

Mind Your Manners Goannas

By Steve Heron

For Ninja Nannas to teach their grandy little goannas manners.

“Oh Tigger, where are your manners?”

“I don’t know, but I bet they’re having more fun than I am.”

— A.A. Milne

‘I beg your pardon, Mrs Hardin,’ said the *racehorse goanna* in a bandanna, ‘but there’s a puppy in your garden.’

‘Excuse me, Granny Grumbleby,’ said the *Perentie* wearing a brown and green beanie, ‘may I have a cup of bubble tea and a butter-less brownie?’

‘Good morning, Opa Corning,’ said the *Komodo dragon* in a wagon wearing a kimono and yawning under the awning.

‘Pleased to meet you, Avô Kalamazoo,’ said the *Argentine Tegu* playing a new kazoo in a blue canoe with a kangaroo at the zoo.

‘May I, Captain Bligh?’ Said the *Bungle Bungle Robust Slider*. ‘I’ll catch the bike rider spider and the blowfly wearing a bow tie flying a glider.’

‘If you please, Nanny Sniffley Sneeze,’ said six pink *Striped Skinks* having drinks, ‘would you like to watch our pet Chinese fleas fly the trapeze with ease in the breeze?’

‘Would you like some help, Poppy McPhelp?’ Yelped the Frilled Necked Lizard. ‘I see you have kelp stuck in the belt of your kilt and you’ve spilled milk on your silk quilt in the blizzard.’

‘Thank you very much, Grampy Cackleclutch,’ said the smaller *Common Chuckwalla* in a collar. ‘Here’s a dollar for looking after my pair of ducks in your rabbit hutch.’

‘It’s my pleasure, Professor Fresher,’ said the *Bungarra* wearing a sombrero in a wheelbarrow, ‘it wasn’t hard to measure your treasure with my tape measure.’

‘I’m sorry, Ōma Murray, said the *Popular Pygmy Mulga Monitor*, ‘I hope it’s not a worry, but the ant-eater is driving a kilometer while holding a thermometer in a big red lorry in a hurry.’

‘Would you mind, Grandma Grisslegrind? Said the *Common Slender Blue Tongue*, ‘if I sung while you wined, dined, and reclined? It would be so kind.’

‘No Thanks,’ said the *Shingle-back* pirate pack to Captain Shivery Shanks when he tried to make them walk the planks into shark-infested tanks for playing pranks.

‘You’re welcome,’ said the *Versatile Crocodile* with a big smile to Mhamó Malcolm, after playing with style for a while on the big bass drum while chewing on yum yum bubble gum.

‘Would you like a hand, Grandad Stritherstrand?’ Asked the *Broad Banded Sand Swimmer*. ‘I caught a glimmer of your lost zimmer by the big band playing in the grandstand.’

‘This isn’t to my taste, Grinny Grace,’ said the *Leaf-tailed Gecko* with an echo looking at art déco, ‘I don’t haste to eat fish paste. It would be such a waste on my waist, and it would be a disgrace.’

‘By the way, Dedushka Doubleday,’ said the *Bob-tail* in a grey beret while drinking a latte in a cafe while inspecting an X-ray of a sting ray. ‘Happy birthday!’

‘Thank you for asking, Nanna Neville,’ said the thankful *Thorny Devil* I am having fun in the sun, basking and masking while multi-tasking.

Raise the sparkling banners and use your goanna manners.

This will always please your nutty Ninja Nannas.

END