

Pride Comes Before a Fall

'Pride comes before a fall,'
My dad used to say
Whenever my little brother
Started showing off.

Now dad sits on the sofa,
Looking sheepish,
With his leg propped on a stool
And his toes sticking out of the plaster.

Last week,
As he was prancing round the garden
Pretending he was David Beckham,
He trod on the ball.
He fell awkwardly
And broke his ankle.

'Don't expect any sympathy from me,'
Said my mum.
'You should know better at your age.'

'Pride comes before a fall,'
Says my brother
On his way out
To play football with his friends.