik an ancient town
The stories it could tell
But some secrets I'm sure remain
Beyond the wishing well



Life on the rocks

Watching the boys swim like fish
Cavtat beach the water clear
The sun passes lazily overhead
As three boys head for a beer

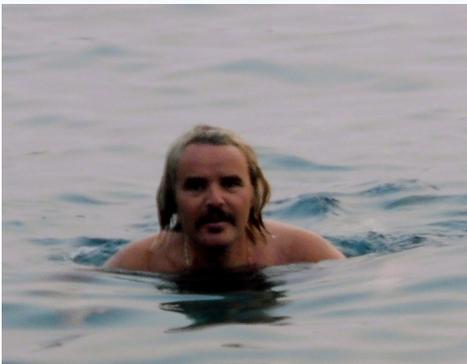
The girls stretch out on the rocks
Tan their bodies is their goal
Day flits by in all its glory
As we head out for a stroll

Mineral water tastes divine
The coffee is just right
Lazily we plan out our day
But what about tonight?

As father's day approaches fast
My sons have pen in hand
To write a poem for their dad
Articulate something grand

A special treat as my eldest
Is cooking dinner for us all
His timing is a little slow
His potato bake is on the ball

It really doesn't get any better
But then I hear you say
This is just the first of many
Tomorrow's another wonder of a day



My rite of passage

To find my way through life
On the cusp of being a man
Individual thoughts can elude
But I try to do the best I can

When friends encourage rebellion
Be it words or through my deeds
Fitting in ... part of survival
I attempt to fulfil my needs

I found myself with smoke in hand
A burning in my lungs n chest
Even though I know they're bad
Now I fit in with the rest

A passing phase it may be
Eventually I'll see the light
My lungs I hope will recover
From this fad ... This plight

They call it peer group pressure
When we do things which are bad
But I bet there's nothing I will try
That's not been tried by mum or dad





Hiding from the truth within

I sit in a cafe
Looking at boats worth \$20 million or more
Ask myself ... Is it fair
How would one measure the score?

Does it give me hope
Or make me feel inferior
Daydreaming what it may be like
To view the boats interior



How much tax does the owner pay
For the right to enjoy their toy ... To play
Are they happy? Do they have an unfulfilled dream?
Or is their life filled with nightmares where they wake
and scream?

I don't envy ... I don't judge
Compared to many
my own life may cause in others a grudge
I guess it comes down to being happy deep inside
With the true self ... from whom nobody can hide





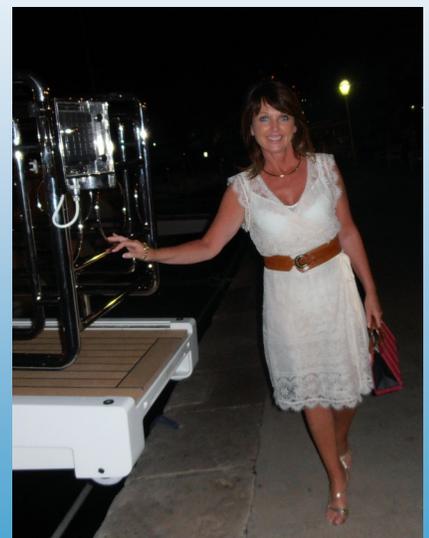
To my wife to be

Thank you for your smile each day
For the kind words to me you say
The way you call me ur can do man
Your ability to always adjust ur plan

Thank you for the friends u share
The way that you are always there
Your ability to make me smile
The fact for me you'll walk a mile

I look forward to u being my wife
Sharing our moments for the rest of our life
Four more sleeps until we two
Join hands to be witnessed by more than a few

In all the wonder together we have seen
I am happier now than ever I have been



Oh no ...
Sex in Cavtat

Rozzie n Kerry
Are finally here
Sex in the City girls
At Ancora drinking beer



Heidi and Eils
Back from the boat
Dubrovnik was nice
Glad it did float

Drink in hand
They reminisce
Not a moment is safe
Nothing they'll miss

Now poor old me
I have to stay strum
Cause always these girls
Wanna pinch my bum





"War ... What is it good for? Absolutely nothin!"

