

# 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*