

opening extract from

# Scary Poems to make you Shiver

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### The Cupboard Under the Sink

In the dark, dripping depths of the cupboard under the sink, school spiders stalk. Their eyes glint and stare. Cricked, thick legs stick through cracks in the door. They don't spin webs. No. Flies are too small and wings flicker and tickle in the back of their throats. They want children. to wrap in their strong bristled limbs. to pull onto the piles of painting palettes, to feed on in the darkness. Yes, the spiders are hungry and they want children. They want children.

# THEY WANT YOU!





That beating at my bedroom pane: It's only wind and driving rain. Relax.

That monstrous shadow leaning in,
Wearing an evil twisted grin:
It's just the ivy plant, that's all,
Bobbing and tossing on the wall.
Don't panic.

That rustling: is it just the draught?
Or giant spiders? Don't be daft!
Couldn't be.

The loops this new wallpaper makes: Just loops, not coiled and deadly snakes. Keep cool.

Suppose there are though—snakes, I mean,
And evil spirits sliding in,
And ghosts and blobs and phantom riders
And armies of advancing spiders,
And vampires stalking through the gloom,
All closing in upon my room . . .



Eric Finney





What if I told you
The stars in the sky
Were not really stars at all

**But eyes** 

Winking blinking And spying on you Watching your every move

Try and imagine it

Now try to fall asleep On a clear night If you can.

Andrea Shavick

### When the Moon Went Mad . . .

Something scrapes on my door There's blood on the floor A tall shadow shivers And gives me the quivers I pull my nose under my duvet tonight I turn to the wall and shut my eyes tight The moon swims up to my window and grins When I turn back to look, it gatecrashes in Its horrible grin has turned to a howl Wolves in the street are out on the prowl My door is torn open, a wind chills my spine Seaweeds are floating, the blood looks like wine In the greenish moonshine The wolves dance and whine The seaweeds spin round As I feel myself drown Unable to scream And wake from this dream

Bashabi Fraser



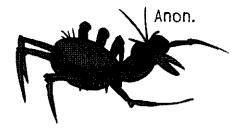
# A Better Mousetrap

If you build a better mousetrap And put it in your house, Before long, Mother Nature's Going to build a better mouse.

Anon.

### Roses Are Red

Roses are red, Spiders are black, Don't look now But there's one on your back!



## A Night I Had Trouble Falling Asleep

I stayed over at Eliot's house.
'I've lost my pet,' he said.
'So please wake me up in the middle of the night If you find a big snake in your bed.'

Jeff Moss

### A Fear

I waited for you all the time, but you never came.

I don't think you ever had such a firm shape before.

Or perhaps it was just that I only realized it that day under the bed, waiting for you to crawl out, and remembering your pipe-cleaner legs in the poem Merle Kobatake wrote about you in the toe of her shoe.

I watched on the concrete pavement outside my flat in Waikiki.

I listened to the story of how you once crouched on a man's back, in a kimono, up the valley in Manoa.

But you never came.

I remember the book with your picture in it the boys had in Kaneohe, a bit dog-eared, and as if borrowed.

But it was you all right,
there as in the film
when Sean Connery woke up
naked from his bath with
you on his shoulder.
It must be the shoulder
for me that the vulnerable place
is in, where I feel
the prickly, gooseflesh horror
and turn, anguished, striking,
finding you even bigger than I expected.

George MacBeth

