

# Health Promotion

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## Mr. Nic O'Tine

I've looked at all the beautiful flowers

Enjoyed the wake despite the showers

Listened to the eulogy

He'd still be here if it wasn't for me

I smiled as he grew prematurely older

Smoking his fags and watching them smoulder

I embraced him as his blood ran colder

The calculating psychopath on his shoulder

For I am Mr Nic O' Tine

My attitude is kind o' mean

I used to whisper in his ear

*"Go on – have one – you've nothing to fear"*

Like The Bad Fairy waiting patiently

I tripped him up emotionally

*"Just a quick drag – now isn't that nice?"*

*And it's only one so it isn't a vice"*

He knew without me his life would be harder

He'd never have coped with his increased ardour

And what would he spend his money on?

A new car? Holidays? .....Oh, **come on!**

He'd have just eaten chocolate and over-indulged

Had to join the gym to beat the bulge

And he didn't want to resort to that

When he could stick with me without getting fat

For years with his brain I conspired

To kill him off before he retired

He laboured under the misconception

That he'd live to receive his government pension

But I've been faultlessly mixed to achieve perfection

And prevented his recovery from that chest infection

All the big shots are on my side  
Cyanide, formaldehyde,  
Arsenic and carbon monoxide  
.....It's tantamount to suicide

If I were human they'd section me  
And throw away the key  
.....Indefinitely

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## ***Who needs it?***

It lurks in the darkest corners,  
behind the taps,  
around the light switches,  
on the door handles,  
under the table-tops.

Drive it away!

It slinks around the washbasins,  
into shower heads,  
onto toilet seats,  
all over bin lids,  
on computer keyboards.

Drive it off!

It crawls into your body,  
under your nails,  
around your orifices,  
along your veins,  
into your organs.

Drive it out!

It brings you down,  
it gets a hold,  
it weakens muscles,  
empties stomachs, bowels,  
it dulls your skin.

Drive it off, away, out!

We do not need – infection!

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## **SMOKING**

Smoking makes your clothes stink –  
Smoking makes your health sink.

Smoking makes you and others cough and choke –  
Smoking takes all your money and leaves you broke.

Smoking now is very not OK –  
Smoking gives you tooth decay.

Smoking makes your lungs all black –  
Smoking may give you a heart attack.

Smoking can give you wrinkled skin –  
Smoking gives you cancer and makes you thin.

Smoking upsets other fellows –  
Smoking makes your paintwork yellow.

Smoking really is a mug's game –  
Smoking will give you arterial sclerosis and make you lame.

Smoking is not really thrilling –  
Smoking is killing.

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## **Malaria**

Every thirty seconds a baby dies  
In a far off place somewhere overseas;  
Every thirty seconds a mother cries.

The situation isn't hard to apprise:  
Malaria's a preventable disease.  
Every thirty seconds a baby dies.

Another tragedy under Southern skies,  
And whole vast continents brought to their knees.  
Every thirty seconds a mother cries.

How shameful it is that this should arise;  
Pesticides and nets can be funded with ease.  
Every thirty seconds a baby dies.

It's a scandal spin-doctors can't disguise.  
Can't somebody the initiative seize?  
Every thirty seconds a mother cries.

Incompetence, corruption, cant and lies,  
Confounding the work of the agencies.  
Every thirty seconds a baby dies,  
Every thirty seconds a mother cries.

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## **Breastfeeding**

My daughter-in-law has told me  
that here in the West-North-West  
small babies do not get the benefit  
of milk from their mother's breast.

It's nutritious and warm and free,  
available easily 'on tap',  
yet mothers prefer to use bottles,  
I really don't understand that.

Why not give a baby 'best start',  
with immunity, goodness and health?  
It's a wonderful gift to a baby  
and doesn't need money, huge wealth.

In addition to buying the best  
buggy, clothes, toys and a cot,  
Mums should also give breast-milk  
to their wonderful new-born little tots.

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## **Then There Was One**

We were known as the Golden Oldies  
when we went out each Friday for tea –  
there was Sally and Sheila and Mabel,  
Wilf, Arthur and Kathy and me.

Sally slipped on some leaves in the autumn  
and didn't enjoy this year's fall.  
Wilf went head over heels in the garden –  
his new pills didn't suit him at all.

Mabel misjudged the kerb at the crossing  
(she needed new glasses) and fell.  
Six-stone Arthur, attempting to lift her,  
ended up in the gutter as well.

Sheila's slippers, all flimsy and floppy,  
took her on a mystery trip.  
Kathy's foot got caught up in a cable  
and now she has had a new hip.

How I wish they'd been that bit more careful –  
I am all on my own having tea;  
buying grapes has been costing a fortune,  
and I've run out of sympathy!

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