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The Visitors

Mary Graham Bonner

Lillian had a very sore throat and could only eat soft things, and she was going to be in bed for some days yet, and she had decided to make a game of it.

"I will call my desserts my visitors," she announced.

When the nurse brought cornstarch at lunchtime, Lillian straightened up against her pillows.

"Welcome, Lord Cornstarch! How is Your Lordship today? I know you cannot speak to me, but I can speak to you, and I shall do you the great honour of eating you." And she did, every bit.

At supper, more cornstarch. "Good evening, Lady Cornstarch. Your Ladyship is looking well. I hope you won't object to being eaten, and with some appreciation." Lady Cornstarch disappeared.



On jelly day, Lillian brightened considerably. "Prince Jelly — how very kind of you to call. I'm so glad you're the sort of prince who slips down easily. I've imagined some princes might be quite stiff and disagreeable." Prince Jelly was consumed without ceremony.

For supper: "Good evening, Princess Jelly. I hope you're in good form tonight. I intend to enjoy you very much."

And Princess Jelly was gone.

It passed the time wonderfully.

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