

Here's a story to tell or adapt if you are holding a party to celebrate the Queen's 90th birthday. It has echoes of the Mary and Martha story in the Bible. You could illustrate it with a few props mentioned in the text (for example, two dolls to be the twins, jam tarts, bunting, etc.). Make the story as interactive as possible by encouraging the children to join in (for example, by bowing and curtsying, singing Happy Birthday, etc.). You might like to ask everyone in advance to bring a soft toy or doll dressed as Royalty!



The Day the Queen came to Tea

One day the twins were playing at home when Mum said, “Guess who’s coming to tea today?”

“I know,” said Zoe, “Grandpa.”

“No,” said Mum “it’s someone famous!”

“Is it a big, furry, stripy tiger?” asked Ben.

Mum laughed. “No, not the tiger who came to tea. It’s someone who wears a crown and it’s her *ninetieth* birthday.”

“It’s the Queen!” yelled the twins, jumping up and down. “The Queen’s coming to tea. We’d better get busy!”

They went into the kitchen, washed their hands and put on their aprons. Then they made jam tarts with *dollops* of strawberry jam. They made crisp cucumber sandwiches and a *wibbly, wobbly* jelly. Then they baked a birthday cake and iced it with a big 90 because the Queen was 90 years old. They found the best cups and saucers, plates and serviettes and put them on a tray.

“Let’s make some decorations now!” said Zoe. So they coloured paper triangles red, white and blue and Mum glued them to a long ribbon. She clapped her hands. “Your bunting will look great hanging down the stairs!”

When it was nearly time for the Queen to arrive, the twins put on their party clothes. They stood in front of a mirror and they practiced how to bow, *b-o-o-ow* and how to curtsy, *curt-sy...*

Suddenly there was a ring at the door. The twins went to open it and there stood the Queen. She didn’t wear a crown but a bright green hat with a lo-oo-oo-ng feather, and she didn’t wear a cloak but a bright green coat and she carried a smart handbag.

“Hello! I’m so pleased to meet you!” she said. “Can I come inside?”

“Yes, please!” said the twins, with a bow and a curtsy. “This way, your Majesty!”

The Queen sat on the sofa while Mum went to put the kettle on. Ben sat next to the Queen and began to ask her all sorts of questions. What would *you* like to ask the Queen if she came to tea with you...?

But Zoe felt too fidgety to sit still. First she jumped up to fetch the jam tarts. Then she went to get the cucumber sandwiches. Backwards and forwards she went, fetching all the tea things. She began to feel cross. Why should *she* do all the work while Ben sat listening to the Queen? Now she had to get the jelly. Perhaps if she was very quick... The jelly *wibbled* and *wobbled* on the plate and then, oh no, it wobbled right off the plate and fell SPLAT onto the carpet.

“It’s not fair!” cried Zoe. “That’s because I’m doing all the work by myself. Please tell Ben to come and help me.”

“Don’t worry, Zoe!” said the Queen kindly. “You’ve made plenty of other delicious things to eat. Why don’t you come and sit down so that we can get to know each other?”

So that’s what Zoe did. They all talked and ate tea together and then Mum brought in the cake and the twins sang, “*Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday, dear Queen, Happy Birthday to you!*”

“Thank you very much!” said the Queen. “What do you like most about being the Queen?” asked Zoe shyly.

The Queen smiled. “I like helping people most,” she said “And that’s why I’m going to help you do the washing up! Can I borrow an apron?”

THE END

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