

Polly's Pies

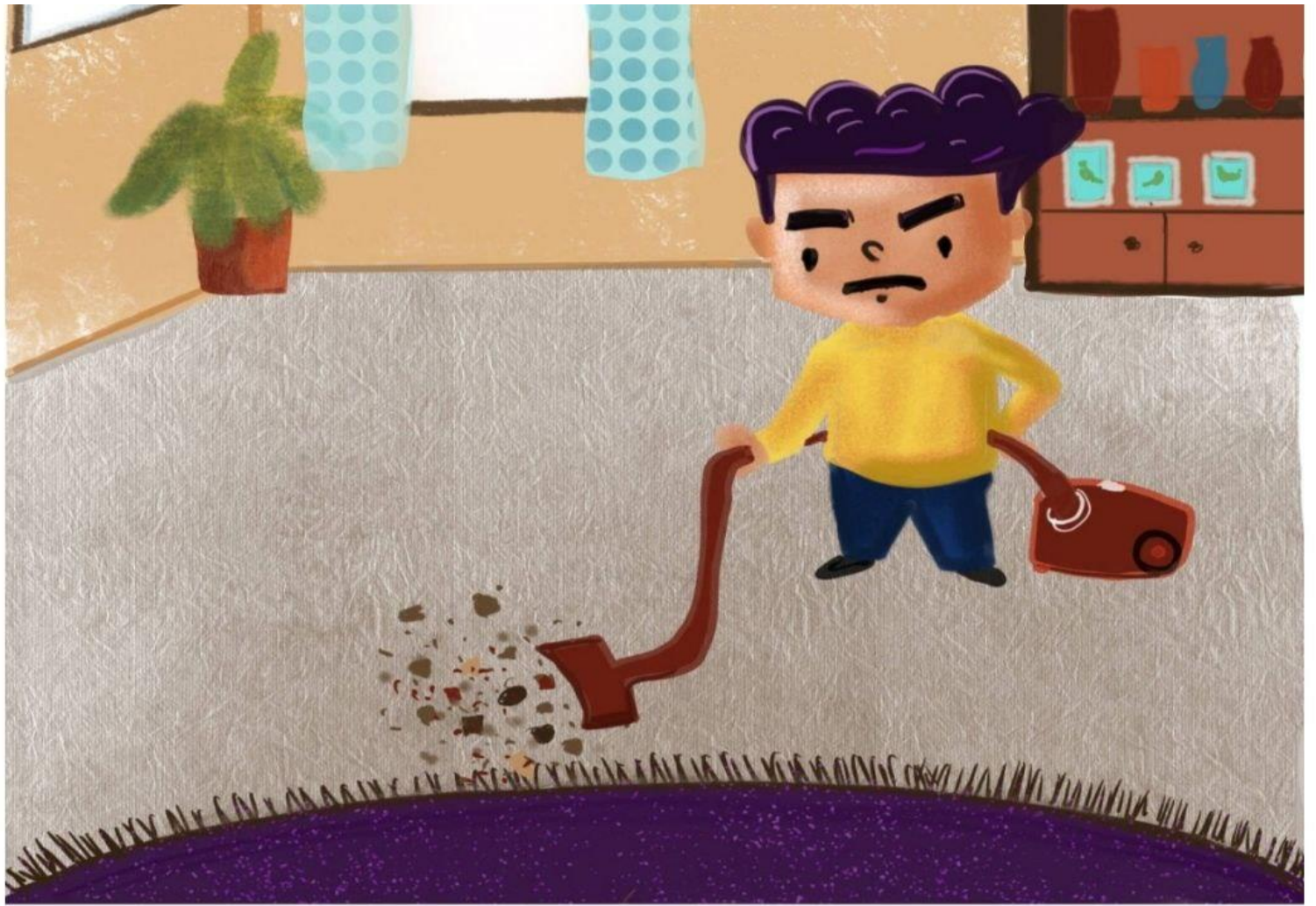


One day Mr Chips found a crate by his door
Holding one hundred pork pies, maybe more,
Polly, his parrot, was nibbling away,
“Polly likes pies!” sang Polly all day.