In 500 year old villa
On outskirts of town
Traditional Croatian dinner
Invited whole team down



Our driver pero needed
Two trips to take all of us
No way to fit 27 people
On a 15 seater bus



We started off with Rakija
In a stone circle for an hour
Where donkeys used to crush
Wheat grains into flour



Eventually we were seated
The food all produce of our host
Meat was cooked under a bell
Gotta say it's what I liked the most



You can tell when kids were full
As cake was on the offering
Martika n Steff ... cake in hand
Faced off like fighters in the ring

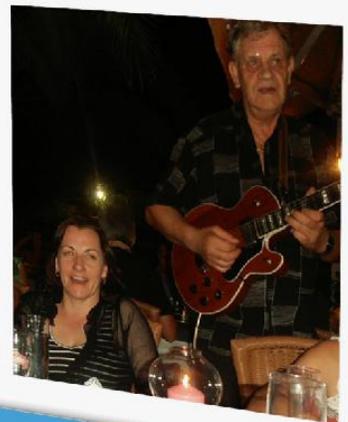
Soon singing voices bellowed
Songs that were really somethin
"War ... What is it good for?
Absolutely nothin!"



The young ones took bus home
Whilst the stragglers stayed
Eventually we found a bar
Burt Reynolds an appearance made



More moments were collected
Our memory has been stored
Thanks to all our friends n family
Known as a "Party Hoard"





The fire of expectation

Quietly she walks the cobbled street
Look of determination furls her brow
Outside she is calm and graceful
Inside embers of a fire begin to smoulder

So many boxes to tick off
This day is important ... significant
The young ones seem oblivious to her anger
Do they take the piss or are they just mellow?

Expectation ... not communicate well
Boys and girls arrive on time looking sleepy
Hunger not satisfied they deviate from her plan
Her fire burns brighter ... tears on cusp of spilling

Wedding planner goes through the rehearsal
We all take our places ... light banter reigns
Whole process takes less than 10 minutes
Her anger burns twice as long

Live in the **NOW** ... a great concept
Practice does not make one a master
Easy in a relaxed state ... whilst under stress
Emotions fire up the ego / mind

She breathes and realises ... everything is perfect
All is as it should be ... as it was meant to be
Quietly she walks the cobbled street
Satisfied look permeates her brow



The fairy-tale continues

All the months of planning
Our big day is finally here
A celebration of our souls
Our spirits give a cheer

What started as a wish to simply
Share moments with our friends
Turned into a romantic fairy-tale
A story which never ends

Boy meets girl on dance floor
She steals his heart away
From that very moment
They knew there'd come this day

When friends and family gather
To witness something real and true
A boy and girl who are in love
This story's nothing new

It has been said that
You only get one crack at life
But if you live it well
You will stay out of strife

Not only have we lived it well
We've raised the bar a notch or two
Setting an example for our boys
On how to find a love that's true



Introducing the Celtic Journey of Jovo + Eileen

Welcome one and all ... relax, sit back whilst I take you on a little journey ... Oh by the way ... I am your fairy god mother . Eileen and Jovo have asked me to share their desire for a Celtic experience with their family and friends

Once upon a time
In the ancient days of Celts
A Bosnian warrior met an Irish princess
His heart ... for her it melts

Their plan was to get married
And together join their clans
But destiny is often dealt
By someone else's hands

Tirelessly they searched for each other
Until their mortal bodies gave way
But their souls continued looking
Until the present day

As recently as four years ago
Quite by uncanny chance
They met each other on a dance floor
When Jovo asked Eileen to dance

Together they have travelled
Collecting moments along their way
Not laden with old baggage
They've brought us together here today

For 10 weeks they travelled
In search of a home from a dream
Travelling the French and Italian Riviera
But no home there ... could be seen

Landing in Split ... Croatia
They planned a three day stay
Drove across the country with no success
For most of that fateful day

It was at 5pm when Eileen
Saw a glimpse of a special bay
They had discovered CAVTAT
Here they chose to stay

Two more trips in 2011
On this magic terrace ... right here
Jovo asked for Eileen's hand in marriage
She said YES whilst shedding a tear

CAVTAT is an ancient city
Founded by the Greeks
In the 6th century called Epidaurus
Look around you ... the history speaks

Jovo and Eileen thank you
For your presence on this lofty perch
To witness their two spirits join
To finally end their ancient search



Introducing the singing and poetry

The Celts were known for their magnificent jewellery.
Even renowned painters like Leonardo Da Vinci, Rafael, Michael Angelo
and more recently Picasso painted the Celtic Knots.
The Celts were also known for their drinking, singing, poetry and drinking.
Did I say drinking already?

