

10 Yrs. Championship

LITTLE FAN

James Reeves

‘I don’t like the look of little Fan, mother,
I don’t like her looks a little bit.
Her face – well, it’s not exactly different,
But there’s something wrong with it.

‘She went down to the sea-shore yesterday,
And she talked to somebody there,
Now she won’t do anything but sit
And comb out her yellowy hair.

‘Her eyes are shiny and she sings, mother,
Like nobody ever sang before.
Perhaps they gave her something queer to eat,
Down by the rocks on the shore.

‘Speak to me, speak, little Fan dear,
Aren’t you feeling very well?
Where have you been and what are you singing,
And what’s that seaweedy smell?

‘Where did you get that shiny comb, love,
And those pretty coral beads so red?
Yesterday you had two legs, I’m certain,
But now there’s something else instead.

‘I don’t like the looks of little Fan, mother,
You’d best go and close the door.
Watch now, or she’ll be gone for ever
To the rocks by the brown sandy shore.’