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Opening extract from

The Dragon with a Big Nose

Written by

Kathy Hendersen

Published by

Frances Lincoln Children's Books

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Lovereading4kids.co.uk

For and from my family with love.

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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First published in Great Britain in 2013 by
Frances Lincoln Children's Books,
74-77 White Lion Street, London N1 9PF
www.franceslincoln.com

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978-1-84780-365-8

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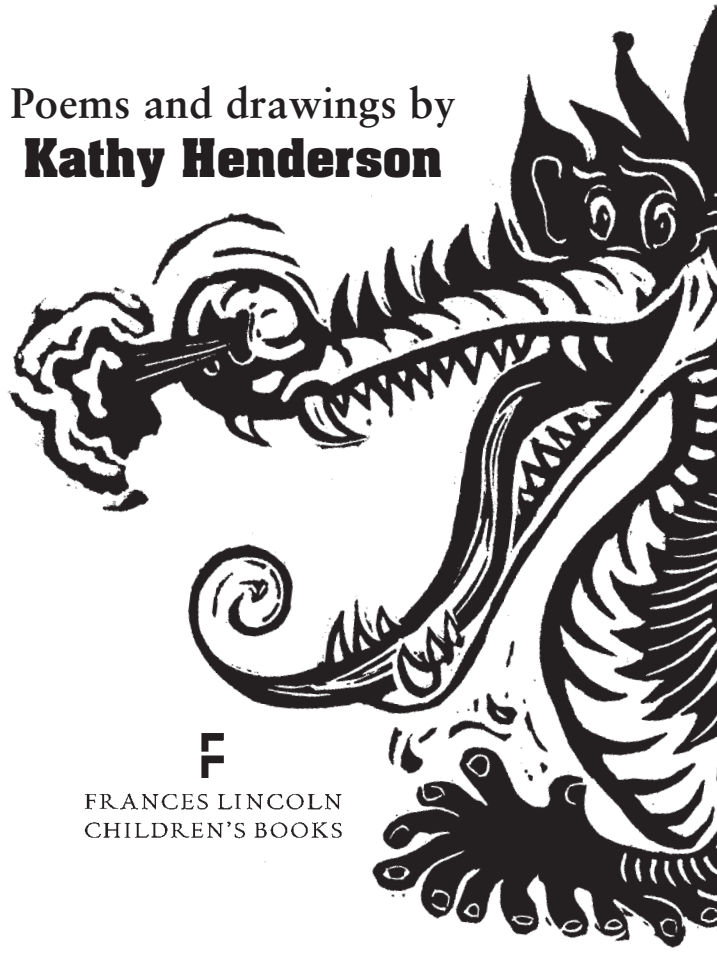
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THE DRAGON WITH A BIG NOSE

Poems and drawings by
Kathy Henderson



FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Today I read a bus stop

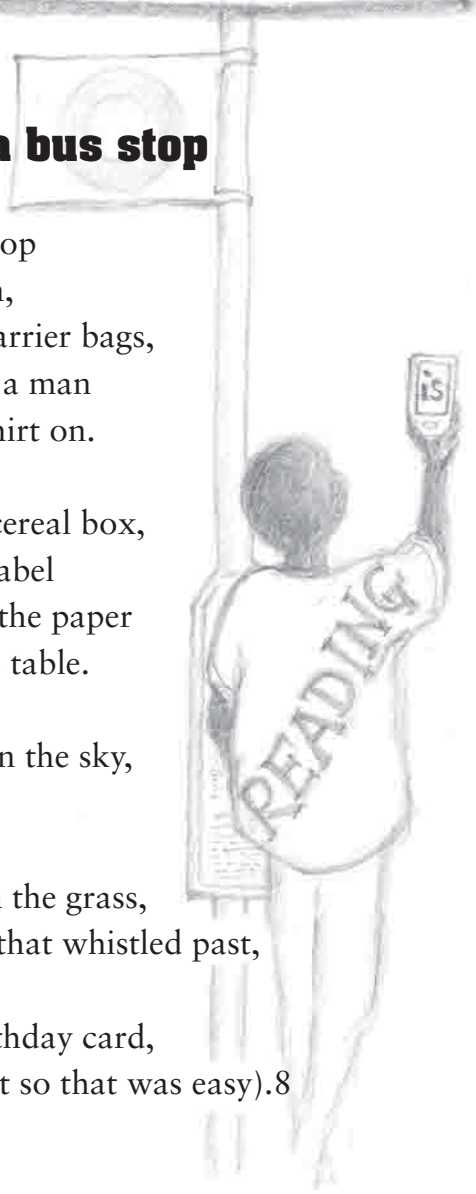
Today I read a bus stop
and then I read a van,
a poster and three carrier bags,
some shop signs and a man
who had a crazy T-shirt on.

I'd already read the cereal box,
a mug, and the jam label
and the headlines of the paper
that was lying on the table.

