

# GIFT GIVER MCGINKER

Gift Giver McGinker was a kindly inventor  
Who came to the streets of the town each December.  
He brought gizmos and wotsits and thingies galore  
That could fly, jump and juggle and dance round the floor.  
He'd spread out his arms and cry, "Girls and boys!  
Please help yourselves to these marvellous toys!"  
Then all of the children would run to McGinker,  
To claim their free gift from this generous tinker.

But the spoilt little rotters scratched, snatched and taunted,  
Gnawed, clawed and blackmailed to get what they wanted.  
And then when they got it they'd all start to huff;  
"His one is better!" "This isn't enough!"

So Gift Giver McGinker would return the next day  
With hundreds more gizmos, and give them away!  
But they'd come like before in their bloodthirsty scuffle  
And he'd have to fend off the brats with a shovel.  
There was once such a brawl for the wotsits he'd made  
That he had to be saved by the Fire Brigade!  
But there soon came a day in the foulest of weather  
That would alter his views on gift-giving forever...

While heading home on Christmas Eve,  
He felt a most rankling draught up his sleeves

Due to the puzzling lack of his gloves,  
Which must have been lost 'midst the pushes and shoves.  
He climbed up the lampposts and peered down the drains,  
He searched all the alleyways, streets, roads and lanes.  
He hunted and scoured every place that he'd been  
But much to his sadness, no gloves could be seen.  
Then as he decided they'd never be found  
He heard from the shadows a horrible sound...

T'was a mix of a cough and a burp and a sneeze  
Which came from the dustbins behind the Chinese.  
Clabbered with sweet'n'sour, earwax and mould  
Was a grotty old homeless guy out in the cold.  
The festering wretch gave McGinker a scare;  
His few teeth were rotten, his face was all hair,  
He had moss up his nostrils, worms in his boots,  
His ears sprouted toadstools, his armpits held newts,  
His coat was a home to a cat and her kittens,  
And squeezed on his hands were...

...McGinker's new mittens!

McGinker declared to the man at his knee.  
“Dear Sir, those gloves belong to me!”  
The tramp gave a shudder, a sob and a twitch  
Through fear or the frost, McGinker didn't know which.  
Fungus-foot Fergal (as he was known in that area)  
Gave back the gloves, although moister and hairier.  
It was then that McGinker, his heart moved by pity,

Stooped down to the lowliest man in the city.  
He remembered the gifts that he'd given each kid  
But this vagabond needed them more than they did.  
After gagging awhile, he sheepishly said,  
“Keep the gloves, swap your trousers with my ones instead,  
Take my coat, have my scarf, and the hat on my head.  
Furthermore, don't stay here out on the street,  
Come back to my house and have something to eat!”

Next day, the McGinkers shared their great roast  
With the man among all men who needed it most.  
Learn from McGinker! Don't splash out for the greedy!  
Instead, why not share what you have with the needy?