

The Man Who Couldn't Stop Burping

Mr Barry Belcher, could not help but burp,
When he walked right past folk
Most stayed sharp, alert...

Quietly he'd sail on by, happy as can be
But, after a few seconds -
He'd BURP sooooo loudly!

He tried hard with all his might
To keep them trapped in,
But when he felt they had gone...
Once more they'd begin!

"Don't laugh at me," oft' he said,
" I can't help this noise. "
But all who heard him made fun,
Lots of girls and lots of boys.

One night he strolled from the pub
Feeling extra drunk,
And let out a MEGA BURP -
It smelled manky, like a skunk!

All the men who heard him
Thought he was most odd,
And when he was back at home
He would sit and sob.

When in Tesco shopping
His burps - they grew worse;
Shelf attackers all told him off
For getting right on their nerves!

In the steamy laundrette
He'd burp-burp away;
The place was packed out at first
But the washers did not stay!

His bad burps got oh-so bad,
Sulked he did each day,
He hoped someone could help to
Make them *BURP away!*

The doc - she examined him:
"Strangest case" she's seen;
She prescribed him pills galore -
Red and blue and green!

But still his burps - they would stay,
What a *burpy* show;
His cheeks bright-pink all the time
And he felt so low.

"Please help me stop burping,"
He prayed all night long.
And by miracle - next morn
His burp sprees had... **GONE...!!**

(BUUUUUUUUUUUURP!)

Johnny Loved His Chips

Johnny loved today his chips
He ate them each day,
Bit, for some strange reason -
A fine weight he'd weigh.

He scoffed chips at breakfast
Also for his brunch;

He munched more at supper time

(Portions: two at lunch!)

But one day there were no chips

Chip shops had sold out;

It made Johnny angry, mad,

He started to SHOUT!

He cooked some from frozen

They rolled him instead,

But he soon cried out for more

As he lay in bed:

"I WANT CHIPS, I'M STARVING,"

He yelled to his mum,

But she shrugged her shoulders

And looked rather glum.

"You can't eat chips ALL THE TIME,"

She said that loud night;

"If you do, one day you'll wake

And you'll get a fright!"

And that is what happened -

Right out of the blue

His mum's words of wisdom

Really DID come true!

Tonnes of greasy chips soon made

Johnny look most strange...

His head - a *potato*:

Maris Piper range!!

The Doughnut Eating Contest

The...

Doughnut Eating Contest

Held in Ringhole town

Saw loads wish to take part

To stuff loads right down!

There were trays piled up so high:

Custard, jam and cream.

As contestants took their seats -

Faces - one great gleam!

The smell - most delightful

Sugar vapour rose,

There were rumbly bellies -

Plus a *twitching* nose!

With the doughnuts ready

And the doors locked shut,

I got bubbly feelings in

My big hairy gut!

The contestants munched away

They devoured plenty.

Dozens of trays once packed full -

Shortly were all EMPTY!

The clock ticked

Tick tick tock tick,

The end so near...

Hurry! Quick!

Who would win?

Who downed the most?

Very soon

Whose face could boast...

Terry Tubb

Ate twenty-four,

He was HUGE

And his tum: sore!

He was the champ,
His mum screamed,
And from his lips
Smiles beamed!

Three cheers for Mr Tubb.
Hip, hip, hooray!!!

Garden Stew

Here's a little taster of my special Garden Stew,
It's a meal scrummy you can sink your teeth in-to.

The bits that I oft' collect
Fill a bucket from my shed;
It has a long handle and
It is painted cherry red.

If I'm feeling hungry
And my cupboards hold no food,
This wee hobby of mine
Truly lifts my mood!

First I sprinkle in some grass
It lines up the floor,
Then I add a crunchy snail
That is stuck to my back-door.

I find caterpillars,
(Sometimes two or three),
I love the taste of their meat
It tastes fab to me!

Next, a fluffy dandelion
And those grey woodlice,
Black beetles - a bonus, but
Field mice means: EXTRA NICE!

Ladybirds and butterflies
Are so hard to catch,
But if I add bumblebees
That yum-yum taste I can't match!

Dragonflies are mighty rare
And have tangy meat,
If, though, I do spot one:
What a splendid treat!

I must not forget my fave:
A plump wriggly worm,
Then as many ants as poss
(This may make some squirm!)

