Wendy Cope - Tich Miller

Tich Miller wore glasses
with elastoplast-pink frames
and had one foot three sizes larger than the other.

When they picked teams for outdoor games she and I were always the last two left standing by the wire-mesh fence.

We avoided one another's eyes stooping, perhaps, to re-tie a shoe-lace or affecting interest in the flight

of some fortunate bird, and pretended not to hear the urgent conference: 'Have Tubby!' 'No, no, have Tich!'

Usually they chose me, the lesser dud and she lolloped, unselected, to the back of the other team.

At eleven we went to different schools.

In time I learned to get my own back,
sneering at hockey players who couldn't spell.

Tich died when she was twelve.