Shorties for Charity

By Craig Plutogenie

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# Introduction

*Shorties for Charity* is a compilation of poems, songs and some other writing styles I created from about age 15 to… ahem… my current age. I hope that enough of the shorties will warrant donating a coin to your favourite charity. If you do donate, I would love to hear to which charity you donated.

I call them “shorties” because in my teens and 20s I tried to write novellas (35-60 thousand words), which will never be seen! I abandoned writing to focus on university studies and work. In later years I realised I could write poems during work holidays because they are short, and I could tinker with them during the long periods between holidays. I liked playing my music keyboard and so structured some poems as songs, but I have not yet succeeded in combining lyrics and music.

The book is structured so you can skip shorties unaligned with your current headspace or preferred level(s) of “seriousness”.

[*Serious Shorties*](#_Memorial_Shorties) convey my concerns for others or my own experiences. As a child I was concerned about nuclear war. As a young adult I struggled with leaving my family. As an older adult I’ve worried, for instance, whether future generations will have a quality ecological environment to enjoy. I’ve often expressed these difficult emotions through poems and songs.

[*Playful Shorties*](#_Playful_Shorties_1) are like [*Serious Shorties*](#_Memorial_Shorties) but tongue-in-cheek expressions of my concern for others (e.g., senior citizens, exploited Gig staff), my life experiences (e.g., Christmas shopping, train travel) and my disillusionment (e.g., politics).

[*Naughty Shorties*](#_Naughty_Shorties_1) are expressions of my inner 12-year-old who, like many in my family, enjoy toilet humour! There is nothing intellectual about these shorties. Indeed, reading them is sure to lower your IQ! There is also has a poem on violence that may be triggering and/or similarly viewed as humourless.

# Serious Shorties

I wrote the first poem, [Nuclear War](#_Nuclear_War), about 1986 aged 15. The topic surprised me until I read that anxieties about nuclear war were high in the 80s due to an arms race which led to these threats (Conze et al. 2017). I now know why I wrote a strange, fanciful novel back then about kids surviving a nuclear war in school bunker, then exiting and leaving on a sci fi trip!

[Back Home](#_Back_Home) relates to my trips home from Melbourne where I had been living, by that time, for about 4½ years (1998).

Both poems are almost identical to the original, but I made minor changes to spelling, punctuation and grammar.

I wrote limericks and songs between about 2014 and 2017 to convey my concerns about our ecological environment ([Our Land](#_Our_Land)), my friends in the LGBTI+ community ([Marriage Equality](#_Marriage_Equality) and [Marriage Song](#_Marriage_Song)), and those affected negatively by gambling addiction ([The Pokie Song](#_The_Pokie_Song)).

**Reference**

Conze, E., Klimke, M. & Varon, J (eds) (2017) Nuclear Threats, Nuclear Fear and the Cold War of the 1980s, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge.

## Nuclear War

Written about 1986 aged 15.

World War Three is almost here!  
I can smell it now. It’s very near.  
Dear, oh dear, now do not cry,  
Not all of us are going to die.  
We’ll probably get very sick.  
We won’t be in very good nick.  
All our hair will fall completely out,  
Blow in the breeze and all about.  
Our skin will go all different colours,  
Red, blue, green and all the others.  
After all this we’ll certainly go,  
But God Almighty will only know  
Whether this is the end of the human race.  
It will be soon at this steady pace.

## Back Home

Written 7 January 1998.

I am back in my hometown.  
How long has it been?  
Landing in a place so brown.  
Kin are rarely seen.

“You look so well!” Hearty hug.  
“Do not let me go!  
There, a bag for me to lug?  
Tell all, blow by blow!”

Major tales ‘bout work and play,  
Shared as we head out.  
“Thought I said, I didn’t say?”  
Home, we are on route.

Am I really back at home?  
Have I lost my touch?  
It’s not the same, mail and phone,  
Talking such and such.

I can’t replace one-on-one,  
With friends and family.  
I see I’ve missed all your fun,  
Sadness, loss and glee.

The months and days I can’t wend.  
Times I cannot share.  
Setbacks I can’t hope to mend.  
Wish I could be there.

