

# TABBY GETS THE HICCUPS

Tabby has the hiccups  
They make her hick and hock  
She starts to really hate them  
When she tries to laugh or talk

Water doesn't help her  
Or keeping her breath in  
Maybe casting circle  
Will be the way to win

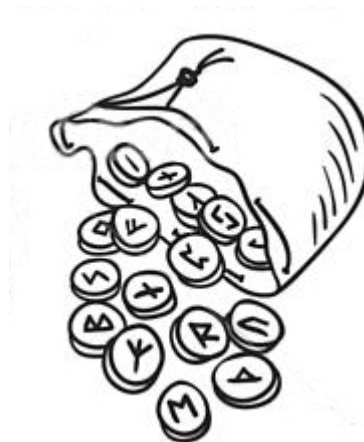


She goes up to her altar  
And thinks about her spell  
She may be only six  
But she knows her magick well

She starts to rub her stones  
And smell the pretty flowers  
She really needs to fix this,  
She's been hiccupping for hours

Tabby thinks about a chant  
But she just hicks and hicks  
She sits down on the floor  
And finds some herbs to mix

Tabby says the Wiccan Rede  
At least the parts she knows  
She pours out her wooden runes  
And lines them up in rows



Then she draws her circle  
And asks the Gods for help  
She hopes they understand  
The hiccups made her yelp

Nothing seems to happen  
She gives up in a huff  
Tabby asks her mother  
If magick is just fluff

Her mother laughs a bit  
And tries hard to explain  
Magick's all around us  
As sure as sun or rain.

Magick has its uses  
Against those things you hate  
But when it comes to hiccups  
Sometimes its best to wait.

