

Octopuses.

Octopuses in the comics of the 1950s were monstrous beasts prone to dragging unwary sailors out of their boats to a horrible death. In later life it was a great disappointment to see the pathetic little things for sale on Mediterranean market stalls.

Ma freends, beware the lobster's claw,
For wi his claws he'll nip ye.
But haud back fae the octopus,
For he's the boy will grip ye.

Sea urchins are a veecious breed,
For wi their spines they'll stab ye.
But haud back fae he octopus,
For he's the boy will grab ye.

Ca canny wi the conger eel,
An shun him should he meet ye.
But haud back fae the octopus,
For he's the boy will eat ye.

The octopus will lie in wait
Tae catch unwary dookers.
His tentacles are long an strong,
An furnished weel wi sookers.

If you gaun scuba divin
I wuid wager ye a tenner,
It's aw the odds ye'll end up
As an octopus's denner.

Sae have a care if ye should dare
Tae dive by reef or wreck,
Lest tentacles launched fae behind
Lasso ye roond the neck.

Make shair ye never turn yer back,
Or easy prey they'll count ye,
An in the matin season
They micht even try tae mount ye.

If ye should scart yer heels or soles
Then flee the reddening water;
They'll swarm oot fae their hidey-holes
Hell-bent on bluidy slaughter.

And if ye're walkin on the sand,
Keek carefully aroon' ye;
An octopus may be at hand
An pull ye in an droon ye.

Dip yin tae in the water
And a thoosand een are watchin;
Believe you me, that calm blue sea
'S wi octopuses hotchin!

Though fear ye say ye've never felt,
Ask not what aw the fuss is.
Juist you remember you've been telt –
Steer clear o octopuses!