Jack Blows His Own Trumpet
By Monica Fletcher OBE and Jane Scullion

Jack loved to see the elephants
He loved their trumpet sound
He wanted to play the trumpet
For the greatest band in town

But Jack got asthma
At night he coughed
In the day he wheezed
As he lay on the settee
He wasn't best pleased

As Jack had asthma
The trumpet came
All shiny and new
But the sound was very weak
However hard he blew

He went to see the doctor
Who told him of the news
And prescribed him an inhaler
But not how he should use

Jack tried out his inhaler
Not knowing what to do
The medicine stayed still
As he hadn’t got a clue

So Jack didn’t use his inhaler
He thought that he knew best
He put up with the wheezing
And tightness in his chest

The trumpet just lay around
As Jack couldn’t get that sound
But he thought about the elephants
And he missed that trumpet sound

He watched his best friend Molly
Play clarinet in the band
But Jack was in the audience
His trumpet in his hand
Next to him was Molly’s bag
And looking down, who knew?
An inhaler poking out showed Jack
That Molly had asthma too!

Jack finally got the message
And saw the nurse in town
‘Your medicines are fine’ she said
‘You just need to get it down’

Jack took his inhalers
Just as the nurse had said
And he took them in the morning
And just before he went to bed

He knew which one stopped damage
He knew just how to breathe it in
He knew that his reliever
Could help him play and win

So Jack controlled his asthma

The trumpet came out of its box
He practiced more and more
And when he played his trumpet
He could hear those elephants roar

So Jack controlled his asthma
It wasn’t hard to do
He didn’t wheeze, his lungs weren’t squeezed
He breathed in and he blew

The crowd went quiet
The lights went dim
The curtains opened
The band came in
And there on the stage
At the front of the band
Jack and his trumpet
Leading the band

Jack had asthma but asthma didn’t have him!