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Opening extract from
Too Noisy!

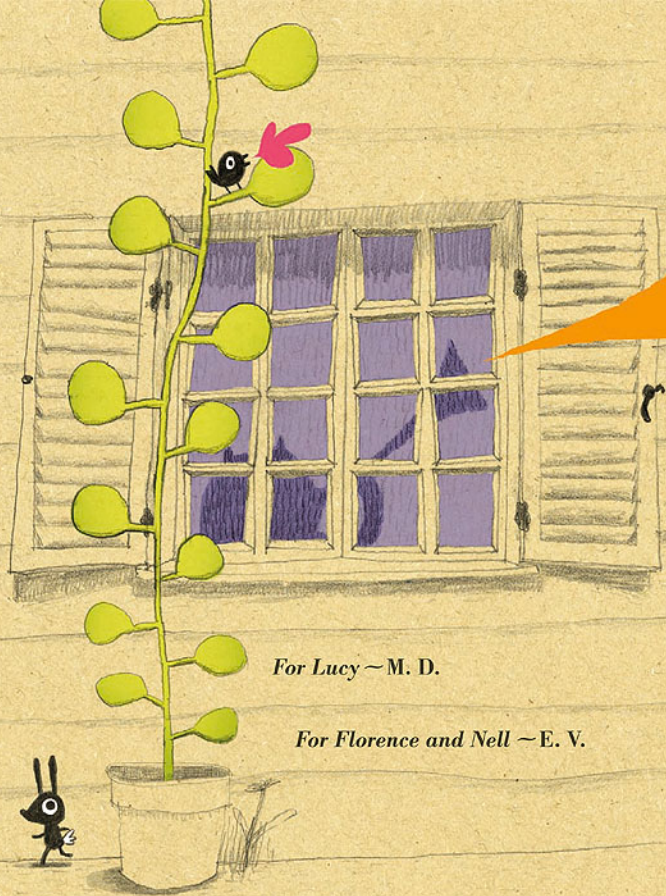
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For Lucy ~ M. D.

For Florence and Nell ~ E. V.

TOO NOISY!

malachy doyle

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CRASH! JANGLE!

Meet the Bungles -

Whistle! Tweetle! Toot!

Mama Bungle *trills* and *tinkles*,

Papa *wheezes*, then he *sneezes*,

Granny Bungle *clicks* and *clacks*

and Grandpa Bill's a **boomer**,

Bella **bangs** on pots and pans


and Fitz and Finn,
the Bunglebabies,

Squeak and

Squawk and

SQUELCH!





“Oh, will you ever shush!” cried Sam,
the middle one, the quiet one,
the Bungle full of dreams.
“There isn’t room to think round here,
all boom and bash and wallop!
Oh, I want it to be peaceful
but it’s not – it never is!”





And so he upped

to the wood.

and so he offed

and so he wandered

“Aha!” he sighed,
“that’s better,” as he
looked around at clouds
and trees and greens
and blues and water.

