

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

# Lucky

Poems and Drawings by  
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**F**

FRANCES LINCOLN  
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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# My Pet Stoat

My favourite pet  
is a baby stoat  
With bright blue eyes  
and a tortoiseshell coat

Warm and cuddly  
he curls up on my lap  
Or in front of the fire  
while taking a nap

On the back of a chair  
he'll balance and spring  
Then play for hours  
with a ball of string

When I stroke his back  
it's as soft as silk  
And he goes 'Miaow'  
when its time for his milk

*Excuse me, that's not a stoat*

No?

*No, that's a cat.*

It's not a cat. I've got a cat. I keep it in a little cage  
hanging from the mantelpiece.

*A cat in a cage? What does it look like?*

It's got wires going this way and that way...

*No. I mean the cat.*

Just like any other cat, I suppose. It's got a little  
beak,  
Covered in feathers and goes, 'Tweet Tweet.'

*Tweet Tweet?*

Tweet Tweet.

*That's not a cat.*

No?

No, *That's a canary.*

It's not a canary. I've got a canary. I keep it in the kennel in the backyard.

*A canary in a kennel? What does it look like?*

It's a wooden box with a roof...

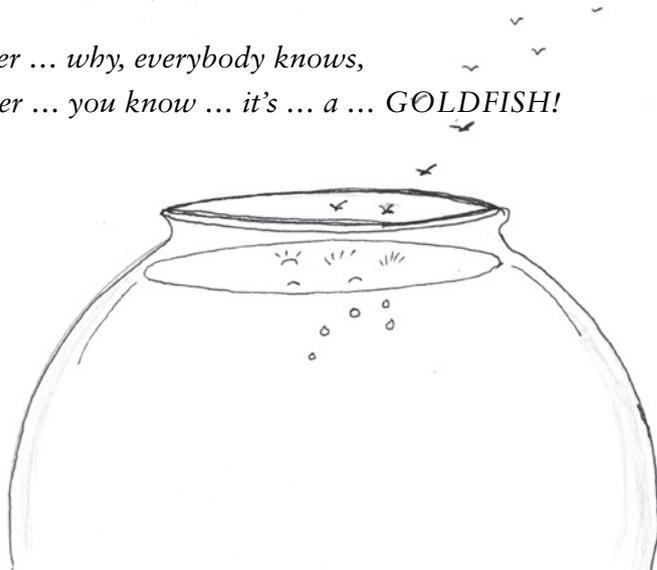
No, *I mean the canary.*

Just like any other canary. It's huge, grey, with huge floppy ears, two tusks and a big long trunk.

*That's not a canary.*

No? What is it, then?

*It's ... er ... why, everybody knows,  
It's ... er ... you know ... it's ... a ... GOLDFISH!*



## No Peas for the Wicked

No peas for the wicked

No carrots for the damned

No parsnips for the naughty

O Lord we pray

No beansprouts for the bad tempered

No noodles for the moody

No onions for the whingers

No way, no way

No garlic for the greedy

No beetroot for the bullies

No mange-tout for the muggers

Lock them away

No broccoli for the smelly

No cabbage for the cheeky

No corn for the fare-dodgers

Make 'em all pay

No creamy mash or aubergines

No fries, no baked or refried beans

No vegetables of any kind

O Lord we pray

# A Weasel is Easily Pleased

A weasel is easily pleased  
just give him biscuits and crumbly cheese  
tickle his whiskers  
and if there's a breeze  
invite him sailing  
and if he agrees  
it's anchors aweigh  
on the open seas.

A weasel is easily pleased  
and when the snow  
begins to freeze  
take him skiing  
on the Pyrenees  
down the slopes  
in and out of the trees  
'Look out everybody  
a weasel on skis!

A weasel is easily pleased  
just give him an easel  
and soon he'll be seized  
with a passion for painting  
still-lives of peas.  
Carrots, parsnips  
veggies like these  
the occasional onion  
but mainly, peas.