All is still as I awake.  
Home is but a dream.  
Muscles tight and bones do ache.  
Eyes are sore and gleam.

I know a life I must find.  
One to call my own.  
Pry me from the daily grind.  
Being, not on loan.

My plans may win, maybe fail.  
I will do my best.  
I won’t forget the family nail  
Stabbing at my breast.

## Serious Limericks

Both were written about June 2014 or earlier.

### Our Land

Our land is now loved to extreme.  
Yet we buy to excess for esteem.  
This drives all our firms  
To seek sales and terms  
Our land won’t endure – it’s obscene!

### Marriage Equality

They’ve loved twenty years and a day,  
While sick and in health, till decay.  
They’re yet to be whole  
Till swings of a poll  
Wed them even though they are gay.

## Marriage Song

Finalised 15 December 2017.

CHORUS 1  
We’re getting married.  
Not getting harried.  
About time we all say!  
We’re getting married.  
Not getting harried.  
Let’s do it our own way.

VERSE 1  
A lost generation,  
Gone before toleration.  
We’re left with fond adoration.  
We thank for salvation  
Those who fought condemnation.  
We owe them for our liberation.

CHORUS 2  
We’re getting married.  
Not getting harried.  
Remember yesterday.  
We’re getting married.  
Not getting harried.  
Wish you were here today.

VERSE 2  
Despite the duration  
We got affirmation.  
A yes vote by the Aussie nation.  
One harsh implication  
Was cruel agitation.  
Our love doesn’t need vindication.

CHORUS 3  
We’re getting married.  
Not getting harried.  
No more us and they.  
We’re getting married.  
Not getting harried.  
Let’s get it under way.

VERSE 3  
Let’s start preparation.  
Find a nice location  
To invite our assorted congregation.  
Get drinks for hydration,  
Book a band for gyration,  
Enough food to end starvation.

CHORUS 4  
We’re getting married.  
Not getting harried.  
Served meals or buffet?  
We’re getting married.  
Not getting harried.  
Till now weddings were passe.

VERSE 4  
Vows, rings and elation.  
More than one slurred oration;  
A drunken friend’s adulation.  
Forms need notation  
To end temptation.  
Look at our ball and chain mutation.

CHORUS 5  
We are now married.  
Not getting harried.  
Now not my fiancé.  
We are now married.  
Not getting harried.  
Love has won today.

VERSE 5  
The last culmination,  
Honeymoon and vacation.  
Let’s end this fun celebration.  
We accept acclamation  
Then take transportation  
To a place of consummation.

CHORUS 6  
We are now married.  
Not getting harried.  
No time for long foreplay.  
We are now married.  
Not getting harried.  
Let’s leave without delay.

## The Pokie Song

Finalised 22 April 2017.

VERSE 1  
I love stealing your cash and pride.  
It’s what I’m made to do.  
My aim is to scheme and deride  
So you don’t know how much you blew.

CHORUS 1  
My name is Pokie Machine,  
With lights flashing bright on my screen.  
I love you like you’re a queen,  
With riches I thieve ‘til you’re lean.

VERSE 2  
I love giving you quite small wins.  
It gives a vibe I’m fun.  
The truth about all of my spins;  
It’s playing roulette with a gun.

CHORUS 2  
My name is Pokie Machine,  
Feed me all the coins with a sheen.  
I am programmed to keep you keen  
And induce a mindless routine.

VERSE  
I don’t care ‘bout partners or kids.  
Please neglect all their care.  
Instead I should get all your quids.  
All you need to say is a prayer.

CHORUS 3  
My name is Pokie Machine,  
The odds are against you, I’ve seen.  
My control of you is obscene,  
with my tricks that you cannot glean.

# Playful Shorties

I enjoy a playful approach, often using exaggeration, to explore my concerns for people and my own experiences. I used exaggeration and sci fi at 15 (1986) in [Pollution Solution](#_Pollution_Solution) to express my concern about the ecological environment.

I used exaggeration and sci fi at university in a 1992 technical writing report: a memo selling a product of our choice. [Education Solution](#_Education_Solution) is close to the original submission, but with format and content changes due to ebook publishing requirements. The university marker liked it, thankfully!

