

## Chapter Twenty Two



Ah, it's Monday again, that dreaded day That's placed  
right at the start of the week  
My human calls out with a voice that's designed To  
break hearts at each sound of her shriek.

She puts my own self down I get so below  
When that voice comes to me over sounds  
Of railing that sounds like an Irish Wake  
You can hear her all over the town.

I wonder why humans dread so the change,  
from a happy weekend day to Monday?  
It's only a matter of 24 hours  
and with the click of the finger: screech airways!

The wails and the shrieks usually perfectly normal  
Pearce the air as the day dawn approaches  
Monday's a work day, the timbre increases  
You'd think we're being attacked by bad mortals.

They call it Mondayitis, they see it as ugly,  
It's the day that they feel less attractive.  
Those binges of Saturday and Sundays huge meals  
Have taken their inner and outer body captive.

How will they explain to the rest of the staff  
The increased spread of the top called a muffin?  
What will they say when they see the red blotches  
Of cheeks, hair and skin looking so roughened?

So that's what's behind it, that's called Mondayitis;  
The curse that follows the happy weekend day.  
In order to be less stressed on the day they call Monday,  
One must stick to resolves drawn up in the clay.

Alas Friday comes and out come the smokes,  
in go drinks and huge meals not really planned for.  
I see it every time, and I frantically despair  
Because I know come Monday we go to War .....

Again.....