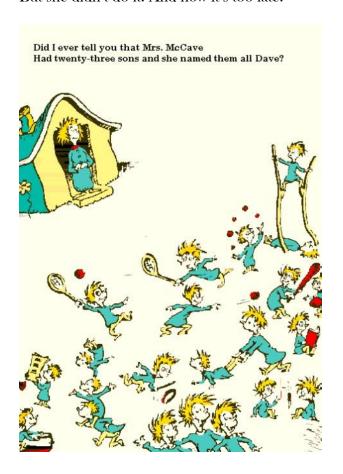
Too Many Daves - Dr Seuss

Did I ever tell you that Mrs. McCave Had twenty-three sons and she named them all Dave? Well, she did. And that wasn't a smart thing to do. You see, when she wants one and calls out, "Yoo-Hoo! Come into the house, Dave!" she doesn't get one. All twenty-three Daves of hers come on the run! This makes things quite difficult at the McCaves' As you can imagine, with so many Daves. And often she wishes that, when they were born, She had named one of them Bodkin Van Horn And one of them Hoos-Foos. And one of them Snimm. And one of them Hot-Shot. And one Sunny Jim. And one of them Shadrack. And one of them Blinkey. And one of them Stuffy. And one of them Stinkey. Another one Putt-Putt. Another one Moon Face. Another one Marvin O'Gravel Balloon Face. And one of them Ziggy. And one Soggy Muff. One Buffalo Bill. And one Biffalo Buff. And one of them Sneepy. And one Weepy Weed. And one Paris Garters. And one Harris Tweed. And one of them Sir Michael Carmichael Zutt And one of them Oliver Boliver Butt And one of them Zanzibar Buck-Buck McFate ... But she didn't do it. And now it's too late.



Down Behind the Dustbin - Michael Rosen

Down behind the dustbin I met a dog called Ted. 'Leave me alone,' he says, 'I'm just going to bed.'

Down behind the dustbin I met a dog called Roger. 'Do you own this bin?' I said. 'No. I'm only a lodger.'

Down behind the dustbin I met a dog called Sue. 'What are you doing here?' I said. 'I've got nothing else to do.'

Down behind the dustbin I met a dog called Jim. He didn't know me And I didn't know him.

Down behind the dustbin I met a dog called Sid. He said he didn't know me But I'm pretty sure he did.





These Are The Hands by Michael Rosen

These are the hands. That touch us first Feel your head Find the pulse And make your bed.

These are the hands That tap your back Test the skin Hold your arm Wheel the bin Change the bulb Fix the drip Pour the jug Replace your hip

These are the hands
That fill the bath
Mop the floor
Flick the switch
Soothe the sore
Burn the swabs
Give us a jab
Throw out sharps
Design the lab.

And these are the hands That stop the leaks Empty the pan Wipe the pipes Carry the can Clamp the veins Make the cast Log the dose And touch us last.