Some shorties (2014 to 2023) express how I perceive, and why I avoid, Christmas shopping ([Xmas Shopping Song](#_Xmas_Shopping_Song)) and politics ([Politician’s Song](#_Politician’s_Song)). Some shorties convey my concern for senior citizens, people living with disabilities and Gig workers ([GigCare Launch](#_GigCare_Launch)). The shorties exaggerate my perceptions and concerns using my own voice or the fictitious voice of others (e.g., a politician, a Gig company executive).

I’ve exaggerated my life experiences to write about using trains for [City Commuting](#_City_Commute) and interpreting memes I’ve seen on social media ([Playful Memes](#_Playful_Memes)). I created the meme images using the Artificial Intelligence website “dream.ai”.

I joined Melbourne City’s University of the Third Age (U3A) in 2023 to attend their Wednesday Writers. This group showed me that “shorties” can include prose. For example, we write for 5 minutes on objects or ideas brought in by each other as stimuli. I wrote [Grandma’s Ornament](#_Grandma’s_Ornament) about a “playful” grandmother using an object for inspiration (see the photo).

## Pollution Solution

Written about 1986 aged 15.

World pollution is a big affair  
And something needs to be done.  
Answers these days are very rare,  
But I knew I would be the one.

Of everyone I created clones  
And sent them into the street.  
They are not real, but nobody knows  
That they’re walking on false feet.

They all had certain jobs to do,  
And, of course, they did succeed.  
‘Cause they had minds to do so  
And knew how best to proceed.

The fear in man just grew and grew.  
Each clone destroyed its mate.  
Your clone is heading straight for you.  
Gone now is the greed and hate.

They changed the world for the best,  
Now the humans no longer exist.  
The Earth can now have its rest,  
For the clones do not resist.

There is no longer pollution  
Now the humans aren’t there.  
The clones will live through evolution,  
But there’s no one around to care.

## Education Solution

Finalised 8 April 1992.

**TO:** Mary Bridges, Principal, Wangadong Primary School.

**FROM:** Craig Plutogenie, Manager, BestEd Pty Ltd.

**DATE:** April 8, 1992.

**SUBJECT:** Discipline in Western Australian Schools.

I am glad you are interested to learn more about our robot “Gertrude”, which aims to improve the quality of teaching in all schools. I can assure you that our robot is not just better and more reliable than those of our competitors, but also that it is more effective than the traditional cane ever was.

Gertrude is a small robot which will soon be an indispensable tool used by all teachers. Its ability to respond accurately to verbal requests is a technological feat unmatched by any other company. This means that Gertrude can perform many tasks tailored to meet the individual demands and commands of your teaching staff, such as “Kill” and “Attack”.

As requested, I investigated the legal implications of Gertrude. We found that the Education Department has been waiting for such a product. As you are aware, teachers are not permitted to use corporal punishment on students. Since Gertrude is not a teacher, but is instead a robot able to act independently, it will not violate any of these laws.

Our product has been tested using classroom simulations and real teachers. Gertrude was able to stop fights and control riots and student protests with great success. It can withstand knife attacks, fire and bomb blasts with a calm disposition, but tends to react violently when subjected to verbal abuse.

Gertrude can be fitted with various optional extras outlined below. These options transform Gertrude into a valuable disciplinarian, and into a tool capable of performing everyday teaching duties. The latter activities include raising the Australian flag, writing daily work pads, maintaining student records and reading explicitly romantic novels to the children.

Although some of our competitors have developed robots with similar capabilities, they cannot match Gertrude’s scientifically tested flexibility and reliability. We guarantee that after one month, there will be a significant improvement in the working habits and behaviour of your students, or the cost of Gertrude and its accessories will be refunded in full.

The following phases describe how Gertrude can be integrated quickly and easily into a typical classroom.

Phase 1 (An introduction to Gertrude): Gertrude has been designed to respond to one master only, which means it has the potential to become not just a tool, but also a work partner and close friend. All teachers must spend a few days at our laboratory prior to using Gertrude in the classroom. During this time, Gertrude will learn the teacher’s voice so that Gertrude can recognise and carry out all commands correctly.

