

## T' University o' t' Third Degree - or Summat Like That !

A university, A thowt - at my age - a degree?  
A'v' got mi bus-pass - chooffin' 'ell - that's nowt to do wi' me!  
But then this bloke, 'e tells me "Nay - it's nowt like that at all!  
Tha moant be gerrin' werried - just 'av' thissen a ball!  
It's wot thi call 'ole-istic' (but nowt to do wi' oyls -  
Soul an' mind an' body - not like them rotten schoyls!)  
Tha cud do belly-dancin' (or maybe just spectate) (*eyoop!*)  
Thiz walkin', singin', crown-green bowls - A'm tollin' theh, it's great!  
An' everyone's that friendleh, tha'll mek a load o' pals  
(Aar, theerz anuther thing - tha'll find a lot less blokes than gals!)  
An' so A took 'im oop - *and goodness me, would you credit it, just a few years down the line,*  
*Here I am, perorating with all the mellifluous erudite fluency of an Oxford professor of*  
*philosophy*  
*But, alas, I can no longer make my lines scan properly - nor for that matter, even rhyme!*

Paul Whyman