

Still Simon Wouldn't Bathe

by Jules de Jongh

[title sequence-jingle with title]

Nanny Bea: Hello my listening friends on this very special day. With autumn on the horizon, it's the perfect time to plant trees and I've planted the most spectacular tree of trees. It's not a plum, or a peach (although both fine trees indeed). It's not an oak, or beech, no it's a Poet Tree. Already we have a caller with our very first poem to add to my Poet Tree. [poet jingle].

Daniel: Hello I'm Daniel and I like building dens in the woods with my friends. Today I picked something from my own Poet Tree, it's:

(The) Star by Sarah Teasdale

A WHITE star born in the evening glow
Looked to the round green world below,
And saw a pool in a wooded place
That held a jewel her mirrored face.
She said to the pool: "Oh, wondrous deep,
I love you, I give you my light to keep.
Oh, more profound than the moving sea
That never has shown myself to me!
Oh, fathomless as the sky is far,
Hold forever your tremulous star!"
But out of the woods as night grew cool
A brown pig came to the little pool;
It grunted and splashed and waded in
And the deepest place but reached its chin.
The water gurgled with tender glee
And the mud churned up in it turbidly.
The star grew pale and hid her face
In a bit of floating cloud like lace.

[crowd cheers]

Nanny Bea: Oh thank you Daniel that was perfection. I only wish my neighbour Jules could have... [knock knock knock] heard it.

Nanny Bea: Hello.

Jules: Hi Nanny Bea, it's your neighbour Jules with today's story.

Nanny Bea: Come in dear, you just missed Daniel's poem.

Jules: Lucky I can listen back at NannyBea.com

Nanny Bea: Oh yes, of course you can.

Jules: And in celebration of your new Poet Tree, I've brought some Yerba Mate tea as it comes from a tree and a story full of rhymes. Now I know not all poems rhyme but neither do all stories! Speaking of that... are you ready for a story...

Nanny Bea: Yes please!!!

Jules: Okay then, **Still Simon Wouldn't Bathe**

Simon's day started out as any other,
smothered in jam and a great knob of butter
which stayed with its host for the rest of the day
collecting odd bits that happened its way
like
sand from the box
lint from his socks
stray hairs from the pygmy goats around the block
so dirty, so gritty
and so far from pretty
but still . . . Simon wouldn't bathe.

Another day dawns Simon's clothes are unchanged

but not so his progress on gathering up stains.

One messy thing he manages to do
is adhere two fingers together with glue,
(while sticking another
toe to his brother
he loses a digit, what's new).

All experiments cease
while they break for their lunch,
a few reckless beans escape from the bunch,
and then it's back they both go, a task to pursue
attaching a stump of play dough in blue.

so NOW Simon has..
jam on his lips
butter that slips
gathering up bits
like
sand from the box
lint from his socks
stray hairs from the pygmy goats around the block
a smattering of glue
baked beans split in two
nails filled with play dough of an unnatural blue
so sticky, so mucky
and to most people yucky
but still . . . Simon wouldn't bathe.

This morning arrives precisely on time
and Simon is set for adventure sublime.
First mission is clear, his fast he must break.
He bangs and he wallops 'til the ground beneath shakes.

Once the tree's shared its produce it's off to the patch
to pick a pea pod he consumes in a flash.
Then treasure is found
of an object unknown
he thinks it's the remains of his goldfish Jerome.

so NOW Simon has..
jam on his lips
butter that slips
gathering up bits
like
sand from the box
lint from his socks
stray hairs from the pygmy goats around the block
a smattering of glue
baked beans split in two
nails filled with play dough of an unnatural blue
one pomegranate seed
a pod with no peas
the tail of a goldfish, if you can believe
so grubby, so gross
and really morose
but still . . . Simon wouldn't bathe.

From the bed Simon managed to break his way loose
but it's not long before he encountered some mousse,
the kind that you eat
not the kind for your hair,
unfortunately though it ended up there.

His chocolate mousse hair was actually in keeping
with that candy floss beard that started creeping
down his chin
to his collar wherein

his chewing gum follows discreetly.

so NOW Simon has..

jam on his lips

butter that slips

gathering up bits

like

sand from the box

lint from his socks

stray hairs from the pygmy goats around the block

a smattering of glue

baked beans split in two

nails filled with play dough of an unnatural blue

one pomegranate seed

a pod with no peas

the tail of a goldfish, if you can believe

chocolate mousse in his hair

candy floss from the fair

a chewed piece of gum dangling without a care

(by passers beware!)

so icky, so gooey

so unpleasantly chewy

but still . . . Simon wouldn't bathe.

It's been several days since the bath's been relinquished.

Simon's original features now hard to distinguish.

A crusty white rim round his mouth now lies

after layers of toothpaste have petrified.

Fortunately his teeth

have no mould like his feet

so dirty they've gone up a size.

so NOW Simon has..
jam on his lips
butter that slips
gathering up bits
like
sand from the box
lint from his socks
stray hairs from the pygmy goats around the block
a smattering of glue
baked beans split in two
nails filled with play dough of an unnatural blue
one pomegranate seed
a pod with no peas
the tail of a goldfish, if you can believe
chocolate mousse in his hair
candy floss from the fair
a chewed piece of gum dangling without a care

toothpaste frames his mouth
mould's growing down south
on his feet which appear to have a bad case of gout
so shocking, so telling
and un-fragrantly smelling
but still . . . Simon wouldn't bathe.

He rolled out of bed this fateful day
and had a surprise heading his way.
Simon's bed had been shifted deep in the night
moved alongside his greatest fright.

Instead of rolling onto the floor
he tussled through bubbles and duckies galore
a soap on a rope
a cow with a boat
and even a turtle with a bright yellow float

so fuzzy, so damp
and a bit of a cramp
but still . . . Simon wouldn't get out of the bath.

The end [book close]

Nanny Bea: Why thank you Jules for that right, rollocking rhyme. Would you allow me to take a verse from your story for my Poet Tree?

Jules: Yes, yes please do.

Nanny Bea: I particularly like the one with chocolate mouse in his hair
Oh I can just see it now. Huh, I nearly forgot to put one on myself but which one?

Jules: Is there one that makes you think? Or one that makes you smile?

Nanny Bea: Actually I know one that does both. A.A. Milne who wrote the adventures of Winnie the Pooh was also a keen poet. Let me see, how does Halfway Down start...oh, of course with halfway down.

Halfway Down, by A.A. Milne

Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit.
There isn't any
Other stair
Quite like
It.
I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.

Halfway up the stairs

Isn't up
And it isn't down.
It isn't in the nursery,
It isn't in town.
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run round my head.
It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!

Jules: Brilliant Nanny Bea. Now I know where to go when I want to get away.

Thomas: go to www.nannybea.com

Jules: Actually I was thinking of the middle stair but NannyBea.com is full of all our weekly stories, we'll have another for you next week, and how you can be on the show like Daniel.

[Be on the Show jingle]

Announcer man: This has been a Toad in the Hole production for NannyBea.com