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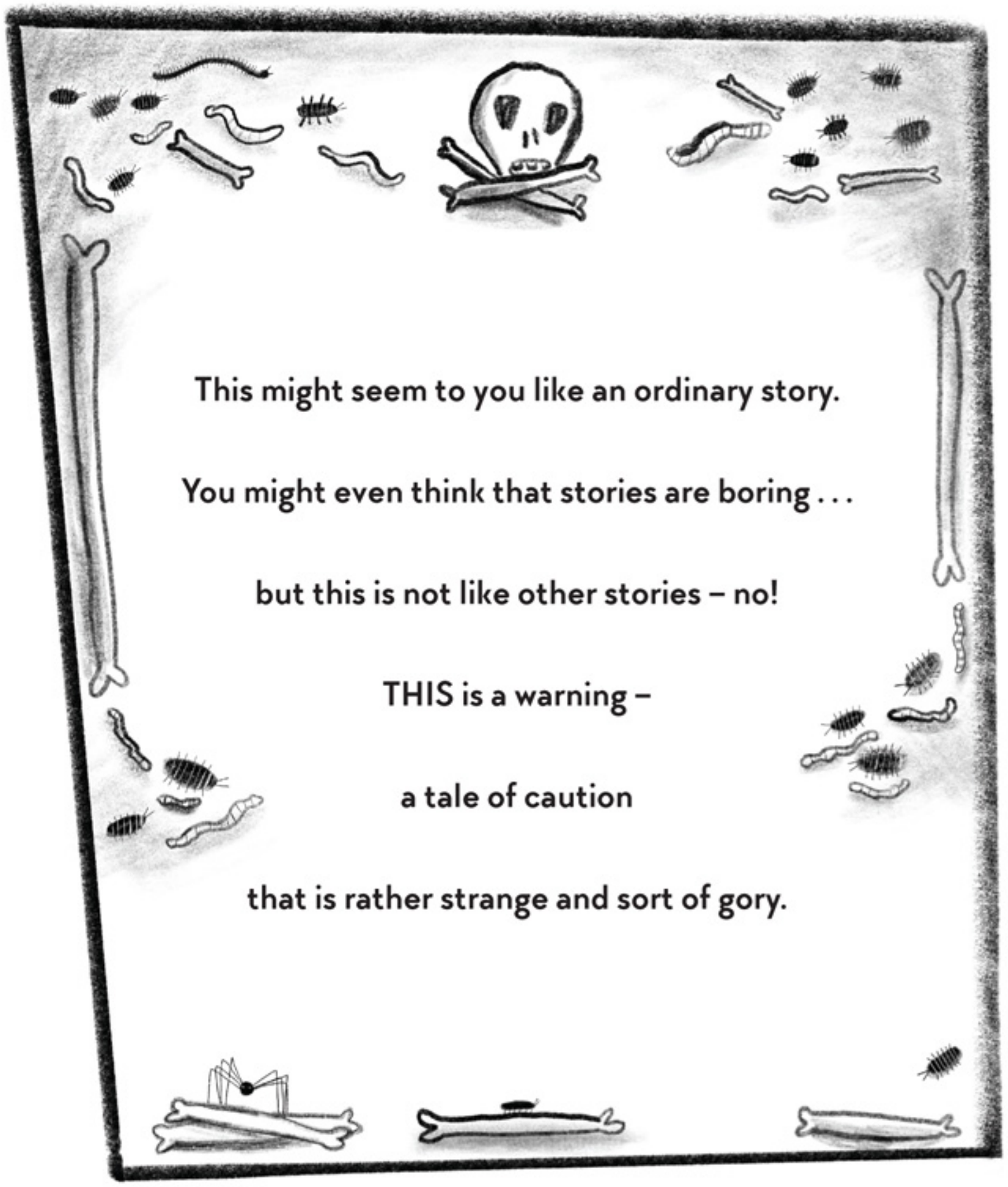
Butterfly Brain



Laura Dockrill &
Gwen Millward

Piccadilly
PRESS

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This might seem to you like an ordinary story.

You might even think that stories are boring . . .

but this is not like other stories – no!

THIS is a warning –

a tale of caution

that is rather strange and sort of gory.

It begins with a little boy whose name was Gus,
which was actually short for Asparagus.
He was one of those kids who always made a fuss
and stood out for acting kind of tough.

See, Gus was always getting told off
for this or that or which or what,
for starting scuffs and playing rough.
He never listened when Miss said –



He'd just open his mouth and shout –



Teachers didn't scare him, nor did the rules.
He thought he was in charge, boss of the school.
He gave it the BIG'UN! and thought it looked cool
to make little kids tremor, squish big kids SMALL.
And there was one thing Gus always did without care,
something that someone like you wouldn't dare.
Something quite naughty, for which Gus had a flare . . .
The little boy was an expert at leaning back on his chair.



Said his teacher, 'I've told you once, I've told you twice,
it isn't funny and it isn't nice,
now ONCE again, SURPRISE, SURPRISE,
I'll tell you, Gus, this one last time . . .
STOP LEANING BACK
ON YOUR CHAIR!'

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I don't care!

I don't care!

I do what I want,

SO THERE!

And you can't stop me, MEH, MEH, MEH!

I will ALWAYS, ALWAYS

lean back on my chair.



And dinner at home with his dad and gran
never seemed to go to any sort of plan.
Gus would spit venom like hot oil from a pan
and lean back on his chair with a

BANG,
BANG,
BANG!



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I don't care!

I don't care!

I do what I want, SO THERE!

And you can't stop me, MEH, MEH, MEH!

I will ALWAYS, ALWAYS

lean back on my chair.

Then Gran said, 'One of these days you'll crack your head,
and, Gus, you'll be a sorry boy then.
Where hair once grew shall be stitches instead.
You'll be lucky, dear, if you don't end up dead!
Just imagine cracking your head at school!
If you MUST wear a scar then let it be for something cool,
like saving a cute dog or a bungee-jump fall – not by doing
something stupid, not by acting the fool.'

'WHATEVER!' said Gus.

'You aren't immortal, you are still a human being.
You have just one brain that holds all of your feelings,
all of your secrets, your ideas and meanings.
Your brain is your home and your skull is the ceiling –
and nobody wants a crack in their ceiling now, do they?'

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I don't care!

I don't care!

I do what I want, SO THERE!

And you can't stop me, MEH, MEH, MEH!

I will ALWAYS, ALWAYS

lean back on my chair.

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