30 years ago a young 15 year old boy wrote a love song called
PLAIN TO SEE. Jovo heard this song 5 years later and knew
it had been written for a very special person. When he met
Eileen he knew she was the one and today in Celtic spirit
He will sing it to his love today

Introducing the Rings

In the early 16th century an Irish man by the name of Richard Joyce was
fishing off the coast of Galway a week before he was to be married when
his boat capsized. Richard was captured by pirates, taken to West Africa and
sold into slavery to a Moorish goldsmith. Years passed and Richard escaped
captivity and returned home to Ireland to find that the girl he loved had
never married. Richard shaped a unique ring for the girl he left behind. The
ring was fashioned in the woven Celtic knots with the words in Gaelic in-
scribed with the phrase MO ANAM CARA which mean Love, Loyalty and
friendship. These same rings have been selected by Jovo and Eileen to give
one another today



Our journey for the next 50 years ...

Eileen Murphy

It's been said that an angel is with us every day
There to guide and protect us from whatever comes our way
But normal angels are not seen ... not heard by human ears
You just know that they are there when seen through blurry tears

There can come magic moments ... when water has been spoken
That an angel can appear from dreams ... from which they were awoken
Living in the moment ... was my path became for me a must
To find a partner with whom to be open and to feel real trust

Each day you tell me I am beautiful ... makes me warm inside
Like a princess you've taken me on a journey a real fairytale ride
My skin tingles goose bumps appear simply from your touch
Often you take my breath away ... I can never get too much

18 months ago upon this terrace ... with you upon one knee
Offered to share the rest of your moments ... with nobody but me
My search for a caring loving man was over ... everyone could see
Since you appeared in my life ... and found the real me

If the opinion of all my friends, my boys and family
Is for me to take into account ... you're the perfect man for me
Thank you Jovo ... it's been a blast ... an awakening of the heart
With you and I everyone can see there was magic from the start



Mr and Mrs Ćirković

I sit alone and take a breath
What a magic ride we've had
The past week has been so special
Our hearts are truly glad

The unique essence which is Cavtat
Has a way to permeate your life
Relaxing muscles ... Clearing mind
Great beginning for me and my new wife

Our friends arrived from around the globe
To witness something true and real
Experiencing a week of wonder
Hospitality ... at home it made them feel

Our boys rose to their assigned tasks
Taking to their speeches with such glee
Not only making everyone laugh
But proud as punch both Eils and me

As guests depart for new adventures
We hope in their hearts they get
A feeling they have witnessed magic
Leaving Cavtat with no regret

Thanks to all who've sent their wishes
We feel privileged to share with all our friends
Our special story and magical journey
Which continues and never ends



The day our boys blew us away

Our four boys were a certainty
Their tickets we did buy
After all how could we wed
Without the apples of our eye

All four boys were also tasked
To produce a wedding speech
The poems that they recited
Made guests laugh and screech

Sam and Tom were charged
With a most important task
To give away their mother
They probably thought ... "At last"

Such whitty wordsmiths
Their poems entranced us from the start
Both Eily and I felt inside
Deep pride within our heart

Alex and Elliott had the duty
Both to be my best men
Everything went to plan
Winged a few bits now and then

To have our special men
To bear witness and to share
Our very special occasion
We're both glad they were there

Like when rings were asked for
Alex confused and not sure
I forgot to discuss at rehearsal
Held the day before

In fact they were so funny
A new business they could start
Writing wedding speeches
Delivered from the heart

Alas Parky came to rescue
Swiftly producing both our rings
Handing them to Alex and Elliott
Then we got on with things

Thank you Sam and Alex
Moss and Elliott too
Our wedding would not have been so special
If not for the four of you



Sam speech

Mum, so many years have past
Filled with such great moments
We have come along way
Since Ballarat and those bloody rodents

Thanks to Joe, your happiness
Has grown in the past 5 years
You're always laughing and smiling
There's no day filled with tears

However the bide has not
Always been so lucky with love to last
Let me tell you some stories
Of love from her past

Firstly there was Mano
What a crazy European fella
After a few years mum realized
She only loved his wine cellar

Then there was Kumur
The Fijian turtle neck wearing man
Followed closely by Avert
In which mum was his number 1 fan

Doug the miner was introduced
Of whom I quickly dismissed
In the end I just realized
Mum must've been taking the piss

