

## ***Please Mrs Butler by Allan Ahlberg***

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps copying my work, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Go and sit in the hall, dear.  
Go and sit in the sink.  
Take your books on the roof, my lamb.  
Do whatever you think.

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps taking my rubber, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Keep it in your hand, dear.  
Hide it up your vest.  
Swallow it if you like, my love.  
Do what you think is best.

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps calling me rude names, miss.  
What shall I do?

Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear.  
Run away to sea.  
Do whatever you can, my flower.  
But *don't ask me*.

## ***Excuses by Allan Ahlberg***

I've writ on the wrong page, Miss.  
My pencil went all blunt.  
My book was upside-down, Miss.  
My book was back to front.

My margin's gone all crooked, Miss.  
I've smudged mine with my scarf.

I've rubbed a hole in the paper, Miss.  
My ruler's broke in half.

My work's blew out the window, Miss.  
My work's fell in the bin.  
The leg's dropped off my chair, Miss.  
The ceiling's coming in.

I've ate a poison apple, Miss.  
I've held a poison pen!  
I think I'm being kidnapped, Miss!  
So . . . can we start again?

## ***The sound collector by Roger McGough***

A stranger called this morning  
Dressed all in black and grey  
Put every sound into a bag  
And carried them away

The whistling of the kettle  
The turning of the lock  
The purring of the kitten  
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster  
The crunching of the flakes  
When you spread the marmalade  
The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying pan  
The ticking of the grill  
The bubbling of the bathtub  
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops  
On the windowpane  
When you do the washing-up  
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby  
The squeaking of the chair  
The swishing of the curtain  
The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning  
He didn't leave his name  
Left us only silence  
Life will never be the same