Phase 2 (A trial period with Gertrude): As a safeguard, all teachers must spend some time with Gertrude in a controlled simulation before taking the robot into the classroom. Children of BestEd’s staff have been specially trained in all forms of violence and defiance to test teachers’ ability to understand and use Gertrude. After a few hours in this simulated classroom, teachers will be ready for anything.

Phase 3 (Adapting Gertrude to a particular classroom): Gertrude has very accurate sight and memory, which allows it to learn tasks quickly. Teachers will be shown how Gertrude learns so they can experiment for themselves. Such learning by Gertrude is achieved through demonstration, followed by the robot attempting to reproduce a teacher’s actions. Gertrude can learn to identify children using Pixi photos, which helps it identify the students who should receive certain forms of “special” treatment.

Gertrude has various special features not available with similar products being offered by our competitors, thus making this product more reliable and competitive. These features are outlined next.

Feature 1: Gertrude can sense the critical health signs of children with whom it interacts. Should a child lose consciousness or suffer any other physical trauma from the punishment being executed, the requested action will be suspended immediately.

Feature 2: In the improbable event that Gertrude should become uncontrollable, the verbal command “Terminate” will trigger a self-destruct mechanism.

Gertrude has optional extras which can be included with our standard package. These will be explained next.

Extra 1: The nippers at the end of Gertrude’s retractable arms, normally used for attaching itself to human limbs and ears, can be replaced by:

—a duster or chalk catapult; or  
—an electrified prodder.

Extra 2: With slight modifications, Gertrude can operate as:

—a slide and overhead projector;  
—a video recorder and television;  
—a sharpener of pencils, scissors and flick knives;  
—a photocopier; and  
—a loud hailer.

Extra 3: Another practical addition to Gertrude’s existing features is its ability to access a phone without making physical contact with the device. This capability is especially useful for requesting the services of the fire department, police or ambulance.

Since Gertrude moves around on wheels, it has problems moving between desks and chairs. This means Gertrude could run over feet and hands. Although these wheels allow it to navigate stairs, it does tend to over-balance and fall. Gertrude requires batteries and, although they last a normal school day of six hours, the batteries take two days to recharge. For this reason, additional batteries and a recharger are available.

Gertrude has a three-year warranty, plus free servicing and repairs during this period. BestEd accepts no responsibility for damage to property or injury to people resulting from misusing Gertrude. Compensation will be available if damage or injury results from a mechanical fault or poor servicing by BestEd. Payment for the robot and installation will be completed in $2,000 monthly payments for five months. Individual arrangements can be made for the purchase of the optional extras.

BestEd’s staff, like you, are very concerned about the quality of education offered in Australia. We will therefore ensure that this quality is maintained by continuing to supply reliable and affordable products and services to schools. We would be only too happy to assist you and your school with any other difficulties you may be experiencing. We are on your side.

## Xmas Shopping Song

Initial version written 19 November 2016. Updated various times since and finalised 17 December 2022.

This song can be sung to the Jingle Bells tune. Alternative lyrics are shown within square brackets.

VERSE  
It’s that time of year,  
The day will soon arrive.  
Stores say they are here  
To help my Xmas thrive.  
Shops tell me to buy  
Like I’ve got cash to lose.  
But the ads are just a lie  
Like government fake news.

CHORUS 1  
Xmas time, it is here.  
Should be joyous cheer.  
Lots of singing about deer  
And Santa sculling beer. *[Or: And Santa’s jolly cheer.]*  
But the stores all disclose  
Motives on the nose.  
That is what I do oppose  
When I sing this silly prose!

VERSE 2  
Retail stores campaign  
To suck my wallet dry.  
Ads drive me insane  
Until I want to cry. *[Or: And cause my twitching eye.]*  
My gift search can wait.  
I need more time to stew.  
Can I skip this dreaded fate  
By faking plague or flu?

CHORUS 1

VERSE  
Traffic’s bad today  
As I find gifts I need.  
Drivers so risqué  
That I almost peed. *[Or: I doubt that they can read!]*  
I have gifts in hand  
That I must now wrap.  
Odd-shaped items should be banned  
So there’s no paper gap!

