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Opening extract from
Here Come the Creatures!

Written by
Wes Magee

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Please print off and read at your leisure.



For Alexander and Benjamin –
the terrific twins!



JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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Here Come the Creatures!

Poems by
WES MAGEE

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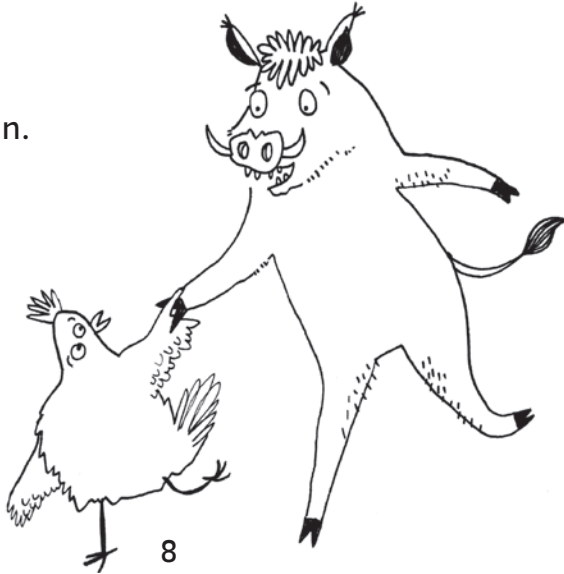
FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Here Come the Creatures... One, Two, Three!

Here come the creatures,
one,
two,
three.

A crocodile's holding hands with a flea.
A tiger's arm-in-arm with a rat,
and a terrapin's toddling-on with a bat.
An elephant's side-by-side with a wren,
and a warthog's waddling along with a hen.
Here come the creatures,

eight,
nine,
ten.



Stroke the Cat

Stroke the cat,
stroke the cat,
and lift it from the floor.

Stroke the cat,
stroke the cat,
and shake hands with its paw.

Stroke the cat,
stroke the cat,
and scratch its head once more.

Stroke the cat,
stroke the cat,
and shoo it... through the door!

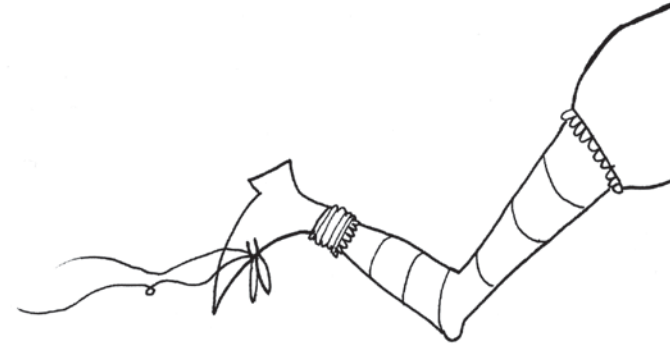


Kiss Chase

Let's play Kiss Chase
in the garden
and run round the apple tree.
If you catch me
when I'm running
then
you
kiss
me!



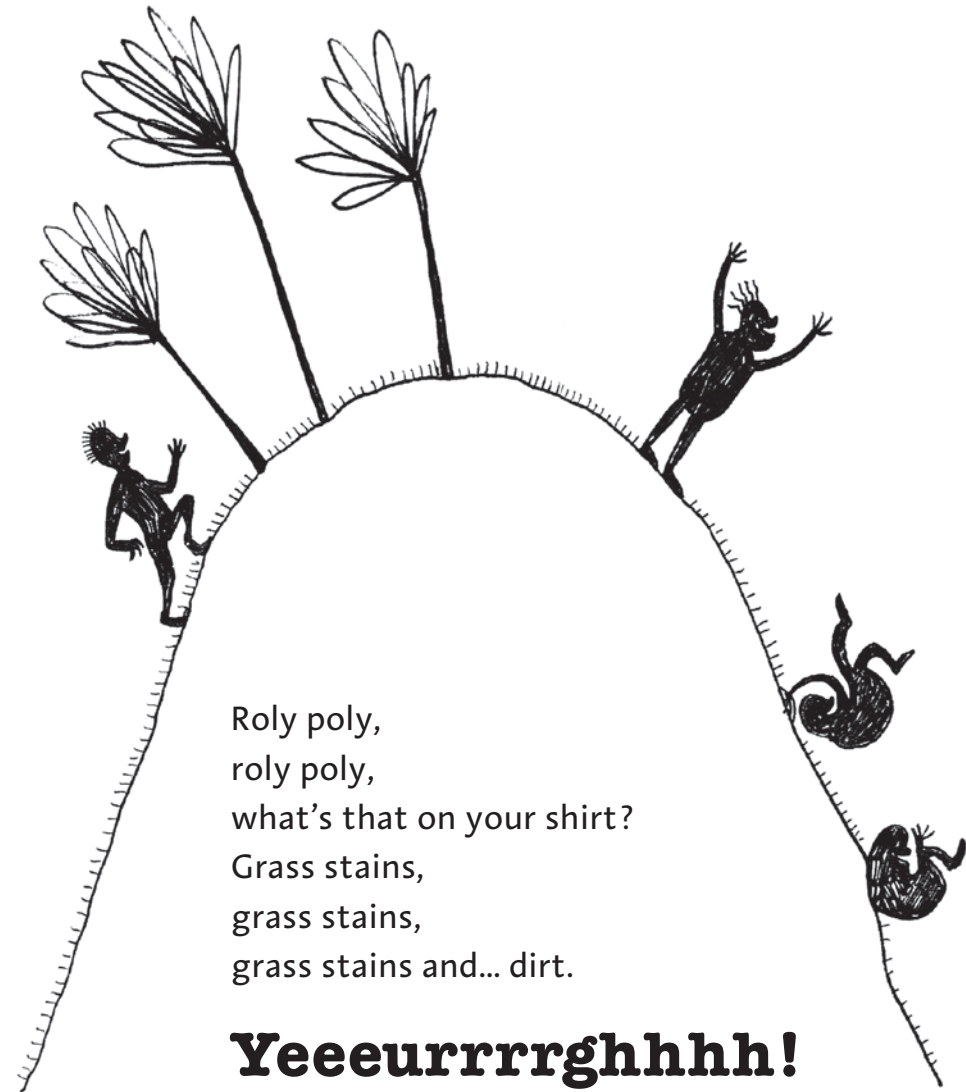
Let's play Kiss Chase
at the seaside
down beside the water blue.
If I catch you
when you're running
then
I
kiss
you!



Roly Poly

Roly Poly,
roly poly,
down a grassy hill.
Roly poly,
roly poly,
just like Jack and Jill.

Roly poly,
roly poly,
on a sunny day.
Roly poly,
Roly poly,
what a game to play.



The Digging Song

In your hands you hold the spade,
feel its well-worn wood.
Now you drive it in the earth,
drive it deep and good.

Dig, dig, digging dirt,
dirt inside your vest.
Dig, dig, digging dirt,
digging dirt is best.

Here are worms that twist and loop,
as tight as knots in string,
and here are spiders, ants and bugs
running in a ring.

Dig, dig, digging dirt,
dirt inside your vest.
Dig, dig, digging dirt,
digging dirt is best.

Soon your hands are red and raw,
blisters on the way,
but your spade just wants to dig
all the long hot day.

Dig, dig, digging dirt,
dirt inside your vest.
Dig, dig, digging dirt,
digging dirt is best.

