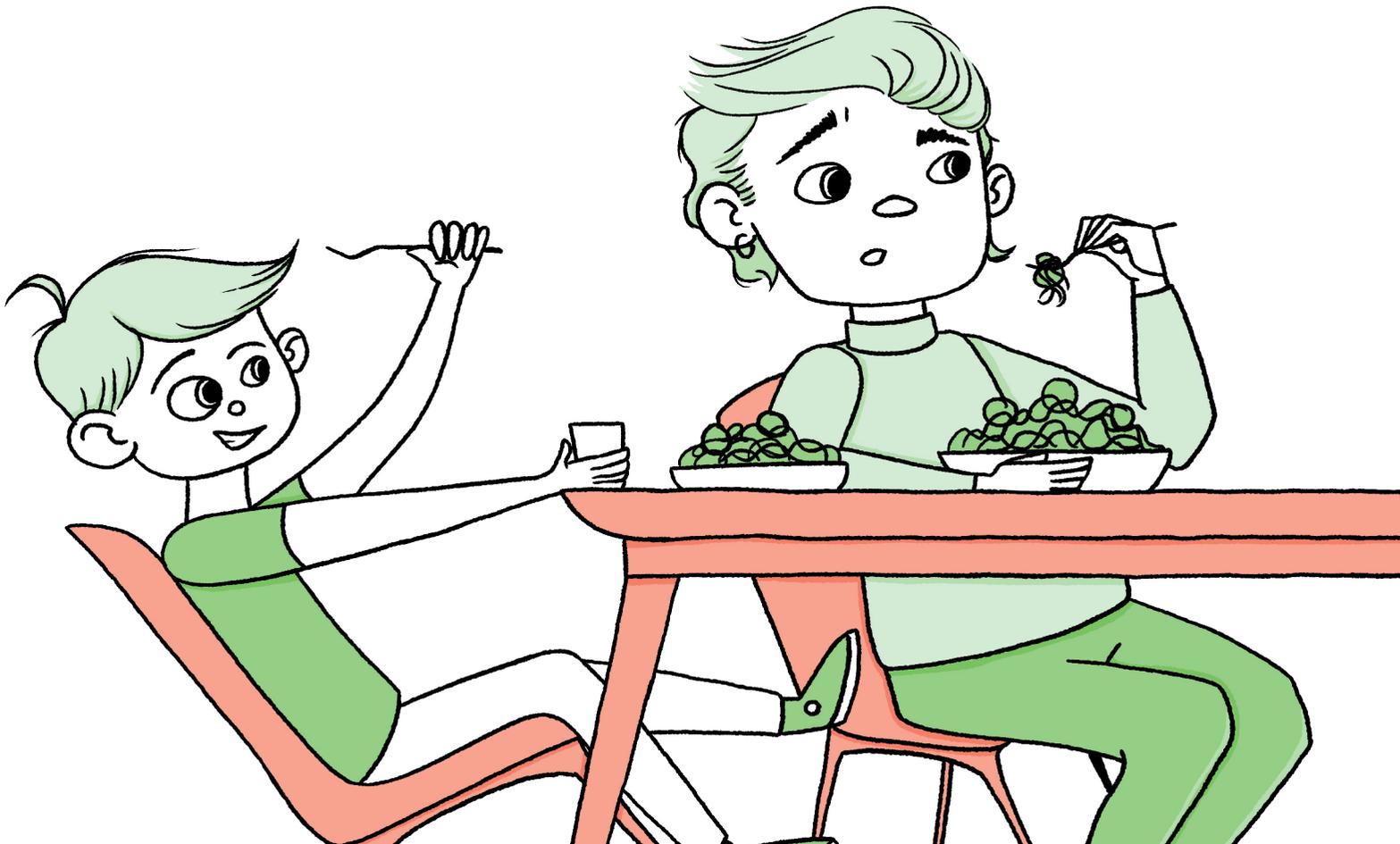
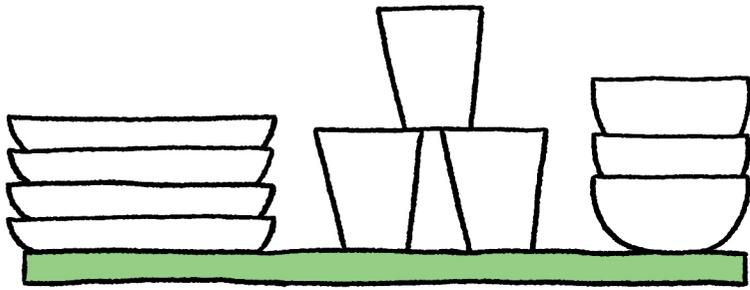