CHORUS 1

VERSE  
Stores still win the game  
With paper, cards they sell.  
Putting me to shame  
To buck the retail spell.  
I wrap gifts with care.  
My label checks are key.  
It’s last year that *[Dad|Mum|Gran]* did glare  
At lingerie from me!

CHORUS 2  
Xmas time, it is done.  
Stores all want more fun.  
There are yet more deals being spun  
In ads that have begun.  
Boxing Day, Valentine’s,  
Days of other kinds.  
Stores promote their product lines  
That cause more pointless mines.

## Politician’s Song

Initial version written 25 June 2022. Finalised 14 July 2023.

VERSE  
I am but a sly politician.  
I’m one of your famed nominees.  
I’ll sing you the tale of my mission  
To win at all costs like a sleaze.

I’ll promise the world till elected.  
It will be too good to be true.  
My lies (I mean spin) are protected.  
My conscience is clear like a stew.

CHORUS  
Please hear my plan to get your vote.  
Hand me your kid so I can dote.  
I know your pain: no cash for meals.  
I drink wine and drive flashy wheels.

You need me now, your gallant knight.  
Like Robin Hood, for you I’ll fight.  
My team just made a brand-new pitch:  
Take from the poor, give to the rich!

VERSE  
I act like a child in the chambers.  
No wonder my voters are numb.  
Perhaps I should wear baby diapers  
While cooing and sucking my thumb.

My work is all done by contrition  
With lobbyists I find so dear.  
They grease my hot palms with commission  
So thickly my handshakes will smear.

CHORUS

VERSE  
If I’m caught in dire conflation  
I’ll blame all my lies on fake news.  
The truth would ensure my damnation  
So I spin to muddy the clues.

If wrongs can be blamed on opponents,  
Like a scam that is seen to be rude,  
I’ll hire some wealthy exponents  
Who’ll make sure that I can’t be sued.

CHORUS

VERSE  
It’s time for my hasty conclusion,  
When I get large pensions and perks.  
Past deals have ensured my induction  
To jobs with my lobbyist jerks.

We’re good at the secret donations.  
We know that you won’t find a cent.  
We are like those pokie contraptions,  
That are made to hide their intent.

CHORUS

## GigCare Launch

Finalised 18 September 2023.

This is a fictional transcript from a speech by the manager of a fictional company called GigCo. The speech relates to launching a Gig Economy service, GigCare, to complement GigCo’s existing GigFood and GigTaxi services.

Thank you for coming. I’m Bill Lionaire, Founder and Manager of GigCo.

Could you please repeat that question? Yes, it *is* my birthday. I’m twenty. No need to applaud! Okay, that’s enough questions. Let’s start.

I am pleased to announce the launch of our new service, GigCare. We are starting in Melbourne and Sydney. Our hope is to expand to other cities in the coming months.

The customer base for GigCare will primarily be senior citizens and people living with a disability.

As you know, the health system has let down these valued members of our community. For example, healthcare costs are rising, and care homes mainly see their residents as generating returns for their shareholders. The list goes on. It is clear to everyone that we need novel solutions.

Grandma, who I love more than life itself, inspired me to create GigCare. When I speak to her, every Christmas Day, she tells me about the difficulties she faces.

I was reminded of her words every time I drove past her house on my way to work and when I saw her photo on my wall at home during my Zoom meetings. I realised there was something I could do to help. And GigCare was born!

Our business model is simple. We bring together people who need flexible work arrangements, and those who need affordable care services. We then take a *modest* fee from both. It’s a win-win for our shareh… for *everyone*!

The GigCare website allows anyone to be a GigCarer. The only requirement is that they have transport like a car or bike, and the ability to find and click on the Accept button at the bottom of our 10,000-word “Terms and Conditions” page.

We expect that GigCarers will be of two types. The first group is international students who desperately need money to survive. The second is humanitarian immigrants with overseas medical degrees who seem to have no value here.

GigCare clients can request any service via our website and smartphone app. Alternatively, loved ones can book services on behalf of GigCare clients. Either way you can relax knowing that your loved ones are cared for while you live your own important lives.

