

Helping you choose books for children



opening extract from

Puzzling Poems to drive you Crazy

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published by

Oxford University press

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Peggy Babcock

Peggy Babcock was her name—
Quite ordinary, but problems came
When, amid much giggling, sir
Called the morning register:

Pebby Bagpock . . . I mean

Pecky Bobcack

Boggy Peckback

Packy Backpock

Pabby Begback

Baggy Pepcock

Pocky Bogpack

Poggy Beckback

Becky Popcock . . . er . . .

Think you can do better?

OK, have a blast:

Peggy Babcock ten times—
Fast!

Eric Finney





Found it Yet?

You'll find it
 in a four-leaf clover
 or
 in the heart of your beloved
 or
 at the end of your glove
 or
 all over

You'll find it
 if you look for it

James Carter

Huh?

Eh?

IT ('s a) Riddle

Log on with no danger of burning,
My mouse eats no cheese,
My web has no spiders,
My net catches no fish,
Surf without sea
If you recognize me.

Daphne Kitching

Have you worked it out?

Growing Up in Rome

At the age of four I answered to Ivy.
At six my name was Vi.
At 40 I felt I could really excel
At anything I'd try.

At 54 you could call me Liv,
But I knew I was getting old,
When, at 99, I had a dreadful feeling
Of being really cold.

Rob Falconer





Fighting Men

*These brave-hearted men would bring many a cheer
Can you find who they were by the clues hidden here?*

Their first is in **fighting** and there appears twice
Their second's in **glory** which carried a price
Their third is in **armour** which some of them wore
Whilst their fourth is in **dagger** and also in **sword**
Their fifth is in **trident** and also in **chain**
Their sixth is in **anguish** as well as in **pain**
Their seventh's in **terror** which all of them knew
And their eighth is in **freedom** which was won
by a few
Their ninth's in **arena** where many would fall
Whilst their last is in **Spartacus**, greatest of all.

Richard Caley

Four Sports

 serve an 

4  return

  volley

Just  it over the 

 ~~back~~  the 

To  a 

A well-placed  er

Can please the 

  off the  board

And land in the 

Small kids do  

 prefer the 

The   's an odd 

We group in a   

   a try

Then convert and we've 

Beverley Johnson

That Dreadful Pupil from Leicester

There was a young pupil from Leicester
Who would go to her teachers and peicester
She would lock them indoors
Glue their feet to the floors
Till finally they came to arreicester

Trevor Millum



Ummm.....?

Ounce Poem

Mmmm...

A girl who weighed many an oz,
Used language I dare not pronoz,
For a fellow unkind
Pulled her chair out behind
Just to see (so he said) if she'd boz.

Anon.

she Called Him Mr

She frowned and called him Mr
Because in sport he kr
And so in spite
That very night
This Mr kr sr

Anon.

Aah!