



THE KINGDOM OF THE SQUEEKABEES.

PART ONE

In a cold, dark cave in a mountain range,

There lies a secret book.

It's pages tell of a folk so strange,

Do you want to take a look?

Say your goodnights,

Turn off the lights,

And snuggle down in bed.

Pull up the sheets above your teeth,

Your nose, your ears, your head.

And now it's dark, let's take a trip,

To a land bizarre and odd,

To The Kingdom of the Squeekabees,

Where no human's ever trod.

Adventurers and explorers have sought this fabled place,

All have failed and disappeared, and left behind no trace.

The Kingdom of the Squeekabees

Is lost in time and space,

A vague, unknown location,

For a weird, mysterious race.

Perhaps you'll find it somewhere

In the North, East, West or South.

Or could it be right next to me...

Perhaps I'll shut my mouth.

So are you dreaming comfortably?

The Squeekabees await,

With a welcome to their Kingdom,

Come on! Let's not be late...

The Squeekabees walk sideways, then sometimes upside down.

Their fur is white, blue, yellow, marmalade and speckled brown.

They have six toes on either paw, six fingers on each hand,

And they leave their squeeky pawprints in the purple river sand.

Some Squeekabees have double knees,

Which make a clicking sound.

Some Squeekabees live in the trees,

But some live underground.

Some Squeekabees have fuzzy hair which hangs down to their bellies,

And some devote their lives to making bags of rainbow jellies.

Some Squeekabees raise Treepigs,

In sturdy, wooden arks.

They build them in electric storms,

Amid the lightning sparks.

The Squeekabees do as they please,

They never ever stop,

They feast on bees and monkey cheese

Until their ears go pop!

The Kingdom of the Squeekabees is full of old tradition,

At YumTime, every Squeekabee takes up the day's position.

This might be hanging upside down

Beneath the Moaning Bridge,

Or kneeling in the kitchen

With their head inside a fridge.

Whatever, where and when or what,

The Squeekabees must do it,

Before their favourite breakfast

Of fried yams and jungle suet.

The Squeekabees have servants, who are called The Squeekabongs.

They barbeque marshmallows using ornamental tongs.

They speak a secret language and they sing their secret songs,

Whilst playing on Bone-cuckoo flutes and rusty copper gongs.

The Squeekabees live backwards,

When they're born, they're very old.

They're very hard of hearing and their bedclothes smell of mould.

They grumble, moan and point at things, complain about the cold.

And the state they leave the toilet in is better left untold!

The Squeekabees, they have a king, his name is PapaGob.

He lives beneath the river and he really loves his job.

His job is telling everyone what time of day it is,

And every year he has to write the Chronologic Quiz!*

In The Kingdom of the Squeekabees, this quiz is all-important.

They take it oh-so-seriously, and no-one thinks they oughtn't.

The problem is for centuries they've lived in isolation,

And sought the friendship of a fellow race in desperation.

So every year, they send abroad the brightest of their kind,

To see who else is out there, to see what they can find.

Their legends tell of people, who stand up straight and tall.

They fight amongst themselves a lot, but aren't that bad at all.

They paint and write and build big things, their children laugh and play.

It's whispered that they sleep all night and stay awake all day!

They don't live backwards, or hang upside down beneath their bridges,

And don't kneel in the kitchen with their heads inside of fridges.

They don't walk sideways and I'm sure they don't like monkey cheese,
But they certainly do all those things, they fancy, like or please.
So once a year on Gobday, they gather all together,
To find amongst The Squeekabees who'll be their EverClever.
The hopefuls come from far and wide, the Quiz is handed out,
Their sharpened pencils poised mid-air, just waiting for THE SHOUT.

Then finally THE SHOUT rings out,
A terrifying cry!
A swarm of Bearded Shaggybats explodes into the sky.
The Quizbell clangs,
Once, twice, three times,
The hills it echoes round,
As one, the chosen Squeekabees collapse upon the ground.

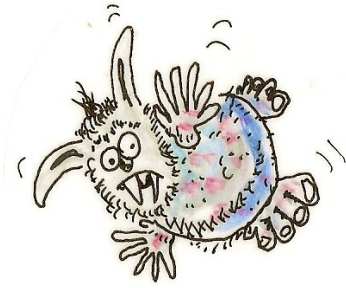
They lie there on their furry tums, with eyes the quiz they fix.
Their Squeekabongs sit on their bums and scratch their backs with sticks.
Their heads make humming sounds in waves, their fur stands up on end,
“The quiz! The quiz! It's what it is!”, their braincells start to bend!

The next day, there's a winner, who is carried to The Lakes,
For a final, special dinner of toasted Honey Snakes.
This EverClever's name is Scut, he's only ninety eight,
The youngest ever winner, who'll gladly sail towards his fate.

His paws are washed in morning dew, his family groom his coat,
They hug him tightly one last time, he climbs into Far Boat.
He's now the EverClever and he knows his destiny,
Far Boat will take him cross The Lakes, out to the open sea.
The Kingdom of the Squeekabees he may never see again,
Unless young Scut can find at last the fabled race of men!

The shoreline singing fades away, as Far Boat gathers pace,
Scut slowly waves his last farewell, a sadness on his face.
He's never been alone before, he's never left firm ground,
And now he glides across The Lakes, he cannot hear a sound.

The Kingdom of the Squeekabees is soon left far behind,
Scut scans the broad horizon for a sign of our mankind.
Who knows if he will find them,
Maybe you, or even me!
So children, keep a lookout,
For a little Squeekabee!



***PAPAGOB'S CHRONOLOGIC QUIZ No. 4,235**

What time is lunch?

What time is tea?

What time are you?

What time is me?

When time is short, how long is it?

Who's killing time? Arrest the twit!

When time's are hard, why aren't they soft?

Who's saving time up in their loft?

When time stands still, when will it end?

When time's run out, which door, my friend?

A stitch in time, saves what indeed?

A horse, a pot, an apple seed?

The time has come and gone, but where?

A time and place. What! Over there?

Time's up! Time's down! Time's in the middle,

Now who can solve this timely riddle?

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