GigCare services are designed to help clients remain at home longer, just like Grandma wants. Services range from taking clients to appointments, cooking meals and performing liability-free elective surgery on the kitchen table. Clients can track the arrival of their GigCarer via our website or app.

Thank you for listening.

No, I cannot take further questions. One of my Lamborghinis is parked in a one-hour parking bay, and I need to leave before it gets towed. My Lear jet leaves for the US shortly.

I hope you all enjoy the rest of your Christmas Day. And Grandma, if you’re watching, I love you. I’m sorry I couldn’t visit today. I hope to see you next Christmas.

## My City Commuting

Finalised 10 September 2023.

I’m sitting on the train heading straight to the city.  
So I thought I’d write this poem to earn a little pity.  
‘Cause we’re packed so tight on these public transport trips,  
Like chickens to be killed for our parmas and some chips.

I hear so many talking to their friends or on the phone.  
Many are quite loud and seem to think they’re all alone.  
I hear about their troubles in love and work and play.  
I don’t need to know how they slept with Aunty Kay!

Others play loud games or turn their movies up real loud,  
Like they’re in a cinema that needs to please a crowd.  
Then there’s all the kids who seem to yell or simply wail  
Even with my headphones I can hear them without fail!

Please don’t get me started on the foul and putrid smell,  
Like demons tugging nostril hairs, reaching up from hell.  
Perhaps I sense the heady scent of prehistoric man.  
Or just the air escaping since a meal of milk and bran?

Oh no I think that smell might be coming from my seat!  
I fear it might be urine that’s been basting in the heat.  
I hope that the odour will not transfer to my slacks.  
Will people in the city think that I’ve been way too lax?

The floor beneath my feet seems to stick to both my shoes.  
I shudder at the thought of all the endless vial clues.  
Is it just some soft drink that has spilled upon the floor?  
If it’s something worse I’ll make a beeline for the door!

Now a drunk across from me has started a slurred chat.  
I cannot work out what he said because he merely spat.  
I try a nod and feign a smile as though I might agree.  
Now I seem to have a friend from whom I cannot flee.

The person sitting next to me has fallen fast asleep.  
He murmurs while he dreams like he is calling for his sheep.  
His head has tilted sideways and now rests upon my neck.  
Now I’m itchy. Is it nits? I guess I’d better check.

I think that in the future I should wear a hazmat suit  
So that I’m protected from these risks on my commute.  
I know that I’ll look funny to some others on the train.  
I will not be the only one who looks like their insane.

## Grandma’s Ornament

Written 6 September 2023.

I wrote the following in 5 minutes on the object below during a workshop with the U3A Wednesday Writers. I made minor changes to improve clarity and remove Melbourne locations.



Grandma had returned from an overseas holiday. Cheekily, she wouldn’t tell me from which country she had bought her strange wooden ornament. “Guess,” she smirked.

The black stripes on its back led me to dismiss the idea it was a cat. Perhaps a strange tiger from a country in Africa? The piercing eyes staring back at me suggested it might come from a country in Asia. The slithery orange tail snaking over its back implied it may originate from a country in South America. I explained my thoughts and guesses.

At last Grandma winked. “A garage sale down the street. I’ve had it for 10 years, and you’ve never noticed!”

## Playful Memes

Created 11 September 2023.

The meme has a picture of a pond with a white, circular platform in the middle of the water. The pond is surrounded by green trees and flowers including red, blue and white.

Under the image is the text "This meme's pronouncement proffers some profound philosophical pond-lightenment.

The meme has a picture of a fireplace in a house with a beige coloured hearth and a burning fire. The fireplace is set against a cream coloured brick wall and has a pot plant to the right of the fireplace.

Under the image is the text "Don't get too close to this meme. The enlightenment might give you third-degree burns."

The meme has an image of a woman seated cross-legged, with her back to the viewer, and fingers cupped upwards in a Yoga or meditation pose. She is seated on a wooden platform and starring out into a forest.

Under the image is the text "This meme will enhance lives. Just read between the lines". In between these two sentences is the text "Do you see? Your life is better already!"