really

ROTTEN RHYMES

Gabriel Fitzmaurice
illustrated by
Alice Coleman



A MESSY EATER

Tom's a messy eater,
He messes up the place,
Gravy on the table,
Pandy on his face.

Tom's a messy eater,
He gobbles up his food,
He says that that's the only way
It does him any good.

Tom's a messy eater,
No matter how you scold
He's got no table manners.
It's not that he's being bold,

He's just a messy eater
And that's the way he'll be
Until he gets a girlfriend.
Then he'll change. You'll see.



AN APPLE FOR THE TEACHER

'Bring apples to eat', the teacher said,
But me, I'd rather mush
So I threw mine down the toilet
But the apple wouldn't flush.

It just kept bobbing like a ball
As the flush foamed all about,
So I put my hand in the toilet bowl
And took the apple out.

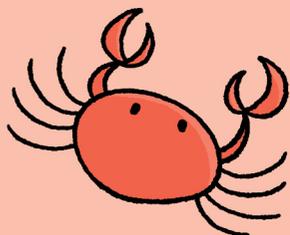
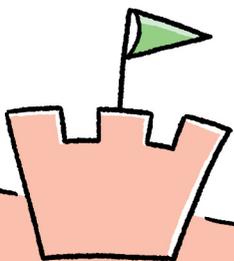
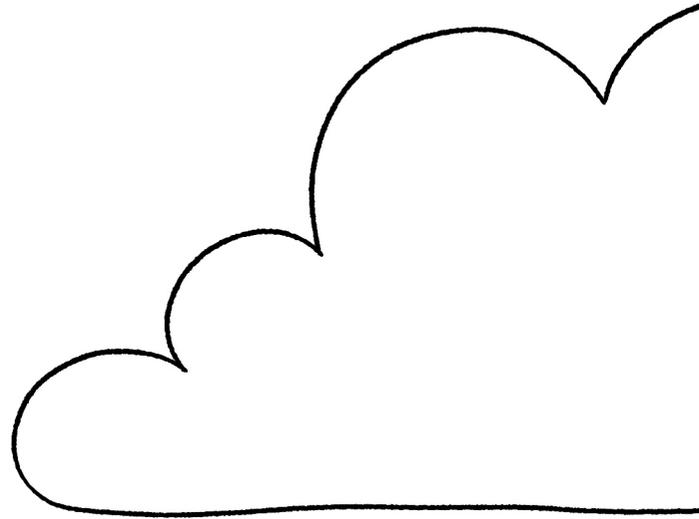
I washed it in the basin
So nobody would know
Then dried it on my jumper
And gave it to 'Mister O'

(That's what we call our teacher),
He rubbed it once or twice
And then he ate my apple.
He said 'twas very nice.



AT THE SEASIDE

When you paddle
In the sea
First you shiver
Then you pee
And the waves that licked your toes
Suddenly
Fizz up your nose
And you stumble
Oh the shock
And you swallow water
Yock
But it's sweaty summer weather
And it's great fun altogether



AUNT JANE

My Aunt Jane
Had dirty toes,
Dirty nails
And dirty clothes
And, when the wash-up
Time would come,
She'd wipe the knives
Across her bum.

And though you'd think
That doing that
Would make her sick,
Well, it did not -
She had resistance
To all dirt
That no bug
Could ever hurt.

Never sick
And never down,
She'd sing where other
Folks would frown;
She sang her troubles
Clean away.
They don't make folks
Like her today.

Aunt Jane.



