

A Special Visitor 1

by J. Richards

"Dear Queen," I wrote, "You're very nice
So please come to my school
We'll all dress up in our best clothes
And won't be rude at all."

Our teacher told us to invite
Our guest back home for tea
So I wrote, "Dear The Queen
Will you take scones and jam with me?"

"Or maybe you prefer
A Jacobs cracker with some cheese?
Don't worry if you leave the scones
That's something I can freeze."

Our teacher told us to write neatly
And to be polite,
So I wrote, "If it please Your Highness
Would it be all right

If I invited you to me
Next Thursday, after school –
I'll let you share my favourite biscuits –
Chocolate chip 'n all!"

Our teacher said we have to write
A word about our views
That shows how much we've read
About the person, in the news.

So I thought I would ask about
The famous golden carriage:
"Do you just park it on the road
Or in a golden garage?"

I asked the Queen about her dogs,
The corgis that she keeps
And asked her if she wears her crown
At night time, when she sleeps.

And then I asked her something
That I've never understood:
"Wearing your crown on rainy days
How do you lift your hood?"

Our teacher said that we should mention
Something of our school
So I thought I would tell the Queen
About my favourite rule.

It's when we're on an outing
And the teacher says, "In line!
A prize goes to the quickest!"
And the prize is always mine!

Well, when I'd run out of ideas
I folded up my letter
We'd not been told to post it yet
But I just thought I'd better

For Thursday was a week away
And it seemed only fair
To give Her Highness time
To dust her crown and do her hair!

An envelope and first class stamp
Were easy things to find
Of course, I asked my Mum first
And she said she didn't mind.

"And while you're at it," said my mum,
"Could you please ask your guest
To please forgive your mother
If she doesn't look her best!"

A nervous little butterfly
Broke forth from her cocoon
As I slipped my letter in a postbox
Late that afternoon

But, as I did, a memory
Jumped back into my head
"Don't post these off, they're just
For me to read," teacher had said.

Well, it was too late now
But there was nothing I could do
I had written to the Queen
And I was really in a stew!

And I just knew that once I'd told
My teacher what I'd done
She'd use that solemn tone to say
"Oh dear, there's always one!"

And, sure enough, she wasn't pleased –
Much as I had suspected –
She said: "I also make mistakes, dear
But, it's something you've perfected!"

She said it with a smile, though
And she wasn't really cross
"You can always write it out again," she said
"It's no real loss."

And so I wrote a copy
Of my letter, word for word
But anyone who saw it
Thought the idea was absurd

"The Queen would have no time
To entertain the likes of us!
How do you think she'd get here,
On the number 13 bus?"

But their gibes didn't bother me
I'd heard it all before
In fact this time I listened
And came running back for more!

For just that morning I'd received
A letter in the post
Informing me the Queen would love
For me to be her host

Of course, nobody believed me
Until Thursday, just on noon –
But that's another story
And I'll tell it to you soon.....