# Naughty Shorties

My inner 12-year-old often comes out when I’m preoccupied with farts ([Vinnie](#_Vinnie), [Foul Breeze](#_Foul_Breeze), [Woof’s Home Brew](#_Woof’s_Home_Brew) and [Leave the Room](#_Leave_the_Room)), risqué innuendo ([Innu’s Wife Endo](#_Innu’s_Wife_Endo)) and other taboo topics like…well, see for yourself ([Laddy Wack](#_Laddy_Wack))! I’ve written these over nearly a 10-year period (2014-2022).

I believe farts have healing power. I don’t mean just relieving oneself! When I feel low, fart apps on my smartphone still make me laugh. Such childish, unsavoury humour also helped other family, like my late sister Clare who struggled through life. We often enjoyed laughing about farts and other such silly things. I appreciate that not everyone shares this view; hence why I separated these shorties from those above.

This view about farts led me to set myself the challenge of finding a new way to explore this philosophical theme. I then wrote the [Being a Fart Stinks](#_Being_a_Fart) song from the perspective of a fart. The idea occurred to me after writing [The Pokie Song](#_The_Pokie_Song) from the perspective of a pokie machine.

I include [A Woman’s Night Out](#_A_Woman’s_Night) in this section for a different reason. It tackles the serious issue of violence against women, which I find abhorrent. The poem aims to empower women where they should be safe, and to reverse the narrative against the perpetrators. I appreciate, however, that some people may find this topic triggering and/or feel that even violence against perpetrators is inappropriate and humourless. For this reason, people may wish to avoid this poem like the childish ones about farts. It is the last poem under [Naughty Limericks](#_Naughty_Limericks).

## Naughty Limericks

All were written about June 2014 or earlier, unless otherwise stated.

### Vinnie

I once had a toy called Vinnie  
Who sat on the loo for a shimmy.  
After much laboured puffing  
He shat out his stuffing.  
So I renamed him Vinnie the Skinny.

### Foul Breeze

They say better out than within.  
The act often ends with a grin.  
But when you’re found out  
By sensitive snout,  
The smirk will be wiped with chagrin.

### Innu’s Wife Endo

Innu is a hard man to please.  
Asks Endo to get to her knees.  
As cheese missed the lips,  
She spat out her quips.  
“You always spill food with such ease.”

### Woof’s Home Brew

*Finalised 6 October 2022.*

Woof, a cute dog with ambition,  
Had eased out a foul emission.  
He’s people found out,  
And let out a shout,  
“Dad’s guts are in bad condition!”

They sent Dad out with no hearing.  
Woof felt imbued by the cheering.  
So dropped a whopper.  
A TV showstopper.  
Woof was no longer endearing.

### A Woman’s Night Out

*Rewritten in 2023 based on a 2014 or earlier version.*

A drunk groped her leg at the bar.  
He slurred “Darl’, come home in my car!”  
It’s sexual abuse.  
Let’s not be obtuse!  
He now has false teeth in a jar.

## Leave the Room

Finalised 19 March 2015.

VERSE  
Oh my sweet, such a lovely meal.  
I really love your curried veal.  
So let’s sit down to watch the show.  
Snuggle up with me real slow.

CHORUS 1  
Oh no!  
Honey, will you leave the room  
For I sense a pending doom  
Of a noxious kind, you hear.  
I’m about to fart my dear.  
It is brewing up real fast.  
Don’t just sit there all aghast.  
You should run, no time for rants.  
It’s a bet I’ll crap my pants.

SPOKEN BY PARTNER  
Oh, that chunky fart is in my hair.  
The couch’ll smell for weeks I swear!  
Don’t tell me it’s better out than in.  
I’ll have to shower to clean my skin.

VERSE  
Oh my sweet, lay upon our bed.  
We will play now our clothes are shed.  
I’ve learned tricks over many weeks.  
Be prepared for erotic shrieks.

CHORUS 2  
Oh no!  
It’s too late to leave the room  
Or escape the pending doom  
Of a noxious kind, you hear.  
I’m about to fart my dear.  
Pull the sheet up to your throat.  
For it smells of rancid goat.  
Pinch your nose and hold your breath  
Since one sniff is certain death.

