

Horrid Henry's Favourite Poem

"I'm Gonna Throw Up"

Pirates puke on stormy seas
Giants spew on top of trees.
Kings are sick in golden loos
Dogs throw up on Daddy's shoes.



Babies love to make a mess
Down the front of Mum's best dress.
And what car ride will be complete
Without the stink of last night's treat?

Teachers who force kids to eat
Shepherd's pie with rancid meat
Can't be surprised when at their feet
The upchucked meal splats complete.

Rollercoasters, swirling cups
Can make anyone throw up.
Ferris wheels, icky sweets,
Pavement pizzas spray the streets



Hats are handy when in town
Should your guts flip upside down.
A bag's a fine and private place
To avoid public disgrace
When, tummy heaving, insides peeling,
You suddenly get that awful feeling -
'Mum! I'm gonna throw up!'

If you're caught short while at sea
Don't worry! You'll die eventually.
But I for one do not believe
That bobbing ships cause folk to heave.
Sitting at the Captain's table
I scoffed as much as I was able.
I ate so many lovely dishes -
URGHHH! Now its time to feed the fishes.

