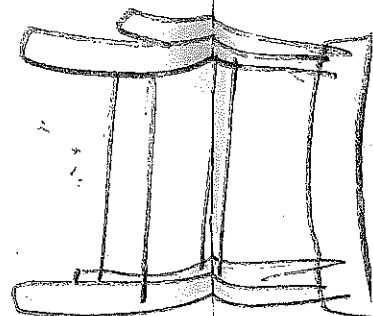


My Brother

My brother's on the floor roaring.
My brother's on the floor roaring.
Why is my brother on the floor roaring?
My brother is on the floor roaring
because he's supposed to finish his beans
before he has his pudding.
But he doesn't want to finish his beans
before he has his pudding.
He says he wants his pudding
NOW!
But they won't let him.
So now,
my brother is on the floor roaring.

They're saying,
'I give you one more chance to finish those beans
or you don't go to Tony's.'
But he's not listening.
He's on the floor roaring.



He's getting told off.
I'm not.
I've eaten my beans.
And do you know what I'm doing now?
I'm eating my pudding.
And ...
he's on the floor roaring.

If he wasn't ...
... on the floor roaring,
he'd see me eating my pudding.
And if he looked really close
he might see a tiny little smile
at the corner of my mouth.
But he's not looking, because ...
... he's on the floor roaring.



Trouble

Once my brother was in trouble
big, big trouble
and he was sent to his room
and I went upstairs to talk to him
and he told me how it was really,
really, really, really UNFAIR
and it was all Dad's fault
and didn't I agree it was all
Dad's fault?

And I felt sorry for my brother
and I wondered how I could help
and I thought, I know!
I could shout something really horrible
about our dad
and that would make my brother
feel better
because then my brother would know
that I was on his side.

So I thought,
What shall I shout?
I know!
I'll shout,
'STINKY OLD DAD!'
I'll shout it really, really loud
and that'll help,
that'll make my brother feel better.

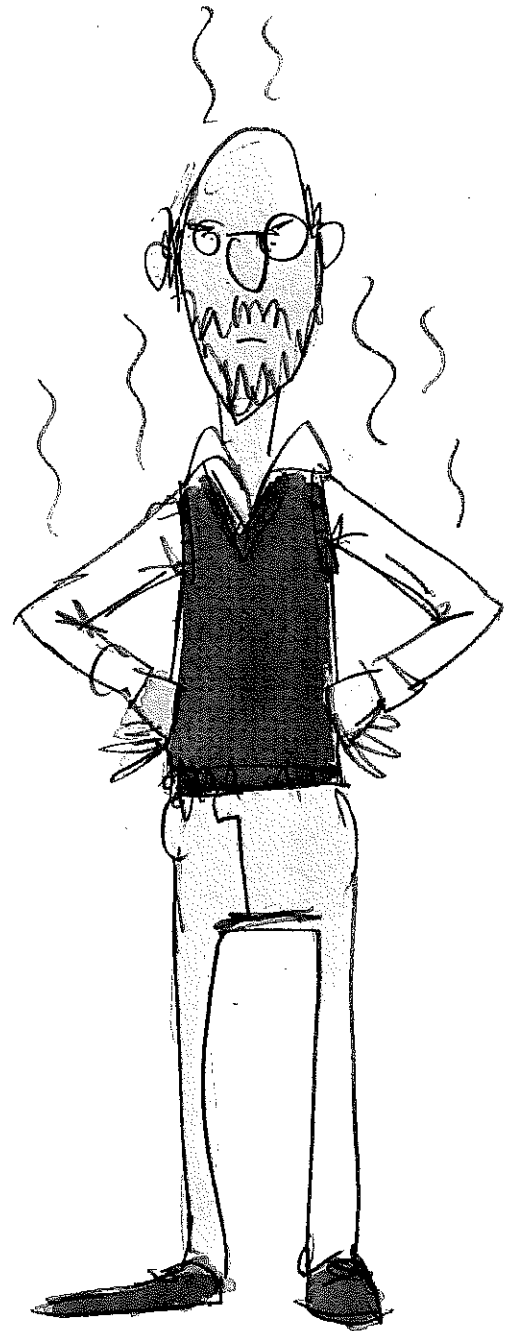
So I stood up on my bed
and I started to shout,
'STINKY OLD DAD!'

But the thing is,
I only got as far as
'STINKY OLD DA—'
when Dad walked in.
Right in the middle of me
shouting that.
I stopped just in time.

The thing is,
Dad didn't hear me.
He just walked straight in
and had another go at my brother.
And all the time Dad was going on
and on and on and on and on
we were trying not to laugh.
We didn't dare look at each other,
but I could hear my brother
making tiny little snorty noises in his nose.
And I coughed to cover up my laughing.

Then Dad walked out.

