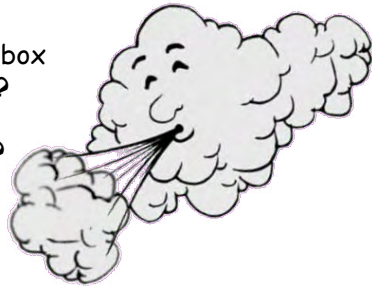


**The Big Blow**

Did you find your recycling box  
After that gale-force wind?  
Was it stuck well up a tree  
Along with a couple of bins?



The bus driver said he just missed three  
They came flying across the road  
He said he slapped the brakes  
on hard  
And it shifted all his load



Passengers were here, there and everywhere  
One even landed in his lap  
It took the driver by surprise  
He said Here that's enough of that.



The driver glanced into his mirror  
And much to his surprise  
A pretty coloured wheely bin  
Was racing right along side

The wheely bin lid flew open and up popped dear old gran  
She said I can't stop the thing it's propelled by this  
strong wind  
The driver said he had to smile...  
Gran was well and truly binned

The bin was spotted by the collector boys  
Who were working according to plan  
They connected the wheely on to the truck  
And that's the last we saw of gran.

*Maurice Shepherd*

**THE DEVIL GOES TO CHURCH**

The Devil sat on a bench in the Park,  
The morning was dull and rather dark,  
He was bored and longing for someone to tease,  
But he was alone beneath the trees.

Folk had gone into the Church nearby,  
Said the Devil, 'I think I'll go in, well I'll try',  
And, as I'm sure everyone knows,  
The wily old Devil can metamorphose.

He turned himself into a mischievous breeze  
And blew away from beneath the trees.  
He flew through the keyhole in the North Door  
And fluttered among kneelers on the floor.

Beside the door there were candles alight,  
But though he blew and blew with all his might,  
The power of the prayers those candles had lit  
Was more than a match for the Devil's wit.

He whispered softly into the ear of Alice  
And tried to tempt her with thoughts of malice,  
But Alice was devoutly deep in prayer  
And didn't even know the old Devil was there.

'If I see that fly, I'll kill it stone dead'  
Muttered Bill, as the Devil fluttered round his head.  
At this, the Devil flew into a rage.  
He puffed on a hymn book, which opened at just the right page.

The Priest and choir processed down the aisle,  
The Devil looked on, full of guile,  
But when he faced the Cross and saw the  
Holy Book  
The cowardly old Devil shivered and shook.

'This is no place for me' he cried with a whine,  
'There is a Power here far greater than mine,'  
And away he fled through a crack in the door,  
To wander alone in the Park once more.

*Doris Dowling*

Flicking through the  
newsletter once again fills me  
with despair  
For the birds and beasts you seem  
not to care.  
Another road is all you shout  
Pour the concrete in,  
pull another hedge out.



The wild green places should be let be, for the birds  
and beasts to run and fly free.  
It must be time to stop before it's too late and  
think about the land we violate.  
Now I'm no bunny hugger on a political run but I  
can't sit tight and see more harm done.  
To many feeble words these may be.. but all your  
talk of tarmac vexes me...

*Anon*

If you'd like to see your writing in MADNews,  
contact the Editor on 01865 391725



**Regional Quilting Exhibition**

- Sewell Centre Gallery, Radley College, Abingdon ■
- 10 - 5, Saturday 24th & 10 - 4, Sunday 25th March ■
- Raffle of Quilts in aid of Feed the Children ■
- On Saturday Trader: Masons of Abingdon ■
- K&L Sewing Machines ■
- demonstrating Bernina Quilting Machines ■
- On Sunday Quilting Demonstrations ■
- Sales Table, Excellent Refreshments & Ample Parking ■
- Admission £2; children under 12 free ■
- Further details from Judy Harris 01235 543053 ■

