

THAWING FROZEN FROGS

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F
FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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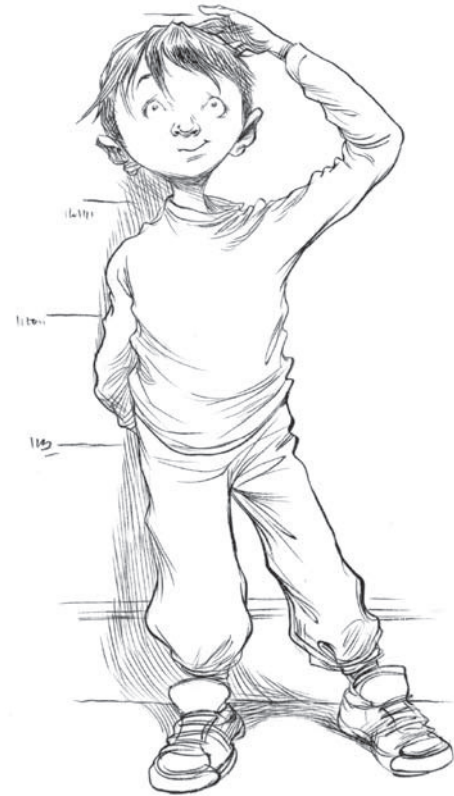
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Growing Groany

Grown-ups are groan-ups, there's no doubt about it,
You can tell by the way they groan on about it.



The Giant's Family Dinner

For dinner I had a little boy,
He tasted rather funny.
I spat him out right away
Because his nose was runny.

Next I tried a little girl
(They are supposed to taste nicer)
But I broke my tooth because
I'd forgotten to de-ice her.

By now I was quite peckish
So I tried a leg-of-Dad.
As it was past the sell-by date
It tasted rather bad.

I nibbled on a mother,
But wanting something new
I boiled a bit of Granny
And tried some Uncle-stew.

I did not eat the baby –
That was out the question
(And anyway they wriggle
And cause indigestion).

Usually I eat alone
In a huge and draughty hall.
Having a family for dinner
Is not to my taste at all.



The Invisible Man's Invisible Dog

My invisible dog is not much fun.
I don't know if he's sad or glum.
I don't know if, when I pat his head,
I'm really patting his bum instead.



Hairy Fairy

I saw a hairy fairy
Doing press-ups in the gym.
He sweated quite profusely
So I went and said to him,
'Though you are sensational
I find it irrational
To see a hairy fairy
Panting so profusely
With his track-suit hanging loosely
Doing press-ups in the gym.'

