

opening extract from

The Secret Life of Pants

written by

Roger Stevens

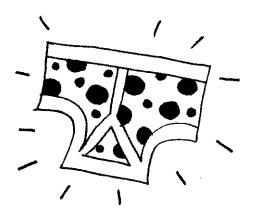
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In Praise of Pants



The Secret Life of Pants

I live with my mates Screwed up in the drawer Squashed flat at the back Passed over. Ignored

Every day in the morning We're all 'sorted out' Snatched, grabbed and stared at And twissled about

Whoever gets lucky
Is pulled on and worn
Which is nice
Because life on a bottom
Is warm!

But it doesn't last long
Till you hear yourself scream
As you're locked in and drowned
In the washing machine

Andrea Shavick

Fig Leaves

Adam's pants were fig leaves They covered up his bot – He found them in the bushes So they didn't cost a lot.

Peter Dixon



The Proud Pants Parade

Silly ones and frilly ones, Fragrant-as-a-lily ones.

Lacy ones and racy ones, Extra big and spacey ones.

Spotty ones and dotty ones, Raggy, baggy, grotty ones.

Cosy ones and rosy ones, Pretty-as-a-posy ones.

Crummy ones and funny ones, Cost-a-lot-of-money ones.

Fluffy ones and scruffy ones, Ancient, velvet, puffy ones.

Plastic ones, fantastic ones, Superman's elastic ones.

Snowy ones and showy ones, Flap-about and blowy ones.

Cotton ones and rotten ones, Better-be-forgotten ones.

Finer ones, designer ones, Never-seen-diviner ones,

Shiny ones and tiny ones

AND



Katie Had a Billy Goat

Katie had a billy goat Which ate Rolos, mints and Snickers And when she hung the washing out It gobbled up her knickers!

Angie Turner



This Haiku is Pants

Ants in your pants make you wriggle and squirm. Giraffes In your pants are worse

Katharine Crossley

Pants Limerick

A man from Southampton, in Hants, had a famous collection of pants. They ranged from the big, which could smother a pig, to the small which would barely fit ants.

Trevor Parsons

In the Pink

You'd think a teacher would have more sense Than to leap over a barbed wire fence But on a school trip That's just what ours did R – I – P!!!
And we saw his *pink* underpants!

Bernard Young



Lucky Pants

Turkey, Germany, Italy, Brazil
Come on lads, let's squash 'em
I've worn these pants for every game
Mum's not allowed to wash 'em

Mum says she'll have to wash 'em soon They're threatening my health She was right, I was ill for the very next match So my pants went by themselves

Roger Stevens