I scoop up some muddy soil
Then, with my long spoon,
I mix it together while
I sing my cool tune:

"Oh fat hungry belly
Yum tiddly tink-tonk yum,
Taste-bud tingling golden stew
Fill my rumbling tum!"

I next warm the mixture
For five mins, at least,
And when it glows golden brown
I start my lush feast!

I -
Close my eyes,
Open wide,
Shove the big spoon

Deep inside

I -

Munch and crunch

Chew slow - swallow,

New spoonfuls so

Quickly follow

I -

Scoff the lot

And make a wish.

It's the most

Delightful dish!

So... next time you feel hungry

You know what to do:

Don't bother with sarnies, just

Try some Garden Stew!

Bully Zapper

Little Davey Thomas

Really hated school

Because nasty bullies

Made him look a fool.

They teased him at break-time:

Snatched his books away,

At lunch he went hungry and

Has no strength to play.

But one day he'd had enough

And thought of revenge;

His brand new invention

Would make all this end!

He was such a clever boy:

Hours in his room

Reading lots of hi-tech books

Caused ideas to bloom:

Super Bully Zapper tool

He made (without help);

I would make the bullies plead

And scream, cry and yelp!

When they came near, ZAP away

They'd freeze to the spot,

And if a whole gang approached

He'd ZAP the damn lot!

The same bunch of bullies

Matches up that next day;

He whipped his tool from his bag

And zapped, zapped away!

They vibrated on the spot

From the zap machine,

It was the most crazy sight

Teachers' eyes had seen!

Word got round and Davey was:

Hero of the school!

Bullies thought that they were smart

But were now uncool.

Andy King, the ring leader

Did not seem to care,

And just kept on bullying

Until... ZAP! His hair -

It began vibrating

A sight for ALL eyes!

But, when next his body *shook*

He'd apologise!

Bullies - they were all sent home

They'd dish no more pain;

"If they do, though," Davey thought

"I'll ZAP, ZAP, again!"

Pet Frog

My special lil childhood pet

Was a bright green frog.

Most kids played with kittens or

Has a playful dog.

But me, I loved my lil pal

His name: Jumping Jack;

I'd put him outside at night...

Come morn - he'd hop back!

He had big eyes, gangly legs,

Slimiest wet back;

He loved playing silly games

Fun - he'd never lack!

He could leap so high, so fast,
His tongue: sticky, long,
If small insects passed him by...
In secs - they'd be *gone!*

He loved his pond
Down by our shed,
But sometimes he
Slept on my bed!

My lil pet amphibian
Called a vertebrae;
That may make him sound quite dull
But he LOVED to play!

He was once a tadpole in
Our round garden pond,
But of being titchy he
Was not very fond!

Jumping Jack and I were pals
In truth: best of friends,
And I miss him to this day
But those brill mems that we shared
Won't fade -

They shall stay!!

Knock, knock and run away!

Knock on doors and sprint away

That's what we would do;

This story I tell you here

Is not false, it's true!

'Tap, tap, tap', turn, run off quick

To hide, laugh and gurn;

People answered eagerly,

We all took our turn!

We would sneak up to their door

Ring the bell or knock;

We tried countless doors, in fact

We knocked the whole block!

The great 'Knock Down Ginger'

That was its main name,

And to us it brought such fun

The most cheeky game!

We spent hours 'knocking',
'Legging-it' away;
Thinking of the laughs we had
Makes me smile today.

But beware of knocking the
Same door close together...
Sunshine may fade quickly and
Bring some stormy weather...

Falling Down The Stairs!

I've fallen down the stairs
I've fallen down the stairs
I've fallen down the apple and pears
I've fallen down the apple and pears

I slipped on the slippy carpet
By the bathroom door,
I was only wearing socks
Mum's warning I did ignore!

I lost balance and fell
Ski-style I slid fast,
I went bump, bump, bump

Landing with a blast! (From my bottom!)

I knocked my front teeth
On the skirting board,
I screamed and screamed loudly
My cries were ignored!

My legs twisted up
My head - bruised and sore
And my brain was thumping
Saved me... Our front door!

I lost two front teeth!
They snapped and look funny
Under my pillow tonight,
At least I'll get money...

At the bottom of the stairs

At the bottom of the stairs

At the bottom of the apple and pears

At the bottom of the apple and pears

I landed with a 'thump'
I landed with a 'crack'
I gave my face a 'whack'
I scared away the cat!

