

Careful What You Wish For

A stranger walked into the pub,
Carrying quite a large case.
He got his pint and a meal,
As he quietly admired the place.

He told the boss it was a shame,
His lovely inn was so quiet.
And if he had a piano player,
More might come in to try it.

“One big problem,” came the reply,
“I don’t know who would play.
And if you take a look around,
There is no piano anyway.”

“Fear not,” said the stranger,
For, as he carefully opened his case,
Out stepped a man, just a foot tall,
With a smile upon his face.

A piano was placed on the bar,
Of proportionate size.
Then a stool for him to sit on,
Well none could believe their eyes.

The little man tinkled the ivories,
For a couple of hours or more.
Not one person left the pub,
Plenty more came in through the door.

Mine host was quite intrigued,
Of that there was no doubt.
And after a fun packed evening,
He asked how it all came about.

“Well it’s like this,” said the stranger,
When on my travels last year,
I helped an old lady cross a street,
In torrential rain the poor dear.”

“I walked her a very long way home,
Protecting her with my umbrella.
When finally stood at her door at last,
She said I was a very kind fella.”

“I am going to reward you,” she said,
“So listen closely to this.
I am a fairy godmother,
And I will grant you just one wish.”

“I promise, it really happened,” he said,
“But there was a very odd twist.
I still cannot remember to this very day,
Wishing for a twelve inch pianist!”