

The Ride along Moore River

There was movement at the station for the word had passed around
That the Wanneroo Horse & Pony Club was riding into Gingin town

Adult riders assembled, all with lovely kids,
Many of which were whispering, unkindly nasty quips
When the adult riders did get mounted
The kids they did remark, of resemblance to beasts seen
on last night's episode of South Park
And they thought they would out ride us
A notion we would be silly to oppose.....
Yet some surprises may reveal
Many of us, still have nerves of steel.....
For when we do get going, there is not much that will slow us down
'cept for those sharp corners and any uneven ground
Though some of us remain mounted, till those horses they gave up
With parents all celebrating
Like they won the Melbourne Cup

There is Harbron, with a protest, lodged against her for the Cup
Coming from her own daughter, Blaise who claims she should have won the Cup
Liz's claims of owning Spinner, are dubious at best
Though none of us expected that she would put this to the test
To see our Liz up mounted, rattled everyone to the core
But at least it settled the argument, of who does own that horse

Our Daniel, he did ride, though this sight was quite unkind
When the poor old horse got going, we all nearly did cry
But Daniel was having so much fun
That we left a lot unsaid
Like that the horse that he was riding was nearly bloody dead

On Hannah's little pony, Danny was joining the ride
with stirrup irons brought up, four or five notches either side

Or beneath us if she chose
As long as she doesn't look up
And see we don't wear underclothes

While I myself was to lead
On my new and lofty steed
a horse that wouldn't detract, from my graceful balancing act
And Maria's riding Flicka, as always looking fine
With slender legs, and a stunning head
Thankfully this filly is mine

Andrew Branch, couldn't make it, to join us on our ride
For on his leggy warm blood
he would have looked stunning every stride,
With his sexy riding apparel, he would surely set the trend
lycra for men that do attend
our fashionable country ride

Berit Ambrosini, came along, to help with the ride
But soon took flight
And refusing to stay the night
When told, the Conti's weren't supplying wine

Rosalie a newie, thinking these people are all a bit goddam strange
With high alcoholic consumption, the centre of their daily game
These people they are certainly the type that I do seem to like
I think I will do no better than to join them, for a night

Vanessa stayed away, knowing nursing would be required
should that galloping horse quickly change
to a faster or uneven stride,
This would leave our poor old rider, dangling precariously
from the horse's side
Looking like a saddle bag, flapping – from side to side
Though never the adults fault
A new horse is what I need
I will immediately get right onto

Now on rally days our Jane, slaving feverishly for our cause
Coffee to start, then on to a la carte
She deserves our heartfelt applause
We acknowledge her resolve
But love her for her beef bread rolls.
And now does she understand
Why that name, did come to hand
The pig in the mud, is an account,
Of a frenzy taking place
This can be seen, from the safety of our club's canteen
Behind our sturdy security screens,

I see Arlene, taking notes, quietly from the side
Awaiting the next newsletter over which she does preside
Reporting on our antics and the shenanigans on the side
Maybe our behaviour had a little to be desired
Therefore I am hoping, that a little friendly little bribe
Will see my name erased from that nasty monthly slight
But please don't be deterred from reporting on the rest
As their outlandish behavior, questionable at best

And this is why we need our Wanda's watchful eye
She keeps us all in line, with pony club's official hard line
The pony clubs believe
And this, she does oversee
That events are such as these, remain totally "alcohol free"
Though here in outback Gingin
I think I disagree
away from it all, with you all
Standing next to me
A sound foundation, of course, with a common uniting accord
I would like to toast the parents, for everything that they do
From being their kid's mentor, to shovelling their kid's horse's poo
I would toast a common cause
On which we do unite
We will build a strong foundation for the next generation to unite.

As told by Mike