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Opening extract from **Too Noisy!**

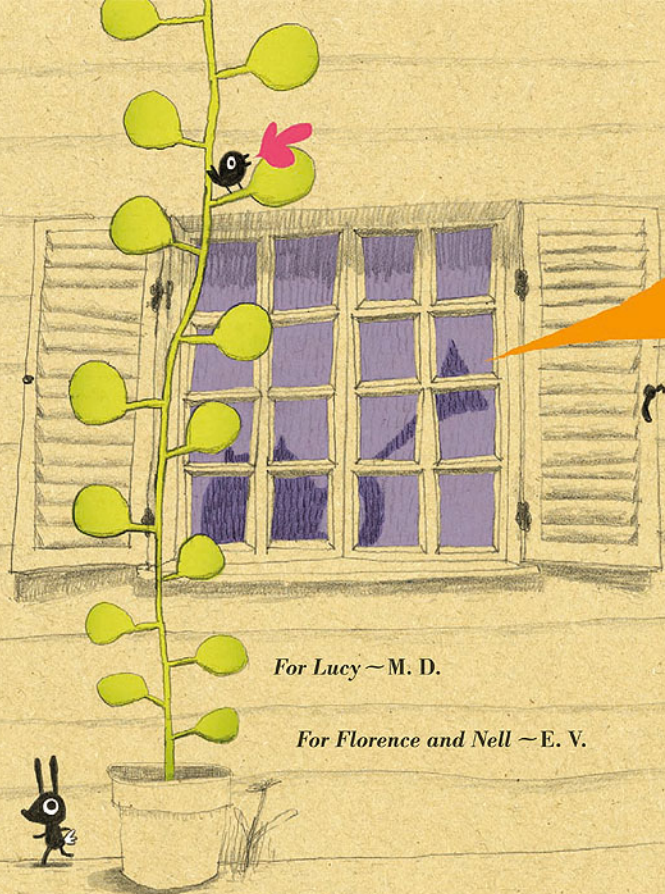
Written by
Malachy Doyle

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Please print off and read at your leisure.





For Lucy ~ M. D.

For Florence and Nell ~ E. V.

TOO NOISY!

malachy doyle
ed vere


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CRASH! JANGLE!

Meet the Bungles –

Whistle! Tweetle! Toot!

Mama Bungle *trills* and *tinkles*,

Papa *wheezes*, then he *sneezes*,

Granny Bungle *clicks* and *clacks*

and Grandpa Bill's a **boomer**,

Bella **bangs** on pots and pans

and Fitz and Finn,

the Bunglebabies,

Squeak and

Squawk and

SQUELCH!



A collection of large, overlapping, organic shapes in various colors including orange, yellow, light blue, red, black, pink, and lime green, creating a complex, abstract composition on the left side of the page.

“Oh, will you ever shush!” cried Sam,
the middle one, the quiet one,
the Bungle full of dreams.

“There isn’t room to think round here,
all boom and bash and wallop!
Oh, I want it to be peaceful
but it’s not – it never is!”





And so he upped

and so he offed

and so he wandered

to the wood.

"Aha!" he sighed,
"that's better," as he
looked around at clouds
and trees and greens
and blues and water.

