

## SISTER STEPHANIE AND THE GANG – DOUG MACLEOD

The supermarket proved to be  
A trial for Sister Stephanie.

“Oh rats!” she grumbled to herself,  
“The birdseed’s on the highest shelf  
Unless I gain some extra height  
My Charlie won’t get fed tonight.”

The manager who lingered near  
Said, “Having trouble, sister dear?  
Out shelves are much too high, you say?  
Well I see it a different way.

The problem is that *you’re* much too *small!*  
A tiny speck, a Ping-Pong ball!  
A monkey would be bigger than you  
And rather better looking too.”

Sister Stephanie left the store  
But came back with a mighty roar  
The windows smashed, alarm bells range,  
The nuns had formed a bikie gang.

The gang was fierce, the gang was mad  
The gang was old and leather-clad  
With chains and crosses, clubs and spikes  
The nuns revved up their superbikes.

Then up and down the lanes they sped  
With Sister Stephanie up ahead  
“Yippee!” she cried, as piles of tins  
Were scattered just like bowling pins.

They crushed the nuts, they blew away  
The continental food display,  
They squashed the squash, they split the peas,  
They toppled all the toiletries.

The manager who’d been so rude  
Was knocked into the frozen food  
And there he lay in cold repose  
With two fish fingers up his nose.

The bikies rumbled home to tea  
Except for Sister Stephanie  
Who searched the smoking battleground  
Until a pack of seed she found.

She paid the manager and smiled,  
"I'm sorry that the girls ran wild  
But really, you should not poke fun  
At poor defenceless nuns, my son."

Then off she roared upon her Harley  
Home to feed her vulture, Charlie.