

# **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

from gnarly rough mountain goats  
Warm wool is abounding  
they make big heavy sweaters  
That can take serious pounding

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,  
groundsman 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 really tough 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”,  
We don’t dwell on the past

“You’re interrupting us Calahan”  
“Get out of my class”  
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 super easy way  
to use up extra berries.

Another kid said "yeah!  
but what about the obvious?"  
"We need to use milk!  
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 add 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

Still to quality they hew

now with organic treats  
ready for tramping all over  
And for those who are working  
Moving logs by bulldozer

Mr. Wiznewski of course  
ships on the weekend  
With Selectman Calahan  
Sometimes sampling the blend

and when the kids are not looking  
Calhan might improvise  
(well, I'm saying just maybe)  
adding a selection of Mrs. Sweeney's favorite nuts  
That she keeps near the shillelagh.