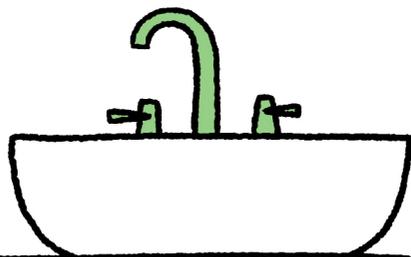
BURSTING PIMPLES

Did you ever burst a pimple?
It doesn't hurt at all -
The white stuff shoots right out of it
To the mirror on the wall;

And then you get a tissue
To mop up bits of blood
And you flush it down the toilet
And it goes off with the flood.

And you polish up the mirror
To get rid of all the goo
And you flush that down the toilet
Too.

Oh I love bursting pimples!
It doesn't hurt at all
When all the bad inside you
Is splattered on the wall.



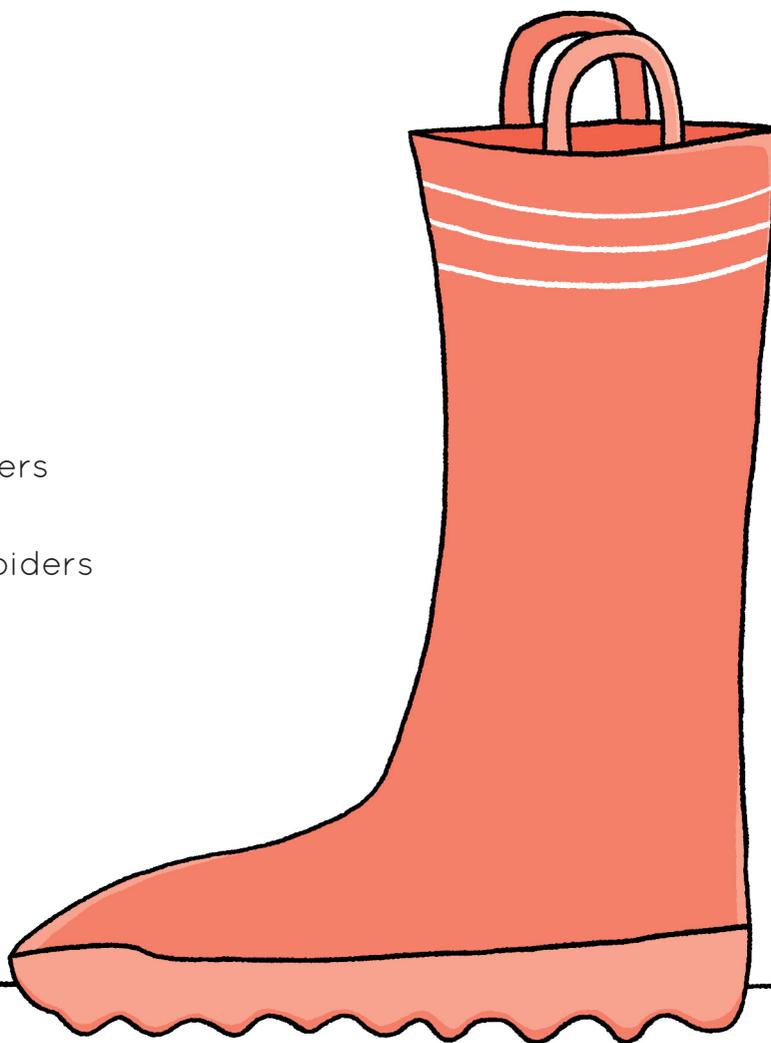
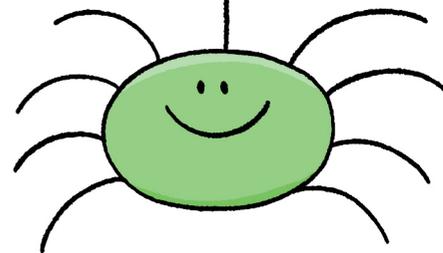
CHECKIN' MY WELLIES FOR SPIDERS

I'm checkin' my wellies for spiders,
I turn them upside down,
I'm checkin' my wellies for spiders
Before I put them on.

