

**BREAKDOWN** by Jean Kenward

Rackety clackerty  
clickerty BONG  
the washing machine  
has gone terribly wrong.

It's swallowed a button!  
It's stuck in its jaw!  
Do you think it will ever  
get out any more?

Hark at it sputtering  
clickerty-bump-  
the washing is churning  
all up in a lump.

And just for a button  
so shiny and small!  
Oh why did we ever  
have buttons at all?

Rackerty clackerty  
clickerty clack  
Hooray! THAT sounds better –  
the button's come back!

**OR**

**THE GOBLIN** by Rose Ryleman

A goblin lives in our house, in our house,  
in our house,  
A goblin lives in our house all the year  
round.

He bumps  
And he jumps  
And he thumps  
And he stumps.  
He knocks  
And he rocks  
And he rattles at the  
locks.

A goblin lives in our, in our house,  
in our house,  
A goblin lives in our house all the year  
round.

**FROGS** by Dulcie Meadows

Down in the marshes, the swamps and bogs  
rain tumbles down in a frazzle of frogs.

A-plipping, a-plopping, splash hop hop!  
Croak croak, frazzle frazzle, flip flap flop!

Frogs in the grasses, frogs in the trees  
brown frogs, green frogs,  
frogs with bendy knees.

A-plipping, a-plopping, splash hop hop!  
Croak croak, frazzle frazzle, flip flap flop!

Tree frogs, marsh frogs, down by the lake  
singing in the rain, keeping me awake!

A-plipping, a-plopping, splash hop hop!  
Croak croak, frazzle frazzle, flip flap flop!

Singing, rejoicing, all-night if you please.  
Big frogs, small frogs, all with bendy knees.

A-plipping, a-plopping, splash hop hop!  
Croak croak, frazzle frazzle, flip flap flop!

Down in the marshes, the swamps and bogs  
rain tumbles down in a frazzle of frogs.

A-plipping, a-plopping, splash hop hop!  
Croak croak, frazzle frazzle, flip flap flop! **KER PLOP!**

**OR**

**A Fairy Call – Anonymous**

“A silver bat and a golden ball!”  
A little fairy made this call.  
No one heard her I’m sure, but me,  
As I sat under a wattle tree

“A silver bat and a golden ball!”  
Again she made her fairy call.  
And sitting in the wattle tree  
She smiled and waved a branch at me.

I know it was no dream you see,  
For June-time brings the wattle tree,  
Bearing pretty gifts for all  
Who hear the wattle fairy’s call.

**LISTEN!** by Rona Houlton

Sh! Listen!  
Did you hear a scratch  
Like a lizard in the leaves,  
Or a mouse at the latch  
Of his little front door,  
Or a fairy in the moonlight  
Skipping on the floor?

Sh! Listen!  
Listen very hard,  
'Bow-wow-wow'  
That's a dog in the yard,  
And 'Whoop whoop whoop'  
Goes the owl in the tree,  
'Buzz buzz buzz'  
That's the sound of a bee.

Sh! Listen!  
Listen for that sound  
'Thump thump thump'  
Hear the ball on the ground?  
And 'Croak croak, croak,'  
Goes the frog in the pool.  
That clanging sound  
Is the bell at the school?

Sh! Listen!  
There are all kinds of noises  
For everyone to hear,  
Some very far away  
Some quite near,  
Some quite loud and some quite small;  
If you only care to listen  
Then you will hear them all.

**SH! LISTEN!**

**OR**

**HURRICANE** by Dionne Brand

Shut the windows  
Bolt the doors  
Big rain coming  
Climbing up the mountain

Neighbours whisper  
Dark clouds gather  
Big rain coming  
Climbing up the mountain

Gather in the clothesline  
Pull down the blinds  
Big winds rising  
Coming up the mountain

Branches falling  
Raindrops flying  
Treetops swaying  
People running  
Big wind blowing  
Hurricane! on the mountain.

**SUPPLY TEACHER** by Allan Ahlberg

Here's the rule for what to do  
If ever your teacher has the flu,  
Or for some other reason takes to her bed  
And a different teacher comes instead.

When the visiting teacher hangs up her hat,  
Writes the date on the board, does this or that;  
Always remember, you have to say this:  
'Our teacher never does that, Miss!'

When you want to change places or wander about,  
Or feel like getting the guinea pig out,  
Never forget, the message is this:  
'Our teacher always lets us, Miss!'

Then, when your teacher returns next day  
And complains about the paint or clay,  
Remember these words, you just say this:  
'That *other* teacher told us to, Miss!'

**OR**

**ITCHY, ITCHY CHICKEN POX** by Grace Maccarone

A spot .... a spot ... Another spot ...  
Uh-oh! Chicken pox!  
Under my shirt. Under my socks.  
Itchy, itchy chicken pox.

