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Helping you choose books for children

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opening extract from

Silly Superstitions

written by

Graham Denton

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please print off and read at your leisure.

The Door

With apologies to Miroslav Holub!

Do not open the door!
Maybe inside there is
a seething cauldron,
a wild-tailed dragon,
or a teacher's eye, staring . . .

Do not open the door!
Maybe a snake slithers,
four walls
like an invisible clock
tick away
a never-ending morning.



A teacher's tongue
wags in the darkness
with *your* name on it . . .

Do not open the door!
Maybe the ghost of Voldemort
lurks in the shadows,
waiting . . .

Do not open the door!
Maybe
through the breathing darkness
a gnarled, insistent finger
silently unfurls to point
to someone . . .

It
has chosen

YOU!

Judith Nicholls

At the House of Superstition

There's a crack in the mirror,
An open umbrella,
A table laid for thirteen,
And the grass on the lawn
All shaven and shorn
Is a sinister arsenic green.

There's a ladder that leans
At an angle which means
Pass beneath and there's trouble in store!
And a black cat asleep,
And no one to sweep
The salt that lies spilt on the floor.

There's a terminal look
To the Visitors' Book,
No radio, TV or phone,
And today and tomorrow
Are both born to sorrow
Like the magpie which flies off alone.

John Mole

First Things

As I walk on to the pitch
Before the game starts
I kiss the turf
Face north, east, south and west
Do a Russian sword dance
Touch my knees with my chin
Touch the goalposts at both ends
Bounce the ball three times on my head
Whistle 'England's Coming Home'
Secretly touch my lucky underpants
(That have never been washed)
And when I've done those things
I know that we will always
And without fail
WIN

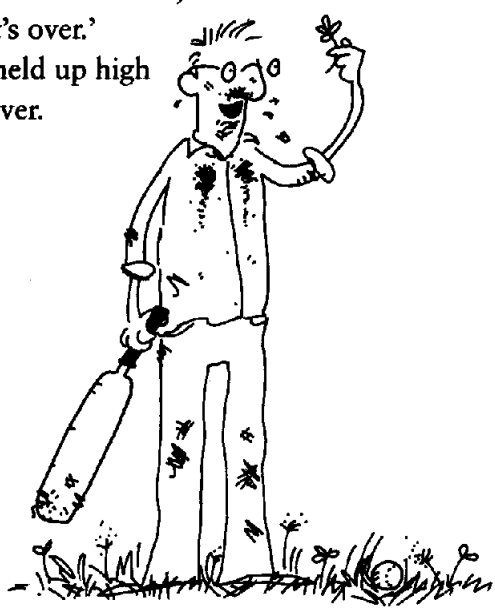
Sometimes.

Roger Stevens

Unlucky Uncle Eric

Unlucky Uncle Eric
While one day playing cricket
Saw a four-leaf clover
And thought that he would pick it.
As he bent down towards the ground
To pluck the lucky leaf,
The cricket ball flew through the air
And knocked out all his teeth.
He shouted, 'Drat!' and dropped the bat,
Which landed on his toes.
It bounced back up and cracked his chin,
Then smacked him in the nose.
Smeared in blood and caked in mud,
He said, 'I'm glad that's over.'
Then, with a sigh, he held up high
His lucky four-leaf clover.

Gervase Phinn



Lucky Lou

Lucky Lou was luckier
than anyone the world over.
Lou had ninety rabbits' feet,
his lawn was made of four-leafed clover.

Lou had lots of lucky bracelets
all adorned with lucky charms;
some he wore around his ankles,
others jingled on his arms.

Lou would keep his lucky hat on
even while he took a bath.
Black cats always walked behind him
so they wouldn't cross his path.

Never walked beneath a ladder.
Never wore a stitch of black.
Never broke a single mirror.
Never stepped upon a crack.

Lucky Lou was luckier
than anyone else, it's said.
Till the day that grand piano
fell and landed on his head.

Kenn Nesbitt