And surely she was holding out for that special guy
His name was Jovo Cirkovic
And we all know he's not shy
The introduction to Joe we knew
Was not going to be smooth

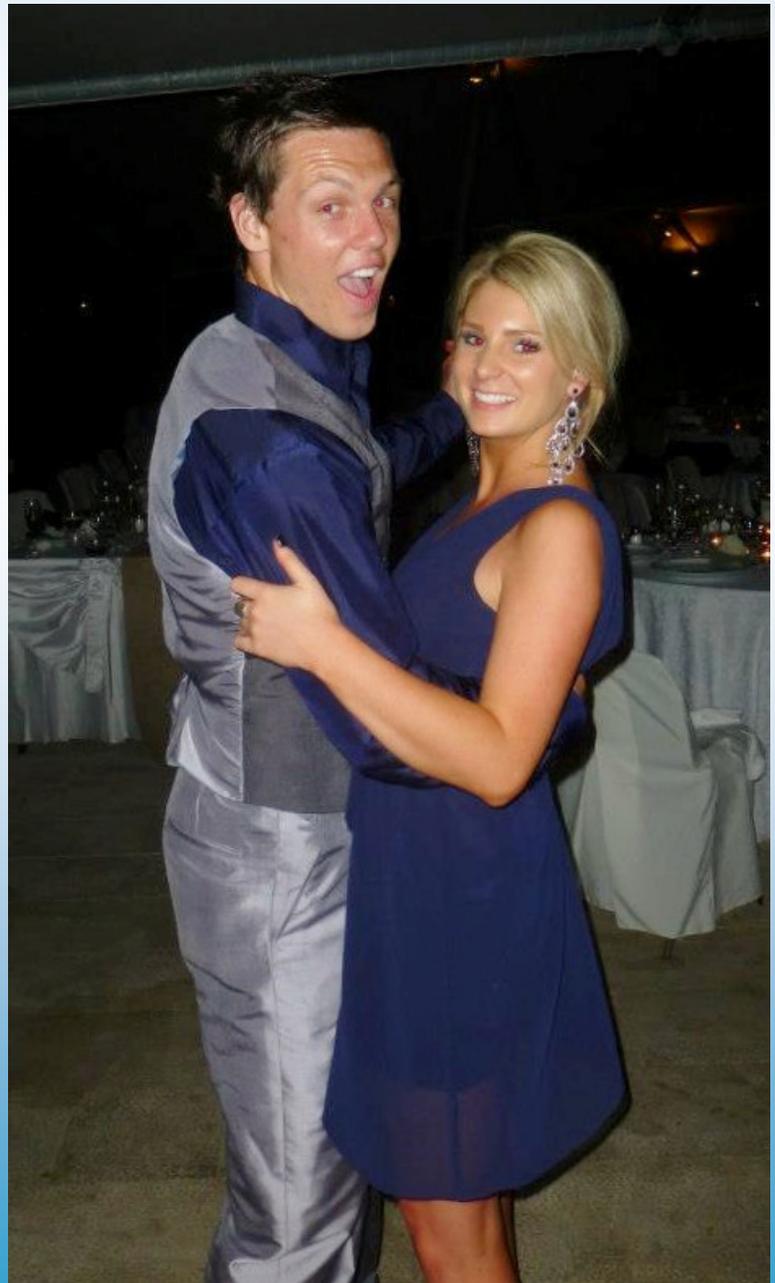
For Tom and myself knew this bloke had a lot to prove
Mum began with a photo stated they share the same psyche
I couldn't help but stand and say
"This bloke looks like a hells angel bikie"

Mum didn't care what we thought
For she was over the moon
Because this bloke in the photo
Was to arrive very soon

The doorbell rang
Our opinions soon changed
For this hells angel bikie
Just rocked up in a Holden Grange

Mums smile was beaming
She had twinkle in her eye
This was when I realized
Jovo was no ordinary guy

Mum it brings a tear to my eye to see you beaming with pride
For the reason of this stands next to you there is no need to hide
Joe it will be an honor to call my step father
There is only thing I can say to that and that is Hvalla!!!!





