

Little Miss Muffet

LITTLE MISS MUFFET is talking to her therapist.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET: Sorry, no, I can't sit down. Yes, yes, I do seem to have irrational fears about the most unusual things. I hate chairs. I always imagine that they are going to gobble me up – could you...could you just move that one to the corner please, it's looking very threatening. Thank you. OK. Deep breaths, calm down, focus. Now, what was it you were asking me? Do I have any other phobias? Oh yes, lots – heights, water, eggs. Yes, fried eggs, sitting there on the plate with those big golden yellow eyes looking at me, staring...staring. Sorry, give me a moment. *(She does some deep breathing)* I've been like this for a long time you know. I think I was frightened by a worm when I was a baby. Then there's bats, snakes and...I'm sorry, I can't even say it...sp...ss...spiders! AAAH! *(Jumping around)* The thought of them just makes me want to run away. Horrible creatures, and so ugly. And that one just crept up on me. That's why I threw the curds and whey at him. I was just sitting there on the tuffet – you know that I couldn't do a chair – eating my breakfast – you know that eggs are out of the question – when I turned around and there it was, all dark and furry with its spiky legs and horrible eyes and oh! – oh! Oh! – I think I'm hyperventilating. Give me a moment. Breathe slowly, calm down, focus. It was there, sitting right next to me, looking at me and I screamed and I threw my bowl of curds and whey and I just ran. I didn't know that he nearly suffocated under a dollop of curds, how was I supposed to know that?! No, I didn't realise that he won't be able to spin another web. Just as well if you ask me. Good riddance I say. Nasty, hairy monster. Let's get rid of spiders – and snakes – and bats – and, and eggs! What? Getting carried away? Yes, sorry. Deep breaths, calm down, focus. Sorry, what were you asking me?

by Eleanor McLeod