Two teachers on a

Friday night

Walk around your local supermarket

on a busy Friday night.

You may spot your teacher,

a rare, endangered sight.

They’re mysterious creatures,

like unicorns or bats

or fairies or elves

or the Pied-piper’s rats.

**TEACHER A**

Teacher A will notice you.

She’ll smile and say ‘Hello!’

She’ll chat to your mum or dad

about school’s ebb and flow.

She’ll ask you various things,

like ‘Any plans for the weekend?’

And she’ll be interested in your answers,

or perhaps she’ll just pretend.

She’ll ask you lots of questions

all about your classroom work.

And answer you politely,

with a lip-pulling smirk.

She’ll show you her interest,

about helping you improve.

And if your group’s too difficult,

she’ll help you to move.

Her trolley will be full

of the usual things.

Milk, bread and Cheddar cheese,

Chinese chicken wings.

Pizzas and ready meals

and a set of marking pens.

And a box of six large eggs,

laid by free-range hens.

A few tins of beans

and three cartons of juice.

Four green mangoes

and a tub chocolate mousse.

One bottle of sparkling wine

for her Friday night treat

and fluffy mashed potato,

pre-prepared and ready to eat.

She’ll stand and chat with you

and your parents for a while,

flashing her teeth

with a ‘weekend’ smile.

And then she’ll look at you

and say ‘See you on Monday!’

And pushing her trolley,

she’ll just wander away.

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**‘Hi, great to see you Charlotte!**

**How’s your weekend?’**

**TEACHER B**

Teacher B will notice you

but pretend you’re not there.

She’ll turn her trolley round

and grunt like a bear.

She’ll hide behind shoppers;

disappear down the aisle.

And crunch up her face

with a scowl, not a smile.

‘See what’s in her trolley!’

your mum will demand.

So you’ll race around the aisles,

obeying her command.

Teacher B is over there!

You’ve spotted her, with verve!

So you’ll hide behind a post,

and quietly observe...

She’ll be in the alcohol aisle,

reading the label on some gin,

counting the calories,

will it make her fat or thin?

You’ll follow her around,

in disguise, like ‘Where’s Wally?’

As you’ll notice several items

sat inside her bulging trolley.

Two crates of sparkling wine,

one white, one red.

A box of paracetamol,

to clear her teacher’s head.

Three bottles of vodka

and three of diet coke.

Ten packs of cigarettes,

a box of factory smoke.

Twenty bars of chocolate

and a pack of felt-tipped pens.

A spicy chicken curry

and a pouch of Uncle Ben’s.

A huge bottle of whiskey,

a magnum of champagne.

And a candle and bubble bath

and a little photo frame.

You’ll be just about to turn

when she’ll suddenly notice you!

Peering at her trolley,

so you won’t know what to do!

Her face will turn to beetroot

and she’ll shout at you, so loud;

her words a hundred decibels,

turning heads in the crowd.

‘I know what you’re thinking

but I’ve got that Friday feeling!

I’ll be drinking this lot later –

I’ll be as high as the ceiling!

The career I once loved

is now the one I hate.

I could have been famous

but I left it too late…



‘Oh no, what’s SHE doing in here?’

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