"One Day"

Tom Speech

Today the bride is centre of attention
About her I have some things to mention
Here in Cavtat I am so far away
I would like to talk about ONE DAY

You have told us this from so young
To this day never un-sung
From asking for a dog or to go on a trip
Heard it a million times ... enough is enough this is it



Today that saying gets turned around
On this beautiful foreign ground
It's time for you to hear me say
Yes that famous saying of ONE DAY

But not the way you told us to
But from my heart ... just for you
Today is your day tomorrow it will pass
Your day is complete ... happiness at last

To the man that you are about to wed
I love you too but not when the stories come from the bed
I also thank you for making mum this way
And I know that you will both remember this ONE DAY



Alex speech

Dad and Eils your day is here
The one you have been waiting for all year
It's your day to wed the one you love
Your Irish angel sent from above

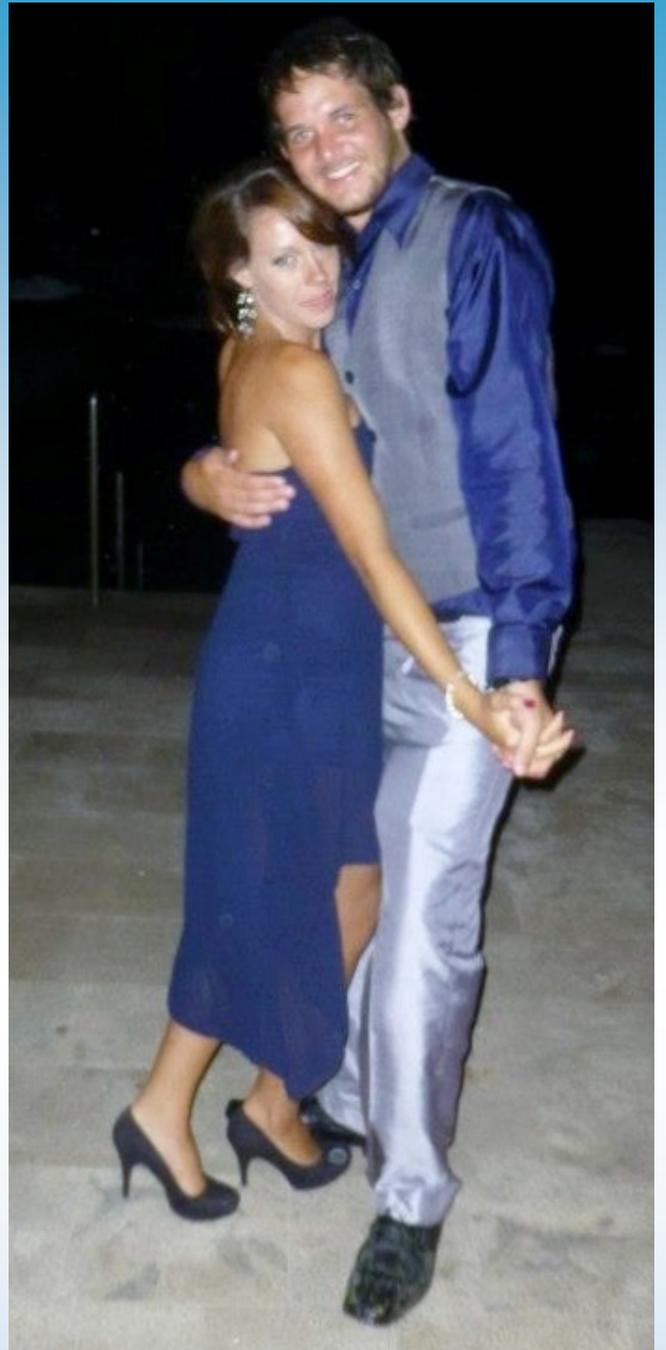
You invited everybody you knew
To come and spend some of their cash with you
Some of them travelled far and wide
To be here with you, the groom and the bride

Everybody is here now
You are center of stage
To start a new chapter of life
Today's the first page

The first page of many
We all hope to see
And with it brings new members
To our family tree

New members like Sam and Tom and Eils
I'm guessing their gunna stick round for a while
And I do not have a problem with that
Because we are family now and that is that

So I propose a toast to the happy couple
Who will help each other whenever in trouble
And who will love each other to the end of time
And wake up next to each other every morning
Saying "dam you look fine"





Light as a Feather

Elliott speech

Well the day has finally come
That the murfic clan will be one
This is a day we should all be happy
Give thanks that weather aint crappy

In all seriousness now I give a toast
To the wedding couple who are wed on the coast
We all have to make decisions in life
The biggest one of all, choosing a wife

You have to get along, be there for each other
Don't fight, like me and my brother
Some hard times you may go through
Not many but maybe a few

Differences you may have had over the past
But your love for each other is vast
Couldn't think of anyone better to be my step-mum
Hopefully you can control his squeaky bum

The rest of your life you will spend together
The burden you carry will be light as a feather
Together for ever, what more can I say
I love you both have a great wedding day.

