

SONIA SNELL

This is the tale of Sonia Snell, to whom an accident befell;
An accident to which was lent confusion and embarrassment.

It happened, as it does to many, that Sonia went to spend a penny
And entered in, with modest grace, the properly appointed place
Provided at the railway station, and there she sat in meditation,
But with this knowledge unacquainted, the woodwork had been newly
painted.

Soon Sonia came to realize her inability to rise,
And though she struggled, pulled and yelled, found that she was firmly held.
And so she raised a mournful shout "Please, someone come and let me out!"

Her cries for help quite quickly brought a crowd of every size and sort,
Who stood around and feebly sniggered and all they said was "I'll be
jiggered!"
The Stationmaster and his staff were more polite, and did not laugh.
"Cor Blimey!" croaked an ancient porter "We'll 'ave to soak it off with water!"
They tugged at Sonia's hands and feet but could not get her off the seat.

A carpenter arrived at last and finding Sonia still stuck fast
Remarked "I know what I can do" and promptly sawed the seat right through.
Sonia arose, only to find a wooden halo on behind.

An ambulance came down the street and bore her off, complete with seat.
Taking the wooden-bustled gal off quickly to the hospital.
They hurried Sonia off inside, after her short but painful ride
And, seizing her by heels and head, laid her face downward on the bed.

Male students all came on parade to render her immediate aid,
With prodding fingers, probing thumb, they each examined Sonia's bum.
Then, to ensure there was no pain, they all examined it again.
"How are you feeling?" "Fine," said she, "It's how YOU feel that bothers me."

The surgeon came and cast his eyes upon the scene with some surprise.
"Well, well," he said. "Upon my word, could anything be more absurd?
Have any of you, I implore, seen anything like this before?"
"Yes," said an intern, unashamed, "frequently, but never framed!"