

The Tribulations of Tony

by Brian Allgar



A Snakeskin e-Chapbook
November 2016

Brian Allgar, although immutably English, has lived in Paris since 1982. He started entering humorous competitions in 1967, but took a 35-year break, finally re-emerging in 2011 as a kind of Rip Van Winkle of the literary competition world. His work has appeared in *The New Statesman*, *The Oldie*, *The Spectator*, *Flash500*, *Light Poetry*, *Lighten Up Online*, *Snakeskin*, *The Quarterday Review*, and possibly a few other places that he's forgotten. He also drinks malt whisky and writes music, which may explain his fondness for Mendelssohn's *Scottish Symphony*. He can be contacted at: brianallgar@yahoo.co.uk

Prologue: For the record

Tony was always something of a rotter;
We went to the same school, and I remember
That nasty business of the missing fiver,
Though Tony swore to God it wasn't him.
(It's true that they expelled him, not for theft,
But for obscenity – one day in class,
He told the teacher 'Poetry is shit.')

We'd kept in touch sporadically - a card
From Tenerife, from time to time an email.
But here we were, together in the pub
At my suggestion. Tony was delighted:

"I thought you must have croaked or emigrated!
It's good to see you - mine's a triple vodka."
"And what have you been up to?" I enquired.
He laughed, and spluttered: "Well, just for the record,
I've tied the knot, I'm spliced, I'm hooked - I'm married!"
"And who's the lucky girl?" His face took on
A shifty look. "Samantha - splendid girl!
Her father made a fortune - dodgy ticker -
And she's an only child - you get the picture?"
"You mean you're rich." He grinned and nodded. "Stinking!"
"And what's she like?" Again, he looked evasive.
"To tell the truth, she's really not my type;

Flat-chested, bookish, not a clue in bed."
"Then why -" "Come on, old sport, no need to ask.
A stack of moolah helps a lot, you know.
It pays for everything my mistress costs me,
And all the tasty crumpet I can get."
A few more drinks, and then the evening ended
With promises to meet again quite soon.

I took the voice-recorder from my pocket,
Then made a copy, shoved it in the post -
And if it helps her to divorce the bastard,
Samantha says she'll make it worth my while.



Part 1: Gentlemen don't tell

Don't get me wrong; I'm not a total bastard,
(Although my darling ex might disagree),
And what occurred the night that I got plastered
Could happen to a better man than me.

I'd married money; daughter of an Earl,
She got the lot when 'Daddikins' passed over.
I moved in fast, seduced and wed the girl,
And spent my days in indolence and clover.

My wife was at her mother's for the night;
I seized the chance to score a bit of floozy,
And booked a cracker from the escort site.
Champagne, and she was soon completely woozy.

She knew some lovely tricks, my little Bird of
Paradise, and she performed them well.
She moved in ways I'd never even heard of ...
That's all I'll say, for gentlemen don't tell.

The champers had run out, and we were thirsty;
I said I'd nip down to the local store.
"Don't start without me, love", I joked to Kirsty -
Or was it Mandy? - naked on the floor.



I sprinted there, lasciviously thinking
Of everything that I would do to Mandy -
Or was it Cindy? - in between the drinking.
I bought some Moët, and a half of brandy.

When I got back, I felt as if a sandbag
Had struck me on the head. I lost my voice.
My wife was standing there - forgot her handbag!
I let her in, I had no bloody choice.

"Tony!" she shouted, "Who's this little strumpet?"
"Err ... this is Candy. Candy, meet my wife."
The girl said, "Just a bit of passing crumpet.
And by the way, it's Kylie - get a life!"

Young Kirsty grabbed her clothes and did a runner;
I stuffed a bunch of tenners in her bra,
Sorry to see her go, a total stunner.
My wife left, too. How touchy women are.

Part 2: Just the man

So there I was, divorced, without a bean.
No sex, no prospects – had to find a way
To make a spot of cash now times were lean,
And ‘keep my pecker up’, as one might say.

Well, I can fix computers, and I’d heard
The local Tories’ stuff was on the blink.
I got the job, and met this gorgeous bird;
Home Counties type, but randy as a mink.

The sitting member snuffed it - as they tell it,
He overdid the sauce, and wrecked his liver
By drinking Scotch not wisely but too well; it
Could easily have filled a smallish river

Or loch. I used to know old Arty slightly;
A round of golf, a pint or three on Sunday.
I always found him debonair and sprightly
Despite the booze. Sic transit gloria mundi.