I'm checkin' my wellies for spiders
'Cos they might be inside -
I know if I was a spider
'Twould be a brilliant hide.

I'm checkin' my wellies for spiders,
Once I had no fear
Of creepy things like spiders
But now I just can't bear

The thought of touchin' crawlies -
They give me the creeps
So I'm checkin' my wellies for spiders
Before I put in my feet.
Yeah! I'm checkin' my wellies for spiders
Before I put in my feet.



DID YOU EVER EAT A WORM?

Did you ever eat a worm?
Well, Willie used to do -
He'd get a great big lump of earth
And he'd eat that too.



And the more he chewed it
And the more the worm went in,
The more the earth and worm-guts
Went going down his chin.

Did you ever eat a worm?
Well, Willie often did
And, well, maybe you did too
When you were a kid

'Cos kids love earth and worms,
I don't know why they do
But they seem to get a kick
Out of guts and grime and goo.

They do!



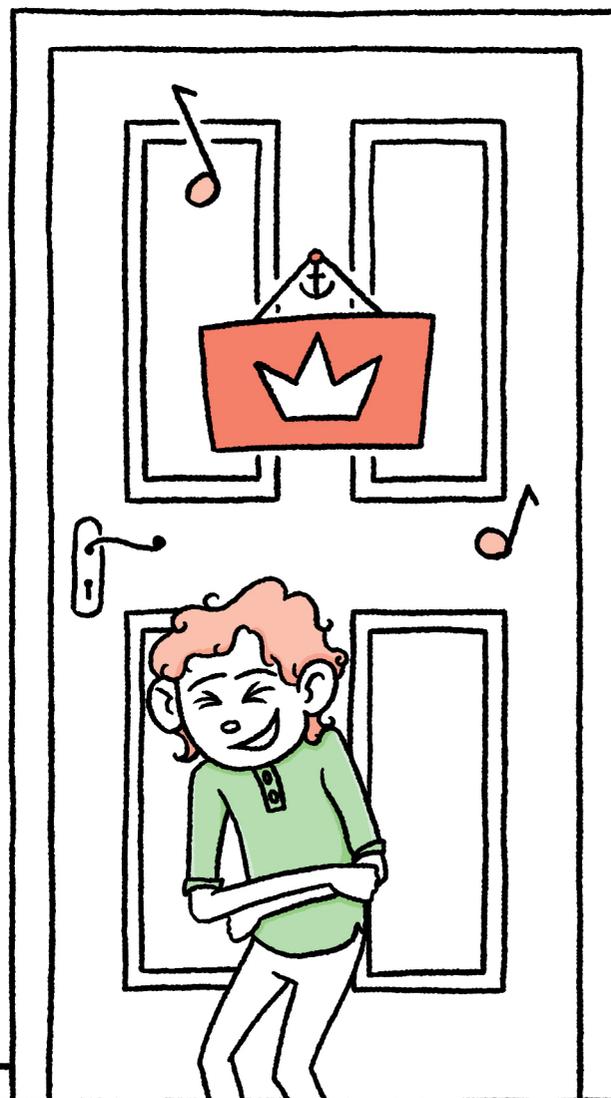
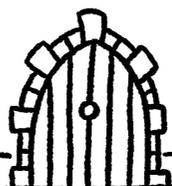
HE SINGS WHEN HE'S ON THE TOILET

He sings when he's on the toilet
(He talks to himself as well),
He thinks there's no one listening
And we all have to quell

Our giggles at his antics
While he's sitting on the throne,
Somehow, when you're in there,
You think you're all alone

And so you start up singing
And making speeches too
'Cos you think no one can hear you
When you're sitting on the loo.
Oh, you think no one can hear you
When you're sitting on the loo.

But they can!



