

THE FLOATER

- for my mate Dave, a great dad, amazing shearer, and after this encounter, one of the bravest men I know.

I will admit when I hear SNAKE that I'm the first to pack it.
If someone spat out SHARK! I reckon I'd outswim Grant Hackett.
But of all the top ten warning shouts there's one that woos the voter
Down at our local swimming pool and that's the cry of 'Floater'.

"A floater!" spots the lifeguard down patrolling at the pool.
Me and Dave were swimming and we tried to keep our cool.
You know it's out there lurking but you dare not stir the seas
They're attracted to commotion. If you're really smart you'll freeze.

"It's moving", yells the Lifeguard as he pointed somewhere near
While behind his mate is quickly donning Bio-Hazardous gear.
And as I turn to check on Dave, I realize in that minute
A bloody big circle forming and Dave's the only one in it.

"Remain calm sir!" the edgy lifeguard hollers from the side.
As a shadow started stalking Dave and he spied it's wrinkly hide.
"I think it's just a Polly Waffle." Some old bloke reassures
"Well come and bloody pick it up," Dave snarled, "it must be yours!"

"Don't move sir!" The lifeguard begs. "I'll get the net and sweeper"
"You better make it quick" Dave said "It's herding me in deeper."
And though I'd never seen Dave turn, and run in times of strife,
Right now he was on his tippy toes, retreating for his life.

And then Dave slipped, and as he did, those ripples like a wave
Picked up that little parcel and addressed it '*Care of Dave*'.
"It's touched him!" screams the Lifeguard nearly fainting in distaste
As that floater like a Moray eel now wrapped around Dave's waist.

He lurched out of the water like a croc had crashed his gate.
His horrified expression screaming "Come and help me mate!"
So I quickly formed a battle plan and like the faithful scout
Took two steps back to holler, "She's breaking up! Get out!"

A hundred swimmers cleared the pool in seven seconds flat
Kids were bawling in the showers pointing down, "Err look, what's that!"
But the worse thing in the wash-up was Dave's reputation, doomed,
No! It wasn't him who did it, but that's what they all assumed.

"You filthy man!" One mother barked, and Dave felt like old 'Blue'
Whose boss had gone and blamed him for a fart he didn't do.
Well, he'd had his poor guts kicked enough, so figured 'what the hell'
"You'd better up the chlorine boys, cause I peed in there as well!"

Then as the lifeguard went and got the vacuum with the motor,
He told Dave he was banned, but Dave just didn't give a floater.
"If you think I'm responsible," he rumbled, "you're a fool
Wake up and smell the roses boy, but first, drain out your pool."

And then we spied a Toddler, crouching, down the little end
Buck naked, and red faced, like he had just seen off a friend.
"There's the culprit!" Dave accused. "You dirty little elf!
Congratulations son, you've got the whole pool to yourself!"

Case dismissed! We both declared, but accepted, walking out,
Dave's ship was sinking smartly and he'd cop some crap no doubt.
And if you throw enough it sticks, unless you're at the pool
Where it's not the sinking ship to watch, it's more the floating stool.

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