

# Toby Wardman

## Writing sample

There was a disease that plagued York  
Derived from consumption of pork.  
They ate off the ground  
Until it was found  
It's safer to eat with a fork.

There was an old lady of Acomb  
Who tried to cook eggs but not break 'em.  
Her plans for hard-boiled  
Were easily foiled,  
So instead she would bash, fry and bake 'em.

There once was a man from Tang Hall  
Who used to play drums in his hall.  
Attempts at discussion  
About his percussion  
Would usually end in a brawl.

There was an old copper from Escrick  
Whose favourite tippie was Nesquik.  
Drunk too much at luncheon,  
He puked on his truncheon,  
And had to remove all the mess quick.

There was a newsagent from Strensall  
Who swallowed a small HB pencil.  
His neighbour said, "Sid,  
"Why not swallow a quid?  
"If that doesn't shift it, ten pence'll!"  
*(Readers are advised not to try this at home.)*

There was a young chemist from Fulford  
Who hated the odour of sulphur d-  
Ioxide. If she  
Ever smelled it, she'd flee  
But not quite as fast as a wolf'd.

There once was a waitress from Bootham  
Who liked older men, and would woo them.  
Enticed by cod roe,  
To the kitchen they'd go,  
Where she'd chop them in bits and then stew  
them.

A batty old gardener from Heworth  
Was famous for being down-to-earth.  
He was known to pour scorn  
On mowing one's lawn,  
Preferring to plough and have new earth.

A young traffic warden from Holgate  
Installed her own personal tollgate.  
Through the gate drivers raced,  
And they paid with toothpaste,  
For the venture was sponsored by Colgate.

A sensible captain from Stillingfleet  
Told a madman who wanted a killing fleet,  
"My crew are too nervy;  
"They've all got the scurvy,  
"And so I can't find you a willing fleet."

A fellow from old Askham Bryan  
Once came face to face with a lion.  
Its paws didn't hurt,  
But they crumpled his shirt,  
Which made it much harder to iron.

A collie from near Askham Richard  
Was hoping a pedigree bitch'd  
Take him out by the paw.  
But the mongrels he saw  
Were never as good as he'd pictured.

A kindly old woman from Dunnington  
Loved wordplay and banter and punning. Ten-  
acious in Scrabble,  
She'd flummox the rabble  
Producing a brilliant, cunning turn.

A businessman near to The Groves  
Developed a liking for cloves.  
His habit of eating  
Before every meeting  
Scared colleagues away in their droves.

A grocer from near Stamford Bridge  
Routinely mistreated his fridge.  
He drove it to tears,  
And after two years  
It jumped off of Skeldergate Bridge.

A lady who lived near the Minster  
Insisted on staying a spinster.  
Though she took men to bed,  
She refused to be wed,  
Until she met Mike, who convinced her.

# Toby Wardman

## Writing sample

When using the A64,  
Please don't put your foot to the floor.  
You may think it's a blast  
To roar by far too fast,  
But the residents find it a bore.

A Mallard, out dancing in Wheldrake,  
Considered himself quite a swell drake.  
He approached a young duck  
Saying "Fancy your luck?";  
She said, "No, you're a cheap kiss-and-tell  
drake!".

There once was a judge from near Riccall  
Whose rulings were famously fickle.  
One day, in his fury,  
He convicted the jury,  
Which left them in rather a pickle.

A talented cook from West Lilling  
Made pies with the very best filling.  
They were tasty, nutritious,  
And highly delicious,  
And she sold them for only a shilling.

A shopper who loved Clifton Moor  
Went shopping like never before.  
She chose everything nice  
Before asking the price,  
And, when told, nearly dropped through the  
floor.

The Vikings in Heslington village  
Kept busy with murder and pillage.  
During plundering lulls  
They drank wine from foes' skulls,  
Which they managed with minimum spillage.

The Romans from old Eboracum  
Had chariots, but nowhere to park 'em.  
Yellow lines were suggested  
When the streets got congested,  
But they loved their roads too much to mark  
'em.

A schoolboy from near Bolton Percy  
Asked his nanny, "I'm wondering, Nursey,  
"Why is God so forgiving  
"Of all this sinful living?

"If I were Him, I'd show no mercy!"

Said nanny, "My son, you've forgotten  
"A fact onto which you must cotton.  
"Please recall, if you could,  
"That our Father is good -  
"Whereas schoolboys are frequently rotten!"

### **A cautionary tale**

A lifeguard who worked on the Ouse  
Believed he had nothing to lose  
By drifting along  
And singing a song  
And occasionally taking a snooze.

But one day his boat hit the Foss,  
And he chanced to encounter his boss,  
Who yelled, "Jim, don't slack,  
"Or I'll give you the sack!"  
But our Jim said, "I don't give a toss!"

Weeks later, upon Tang Hall Beck,  
A boulder crashed right through Jim's deck.  
He could not stay afloat,  
And went down with his boat,  
And no-one nearby saved his neck.

You'll observe, as this limerick ends,  
That poor Jim never could make amends.  
But if you'd rather slob  
Than work hard at your job,  
Don't rely on your hardworking friends.

### **And finally...**

There once were some people from York  
Who found it incredibly awk-  
Ward to write compositions  
That upheld traditions  
Of rhyming and scanning. Sometimes they gave  
up.