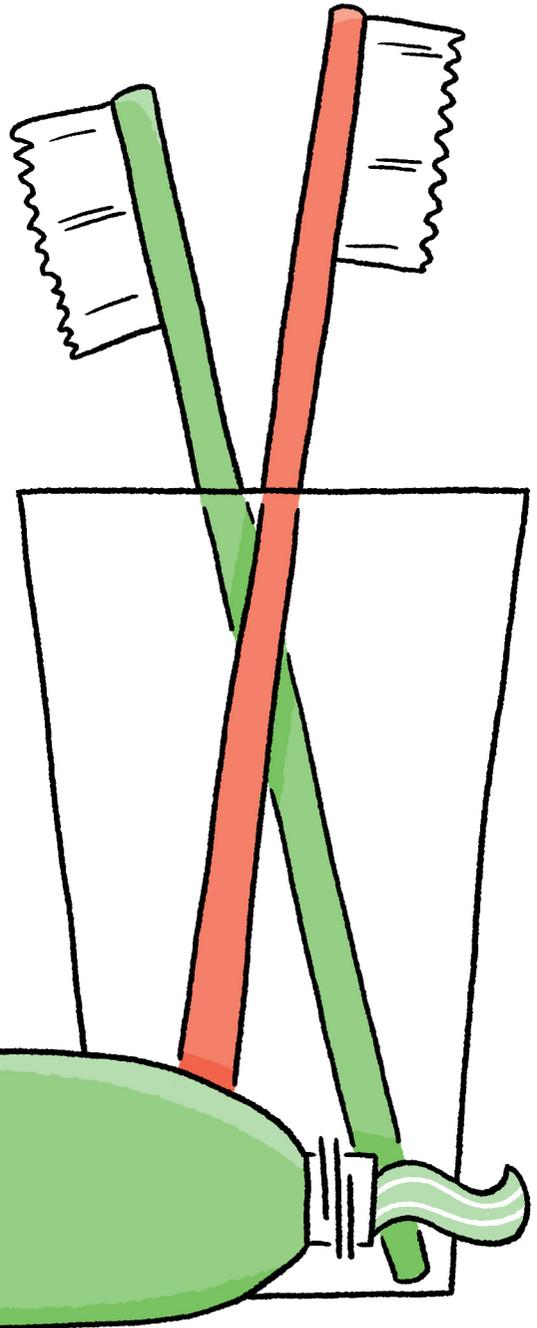
I SWALLOWED MY TOOTH WHEN I WAS YOUNG

I swallowed my tooth when I was young
But it worked out OK
(The tooth fairy came
Anyway).

I swallowed my tooth when I was young,
It was loose inside my mouth
And when it fell out of my gum
It went in instead of out.

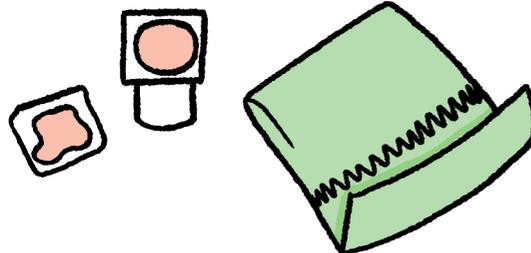
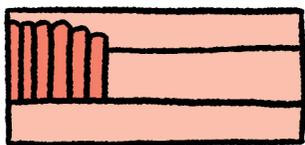
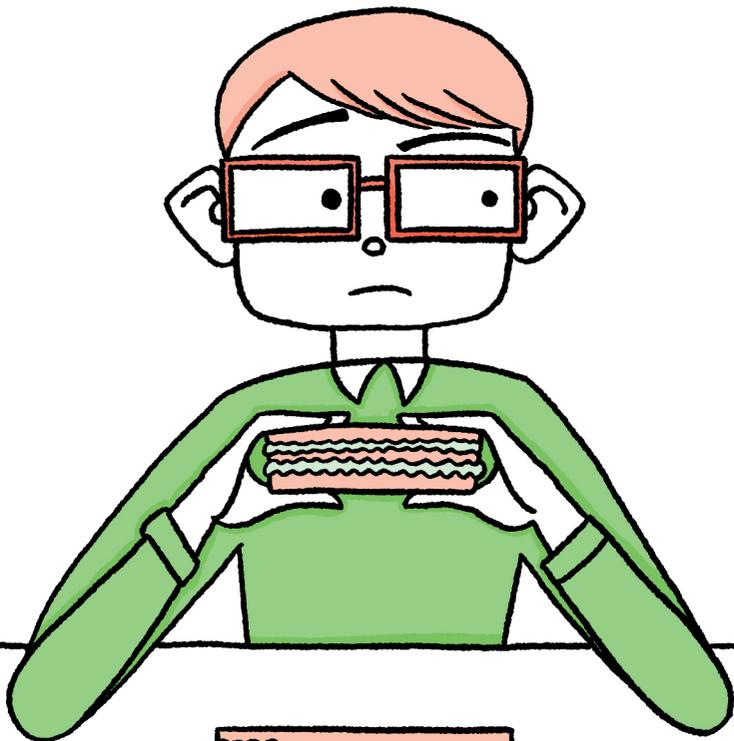
I swallowed my tooth when I was young
But I didn't mind
'Cos my tooth went wiggling down my guts
And came out my behind.