And we fell into a great heap of giggles,
saying 'Stinky Old Da—! Stinky Old Da—!'
over and over again.



The Frisbee

On a camping trip
my brother and me
invented the Frisbee.

Frisbees that spin as they fly,
as they zoom, as they dip.
A Frisbee: it's a disc, a satellite,
a UFO, a spaceship.

The Frisbee – it looks like it should hum
or whirr or buzz.
It doesn't even whisper. It flies and spins:
That's what it does.

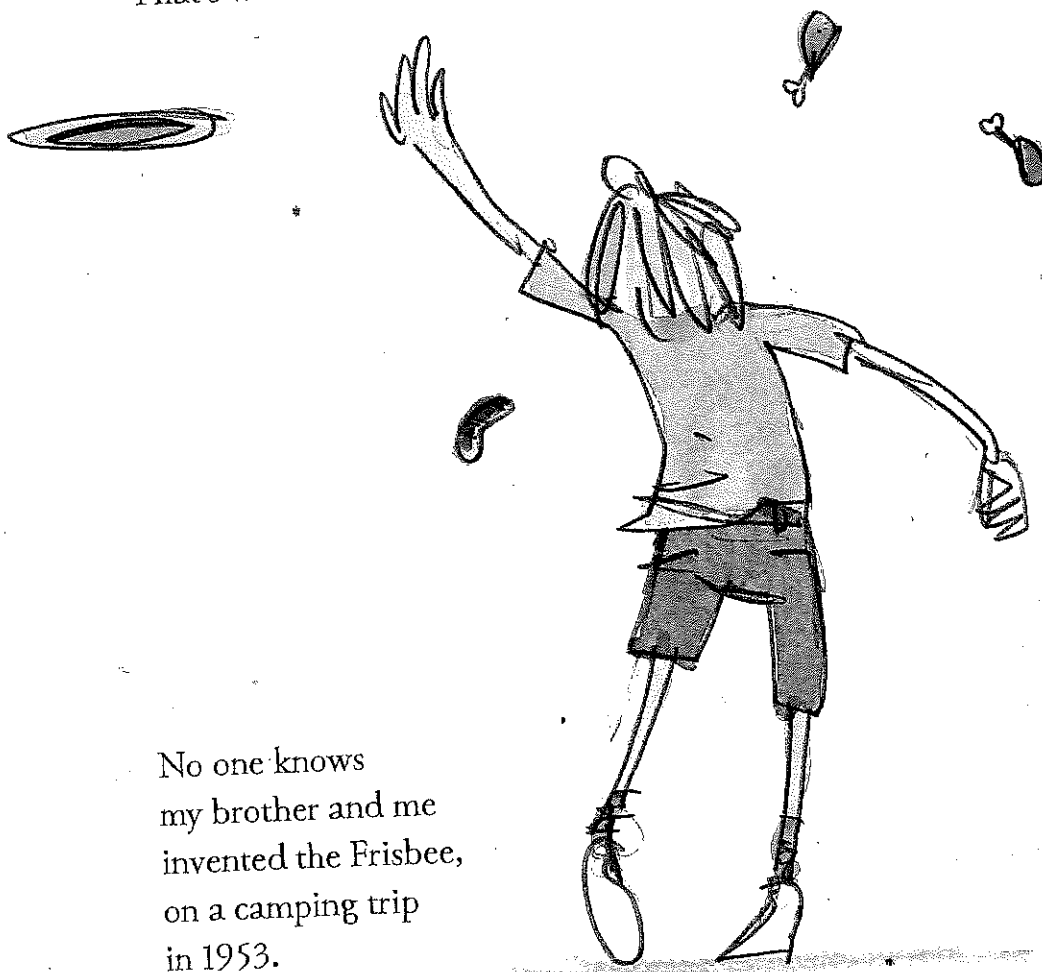
On a camping trip
my brother and me
invented the Frisbee.

I was seven
my brother was eleven.

We were washing the dishes:
thin, lightweight picnic plates.
My brother and me got bored.
It was getting late.

So we started throwing plates,
plates that spin as they fly,
as they zoom, as they dip.
Look! That plate is a disc
a satellite, a spaceship.

A plate that looks like it should hum
or whirr or buzz.
It doesn't even whisper. It flies, it spins:
That's what it does.



No one knows
my brother and me
invented the Frisbee,
on a camping trip
in 1953.

Because we didn't ever tell anyone that that's what we did.

In Bed

On Sundays
me and my brother stay in bed for ages
mucking about, telling stories
and Dad calls for us to come down
but we don't,
we go on mucking about, telling stories
and he comes rushing in and says,
'WHEN YOU WAKE UP,
GET UP!'

Now,
if one of us wakes up before the other one
we creep over to the other bed
where the other one is still fast asleep
put our mouth close to his ear
and shout,
'WHEN YOU WAKE UP,
GET UP!'

