

## TREASURE HAUNT

Now Wallace weren't bad as a North Country lad  
But Gromit his dog was a treasure.  
He never said nowt, but thought things out  
And did crossword puzzles for pleasure.

One day around four came a knock at the door  
From a girl with a lop-sided leer,  
'Ah'm t'new neighbour next doors, and repairing will cause  
A great deal of rumpus, I fear.'

Wallace, always benign, replied 'That's just fine  
So long as you do nothing violent.'  
He remarked when she'd gone 'A nice girl, that one,'  
But Gromit stayed doubtfully silent.

A month or two on when the banging was done,  
They were sleeping quite soundly one night.  
Came a creak on the floor, and in through the door  
A heart-chilling ghostly sight,

A white glowing veil, with a banshee wail,  
Floated threatening round Wallace's feet.  
Gromit, rigid with fear, had to cover his ear,  
While Wallace fled under his sheet.

The vision departed. Next night, quite faint-hearted,  
Their fitful repose they began.  
This time came a knight, his mail gleaming white,  
With his talking head held in his hand:

'In this house was I killed, so it I have willed  
To haunt till it croombles to bits.  
So get out toot sweet.' Then he made his retreat,  
Leaving Wallace scared out of his wits.

But Gromit reflected – I'm sure I detected  
Last night the same smell as now.  
Then he sniffed out a faint glowing trail of white paint  
Leading down to the cellar below.

There, painted as brick, the wall had a trick  
Hatch through to next door's basement  
Where, each on a nail, hung the glowing white veil  
And the phosphorescent knight's raiment.

On a table there stood the head, a black hood  
And a plan of Wallace's hall,  
With a cross labelled 'under is hidden the plunder',  
To Gromit explaining it all.

Gromit thought of a plan. He invited Shaun Lamb  
Into the workshop to creep,  
To cut and to sew until time to go,  
For Wallace and Gromit, to sleep.

They again had a fright from the headless white knight,  
But before he could utter a sound  
With big teeth and loud bark, ablaze in the dark,  
Came a very large Baskerville hound.

The knight dropped his head and precipitately fled  
Pursued by the hound's fearful roar.  
It didn't have time through the trick door to climb,  
So it fainted flat out on the floor.

Gromit pulled off its cloak. Wallace tremblingly spoke,  
'Lorks, the girl with the lop-sided leer!'  
The hound, opened by Gromit, revealed, struggling from it,  
Shaun Lamb with his wool looking queer.

The girl, with dispatch, they pushed through the hatch.  
In the hall the floorboards they raised.  
Beneath them they spied an ancient cow's hide  
Concealing a sheepskin which blazed

With glistening gold, and a message 'Behold  
My Golden Fleece', signed 'Jason.'  
'I'd like that,' Shaun purred, but Wallace demurred,  
'It's somewhat above your station.'

This Gromit contested: on Shaun's back he rested  
The Fleece, with staples enclosing.  
And Wallace, with pride, now parades alongside  
Shaun Lamb in his golden sheep's clothing.

*Roy Chisholm*