I swallowed my tooth when I was young
And a permanent tooth appeared
Now I'm beyond that baby stuff
'Cos that was, well ... last year.'



JOHNNY MANNERS

Johnny Manners
Is a square
Tidy clothes
And tidy hair
Never plays
Or acts the mick
Johnny Manners
Makes me sick

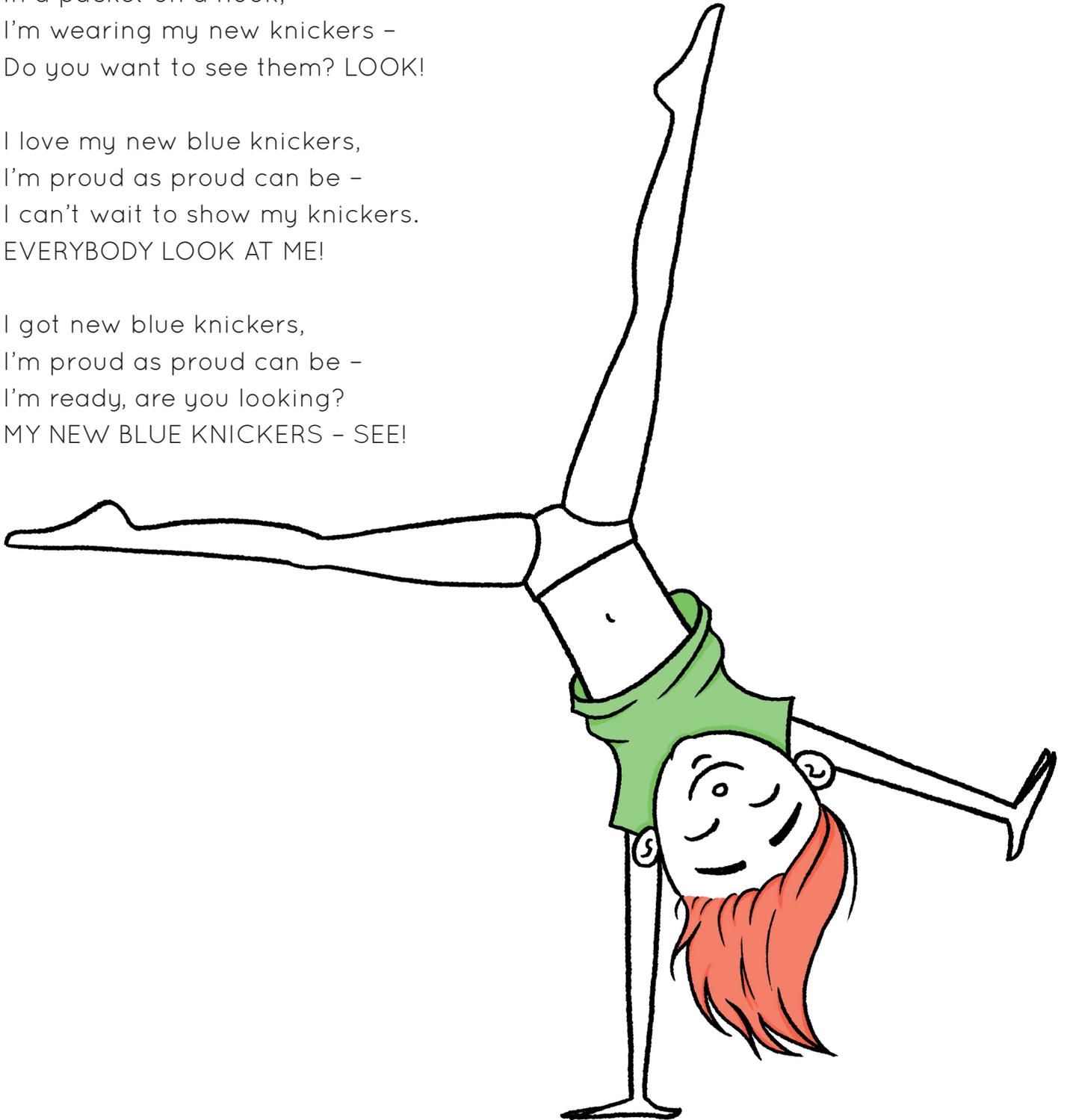


MY NEW BLUE KNICKERS

I got new blue knickers
In a packet on a hook;
I'm wearing my new knickers -
Do you want to see them? LOOK!

I love my new blue knickers,
I'm proud as proud can be -
I can't wait to show my knickers.
EVERYBODY LOOK AT ME!

I got new blue knickers,
I'm proud as proud can be -
I'm ready, are you looking?
MY NEW BLUE KNICKERS - SEE!



MY YOGHURT SPILLED IN MY BAG

My yoghurt spilled in my bag,
It stuck like snots to a rag
And no one would help,
I'd to clean it myself,
Now my books are so soggy they sag.



