



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 Yot?

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



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



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.





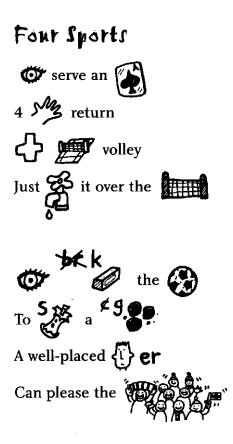
Fighting Men

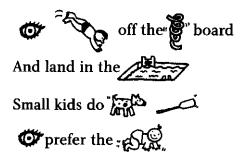
These brave-hearted men would bring many a cheer Can you find who they were by the clues hidden here?

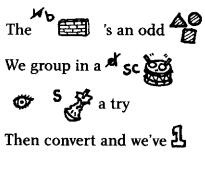
Their first is in **fighting** and there appears twice Their second's in **glory** which carried a price Their third is in **armour** which some of them wore Whilst their fourth is in **dagger** and also in **sword** Their fifth is in **trident** and also in **chain** Their sixth is in **anguish** as 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







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



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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.