Dobro Dosli

Last night for sex in city girls
In Kevtat yes name changed
Heading off in early morning
Itinerary has been arranged

To say they've had a blast
Would do no justice at all
Not only have they had the wickets
But took the bloody ball

What adventures are in store
In Olis and in Bled?
One thing I can guarantee
Is an aching head

If not for these lovely girls
Eils n I would not have met
Down to three they have to find
A replacement ... or a pet

Amanda ... Rebecca in disguise
Might fit the bill real well
Although Samantha may get jeloid
Her chest may start to swell

A poem has been challenged
For the girls in verse they 'll write
"All we do is drink" is the title
They'll start first verse tonight

Thank you girls for sharing Eels
I promise to take good care
If ever she needs a friendly ear
I know your always there





The time that was

As we leave Europe
We do so with glad heart
The past three weeks were extraordinary
But we knew that would from the start

Moments were collected
New friendships now begun
Sands have in bottle been mixed
By many not just one

What a wonderful journey it has been
To have been but just a part
So many great friends there to share
You couldn't tell any of us apart

So until our next adventure
We bid ye all farewell

A contagious bug called poetry

Who would have thought that my passion
Would infect so many friends
Who now pen verse with such ease
Word smithing just flows from their pens

Describing travels or moments collected
Or how they've enjoyed sharing their DASH
Seeing their poems up on Facebook
Is worth to me more than cash

Here are the first few since the start
Of our time together in Cavtat
Written by both friends and family
To you all I take off my hat

But the pride and joy both Eils and I
Felt when verse was being spun
Were wedding speeches written and recited
Individually by each of our 4 sons

But those poems you will need
To wait as they will be
Part of a special wedding story
Prepared by Eils and me

So for now enjoy the verse
From Rozzie, Heids, Kerry, Shane, and Killian
Donna's poem seemed to disappear??
One day they could be worth a million





Rome airport ... I hate you so

Alex Cirkovic

So there we were delayed at Rome airport all day long
Stuck on cold concrete floor what more could possibly go wrong?

I'd never done it before thought it would be a breeze
But the next 10 hours would bring us to our knees

Started out just simply finding a space to lie down
Trying oh so desperately to head off to snooze town
The very first 10 minutes they felt like an hour
Then slowly my mood ... started turning sour

After two hours I finally dozed off
Until ... that's right the cleaner decides to start his job
Buzzing around the floor on his big 4 wheel machine
I thought ... REALLY this is the time you choose to clean?

It's fucking midnight dude just pack up and go home
Go off to sleep like everyone else in Rome
I just got to sleep and you woke me up
I know you are doing your job but I don't give a fuck

He finally finished then I got off to sleep
Only to be woken by a snoring machine
This man had decided to sleep right next to us
He snored so loud it woke everybody up

I thought fuck it we tried we can do no more
A new spot where we can sleep we will try to score
Finally we find a spot and it is all just fine
But I cannot go off to sleep so I'm writing you this Rhyme

A warning to all of you who dare try the same
Rome airport has a way of driving you insane
Just get a hotel room don't try to be cheap
Oh fuck still 4 more hours of this shit enough to make me weep!





Inside the painting

By Donna Bennett

It's like no painting
She's ever seen
Yet somehow
It's utterly familiar

A mountainous backdrop
protects its village below
Bright rows of terracotta
Rest neatly on limestone



Church bells clang
As boats moor gently
Above the quiet water
In which she swims

In the distance
Tourists meander
Amongst street cafes
Scrawny cats are hopeful

Floating on her back
She thanks the artist
And tries to linger longer
Inside the painting



Raising the bar Shane Bennett

That bar was doing nothing
Before we all arrived
Without our injection
Would those diners have survived.

