

*Acrostic - Number 37 - Sonnet*  
*Leisure - **GOLDEN SUNSETS** - Pleasure*  
*All Copyrights - John McEwan - The Liver Bard*

**G**iggling, energized **G**randkids call around, rules out my chance of **S**norning.  
**O**utbursts of **L**aughter, **S**hrieks of **J**oy, they maybe **L**oud, but **N**ever **B**oring.  
**L**istening to **M**usic or **R**adio **P**hone-**I**ns. **S**houting **Q**uiz **A**nswers at the **T**elly.  
**D**isturbed at **6**pm by a **N**uisance **P**hone **C**all, when my **M**outh is full of **J**elly.  
**E**ventful bygone **H**olidays, with **C**alamities, can be **A**musing to **R**emember.  
**N**ow we reap well-earned **R**ewards, as our **L**ives serenely pass **S**eptember.  
**F**ree **T**ravel on **L**ocal **T**ransport, **D**iscounts on **B**reaks and **T**heatre **S**hows.  
**S**uch choices. How did we ever find the time to **W**ork? **H**eaven only knows.  
**U**psetting **C**onflicts around the **W**orld, the **I**nnocent always seem to **S**uffer.  
**N**ew **T**echnology complicating basic easy tasks, to **R**igmaroles far tougher.  
**S**ense of **H**umour's got **R**epulsive, foulmouthed **C**omedians? **N**o **T**hank **Y**ou.  
**E**uropean **A**utocrats in **B**russels, **T**elling **U**s **w**hat **W**e **M**ust **o**r **M**ust **N**ot **D**o.  
**T**ry **S**udoku, **C**rosswords, **S**crabble or **J**igsaws, they **A**ll relieve the **S**tress.  
**S**imple, ideal **P**astimes, make us **C**ontent, while we **B**ask in **G**olden **S**unsets.

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