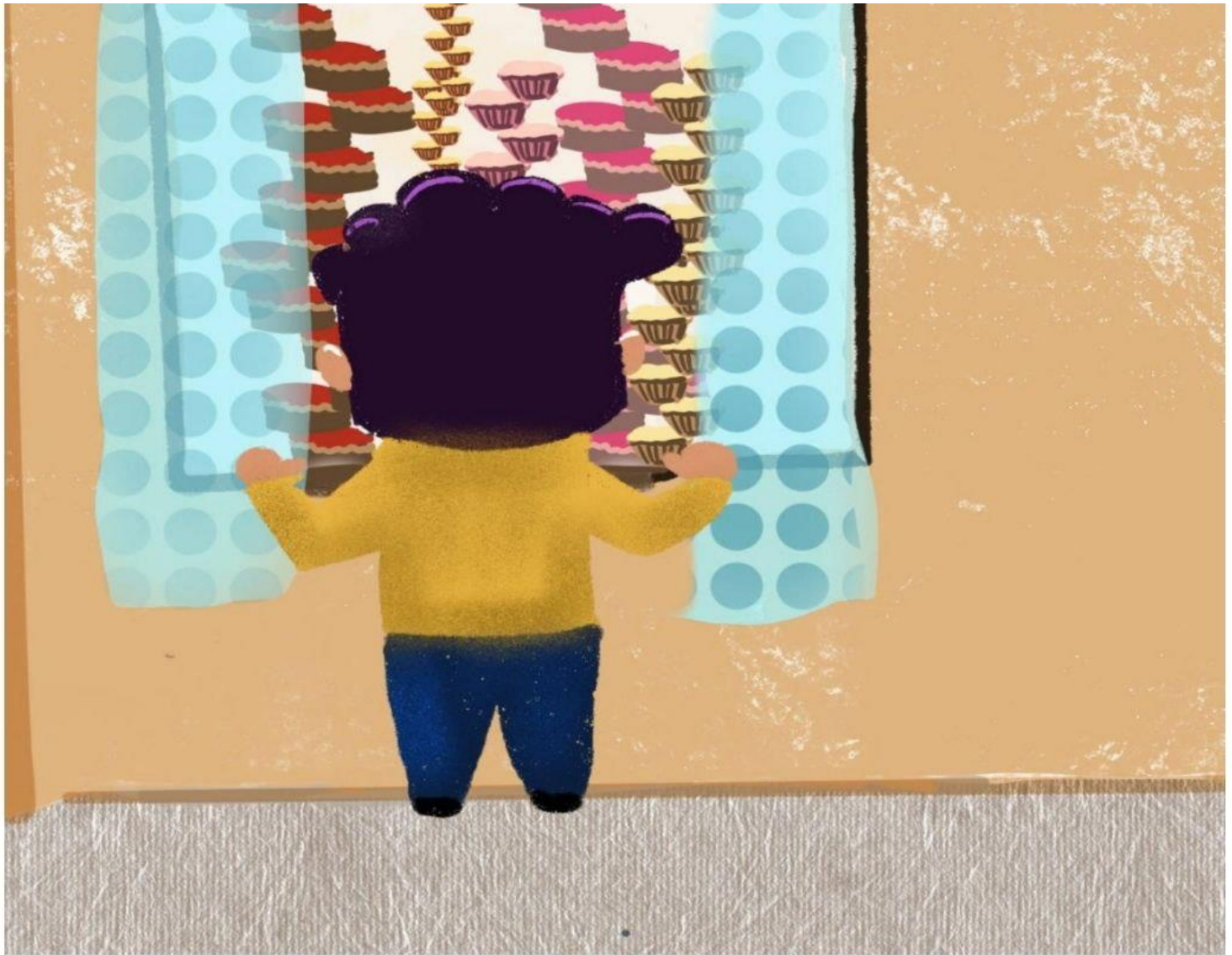




“Where did they come from!?! So many pies!”
Cried old Mr Chips with ample surprise.



He vacuumed the crumbs and tidied the mess,
Then passing his window he saw with distress...



A hundred mince pies, in ten by ten stacks,
Apple pies followed in red-ribbon packs.



Piled high on the porch was another surprise,
Chicken and mustard and parsley-seed pies!
“Oh dear!” cried Chips, “Oh no! Golly gosh!”
He sat in his chair and he stroked his moustache...



And then he spied Polly tap-tapping his phone
Peck-pecking her beak till she heard a ringtone,



'Polly wants pies,' she said to the store.
So Polly's the culprit behind pies galore!!



Cross Mr Chips said, "An end to this folly!"
And Polly the parrot said, "Polly is sorry."

She promised she wouldn't buy pies anymore

But then...

... Fifty cupcakes arrived at the door...!

