

# "What's That All About Then?"

Terry was brought up in Portsmouth and originally trained as a *Graphic Designer* and then went on to study *Fine Art* and *English literature*. Later on he qualified as a primary school teacher and started to write poems for children. He is a keen cartoonist and his poems are about all kinds of things from his first kiss to creatures big and small.

Written and illustrated by Terry Greenwell



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"What's it all about then?" Good question.

Well, it's about quite a lot of stuff actually, let's see.... Oh yes, it's about family for sure and friends too.

There is also mention of the odd pet or two, (they are family after all.) There are also some Super Heroes thrown in to the mix and of course school gets a mention here and there.

Add to the above some aliens and creatures unknown and a nod to our shared and delicate environment and that about covers it more or less. So I hand over to my two SteamPunk friends below and welcome you to my world of imagination and reality.

Terry Greenwell



**"Welcome, step inside and take a seat."**

## Dedications

I dedicate this book to my partner Julie for her patience and understanding, my daughters Becky and Megs for putting up with me, my mum for her "always there" support and all the great teachers that inspired me, Mr Dyer, Mr Roach, Ali Sandiman, Master John Ding and of course the best teachers of all, my students; not to forget one little boy in particular called Jake (You know who you are) who turned challenge into success, and isn't that what great learning is all about after all.

A special and particular "thankyou" to my daughter Becky for type setting, proof-reading and generally making sure everything was in the right place as I am a bit rubbish at that stuff!

Written and Illustrated by Terry Greenwell

Face Book page Everyday Heroes and the Odd Villain  
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## My Dad

My dad was an OK guy, not perfect but alright. He was a bloke that was ok laughing at himself, though not as much as he laughed at me, and he was also very annoying in the ways that only dads can be.

So I wrote this quick little poem about him pointing some of his faults, but also it's a celebration of who he was, warts and all. (As my mum would often say.)

Have you ever thought about writing a poem about your mum, dad or whoever it is that cares for you day to day?

What would you include about them? What do you leave out? After all you don't want to scare them away, but I bet they are not angels either; I know I'm not!

## My Dad

My dad is a...  
Rant and raving  
Never shaving  
Lie in bed  
Over fed  
Ever moaning  
Grunt and groaning  
Centre parting  
Always farting  
Big fat tum  
Workman's bum  
Cheesy feety  
Quite a sweety  
Always there  
Nice n fair  
Not so bad  
Really Rad  
Kind of guy!



## Daisy

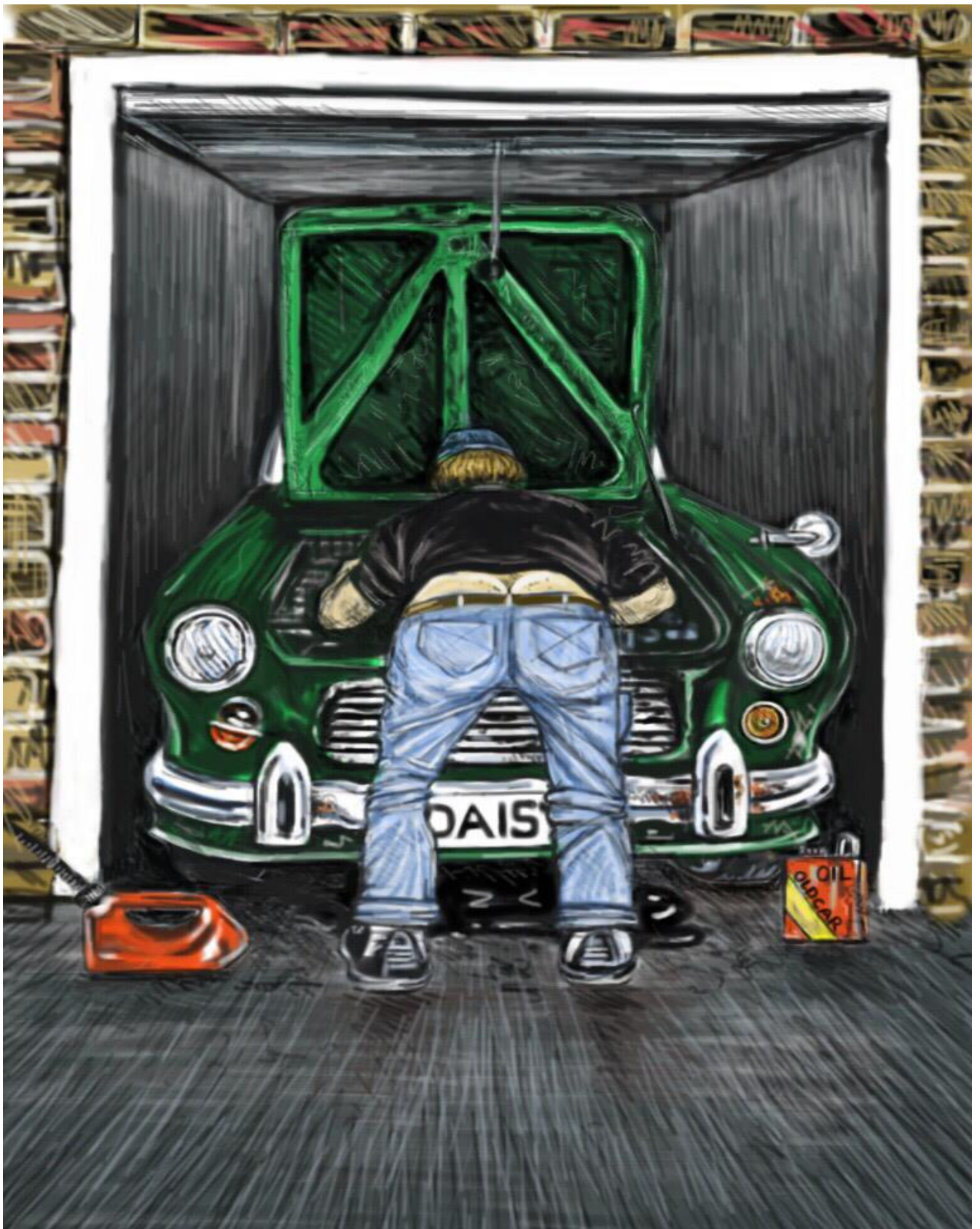
When we were kids our step-dad got a new car, well, when I say new, I mean new to us. Actually it was old, very, very old, so old in fact it had running boards which are like small platforms under the doors and of no apparent use at all, and little arrow indicators that pinged and popped out like rabbit ears when you turned the corners. It was so old that it even had a special crank lever that you attached to the engine and turned if the battery was dead. (Which it nearly always was) It wasn't easy to turn that lever, but it was fun as one person had to sit inside and pump the accelerator whilst the other struggled with turning the lever. If we were lucky we would manage to get it to a spluttering start, if not then that day's trip out was off the cards.

