

**Mrs. Elliot**

by J. Richards

"I think my eye is hurting  
It feels a little sore  
Can I see Mrs. Elliot  
She's just outside the door"

"Well, let me see, how bad is it?  
Can you not wait a while?  
If you're all right she'll only send you packing  
With a smile!"

"But Miss, my mum's already come  
And given her a note  
And Mrs. Elliot said if I'm  
Concerned about my throat

That I should rush, without delay,  
(And even if we're not at play)  
To find her, and she'd sort me out..  
It's all quite true, you needn't doubt."

"Look, Mrs. Elliot's busy,  
She has so much to do,  
And can't spend all day treating  
Hypochondriacs like you

She's working on a wall display  
And she's all by herself  
So go and find a book to read  
There's plenty on the shelf."

"But Miss, my finger's bleeding  
I need a sticky plaster  
If I just sit here reading  
The blood will pour out faster

Can I see Mrs. Elliot,  
I'm starting to feel sick,  
My eye, my throat, my finger,  
Oh, Miss, just take your pick!"

"Come in! Oh, Mrs. Elliot,  
No, come in, not at all!  
Please take this monster out  
Before she drives me up the wall!"

"Oh, you! What is it, darling?  
Finger, throat or eye?  
Well, I can't do much to cure you  
But I'll have a little try!

You can help me hold my drawing pins  
And if you stand quite still  
You'll soon be feeling better  
And forget that you were ill!"

"Mrs. Elliott, please don't be mad  
I'm really not so very bad –  
But may I please go call my mum  
There's a drawing pin stuck in my thumb!"