

Jacqueline and 'the Beanstalk'

Poor Jacqueline was in a hopeless state.
She lived a life she had grown to hate.
She wore a dress made of rags,
And searched for food in garbage bags.
One day when the sky was painted grey,
She sat eating crumbs from a used Macca's tray.
Her empty pockets held not a cent,
So on her way to the brothel she went.
"It's my last hope" she sobbed.
"All my dignity has been robbed."

An elderly woman witnessed her cries.
Pity was felt for the tears in her eyes.
She questioned young Jacqueline the cause of distress.
After listening advised, "No need to undress."
Jacqueline stared, confused and stoned.
"But I have no money," she simply groaned.
"Then there is only one thing to do,
We need to get a job for you."
Jacqueline's face was evidently stunned.
The woman replied, "Why not work for my husband?"

— A tremendous skyscraper stretches to the clouds,
Darkly looming over the city's crowds.
'The Beanstalk' is its fitted name,
It puts the Eureka Tower to shame.
And up upon the utmost floor,
Behind a large, metal door.
Sits a giant, loafy boss,
Who seems to be, always cross.
His fat chin wobbles when he yells,
And unfortunately he really smells.

So Jacqueline was soon delivering mail,
For this obese, wealthy whale.
She pushed a cart upon the ground,

Of 'the Beanstalk' with no sound.
This task was easy right until,
She had to face a frightening thrill.
To the top young Jacqueline crept,
Where she found the boss now slept.
From his mouth erupted a snore,
That sounded like a lion's roar.

She placed a letter by his head,
So quietly, so full of dread.
Then just as she turned to leave,
Something brushed against her sleeve.
A green, one hundred dollar bill,
Made young Jacqueline freeze quite still.
Her heart pumped faster at the sight,
Her hands shook, her face turned white.
The temptation was just too strong,
She pinched the note and ran along.

Down the stairs young Jacqueline flew.
Why she ran, nobody knew.
She grabbed her cart and gave a grin.
Dinner would not be from the bin.
The chubby boss began to yawn,
And woke to find his money gone.
Meanwhile Jacqueline enjoyed a feed,
Eating with atrocious greed.
Even so she found it weird,
When all her money had disappeared.

Weeks later she found herself again,
In the boss's sleeping den.
Dribble trickled down his cheek,
And the air, seemed to reek.
She slowly placed his letter stack,
Next to an old, muffin snack.
Glimmering gold caught her eye,
A gleaming watch made Jacqueline sigh.
She snatched it without another thought,

And slipped from the room, before she was caught.

The boss's lost watch was a mystery.
One not to be solved, to Jacqueline's glee.
Instead he decided to simply pay,
For a watch like his own, sold on ebay.
The watch the boss happened to receive,
Looked awfully similar to the one thieved.
Jacqueline was thrilled with her exceptional sale,
The boss got his watch delivered by mail.
Fortunately he was not smart, only wide,
And failed to link clues, although he tried.

The boss was avoided for a very long time.
But eventually Jacqueline had to climb,
'The Beanstalk' with a letter for him,
(Perhaps an encourage to attend the gym.)
As usual he was fast asleep.
He did not move, he did not peep.
He lay as still as a stone,
And that's when Jacqueline saw his phone.
I don't think she ever thought twice,
As to why she would want that useless device.

But bad habit caused her to act rash,
And just like that she made a dash.
As she exited, the phone started to ring,
A song for its master it began to sing.
Jacqueline froze and watched the boss wake,
He shook the room, like an earthquake.
Jacqueline saw nothing more,
She up and ran out the door.
The boss thundered behind, right on her trail.
Chasing the girl who delivers the mail.

As the pair hurtle down the stairs.
The boss, wipes his brow and swears.
He pants and groans, almost in tears.
He hasn't ran in twenty years.

All the muffins and all the pies
Have had an impact on his size.
Suddenly he begins to fall
Landing in quite a sprawl.
The world spins and turns black.
The boss is never coming back.

Red and blue lights wildly flash,
After the boss's nasty crash.
The doctors and the cops rush in.
This time Jacqueline does not win.
Behind her back her hands are chained,
And to the police, the crime is explained
Jacqueline no longer delivers mail,
But spends her days inside a jail.
All actions have consequences, so here's a clue,
Make sure you think, before you do.