Don't rub. Don't scratch.  
Oh no! Another batch!  
On my tummy, between my toes,  
Down my back, on my nose!

Lotion on. Itching's gone, just for now.  
It comes back – ow!  
One and two and three and four  
Five and six ... and many more.

Daddy counts my itchy spots.  
Lots and lots of chicken pox.  
Itchy, itchy, I feel twitchy ...  
I run away. The itching stays.

Each day I have an oatmeal bath,  
It's mucky stuff. I do not laugh.  
But mummy says it's good for me.  
'You'll soon be smiling – wait and see.'

I rest. I read. I eat. I play.  
I feel better every day.  
And then ... no new spots.  
Hooray! I'm okay!  
I can go to school today!

**YOUR FAVOURITE THINGS** by Robin Klein

When the dog bites,  
When the bee stings,  
When I'm feeling sad,  
I look at this list of your favourite things –  
but they all drive me quite mad!

I hate soggy roses, and can't abide kittens.  
I'd rather have chilblains than wear woollen mittens.  
Brown paper makes gifts look cheap, so does twine –  
(use gift wrapping, please, if that's meant to be mine!)

I fall off ponies, get pimples from strudels.  
Next to dim sims is the right place for noodles.  
A wild goose would *honk* with the moon on its wing.  
(Ornithology, obviously, isn't your thing!)

Girls in blue sashes deserve fifty lashes.  
Snow in one's eyes could cause nasty car crashes.  
Silver white winters make people get croupy.  
Your favourite things are decidedly loopy!

When the dog bites,  
When the bee stings,  
When I need a trained nurse,  
I'll simply *forget* all your favourite things  
So that I don't feel much *worse!*

**OR**

**POSSUMS** by Ann Coleridge

We've possums in our roof – how very sweet!  
You'd think I'd hear the patter of their feet.  
You'd think I'd wake sometimes from peaceful sleep,  
Aroused by the gentle rustling as they creep  
On rafters in our spider-muffled loft.  
You'd think I'd hear them scamper, velvet-soft,  
These smoky shadows flitting overhead  
With delicate and dainty-tripping tread.

HUH!

They thunder round the racetrack of the beams,  
They organise themselves in football teams;  
Their games are much like ours are, on the whole –  
I'll swear I've heard the triumphant yells of 'Goal',  
A frightful thud as two of them collide  
And uproar as they bellow out 'Offside!'  
Then scuffles, whacks and wallops as they fight –  
A thumping possum rumpus in the night.

**THE HAIRY TOE – A Traditional American Tale**

Once there was a woman went out to pick beans,  
and she found a hairy toe.

She took the hairy toe home with her,  
And that night, when she went to bed,  
The wind began to moan and groan.

Away off in the distance  
she seemed to hear a voice crying,  
“Where’s my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?  
Who’s got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?”

The woman scrooched down,  
‘way down under the covers,  
and about that time  
the wind appeared to hit the house

smoosh

and the old house creaked and cracked,  
like something was trying to get in.

The voice had come nearer,  
almost at the door now,  
and it said,

“Where’s my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?  
Who’s got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?”

The woman scrooched further down,  
under the covers  
and pulled them tight over her head.

The wind growled around the house  
like some big animal  
and r-r-rumbled  
over the chimney.

All at once she heard a cr-r-a-ack  
and Something slipped in  
and began to creep over the floor.

The floor went  
Cre-e-eak, cre-e-eak,

at every step that thing took towards her bed.

The woman could almost feel it bending over her bed.

Then in an awful voice it said:

**“Where’s my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?  
Who’s got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?”**

**YOU’VE GOT IT!!**

**DAD AND THE CAT AND THE TREE** by Kit Wright

This morning a cat got stuck in our tree,  
Dad said, "Right. Just leave this to me."  
The tree was wobbly, the tree was tall  
Mum said, "For goodness sake don't fall!"  
"Fall?" scoffed Dad, "A climber like me?  
Child's play this is! You wait and see."

He got out the ladder from the garden shed,  
It slipped, he landed in the flower bed.  
"Never mind," said Dad brushing the dirt  
Off his hair and his face and his trousers and shirt,  
"We'll try plan B. Stand out of the way",  
Mum said, "Don't fall" again, "OK?"

"Fall again?" said Dad. "Funny Joke!"  
Then he swung himself up on a branch – It broke.  
Dad landed, wallop! – back on the deck.  
Mum said, "Stop it! You'll break your neck!"  
"Rubbish!" said Dad, "now we try Plan C.  
Easy as winking to a climber like me!"

Then he climbed up high on the garden wall,  
Guess what? He didn't fall!

He gave a great leap and he landed flat  
In the crook of the tree trunk right on the cat!  
The cat gave a yell and sprang to the ground,  
Pleased as Punch to be safe and sound.  
So it's smiling and smirking, smug as can be,  
But poor Dad's

Still  
Stuck  
Up  
The  
Tree!