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Opening extract from **Jelly Boots**, **Smelly Boots**

Written by **Michael Rosen**

Illustrated by **David Tazzyman**

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For Emma, Elsie and Emile —MR

For Mel x
-DT

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Welly Boots

Welly boots smelly boots fill them up with jelly boots

Welly boots smelly boots see them on the telly boots

Welly boots smelly boots now they're in my belly boots.

Down behind the dustbin I met a dog called Dave. He played in goal for us and made a fantastic save.

Chicken Pox

What's the point of chicken pox?
Why don't they collect the spots
and put them in a box?
Then take the box far out of town,
dig a hole and put it in the ground.
I don't just mean my spots.
I mean everyone's chicken pox spots.

We'd have to find people to collect the spots – not just a few, we'd need lots and lots.

We'd have to choose special spot collectors, we'd need some special spot inspectors.

The inspectors would decide if it was chicken pox or not, the collectors would collect every chicken pox spot, put them in bags, take them to a chicken pox dump, then scoop the spots up into a great big lump, stick the lump in a box and shut the lid tight, drive the box away in the middle of the night, dig a great big hole and bury the box, and that'd be the end of chicken pox.



The competitions

Everywhere you go they have competitions; my favourite is the one I hear when I shut my eyes when I'm lying on the beach. Actually there are two competitions.

The first one is:

Which seagull is the best at sounding like a baby crying? The second one is:

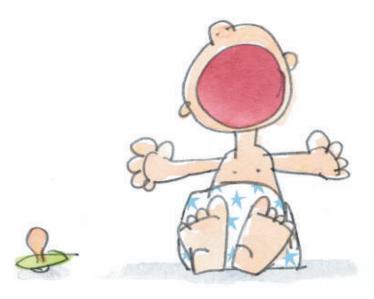
Which baby is the best at sounding like a seagull?

The seagull that's best at sounding like a baby says, 'WAAAAA!'

'You've won,' I say.

The baby that's best at sounding like a seagull says, 'WAAAAA!'

'You've won,' I say.





After a while all the seagulls sound like babies and all the babies sound like seagulls. 'You've all won,' I say.

'Hurrah!' everyone says and we all eat sandwiches.

'Hang on,' says somebody, 'that one sounds like a cat.'

