



## Mrs Spencer

*by Michael Shann*

Of all the dinner ladies, Mrs Spencer  
was our favourite. She skipped round the playground  
trailing long lines of children off each hand.

*The big ship sails through the Alley Alley Oh*

She also made us footballs from her old tights,  
a small green cushion we hoofed and chased  
in a squealing pack every break and lunchtime.

*The Alley Alley Oh, the Alley Alley Oh*

If the brown nylon poked out, we stuffed  
it back in and carried on playing, Mrs Spencer  
and the other children all singing, singing.

*The big ship sails through the Alley Alley Oh*

When Smithy missed the ball completely, his shoe  
flew off, smashing our reflection in the classroom  
window. But Mrs Spencer finished her song.

*On the last day of September*