I read some writing in the sky,
I even read the road,

a tree, a sign stuck in the grass,
some number plates that whistled past,

a bag of crisps, a birthday card,
(it had my name on it so that was easy).8





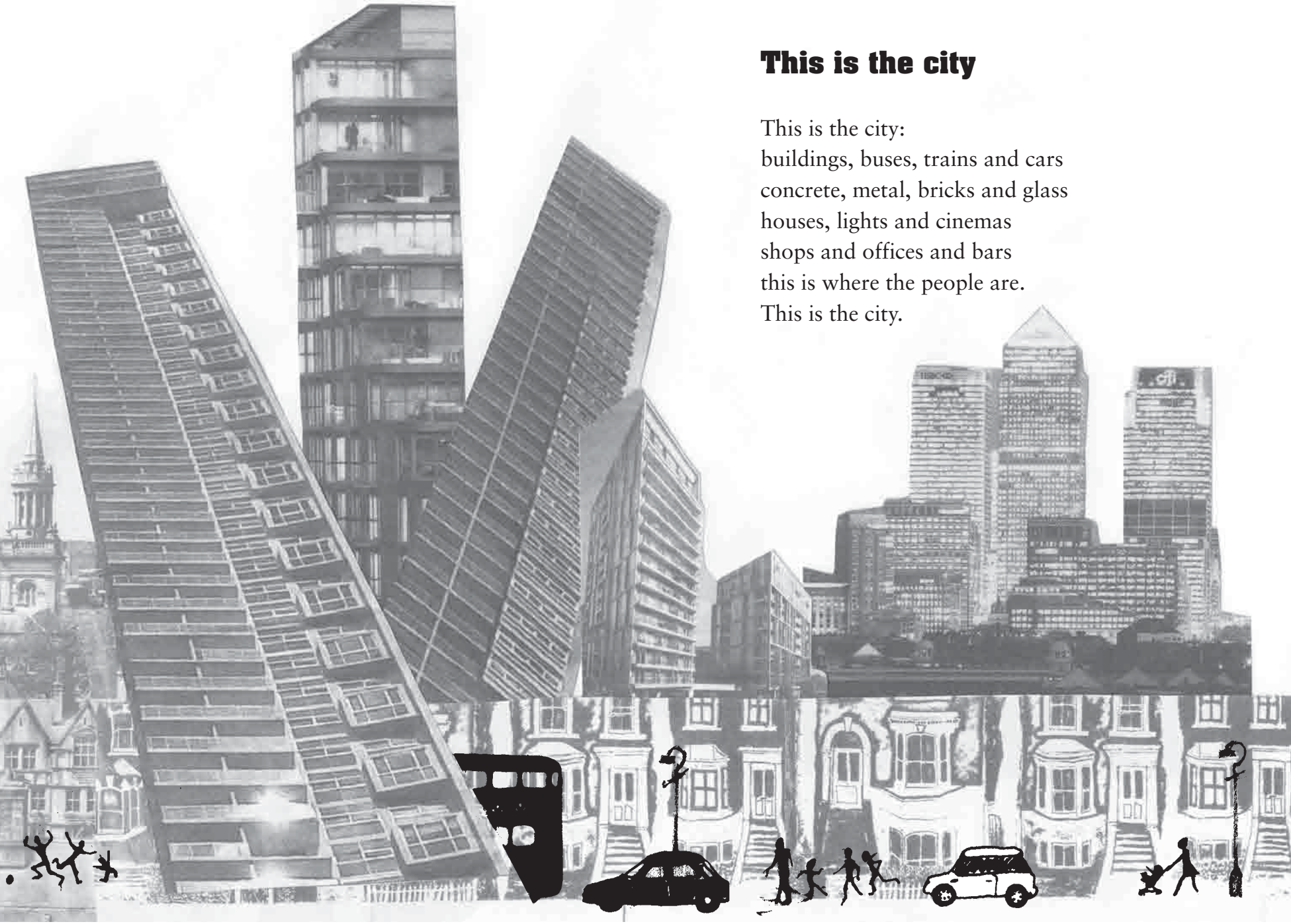
I was reading a text message
when I should have read the door
so then I pushed instead of pulled
and dropped my mobile on the floor.

Then I started on this poem
and went out for another look

because

reading is amazing
and all the world's a book.





This is the city

This is the city:
buildings, buses, trains and cars
concrete, metal, bricks and glass
houses, lights and cinemas
shops and offices and bars
this is where the people are.
This is the city.



Out in the city

Out in the city what can you see?

A mother with a baby much smaller than me
    riding on her back
    in a big striped sash
and a boy talking a language I don't understand.

There's a man with a fiddle and magic hands
playing tunes that make my feet get up and dance
and another with his hair in a cockatoo's crest
and rings in his nose and his ear and his lip
and a woman covered from head to toe
just her eyes looking out through a cloth window

and right in the middle of all those streets
I saw a girl who was walking a sheep.

Home again and shut the door.
Tomorrow we'll go out and see some more.



The dragon with a big nose

The dragon with a big nose
and twelve toes
on each foot,
eats flies
and mince pies

and sometimes,
when he's very bad,
whole towns
upside down,

streets and houses,
shops and churches,
schools and factories,
undergrounds,

swallows them all
quite whole
and spits out the glass
    fast
        treading very carefully
        somewhere else
        going away.

No one's ever seen him coming.
They can't see him leave.
No one's ever seen him anyway

. . . except me.

