

## ODE TO THE PINK LADY

Each autumn the villagers meet  
At Duddenhoe End village hall  
To chat and to drink and to eat  
And celebrate harvest once more

Then after the feast has been eaten  
The chairman delivers his speech  
We're hoping it won't go on for too  
long  
And he sits down before we get cold  
feet

Meanwhile the tickets have sold  
And been folded without too much  
hassle  
The excitement builds, it's time to call  
The harvest supper raffle

It's then she makes her entrance  
She turns up every year  
Always wearing the same colour  
It's the lady whom we all fear

She first made her appearance  
Many years ago  
Nobody knows where she came from  
But everyone knows where she goes

She attaches herself to a prize  
And when that prize is won  
A groan is let out by the winner  
And everyone else shouts "What fun"

She's been here with us at the farm  
Since we won her with a dinner for two  
The meal was romantic, pure class  
But writing this ode, a pain in the.....  
proverbials

We're running out of rhymes now  
This poetry's definitely shady  
So without further ado, we give to you  
The one and only Pink Lady

Julie Foster  
Duddenhoe End Farm  
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