PUKE

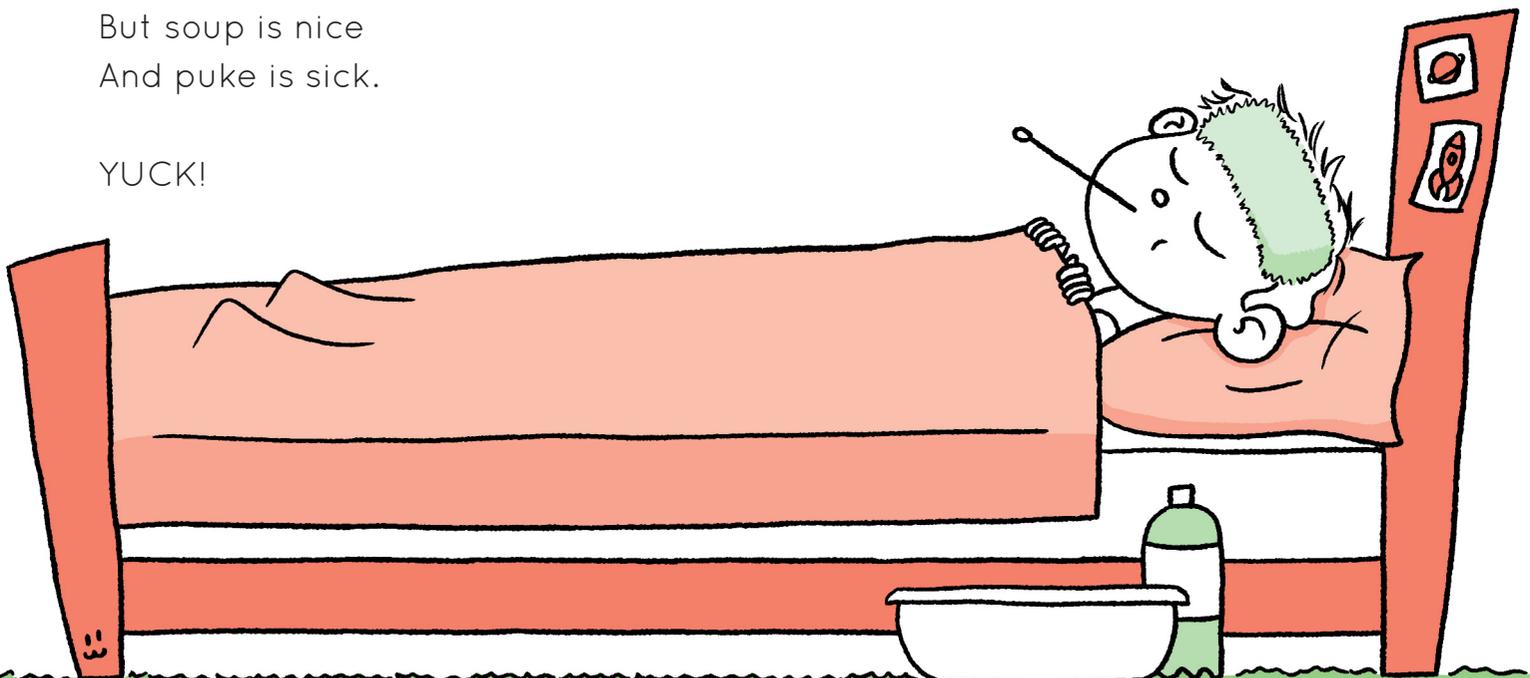
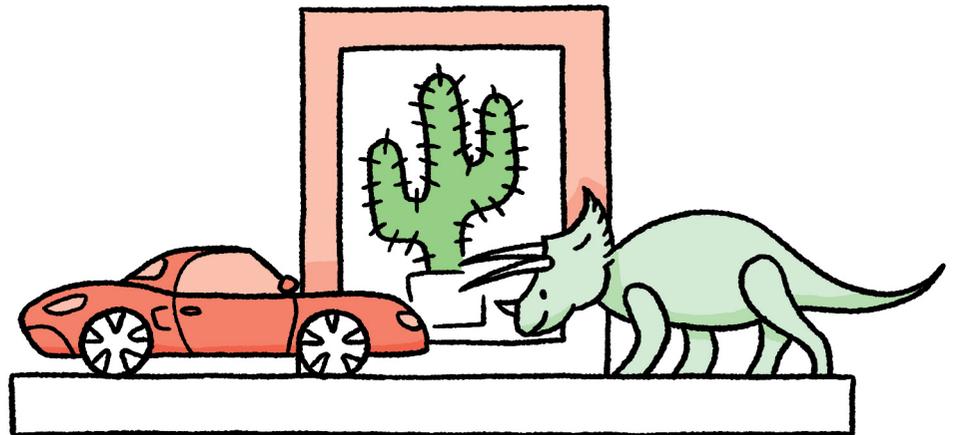
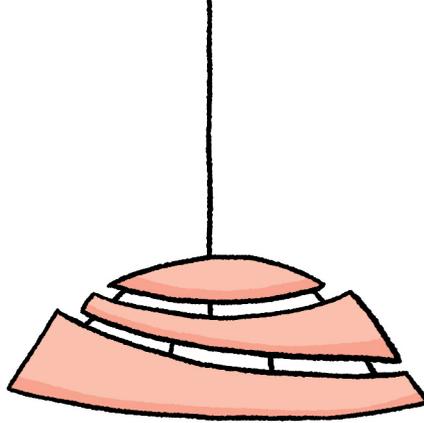
Puke is stinky,
Puke is thick,
The smell of puke
Would make you sick.

Puke is lumpy,
Looks like soup
But you couldn't drink
A bowl of puke

'Cos puke comes up
And soup goes down
And both are lumpy,
Thick and brown;

Yes! Both are lumpy,
Brown and thick
But soup is nice
And puke is sick.

YUCK!





When you make a smelly,
What are you to do?
You act like all the others
And pretend it wasn't you.

When you make a smelly,
You hide it, so you do
And hope no one will notice
The smelly came from you.
You do!

Kids will love this collection of hilarious and revolting rhymes on everything from puke to pooh, snot to spiders and other really rotten stuff!

Based on the author's experiences as a teacher, as a parent, and as a big kid himself, these rhymes present the really rotten moments that children relish. These are rhymes that children, young and old, will enjoy repeating to themselves and to friends - they're rotten and they're slightly, but nicely, rude. The children love them, their grown-ups pretend to be less amused (but in secret they love them too!)



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