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Opening extract from

I am a Poetato
An A-Z of Poems About People, Pets and Other Creatures

Written by

John Hegley

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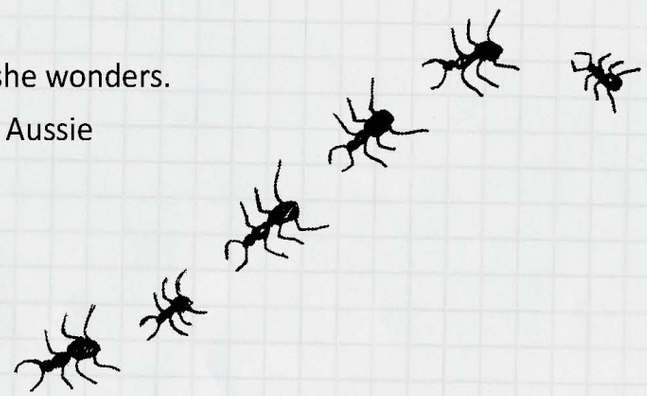
ALLIGATOR

To an alligator, you are yum.
You are yum to the tum of an alligator.
Though you think and feel,
To an alligator, you are a meal deal.
To an alligator's scrunch, you're Lunchtime.
To an alligator's eyes, you're bite-size.
You're no pal of the alligator
But you can't get on with everyone, can you?
The thing is, to let those you don't get on with
have respect from you
Even if it's from a distance.
From QUITE a distance, if it's an alligator.

ANTS

In Australia.
Summer, with Isabella
four winters old, in her swimming cozzie.
I'm finding it hard to tell her stuff...
like, *'Put your shoes on when we walk*
the wooden walkway to the beach,
or you'll get splinters!'
'I won't get splinters,
I won't put my shoes on. No!'

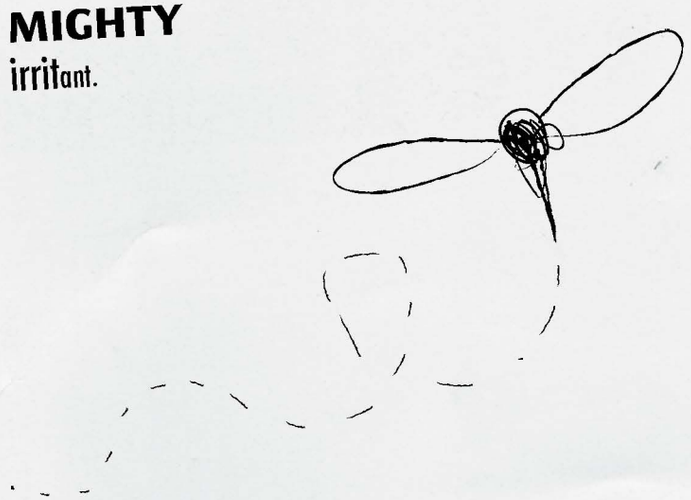
The passing Australian woman
stops at our struggling and tells her,
'You should put your shoes on real quick.
There are **bull ants**.'
Quickly averse to this idea
Isabella puts on her shoes.
'**Bull ants** – *what are they?'* she wonders.
'What are they?' echoes the Aussie
with the voice of fear.
'...They are ***big.***
They are ***poison.***
And, they are here.'



A MOSQUITO

I whirl,
I whizz,
I'm not an ant.
I is the Moz,

I'm a *flighty*
BITEY,
MIGHTY
irritant.



B

BEES

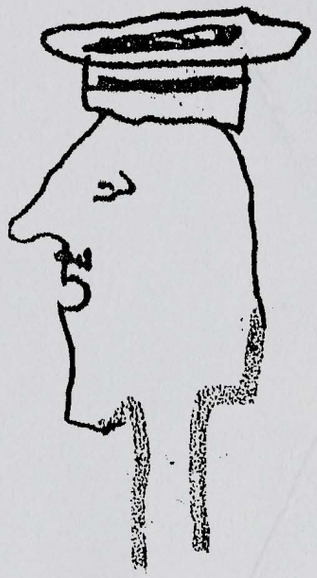
Luton Town Football Club
have won the league
and today, in the game against Brentford, The Bees,
they will be given The Cup.
I have gone up to Luton on the train
even though I know there are no tickets left.
I just want to sit near the ground
and hear the sound of the **FANS** inside
CHEERING Luton along.

As I walk towards the stadium,
I see a man
who has been flogging flags
on sticks in the street.
He is packing away all that he has not sold.

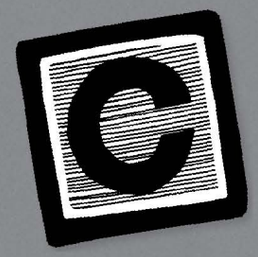
As I go and sit by the ground
I see a pile of STICKS
I do not realise straight away
that they are from fans
who have bought the man's flags.

However, when I see a single flag attached
I suppose the stewards have said to the supporters,
'You can't bring the sticks inside the ground
as it might go in someone's eye.'
One purchaser has obviously decided
they can't be bothered
to detach their flag
and here it lies in the heap.

I pick it up, and sit beside the turnstiles
ready to start waving, if Luton score.



They do score, and I wave the flag WILDLY.
The people in the ground may be able
to see the game,
but they can't have the same FUN as me,
waving their flags,
because they don't have any STICKS.



CAT

We have a cat.
We give her dry biscuits for lunch,
and when she is at her meal
we call her **Captain Crunch.**
In my mind I can see her
in a little Super-hero's cloak
made from a facecloth
and she's bombing down with
flower-bunches
to comfort other females
whose dads
refuse them affection.

CHRISTMAS CATERPILLAR

It crawled up Santa's trousers
with all its little legs
and that creepy kept on crawling
with Santa unaware
until he felt a tiny tickle
and he went ooh ooooh
oooooh ooo ooh
ooooooooooooh

oooh

ooh