Some fogies from the local Tory party
Called round to make a very odd suggestion:
They needed someone to replace poor Arty;
What would I think of standing for election?

“A politician? Me? You must be joking.
Though come to think of it, I need the money -
What does it pay?” The answer had me choking,
But then I started thinking of the honey:

The trips, the perks, the fictional expenses,
The car allowance, fiddles here and there.
And what about indulgence of the senses?
I’ve always fancied having an au pair,

Although I’ve got no children - to my knowledge -
But what the hell? I’ll just invent some story.
“OK”, I said. They asked about my college,
My faith, my deep convictions as a Tory.

I had to fake the answers - if you knew me,
You’d recognize a fibber born and bred.
But in the end, it seems they saw right through me;
The Chairman stared me in the eye, and said:

“Tony, we think that everything you’ve told us
Has been a pack of lies.” “You’ve got me, squire.”
Then, bugger me, he said: “Well, that’s what sold us;
You’re just the man we need - a cheat and liar.”



Part 3: Last Fandango in Folkestone

To my surprise, I found myself elected,
Thanks to the canvassing on my behalf
By pretty girls in busloads, who respected
My views. Of course, I put them on my 'staff'.

I've always had a yen for tasty crumpet -
Those little darlings down upon their knees -
And though it sounds like blowing my own trumpet,
Reciprocally, I know just how to please.

But then (I'll tell you how it happened later)
The whole thing fell apart, it quite distressed me.
Kaboom! I felt I'd fallen in a crater -
The Vice Squad had a warrant to arrest me.

That very day, I had to scarper pronto,
And found myself in Folkestone for the night.
My destination: Paris, then Toronto,
Where I would take a Polynesian flight.

The old hotel I'd booked was rather shady,
Though clean enough - I don't go in for slumming -
And there I thought I'd find a willing lady
Whose skills would bring me to a second coming.

'Room Service' was announced upon the door;
The dishes such as "Salmon-Trout with Dill, au
Beurre blanc", were not what I was looking for.
I toyed with ordering the "extra pillow",

(I'm sure you know those codes that indicate
Room service of a rather special kind;
The sort of dish that needs no serving-plate -
A well-sprung mattress does the trick, I find),

But when I read the words "Hot buttered crumpet",
I saw that steamy sequence from "Last Tango",
And what's-her-name with that well-buttered rump; it
Would be my valedictory fandango.

I slavered, thinking how she would deprave me,
Excitement making me obscenely large.
A knock upon the door; the waiter gave me
A blackened toasted object, drenched in marge!



Part 4: Sitting pretty



It's funny how life gets you by the throat;
Just yesterday, I really had it made -
MP for Horley, shagging like a stoat,
No damsel in the district left unlaid.

The star of the Conservative committee
Before my much-regretted fall from grace,
As sitting member, I was sitting pretty,
And pretty girls were sitting on my face.

I'd had my end away with half the county,
Beginning with the local Tories' wives,
But soon moved on to sample fresher bounty
And brighten up their boring little lives.

When chatting up a girl, I place one hand on
Her breast, the other firmly on her bottom.
I'm sometimes slapped, without a leg to stand on,
But if they giggle, then I know I've got 'em.

I cut a swathe such as they'd never seen
Through doctors' daughters, bankers', lawyers', vicars',
A kind of human harvesting machine,
Though what I gathered wasn't wheat, but knickers.

My great mistake was with the Chairman's daughter;
I took her home to see my 'gilded cage',
And slipped a little something in her water -
She never told me she was underage!

I had to skip the country in a hurry,
Got married to a hula-skirted sweetie,
And though I often pine for dear old Surrey,
I'm safe from extradition in Tahiti.

Epilogue: Doctor's Orders

"My doctor says I've got a dodgy ticker;
I doubt if I'll be troubling you much longer.
So, though tomorrow I may end up sicker,
Let's do it while I'm feeling rather stronger.

I have to say there'll be no frenzied bonking,
But while I'll miss the thrill of copulation,
It's for the best; you wouldn't want me conking
Out on you in mid-ejaculation.

Still, "where there's life..." Although we won't be screwing,
Or frolicking in ways that might be risky,
I wouldn't mind that trick you're good at doing,
Provided that it doesn't get too frisky.

Hang on, I'd better take this little pill -
I've no desire to meet the Great Recorder.
Don't worry, love; as long as I keep still,
My doctor says a blow job's quite in order."

