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Opening extract from

Here Come the Creatures!

Written by

Wes Magee

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For Alexander and Benjamin –
the terrific twins!



JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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Here Come the Creatures!

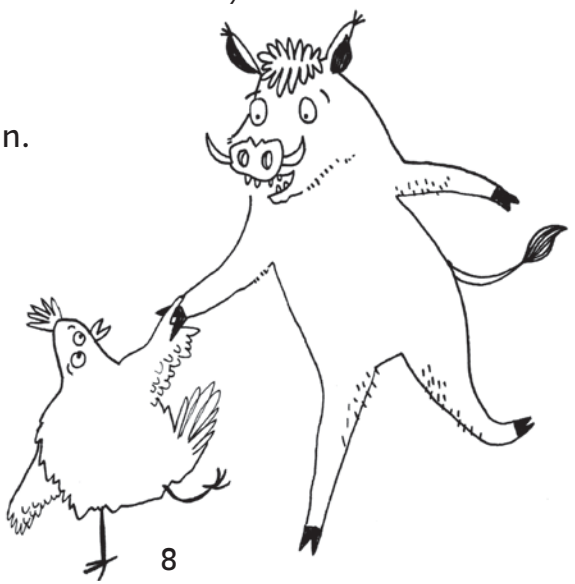


Poems by
WES MAGEE

FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Here Come the Creatures… One, Two, Three!

Here come the creatures,
one,
two,
three.
A crocodile's holding hands with a flea.
A tiger's arm-in-arm with a rat,
and a terrapin's toddling-on with a bat.
An elephant's side-by-side with a wren,
and a warthog's waddling along with a hen.
Here come the creatures,
eight,
nine,
ten.



Stroke the Cat

Stroke the cat,
stroke the cat,
and lift it from the floor.

Stroke the cat,
stroke the cat,
and shake hands with its paw.

Stroke the cat,
stroke the cat,
and scratch its head once more.

Stroke the cat,
stroke the cat,
and shoo it… through the door!



Garden Birds... Beware!

4 pigeons flutter down for bread.
6 seagulls glide high overhead.

5 sparrows peck at tiny crumbs.
1 robin in the winter comes.

3 swallows don't stay here too long.
2 blackbirds sing their evening song.

And... in the bushes... lying flat
there lurks 1 hungry ginger cat.

Watching a Bumble-Bee

Out in the garden you will see
the oh-so-busy bumble-bee.

It never stops to take a rest.
It wears an oh-so-hairy vest.

It gathers nectar all day long
and hums an oh-so-buzzy song.

While you watch from your garden seat
it's making honey oh-so-sweet,

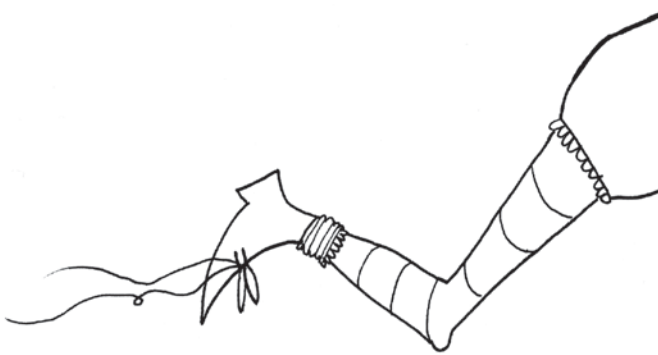
then off it zigzags in a tizz
with oh-so-busy buzzy whizzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

Kiss Chase

Let's play Kiss Chase
in the garden
and run round the apple tree.
If you catch me
when I'm running
then
you
kiss
me!



