

## WILFRED, by Stacey Wrighton

Wilfred Wesley-Major  
Had a vivid imagination  
He tended to muddle fiction with fact,  
And was prone to exaggeration.  
Couldn't just tell it like it was,  
He had to add some frills  
And pump up his version of various events  
With the usual thrills and spills.  
At school, he'd not got on particularly well  
With various clear sighted masters  
Who'd found his embellishments hard to stomach:  
'Stick to the facts and work faster!  
'Stop daydreaming, for once, young man,  
And get your classwork done.  
If you don't get it finished , then you'll stay in at lunch break  
And miss out on all the fun.'  
This happened once too often, for Wilfred,  
He got well and truly peeved,  
So he accused his tormentors of all sorts of horrors  
And was finally asked to leave.  
As he grew older, things didn't get better  
His arguments lost their weight  
People would sneer and roll their eyes  
At his dubious mode of debate.  
Fact and fiction became enmeshed  
To the point where it got quite shaming,  
(He'd throw in apocryphal footnotes as well,  
To make it more entertaining...)  
Now he's the butt of everyone's jokes  
And nasty remarks, (so I've heard)  
'Here comes Waffling Wilfred' they cry,  
'Don't believe a word!'