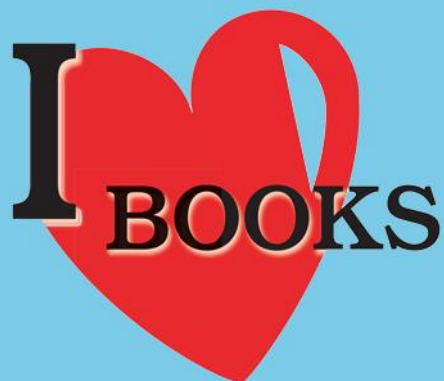




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Opening extract from
Jelly Boots, Smelly Boots

Written by
Michael Rosen

Illustrated by
David Tazzyman

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Please print off and read at your leisure.

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:

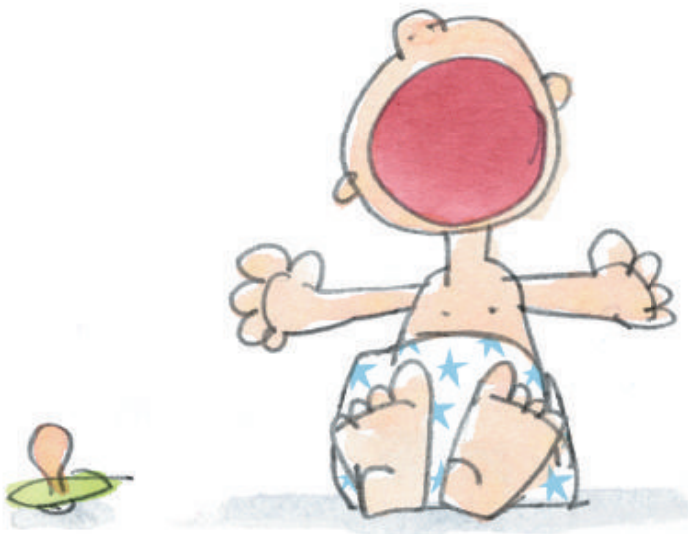
Which baby is the best at sounding like a seagull?

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.'