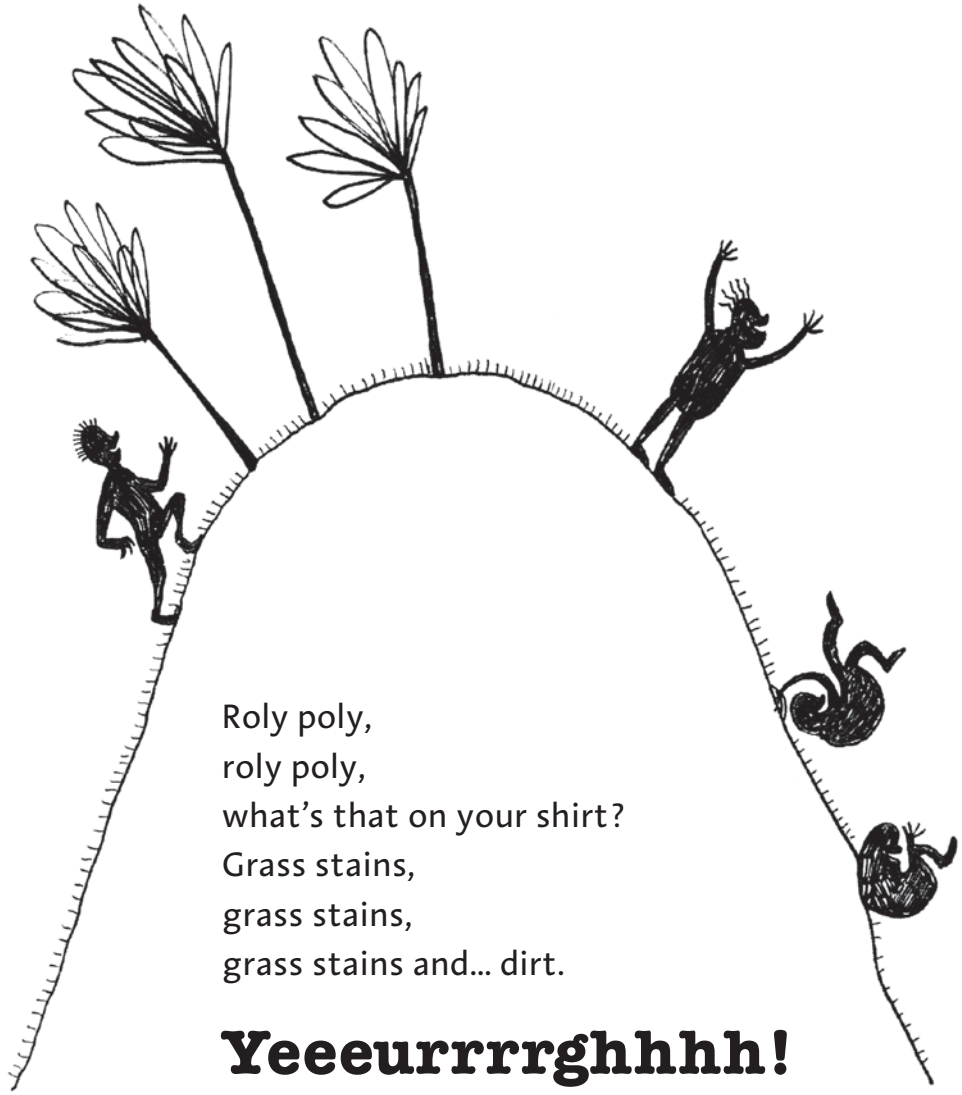
Let's play Kiss Chase
at the seaside
down beside the water blue.
If I catch you
when you're running
then
I
kiss
you!



Roly Poly

Roly Poly,
roly poly,
down a grassy hill.
Roly poly,
roly poly,
just like Jack and Jill.

Roly poly,
roly poly,
on a sunny day.
Roly poly,
Roly poly,
what a game to play.



Roly poly,
roly poly,
what's that on your shirt?
Grass stains,
grass stains,
grass stains and... dirt.

Yeeeurrrrghhhh!

The Digging Song

In your hands you hold the spade,
feel its well-worn wood.
Now you drive it in the earth,
drive it deep and good.

Dig, dig, digging dirt,
dirt inside your vest.
Dig, dig, digging dirt,
digging dirt is best.

Here are worms that twist and loop,
as tight as knots in string,
and here are spiders, ants and bugs
running in a ring.

Dig, dig, digging dirt,
dirt inside your vest.
Dig, dig, digging dirt,
digging dirt is best.

Soon your hands are red and raw,
blisters on the way,
but your spade just wants to dig
all the long hot day.

Dig, dig, digging dirt,
dirt inside your vest.
Dig, dig, digging dirt,
digging dirt is best.

