

The Perils of Breakfast

Watch out for bears in your cornflakes.

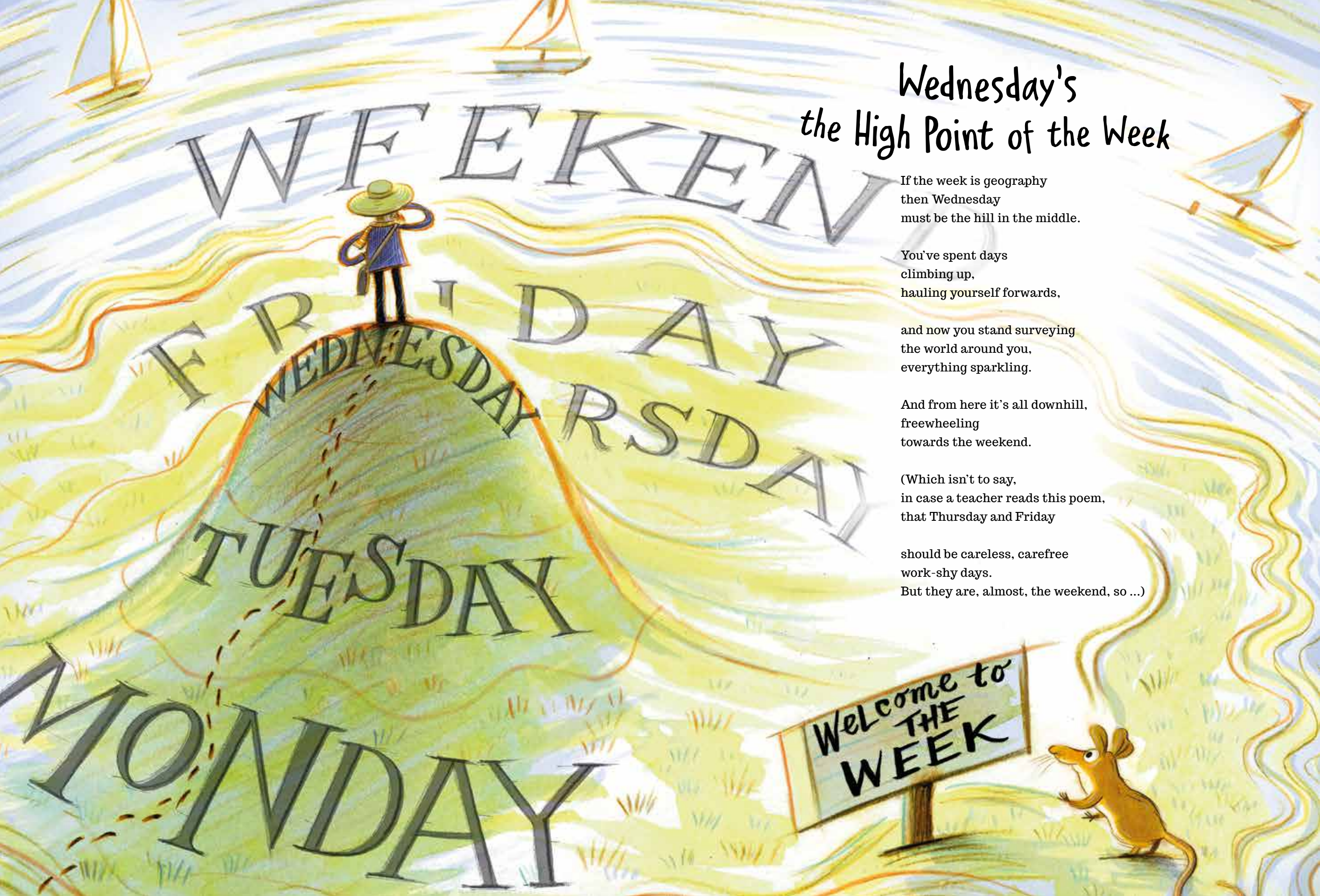
Bears are dangerous.
Bears have big claws.
Bears are always hungry.
At breakfast time, doubly so.

If you lift a spoonful of cornflakes to your mouth
and it's got a bear hiding in it,
well,
you'll be in trouble then. Won't you?
Eaten up just like that.
Gobble. Gobble. *Crunch.*

Fortunately
bears are larger than cornflakes
and so you can usually spot
a little bit of fur poking round the side.

If you do
spot a little bit of fur poking round the side
of the cornflake
in the spoon
you've lifted up to your mouth to have for your breakfast
then just put your spoon down,
step away
and choose something else instead.

But
watch out for crocodiles in your porridge
and watch out for tigers under your toast.



Wednesday's the High Point of the Week

If the week is geography
then Wednesday
must be the hill in the middle.

You've spent days
climbing up,
hauling yourself forwards,

and now you stand surveying
the world around you,
everything sparkling.

And from here it's all downhill,
freewheeling
towards the weekend.