The trio were up there playing
And it wouldn't be too long
Before Ang was up there
Belting out a song

The singer announced Burt Reynolds
But it was our Jovo he did greet
and soon we were up dancing
Everybody on their feet

The Irish jig was on the agenda
Eils and Jacki took it that far
The night we rocked Cavtat





The wrong side Shane Bennett

Sitting in the wrong seat
Hands upon the wheel
Soon did I realise
I'd need nerves of steel

Venice in the rear mirror
Verona in our sight
Drifting to the natural side
Did cause my wife a fright

We made it with confusion
To search for some balcony
Entrance filled with used chewy
Attraction not easy for me to see

After an Aperol Spritz
We returned to the wrong side
Hills and tunnels we followed
To complete our Firenze ride.



The Mist Shane Bennett

The mist hovers
Above the rolling hills
The sun streams through
Bouncing off window sills

As I stroll around
Take in what I see
I sense calmness
Has come over me

This is the Tuscany
I saw in my dream
Medieval San Gimignano
Where have you been?

The walk into town
Is our plan today
To explore the village
And say g'day

The towers and churches
Are there to admire
But Aperol Spritz
Will be what I desire

The day Taragh caught the bouquet Killian Smith

The day Taragh caught the bouquet
I will remember all my life
To see the smile upon their face
I must make my girlfriend, my wife

Smiles from all the lads
Thankful it wasn't them
Who have to take the final plunge
That turns us boys to men

people came from near and far
To celebrate a day
Eils and Jovos wedding
In cavtat across the bay

A day of happiness
A day of joy
We would all have loved to stay
But what ill remember most of all
Was Taragh caught the bouquet

Mo chara Mo craoi

Jacquie Kavanagh

Mo chara Mo craoi....friend of my heart
We have gathered many memories right from the start
With love in your hearts you and Jovo are as one
And this part of your journey has only begun
Cavtat was a wonder watching your happiness was gift
And a part of your life I never would have missed





We like to drink ... Rozzie, Heidi and Kerry

We started out as 4
But we are often only 3
We've added one more
Rebecca's joined us you see
We like to drink lattes!

We travelled halfway around the world
For water perfectly clear
The seafront was becoming
So we'll all return next year
We like to drink beer!

There were many places for us to mingle
Where Heidi could try to be bilingual
We didn't care what others thought
Because alcohol is all we bought
We like to drink Long Island Iced Teas!

You would be wrong to think
That's all we did was drink
We lazed around a lot
But let's face it we are not paid to think
We like to drink Scotch!

We went off to a farmhouse
Our time there was quite grouse
Lots of food, wine and laughter
Made right there in that house
We do NOT like to drink Grappa!

It's for a wedding that we came
Unfortunately we had no Shane
As Donna did not want to share
But we wanted to take him with us everywhere
We like to drink Red Wine!

We travelled around
In and out of towns
We're far too busy
To lay ourselves down
We like to drink White Wine!

Mr Big called on Rosie's smalls
We used them to deck the halls
We danced all night under them
And next day we had sore balls
We like to drink Champagne!

We all arrived in Cavtat
Where we found more than one cat
Many days playing around
The old town - renamed 'Kevtat'
We like to drink Cosmpolitans!

Jovo has given us a challenge
A challenge that we have beat
But if it was up to Rosie
We would all be eating 'feet and meat'
We like to drink Mojitas!

The greatest week of all

Shane Bennett

The greatest week of all
And I am here in Rome
But footy does not matter
For one minute we don't miss home

We have the mighty G
Were great moments do occur
But this stadium of ruins
Is majestic we all concur

The Pope addresses his public
Every Wednesday morn
They all stand and worship
No loyalties are torn

But far away in Oz
The worship of another kind
When two teams meet
Old friendships are left behind.

When Gladiators meet
The Hawks and Swans run out
The warriors attack
Fierce contest about

The do or die of each
Will have in awe
The winner after time
Will have the greatest score



Washing our way around Italy

Donna Bennett

Washing our smalls
In every hand basin
At each Italian stop
We are sun chasin'

The portable clothes line
We thought a good touch
But the weight of our undies
Was just way too much!

From Venice to Florence
Hanging from towel racks
No irons allowed in rooms
Our clothes resemble sacks

From Florence to Lucca
The drive was much shorter
We found a clothes horse
But it belonged to the night porter!

Now in San Gimignano
For a 2 night Medieval stay
Utilising a rinsing cycle
They call it a bidet!



