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Opening extract from  
**My Mum's Growing Down**

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Illustrated by  
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# My Mum's Growing

# DOWN



## Laura Dockrill

illustrated by David TAZZMAN

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FABER & FABER

*For my mum x*

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## My Mum's Growing Down

**T**here's something I must tell you since my  
teacher will not listen,  
I wonder if you've heard of my mother's  
s-t-r-a-n-g-e condition,  
It is a bit unusual; I can't *fake* to be proud,  
I'm sure your mum's a grown up,  
But . . .

### **My mum's growing DOWN!**

She says 'I've worked so hard for years and  
I deserve a rest!'  
As she scribbles with crayons and pours  
custard down her dress,  
She's dangling from the banister with her  
head upside-down!  
Does your mum do this?  
*Help!*

### **My mum's growing DOWN!**

Mum's as old as a T. Rex but she never acts  
her age,  
And I can't take her anywhere as she always  
misbehaves!  
She looks like a flamingo, a sparkle disco  
clown  
Is your mum growing up?  
Because . . .

## **My mum's growing DOWN!**

She eats chocolate cake for breakfast, drinks  
milkshakes instead of tea,  
She draws on the walls with lipstick and  
blames the mess on me!  
She cries her wrinkly eyes out if she can't  
wear her ballgown!  
The house is crazy chaos!  
Since



## **My mum's growing DOWN!**

She seeks out the vegetables I've hidden in  
her mash  
Then with **PERMANENT** marker, she  
gives herself a 'tache  
'Let's pretend I'm a *dad* today when we go  
into town!'  
Not another day of this . . .  
Please . . .

## **My mum's growing DOWN!**

She says, 'I've taken care of you for years,  
now *you* take care of *me*!  
Make me a jelly-pie sandwich please, then  
lullaby me to sleep.'  
I just wish she'd do the dishes instead of  
'*chilling out*'  
Whilst your mum's making dinner . . .  
Guess what . . .

## **My mum's growing DOWN!**

She likes to play mermaids in the bath, bake  
cookies up from scratch  
And she stomps in the supermarket like a  
spoiled brat  
If I don't buy *that cereal* she throws herself  
on the ground  
And I'm supposed to be the kid!  
But OH NO . . .

## **My mum's growing DOWN!**

Mum says 'Life's too short for boring-ness,  
it's time we had some **FUN!**'  
As she sprays me in the face with her brand  
new water gun  
She's forgotten the word 'quiet' so her voice is  
**BOOMING** loud . . .  
And I just want some '*me*' time  
AS IF . . .

## **My mum's growing DOWN!**

She shoves baked beans up her nose, blows  
bubbles in her juice  
**‘That looks like POO!’** she screams  
as you eat your chocolate mousse  
She lies on her back and sees rainbows in  
the clouds  
Whilst your mum is a *proper* mum

## **My mum’s growing DOWN!**

Now there’s glitter in the toothpaste,  
bunny ears on her head  
A gross collection of bogies wiped  
underneath her bed  
She’s learning to play the trumpet;  
she carries a hula-hoop around  
Can you see what I’m dealing with here?

## **My mum’s growing DOWN!**





I apologise to passers-by, this is just what  
Mum's like  
As she rides behind on a skateboard tied to  
the backseat of my bike  
And if a *normal* mum makes you *normal*  
then I guess I'm out of luck  
Because all of Mum's growing down is  
making **me grow up!**

But '*a little touch of playfulness is what will  
keep you young*'  
So I wouldn't switch this naughty parent for  
another one,  
Even though she's so annoying and stands  
out from the crowd  
There's never a dull day when . . .

**My mum's growing DOWN!**

My Mum Has Hair On Her Head  
and This Is What It's Like . . .

Mangled, tangled,  
neck is strangled,  
spider leg dangles  
on a string.

My mum's hair  
is like Rapunzel's  
undles of bundle,  
what shall we do with it?

Knit a scarf  
for a giraffe,  
a hammock  
for a swing,

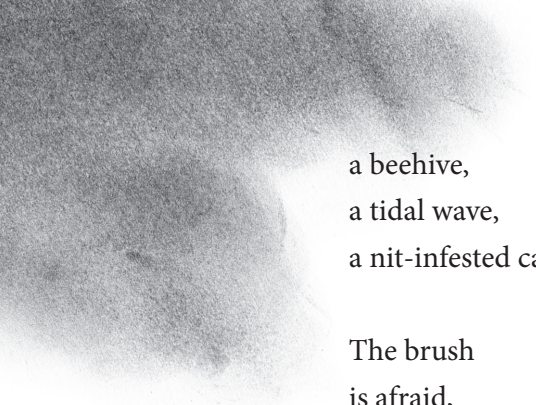
sew a drawbridge  
for a moat,  
loop ropes for  
wrestling,

thatch a net  
to catch  
a pet,  
crotchet a field of wheat,  
web a bed  
a pillow and spread  
and a set  
of hairy sheets!

Mum says she loves it  
all winding and wrapping,  
spilt end snapping  
and climbing  
the walls . . .

But I cannot stand it  
all crawling and slacking  
and making me late for school.

It's a storage cupboard,  
a handbag  
to rummage,  
like Medusa's snatching  
snakes,



a beehive,  
a tidal wave,  
a nit-infested cave.

The brush  
is afraid,  
been missing for days and  
we're all out of conditioner

and the scissors  
bend,  
the hairdryer  
plays sick for pretend  
and nobody can find the  
the hairdresser!

The rough  
scruff of trouble  
is a weed-breeding jungle  
that looks like the fluff in the Hoover!

Like dressing gown  
tassels  
you would NOT want to battle  
as you'd always end up  
as the loser!

To bulk it up  
she's even used bread,  
a roll of baguette  
on top of her head!



Grubby as  
sewage,  
you cannot  
comb through it  
so you're better off staying  
in bed!

It's like her hair has muscles  
as she  
does the daily struggle  
of wrestling with this  
halo boss,

it's bed head  
or wind swept,  
this head  
is a flea bed  
and is best to be  
**SHAVED OFF!**