



The Treat

by Jonathan Sellars

Last week, my brother
was out on our street,
holding a treat he was planning to eat:

a lip-smacking, cream-bursting
chocolate éclair
which, despite all my pleas, he had no plans to share.

He opened his mouth,
he was all set to chomp,
when who should arrive in a whirlwind of pomp?

There in fine robes
with a jewel-laden crown
pranced His Highness, the King, on a tour around town.

My brother was shocked.
His mouth dropped in awe.
He'd never, not once, seen His Highness before.

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“I say,” said the King,
with a voice full of might,
“The éclair you’ve got there, may I please take a bite?”

Not even my brother
could tell a King “No”,
so he held out the treat: “I suppose, here you go.”

He smiled as the King
took the tiniest crumb,
then... he gasped as the King scoffed the rest down in one.

And I’ll never forget
the look in his eyes
as he realised the King was just me, in disguise.



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