

ein Zug, zwei Züge, rot Zug, blauer Zug (a winter story)

by Dr. Elch

In the far away mountains
of Switz-er-ma-goo
The people herd moo-cows
and are milking them too
They make fine products
whenever they please
Some chocolate, some milk,
and a big load of cheese
With sheep's wool abounding
they make big heavy sweaters,
And long fluffy scarves
from gnarly rough mountain goats
of the nature preserves.

Their town was just awesome, efficiently run
With everything imaginable under the sun
The library was stuffed with kids books galore
And blackberry pies you could buy in the store.

Everyone made products
of that they were proud
All the workshops were humming
(some were quite loud).
No fussing, no howling,
all the kids they worked hard
Helping parents ship boxes
piled high in the yard.
they stacked them on sleds,
toboggans, or bikes
Down to the UPS-man
if he was stuck on the ice.
or towed boxes on skateboards
with a long rope
With incredible speed
down a long slippery slope.

Soon after breakfast
the kids go to school
They get right on the train,

it doesn't need fuel
Well, actually it does
but juice comes on the wires
In the form of electricity,
no exhaust! And no tires.
The whole country rides trains,
to school, work, and play
They stuff in together
at all times of day
If old guys have trouble,
kids just grab them real tight
hoisting the oldsters aboard,
it's just an amazing sight.

hearing the train whistle,
janitor Wiznewski opens the door
Kids slide into school
as the conductor yells "score!"
They take off their mittens,
their backpacks, their boots
They stuff them in lockers,
grab pencils and books
Tho' all chatter stops
as they file to their seats
Mrs. Sweeney is tough,
she came from the streets.
She teaches them all poetry,
reading, and math
if you don't pay attention,
you'll taste Irish wrath.

One day a big bump
in the back of the class
Selectman Calahan barged in
(he with a mouth of a bass)
His red face exploded,
his hair stood straight up
"We need new products"
he barked like a pup
"Mrs. Sweeney teach harder,
this town needs some genius"
"It's not about math,
it's all about business!"
"If we don't have new products,
we'll lose our advantage"

"The town will decline,
and I'll have nothing to manage!"

Mr. Calahan calm down!
Mrs. Sweeney said with a shout
"I've got fine students here,
they'll figure it out.
These kids are the future,
they're smart and they're fast
They have all sorts of ideas",
And with a wry smile,
"am I as clear as a glass?"

Calhan, he snapped out of it,
in his brain of a pea
He knew what she meant
(was that a shillelagh?)
No time to find out!
Calahan scurried out with a yelp.
Arms crossed and glaring,
Wiznewski stood ready to help.
But help wasn't needed,
Mrs Sweeney she knew
All the Selectmen were wimps
(she had taught them all too.)

At the end of the day
the kids dressed nice and warm
Its was chilly outside
and there could be a storm
exactly on time
the train stopped at the station,
Kids hopped right on board
not thinking vacation.
They thought about homework
and projects upcoming
About candles and models
that won't clog the plumbing.

But a worrisome notion
spread through the kids all around
What's up with that fish Calahan
and his position in town?
Is the town really in trouble?
What can kids do?

Let's help the adults,
we'll make something new.
We have our experience,
we know what will sell
Everyone has to keep warm,
that's as clear as a bell

The big kid chirped up,
"I like my Dad's chocolate
except when there's nuts"
We sell it all over,
and stock the ski huts.
I sometimes convince him
to add fruit like some cherries
it's a tremendous way
to use up extra berries.
Another kid said "yeah,
but what about the obvious?"
"milk should an ingredient!
Our cows are omflovious"
Some giggling then started
and it spread through the train
"Stop laughing you kids,
if you think it isn't a word"
"Mr. Wiznewski says it is
and he's an omflovious nerd."

The train rumbled on
through the snow as they all made a think,
the kids thought so hard
that they needed a drink.
"A drink!" exclaimed the youngest
as she considered the pieces.
Chocolate plus milk, hmmm,
and what about heat?
To warm it up nicely,
that could be a treat.
And then for innovation,
what should we do?
I have visions of icebergs....
Could it be new?
If we added some marshmallow
to float right on the top
And stirred it up slowly
so nothing would pop?

We'll have a new product!
And what about tramping?
We'll take the next step
and do freeze-dried for camping!

So, in the far away mountains of Switz-er-ma-goo
The parents branched out
producing a stew
Of organic winter treats
for tramping all over
And for those who move slowly
admiring the clover.

Mr. Wiznewski of course
ships on the weekend
With Selectman Calahan
sampling the blend
Of omflovius chocolate,
milk, and marshmallow too,
and when the kids are not looking
He might might improvise
(well, I'm saying just maybe)
By pouring in Mrs. Sweeney's favorite nuts
she keeps near the shillelagh.