## Toilet Fear

## By Jane Clack

I confess that I’m scared of my lavatory,

Though to some it’s an inner sanctuary,

My worry is that I’ll fall right down that hole,

Or become tied up in all that toilet roll.

Mum says “you’re silly, there’s nothing to fear,”

And tries to give my pounding heart cheer,

She tries to encourage as best as she can,

But I’m still quite certain I’ll fall down the pan!

To my Dad, the loo’s like a nice comfy throne,

And he spends hours and hours there all alone,

He finds my phobia distinctly odd,

And tells me I’m just a silly sod!

Does an evil monster live down the bowl?

Maybe it’s a troll who’ll gobble me whole?

This weighty issue is taking its toll,

I’ve been told to “*sort it, or heads will roll*!”