

Dear Teacher...

I wore my Christmas jumper for the class party today,
I couldn't wait to see my friends and have games to play.
But as we sat down, I saw your hand reach for a chocolate tin,
Instead of excitement, my head started to spin.

For me you see, instead of treats that could seem brill,
Some foods make me poorly, they can even kill.
Imagine seeing something appear where you felt brave,
That could make you feel fear in an instant...unsafe.

I'd love to join in with the friends I love so much,
Not see you walk by passing treats that I can't touch.
It makes me feel alone, different, scared and left out,
But I hold it all in, afraid that someone might shout...

"Can't you just have one?" or look at me with pity,
when really there's an answer that won't make you too busy.

You could check with my mum before the day begins,
To make sure the treats don't have anything I'm allergic to in.
Then my mum can reassure me before I arrive,
That I can have the sweeties, I won't feel deprived.

Or for those times it isn't possible to plan ahead,
Like when Robbie's dad dropped off cupcakes
from his birthday spread.

You could ask my parents for safe snacks to keep in a draw,
Then I'll feel like I'm joining in, not sad and ignored.

The best treat this Christmas for me though you see,
Would be for my classroom to be food free.
No crumb on the table that could feel like burning on my skin,
or particles in the air that I mustn't breathe in.

There are so many other ways we can all have fun.
Dancing and games where little non-food prizes can be won.
I could relax, be care-free like they say children should be,
Feel safe to learn, play and yes occasionally be cheeky.

Dear Teacher, I love you, and all my friends at school,
Sometimes I think you're even a bit cool.
Please help me feel protected when my parents aren't there,
but in a way that's still fun, with days I can share.

Thank you to all the teachers who make sure children with food
allergies can have fun and feel protected in their school