My head it felt all dizzy
My legs were stiff and lumpy,
When mother saw the front door crack...
She turned very humpy!

Back up the creaky stairs

Back up the creaky stairs

Back up the apple and pears

Back up the apple and pears

I have to walk back to the top
First time since the mighty 'drop';
I'm am nervous, quite afraid
For my ignorance - I've paid!

The Tortoise and the Hoover

Our hoover pops both my ears
It gets on my wick,
I wear earmuffs when it's on
And they do the trick.

My cute tortoise, Tilly
Sits watching and stares
As mum hoovers our front room
And our creaky stairs!

Sometimes Tilly sits on board
As mum zooms about,
Hoover here and hoover there
Tilly grins and oft' will pout!

She can stand the droning noise
She must be so brave,
What a barmy way for a
Tortoise to behave!

Sometimes I help hoovering
Sock fluff on the ground,
I suck up the biscuit crumbs,
And peas - squashed or round!

Tilly also dances when
Perched upon the hoover,
I bop my head, but she is
Quite a little groover!

The Jab

I'm going to the doctors
For a nasty jab

They say it's for whooping cough
It's the first I've had.

I'm a little frightened
In fact, I'm sooo scared,
I have to brush my teeth now
And get all prepared.

I'm scared that I'll cry
Or scream off my head
I hope that I do not faint
Or feel pain instead.

The needle - how big is it?
Is it long and sharp?
Does it hurt when it's pushed in...
Will it leave a mark?
Does (Will) it bleed and leave a terrible scar (mark)?

Mum said after, if I'm brave
If I'm a good boy,
I can choose sweets and also
A small-ish new toy!

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I feel scared as we walk in,

There's coughing and spluttering,
Many faces sad and glum
And a few gobs muttering.

I wait for the doctor's call
I shake and I sweat,
I just try to think about
What toy I might get...

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Hooray! That's cool! Not so bad!
I am happy, free!
Cotton wool's taped to my arm...
Needles don't hurt me!

The Snoring Couple!

Mr and Mrs Ball:
A pair of silly old fools,
Each night in bed
They snore off their heads
It's heard from Hull to Blackpool!

"You snore too much"
Mr Ball will complain,
"I do not, it's you!" she replies.
"You keep me awake,
For heaven's sake,
Turn and sleep on your fat thighs!"

Mr Ball does fight back:
"You're a fine one to talk,
You sound like a blubbery whale!"
Mrs Ball then snaps back
With a *how-dare-you* sigh:
"You sound like a thundery gale!"

They both snore so bad
It is terribly sad
But it's not their fault, you see;
They share the same room,
And all the same gloom
They don't have their own bed, like me!

As snorings got worse,
The floor it would shake -
A trembling, rumbling sound;
And up in the night
With a shock and a fright
Jumped Mrs Ball, in dressing gown!

She turned on the light
She was angry with fright,
Mr Ball smiled wide eyed,
Then laughed at his wife
With a pain in his side...
Mrs Ball looked PETRIFIED!

A large hairy spider
It clung to her top,
She felt faint from its massive size;
Mr Ball leapt up,
Hanging loose was his gut
Amid all of Mrs Ball's cries!

He laughed and he shrilled
The spider not thrilled,
It hurried down Mrs Ball's leg.
"It's gone now," he said
"Now get back to bed,"
You've seen bigger ones in the shed!

Mrs Ball fetched her broom
Chased it all round the room,
It ran fast and under their bed;
Mr Ball did not care,

He gave a long glare
And off to sleep he dropped, instead!

Mrs Ball could not sleep
All night she did peep,
And was shattered all the next day;
But for being horrid
And not a bit worried,
She said, "'ll make that oaf pay!"

A few nights later
She smuggled a box,
It held bugs and snails aplenty;
When he had dozed off,
She let out a scoff...
And box contents - well over twenty!

They slithered and crawled
All over his face
They were sticky, revolting, slimy;
Mr Ball - up he shot
With a spring in his bot...
Bed sheets so gooey and grimy!

"Just what have you done?"
He yelled at his wife

With tears pouring out of her eyes;
"There are slugs and bugs
Invading our bed!"
He shuddered whilst letting out cries.

Mr Ball was in shock
He shook like a leaf,
He froze and was glued to the bed;
But she didn't care
And gave a cold stare
And laughed off her wrinkly old head!

