

The Three Cs - (Caroline, Celebration, and Calamity)

This is the story of fair Caroline Spall
And her longed-for debutante coming-out Ball;
Her parents discussed the most suitable venue
Mum said, "Nothing less than Claridges will do!"
Her Dad, Charles, had worked lifelong in the City
And thus he had a few bob in the kitty,
He knew this celebration would not be cheap
And yet he agreed with Mum without a peep.

Next came Caroline's decision what to wear
So she would be the Queen of all who were there,
She ummed and she ahed for seemingly ages
Browsing Society magazines pages,
Until to her Mother, Clarissa, she spoke
"A crinoline dress, of course 'twill be bespoke,
And the material must be crimson silk
The like of which there has never been its ilk."

On the day itself Caroline, Mum and Dad
Travelled to Claridges in a hansom cab,
With haughty head to the hotel she glided,
But her pink high heels and her dress collided,
And her crinoline dress from her form was torn,
So in her chemise she was shown - quite forlorn!
Calamity! Her day of days was now gone
She could not welcome guests when they came along.

But then to her rescue came her cousin Clare
Who inside the hotel had been waiting there,
"There is a Theatrical Costumier
Whose *magasin* is just a few streets away,
Trust me and I will certainly do my best
To bring you something to be suitably dressed."
A distraught Caroline and Clarissa, too,
Knew that there was nothing else that they could do.

Clare shortly returned and announced with a smile,
"Here's Cinderella's dress," - it's sure to beguile,
"It's not what she wore to clean floors or a wall,
But the shimmering gown for the Prince's Ball "
Caroline brushed away the tears from her eyes
"Thank you, dear Clare, what a wonderful surprise,
This evening after all will be a success,
I won't be a Queen but I'll be a Princess!"

Peter Smith

