



## Queen Rosaleen

On a far away planet, past stars and the moon, there's a strange land we'd all like to go,  
It's a place that's quite yummy, and not like our own, full of secrets, quite tricky to know!  
When you land on their surface, you're met by some folk, that are joyful and soft on the eye,  
They're mad for the craic and so friendly, you'll only be glad that you chose to drop by.

To look round the place, such a smile on your face, as the biscuits are rooted a plenty,  
And huge cups of tea, hover fresh as could be; and you munch and you sup till they're empty.  
The land of the biscuits is called planet dunk, it's a marvel, a sight to be seen,  
But the reason I tell you this story is that, of their worshiped, mysterious queen.

They know she's a hottie, from inside to out, they're all moulded on her as it happens,  
They're drawn to her spirit, her company they love, she's a girl that won't go out of fashion!  
The thing that those dunkers just can't figure out, is she vanishes, non know her bearings.  
She flies off to planets, no clues left behind, for their biscuity bakers preparings.

She landed on earth and took lodging from birth, in a girl we now call, Rosaleen.  
She took over 'Jacobs', then while she was there, cracked their secrets, that devilish queen!  
Once done with that crowd, she was happy and proud, she'd exported all over the world.  
She knew how that fig had got in the fig roll; she was off as direction unfurled.

Now with a husband, a handsome playmate, she was destined for more than just fun.  
While dunkers still searching her biscuity land, she was blessed with not one, but two sons!  
Now life is berserk, while at 'Burtons' she works; still with biscuits, it comes from within;  
For one day her family, will all disappear back to 'Dunk', in their own biscuit tin.

