

Day 2 (Carse of Ardersier) Limerick Competition

- **Winners - Mike & Toria Wimpenny**

*Dot put on her gaiters & gear
All green & yellow & dear
Then she got herself losted
(Despite all it costed)
And that made it Arder-t-sier!*

- **Runner up – Sarah Haines**

*Plenty of old men on Day Two
Changed out of their pants in full view
Of young families eating
And teenagers tweeting
Those bare-cheeked old men of Day Two*

- **Judges effort**

*Those orienteers at Carse
Whilst lolling around on the grass
Wrote limericks cunning
With scansion quite stunning
Though rhymes were remarkably sparse*

- **Highly Commended**

There was a young orienteer
Who flew into Ardersier
His run on Carse
Descended to Farce
When he found he'd forgotten to clear
(Sue & Pauline Sinclair, JOK)

The deertick schoolmistress at Carse
Was out educating her class
"Look! Orienteers!
Get munching my dears,
With your choppers deep inside their arms
(Graeme Ackland, INT)

From throughout our nation runners unite
For a chance to compete, and a chance to fight
For a place in the team
At WOC 2015
The countdown begins tonight!
(GB Squad)

- **All other entries**

There was a young (?) woman from Brizzle
Who wanted to orienteer in the drizzle
Instead, at the Carse,
It was all a farce,
As she got burnt by the hot shining sizzle
(Rachel Dennis, BOK)

Carse is the best place, bar none
If you're looking fo have a good run
As flat as you like
(Watch out for the dyke!)
What cracking Presbyterian fun!
(Peter Ross)

"An Outsider's View":
There was an old man from Carse
Whose demeanour was particularly harsh
When he saw the orienteers gathered
Hot, sweaty and lathered,
Said "this sport is a bit of a farce"
(Peter & Jane Seward, SBOC)

There was a young lady from Carse
Who loved orienteering on paths,
So she stuck to the Orange
But came unstock on Blorange
Where she measured her length on the grass.
(Ruth Ellis, DVO)

A young orienteer at Carse
Slipped on a wet piece of grass
He said "oh bother",
Ran like no other
And ended up top of his class
(Sue Hands, WIM)

I wanted a good run at Carse
For Lossie had been just a farce
So I picked up my map
Stuffed it under my cap
My o-skills remained very sparse.
(Mike Hardy, CLOK)

The rain was a pain in the *rse
But Day 2 it was held on the carse
Then out came the sun
And then it was fun
And the grumblings increasingly sparse
(Angela Pearson & Robert Gilchrist, EOOO, Canada)

Some theatre buffs wrote a farce
On an orienteer in the carse.
The writers had fun
With the poor woman's run,
But applause for the show was quite sparse.
(also Angela Perason & Robert Gilchrist)

Orienteering on Ardersier's Carse
With pine trees, heather and paths,
On W45 long
I put not a foot wrong,
But 15 metres of climb? what a farce!
(Catherine Kirk, DEE)

In seeking a rhyme-word for "carse"
The number of choices is sparse
I want a good link
But can't really think
of anything other than "*rse"
(Ken George, KERNO)

Ardersier wood is called carse
Its bingo controls were a farce
Its map is no good
With it I just should
Have used it to wipe my spectacles
(Anon, who comments that none of this is true)

A limerick packs laughs anatomical
With a face that's just economical
The good ones are seen
So seldom are clean
But the clean ones so seldom are comical
(Andy MacGregor)

Today I said to my wife "Oh my dear,
I'll never make a good orienteer.
I can't tell my East from my West,
In woods, I find walking is best."

Said she "Don't fear, dear, just have some more beer."
(Mark Dalesh, SYO)

Some Deesiders came up to Carse
Hoping not to see too much marsh
They were very averse
To using obscene verse
But they gave in and just used "*rse".
(Paul & Lyn Jones, DEE)

There was an old orienteer from the North
It's Scotland! I don't need my shorts!
Now he's lying in a sweat
Didn't do it for a bet
He'll remember them next time of course
(also Paul & Lyn Jones)

A vulgar young deer tick from Carse
Had a preference for lurking in bras
He muttered "Cor b-Lyme-y"
This one is all slimey
No lace, and the elastics quite sparse
(Jane Ackland)

Said Connery running at Carse
This gorse has been mapped as a marsh
But with map-reading polished
I'll be first in the forest
And to moan at the map'd be harsh
(Ian Cumpstey, JOK)