

A Special Visitor 2

by J. Richards

That night I couldn't sleep at all
 For I was so excited
 To think I'd soon be welcoming
 The person I'd invited.

It all began in class
 When I was not so wide awake
 And missed the last instruction
 So I made a small mistake

Instead of handing in
 My "Famous Person Invitation"
 I had posted off an invite
 To the Sovereign of the nation!

But, strange as it may seem
 I got a call from someone posh
 To tell me that
 "The Queen would love to come for tea and nosh"

Now, news like that is hard
 To keep a secret very long
 But those I told just thought
 I must have heard the caller wrong.

But one more call came through
 That even I was shocked to take
 Her Royal Highness rang to say
 There'd been a royal mistake

The golden carriage had gone in
 To have an M.O.T
 So she would have to cycle –
 If that was all right with me.

Well, lost for words, I made a grunt,
 Her Highness said, "Hooray!
 And I may need to park it
 In your bike sheds, if I may"

Yes, this time, they just thought me mad
 "He's lost it," they agreed, and added:
 "It's a visit from a doctor
 That you need!"

Until that Thursday morning
 As we dreamt our way through science:
 We looked outside and spotted
 A peculiar appliance

There must have been a hundred wheels
 All golden as the sun, and
 Fifty saddles of red leather
 Lined with diamonds every one.

And every seat had pedals
 Save the centre one alone,
 Which sat up high above the rest
 And looked more like a throne

And on the throne was perched the Queen
 In teeshirt, jeans and crown
 And, just to look a bit more royal
 A fur lined denim gown

And on the teeshirt, on the front
 In velvet royal blue
 Emblazoned were a large ER
 And a whopping giant Q!

The six ladies-in-waiting
 Flanked her Highness front and back
 Each holding clothes or jewellery
 In a big black plastic sack.

Then, next to them, with tall fur hats
 Sat straight the Queen's own Guard
 And, though their faces did not flinch
 Their black boots peddled hard

The Beefeaters in costumes fine
 And large moustaches, too,
 Whose whiskers fluttered in the breeze
 As bagpipes near them blew!

The Scottish pipers all wore kilts
 Of Tartans red and green
 And this whole lot was quite
 The strangest sight you've ever seen!

When Miss Malone caught sight of this
She ran to fetch the Head
But changed her route mid stride
To go find Union Jacks instead

In seconds there was panic
Like you'll never see again
While Her Majesty dismounted
With her royal maids and men.

The bike sheds weren't designed to take
A royal 50 seater
But, though it did stick out a bit
It fitted, to the metre!

Her Highness and her entourage
Looked round our school for hours
And when she went we thanked her
With a big bouquet of flowers

And as they all rode off again
Her Highness called to me:
"I'm sorry, dear, I don't have time
To come to you for tea."

Of course, I did not mind at all
For, there, amid the crowd
I was the little hero
Who had made my whole school proud!