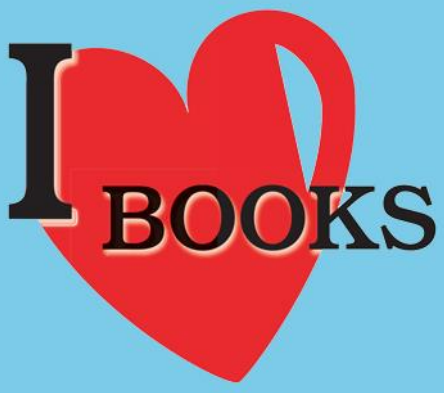


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Opening extract from

My Mum's Growing Down

Written by

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Illustrated by

David Tazzyman

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My Mum's Growing Down



Laura Dockrill

illustrated by David Tazzyman

FABER & FABER

For my mum x

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My Mum's Growing Down

There's something I must tell you since my
teacher will not listen,
I wonder if you've heard of my mother's
s-t-r-a-n-g-e condition,
It is a bit unusual; I can't *fake* to be proud,
I'm sure your mum's a grown up,
But . . .

My mum's growing DOWN!

She says 'I've worked so hard for years and
I deserve a rest!'
As she scribbles with crayons and pours
custard down her dress,
She's dangling from the banister with her
head upside-down!
Does your mum do this?
Help!

My mum's growing DOWN!

Mum's as old as a T. Rex but she never acts
her age,
And I can't take her anywhere as she always
misbehaves!
She looks like a flamingo, a sparkle disco
clown
Is your mum growing up?
Because . . .

My mum's growing DOWN!

She eats chocolate cake for breakfast, drinks
milkshakes instead of tea,
She draws on the walls with lipstick and
blames the mess on me!
She cries her wrinkly eyes out if she can't
wear her ballgown!
The house is crazy chaos!
Since



My mum's growing DOWN!

She seeks out the vegetables I've hidden in
her mash
Then with **PERMANENT** marker, she
gives herself a 'tache
'Let's pretend I'm a *dad* today when we go
into town!'
Not another day of this . . .
Please . . .

My mum's growing DOWN!

She says, 'I've taken care of you for years,
now *you* take care of *me*!
Make me a jelly-pie sandwich please, then
lullaby me to sleep.'
I just wish she'd do the dishes instead of
'*chilling out*'
Whilst your mum's making dinner . . .
Guess what . . .

My mum's growing DOWN!

She likes to play mermaids in the bath, bake
cookies up from scratch
And she stomps in the supermarket like a
spoiled brat
If I don't buy *that cereal* she throws herself
on the ground
And I'm supposed to be the kid!
But OH NO . . .

My mum's growing DOWN!

Mum says 'Life's too short for boring-ness,
it's time we had some **FUN**!'
As she sprays me in the face with her brand
new water gun
She's forgotten the word 'quiet' so her voice is
BOOMING loud . . .
And I just want some '*me*' time
AS IF . . .

My mum's growing DOWN!

She shoves baked beans up her nose, blows
bubbles in her juice
'That looks like POO!' she screams
as you eat your chocolate mousse
She lies on her back and sees rainbows in
the clouds
Whilst your mum is a *proper* mum

My mum's growing DOWN!

Now there's glitter in the toothpaste,
bunny ears on her head
A gross collection of bogies wiped
underneath her bed
She's learning to play the trumpet;
she carries a hula-hoop around
Can you see what I'm dealing with here?

My mum's growing DOWN!



I apologise to passers-by, this is just what
Mum's like
As she rides behind on a skateboard tied to
the backseat of my bike
And if a *normal* mum makes you *normal*
then I guess I'm out of luck
Because all of Mum's growing down is
making **me grow up!**

But '*a little touch of playfulness is what will
keep you young*'
So I wouldn't switch this naughty parent for
another one,
Even though she's so annoying and stands
out from the crowd
There's never a dull day when . . .

My mum's growing DOWN!

My Mum Has Hair On Her Head and This Is What It's Like . . .

Mangled, tangled,
neck is strangled,
spider leg dangles
on a string.

My mum's hair
is like Rapunzel's
undles of bundle,
what shall we do with it?

Knit a scarf
for a giraffe,
a hammock
for a swing,

sew a drawbridge
for a moat,
loop ropes for
wrestling,

thatch a net
to catch
a pet,
crotchet a field of wheat,
web a bed
a pillow and spread
and a set
of hairy sheets!

Mum says she loves it
all winding and wrapping,
spilt end snapping
and climbing
the walls . . .

But I cannot stand it
all crawling and slacking
and making me late for school.

It's a storage cupboard,
a handbag
to rummage,
like Medusa's snatching
snakes,

a beehive,
a tidal wave,
a nit-infested cave.

The brush
is afraid,
been missing for days and
we're all out of conditioner

and the scissors
bend,
the hairdryer
plays sick for pretend
and nobody can find the
the hairdresser!

The rough
scruff of trouble
is a weed-breeding jungle
that looks like the fluff in the hoover!

Like dressing gown
tassels
you would NOT want to battle
as you'd always end up
as the loser!

To bulk it up
she's even used bread,
a roll of baguette
on top of her head!



Grubby as
sewage,
you cannot
comb through it
so you're better off staying
in bed!

It's like her hair has muscles
as she
does the daily struggle
of wrestling with this
halo boss,

it's bed head
or wind swept,
this head
is a flea bed
and is best to be
SHAVED OFF!