(Which isn't to say,
in case a teacher reads this poem,
that Thursday and Friday

should be careless, carefree
work-shy days.

But they are, almost, the weekend, so ...)

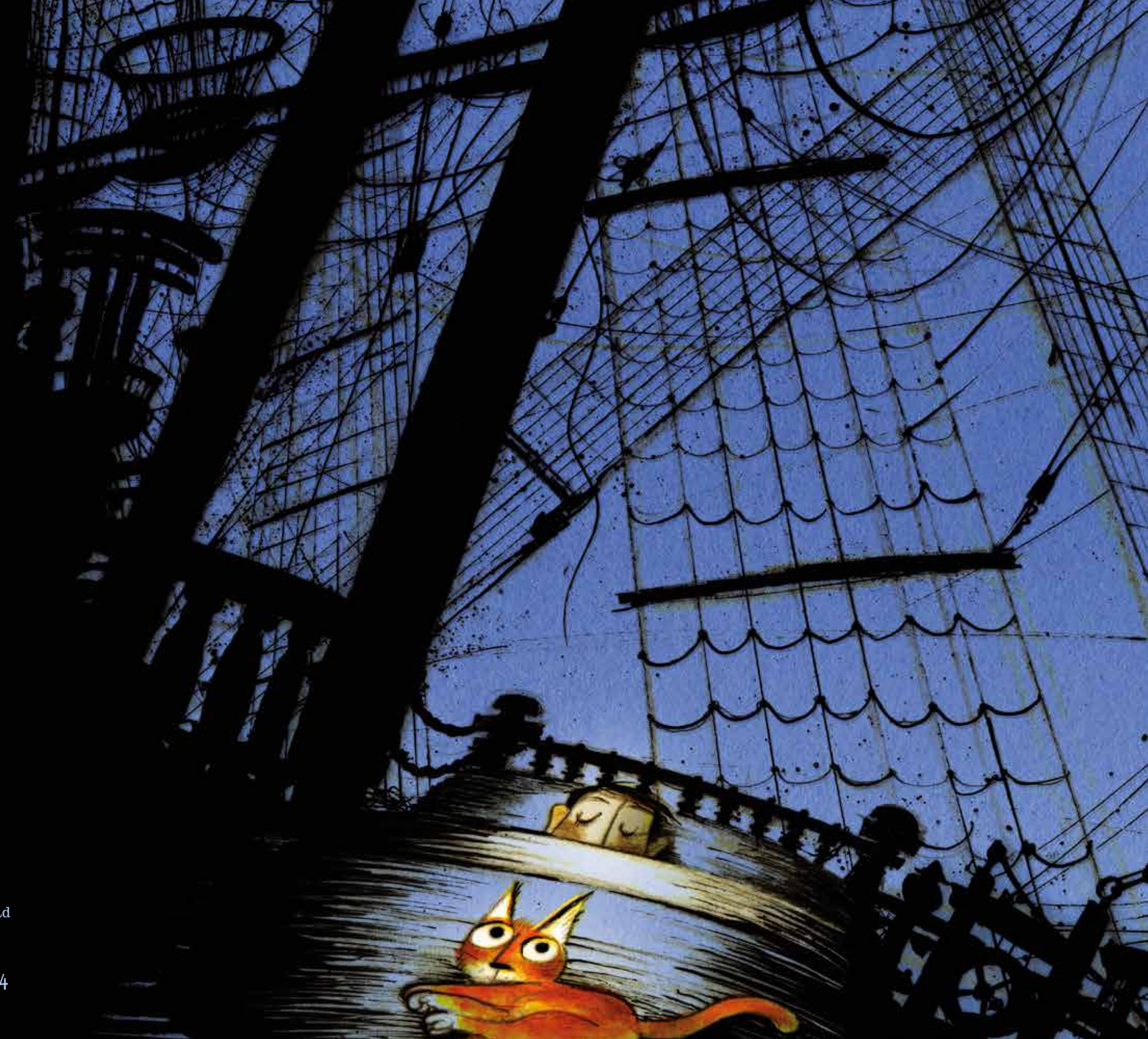
In the Dark

Lying in bed
a little afraid
listening to the noises
in the dark
in the night
in the house
the squeaks, ticks and bumps
I remember what mum said:

*think of the house as a ship
in the night
on the sea
with the rigging
creaking above
as it rocks on the waves*

*it's so peaceful out at sea
no ghosts
no monsters
no burglars
nothing scary
all noises explained away simply*

and I lie in bed
no longer afraid
just, ever so slightly, seasick instead



Two Quick Tips

Never go shoplifting.
They're heavy things
and one accidental slip
might lead to a drop of the shop
and could chop
off a fingertip or two.

On the other hand,
never go shiplofting either.
Hoisting a boat in the air
will drop seaweed in your hair,
fish on your head
and if your scarf gets caught
in the propellers, kid, you're dead.