SPOKEN BY PARTNER  
Don’t you dare try Dutch oven me!  
I’ll get my revenge, just wait and see.  
While you sleep, with your eyes shut,  
I’ll shove a cork up your foul butt!

## Laddy Wack

Written 11 August 2005, plus minor updates in 2023.

Lay back, laddy wack.  
Give a boy a bone.  
I am just a wee young lad  
In my room at home.

Lay back, laddy wack.  
What’s it all about?  
Feel the need to sigh and sing.  
Holding back a shout.

Lay back, laddy wack.  
Learning on my own.  
Not the thing to say out loud.  
Secret of those grown.

Lay back, laddy wack.  
Unsure all the way.  
Seen the books and magazines.  
Leading me astray?

Lay back, laddy wack.  
Pictures help a lot.  
Best ones are quite hard to find.  
Sometimes hit the spot.

Lay back, laddy wack.  
Feel my way round.  
Where to do the pleasure deed?  
Dread I will be found.

Lay back, laddy wack.  
I feel like a star.  
Heat is building up so high.  
Like a molten bar.

Lay back, laddy wack.  
What am I to do?  
Please will you come out to play!  
What’s with all the goo?

Lay back, laddy wack.  
Shame’s now all I feel.  
It’s the end before the start  
Like a Ferris wheel.

Lay back, laddy wack.  
Hide the evidence.  
Wash it down a drain or two,  
Over neighbour’s fence?

Lay back, laddy wack.  
T’is time once again.  
Waited such a long long time.  
Dare not I refrain!

Lay back, laddy wack.  
Experiment away.  
Want to try and get it right.  
Practice twice a day.

Lay back, laddy wack.  
Normal do I feel?  
Guess I need to keep it up.  
Soon will it be real?

## Being a Fart Stinks

Finalised 16 May 2022.

VERSE  
Let us have a heart to heart.  
You and me, your faithful fart.  
It is time to buck the trend.  
I just want my angst to end.  
What you eat helps fill your rear.  
Beans and prunes are what I fear.  
Do not hold on to your poo.  
It’s no wonder I accrue.

CHORUS 1  
I’m your fart and sick of it.  
It is you who’s full of shit.  
I know it’s me they will smell.  
But it’s you who stinks to hell.

VERSE  
My names hurt and aim to tease.  
Like grunt, shart and cut the cheese.  
Why are you all mean ‘n crass?  
It is you who makes the gas!  
You drop your guts in your beds.  
Plant your butt near others’ heads.  
Leave me in baths and small lifts.  
I’m just seen as smelly gifts.

CHORUS 1

VERSE  
Light me up to make a flame?  
You don’t care about my shame!  
It is me who takes the wrap.  
You just do not give a crap.  
“Pull my finger” you all say.  
In my view it’s not okay.  
I have better things to do.  
I am sure that you do too!

CHORUS 2  
I’m your fart and sick of it.  
I ask you now will you quit?  
Now I hope that you know why  
Your foul treatment makes me cry.

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# Thank You

I thank you for making it this far, and hope that you found enough of these *Shorties for Charity* to be worth your time to read. I would especially love to hear from you if you decided to donate a coin to one of your favourite charities.

I would like to thank family members, friends and work colleagues who read these shorties, or earlier versions, and encouraged me to share them with others. I have never had the confidence to do that before, so I found such support to be extremely beneficial.

I enjoy being a member of Wednesday Writers from the Melbourne City’s University of the Third Age (U3A). I value the positive approach to feedback offered by this kind group, which has helped tremendously with my confidence. Hearing others’ work also gives me inspiration.

# About the Author

Craig Plutogenie wrote poetry during short holidays in the 25 years he worked in academe. As an academic, he helped university students learn the ethical use of technology, at least until the business world’s money enticed them. Now silver-haired, he quit academe to reclaim his childhood love of creative writing, and his desire to help make the world a tiny bit better. Plus, he can now get away with wearing tracksuit pants to work. He often takes a tongue-in-cheek approach to themes including the value of ecological and societal welfare, the challenges of technology, and the wonders of daily life.