"Prost" at Oktoberfest

Oh here I am but yet again
 penning poems ... my lonely verse
 Sitting in my apartment in Melbourne
 With no one with whom to converse

Whilst on the other side of the World
 Our boys n girls have fun
 Guzzling beer at Oktoberfest
 By looks enjoying every single one

The costumes are so Mrs Maudé's
 Hansel + Gretel what a blast
 Fitting in should be a breeze
 They look like relics from the past

Bojan has also made the trip
 Fun with his Cousins he will share
 At least he can translate German
 Oh how I wish that I was there

The fear that I have the most
 Stein is the glass from which to drink
 As Alex only drinks Jacks n Coke
 He will take his liver to its brink

Well hope you have one for me
 And offer up a hardy toast
 To all the Cavtat crew who are absent
 As the Germans would say "PROST"

Sculling beer ... turned the tables

Elliott my son at Oktoberfest
Ran out of money as you do
Decided he should stand on table
Scull a stein or maybe two

Encouraged by new older bro
To the cheer of the tent crowd
When security came to throw E out
He protested quite loud

Convinced them to let him stay
Only to again be cheered by all
Standing on table sculling beer
Stood out cause he's so tall

Off to jail to sober up
Eventually he was released
Only to find himself in a fight
Laura and German girl not pleased

Elliott being so bloody tall
Attracted security once more
Taken for a two hour rest
He hoped there was no more

Released he walked back to room
Hopped right into his bed
When at 2am torch lights shone
Police took him ... with his drowsy head

Accused of glassing some poor bloke
A fight which had erupted
Close to where he'd been released
Stories got twisted and corrupted

Alas 48 hours in Munich lockup
And his mum paid 2000 Euro bail
Another 500 for the lawyer
Elliott was released from jail

The moral of this story is
When crowds start to cheer
Tables can quickly turn on you
When you're sculling steins of beer



EASY JET

(dedicated to Beard and Window)

by Donna Bennett

From Rome to Bristol
Soon I hope we do get
Cos it's not so easy
Flying with Easy Jet

We decide they're all morons
Waiting in line at the gate
We sit, what's the hurry?
Once again, a rookie mistake

Almost the last to board
We discover no seat allocation
Hours Googling the Internet
Never found this information

We got to the airport early
Shane's fear of arriving too late
But the middle seat on a plane
With a passion is what I hate

We scan the scene before us
I'm about to get really soaked
No empty seats left together
And the flight is fully booked

Shane takes the back window
With the tasty Pringles I bought
I'm stuck between two randoms
Or so I had initially thought

Beard gets up to let me in
Yes, to the dreaded middle
I sit next to Window Woman
Can't wait for my next piddle

I don't want to cough on randoms
A germaphobe I'm often accused
Been a bit sick since Rome
Armed with lozenges + tissues

Suddenly Window and Beard speak
Not to me, but to each other
Conversing in another language
But it's clear they are together!

Without booze I won't survive
Between Window and the Beard
How odd to sit one apart
Are they swingers or just weird?

There's no inflight entertainment
My Hunger Games in Shane's bag
It's either write a bloody poem
Or read the boring inflight mag

Salvation soon appears
In the form of a drinks trolley
A medicinal sav blanc or two
Works better than any cough lolly

I pretend I need the loo
So I can go visit my Shane
Who lamely offers me a pringle
And clearly hasn't felt my pain

He's got the window seat
Next to a nice English couple
They even shouted him coffee
Said he really was no trouble

I reluctantly return to my seat
Looking backwards with sad eyes
We'll land in Bristol soon enough
My excitement hard to disguise!

And suddenly I don't care
If I cough or splutter on either
Beard + Window deserve my germs
I hope they both catch a fever!



Where Greek gods go to lose their soul

Alex Cirkovic

Ios Ios Ios
Just look what you have done!
U stripped of my dignity
And my money equals none

We partied hard for 7 days
With new friends from abroad
We all asked what you do last night
The answer: I'm not sure

The daytime there was full of joy
And laughter by the pool
Then came the time to go out and dance
This is where the story gets kool

I am strikes! It's time to go!
And enter Ios blue
We dance and drink 1 euro shots
Until we got no clue

We leave as a pack every time
And head to slammers bar
Were you pay to get smashed in the head
With objects from the bar

It could be a skateboard
Or a big metal stool
Or if you are the lucky one
They will fire extinguisher you!

I'd love to tell you what happened next
But I'm really not that sure
All I know is it happened again and again
For 6 nights more

Ios Ios you have my soul
I hope to find it next year!
Until then its goodbye my friend
I leave whilst shedding a tear



The End