Sometimes it started by the key being turned, if the weather wasn't too cold, and I remember to this day the repeated, "na na na na na" sound the engine made as it turned over and over, and that is the repeated sound that I have included as a refrain in the poem Daisy below.

You can still hear that sound sometimes on early mornings, especially on colder days when some cars are not keen to start, as people are trying to get their cars going for their workaday journeys. Listen one morning. Na, na, na, na, na!

PS. Can you think of a common sound that you hear again and again that you might use as a refrain in a poem, such as the whoosh, whoosh of a washing machine or the rumble tumble of a tumble dryer. Sounds are everywhere.





## Daisy

My dad has got a banger,  
A banger through and through,  
There's rust on the roof,  
Bumps on the bonnet,  
The engine's covered in goo.

Pull the choke  
Turn the key  
Na, na, na, na, na!  
Pump the pedal  
One two three  
Na, na, na, na, na!

He says she is a Sweetie,  
"Gets me from A to B"  
I said she is a wreck,  
As all but he can see.

Pull the choke  
Turn the key  
Na, na, na, na, na!  
Pump the pedal  
One two three  
Na, na, na, na, na!

But try I might,  
I cannot get,  
My dad to see the light,  
He loves that car,  
He sees no wrong,  
To him she is alright.

Pull the choke  
Turn the key  
Na, na, na, na, na!  
Pump the pedal  
One two three  
Na, na, na, na, na!

He loves that car to pieces,  
All over the garage floor,  
Whether under it or in it,  
To him she is no chore.

Pull the choke,  
Turn the key,  
Na, na, na, na, na!  
Pump the pedal,  
One two three,  
Na, na, na, na, na!

So I leave him to it,  
As it is plain to see,  
That car means  
So much to him,  
And he means  
So much to me.

Pull the choke,  
Turn the key,  
Na, na, na, na, na  
Pump the pedal,  
One two three,  
Na, na, na, na, na.....  
VROOOOM!



## The Hide-Behind



The Hide-behind has its beginnings in an old black and white movie I saw as a kid, yes, that's right, I said "Black and White. "

We didn't have colour and there were only three channels too so it wasn't a matter of flicking through the channel list endlessly surfing for something you fancied. (BTW we didn't have remotes either, I WAS the remote, "Oy, Terry change over the telly would you," That's my dad sat on his big fat bum on the sofa - we had sofas)

Anyway, there was this movie - we called them FILMS- about this man who had an imaginary friend called "Harvey" who was a human sized rabbit. He was convinced this rabbit was real but no one else could see him.

Every time that movie came on TV I watched it and it has stuck with me ever since, and so the Hide-Behind came to be.

The Hide-Behind is also a metaphor for my worries and concerns that I carried about with me as a child. I had quite a sack full on my back and I haven't managed to empty that sack quite yet, as I say towards the end of the poem, "He is with me to this day."

If you could personify your worries and give them a living form what would they look like?

Or maybe you are lucky and you have no worries at all, so your invisible friend could reflect the happy aspects of your character. Whichever way it is, it's fun to bundle up thoughts, concerns and attitudes and make them into something else that is special and unique to you.

# The Hide-Behind

Have you seen the Hide-behind?  
Hiding around your way  
Have you seen the Hide-behind?  
When you were out at play  
He'll hide behind that lamp post  
He'll hide behind that tree  
He hides behind anything  
He's difficult to see!

The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
Is hiding everywhere  
The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
He doesn't have a care.

He even hid behind me  
As I was walking home  
He fell into my footfalls  
I thought I was alone!

The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
Is hiding everywhere  
The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
He doesn't have a care!



I opened up my front door  
He sneaked on up the stairs  
I sat and watched the TV  
He caught me unawares

The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
He's hiding in my home  
The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
I thought I was alone

I made my way up to my room  
So I could get some kip  
When suddenly the curtains moved  
My heart beat took a skip!  
The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
He's hiding in my room  
The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
I hope he moves out soon!

I quickly jumped into my bed  
Then gazed around the room  
The shadows seemed so scary  
So full of doom and gloom!

The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
Is hiding everywhere

The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
He doesn't have a care!

The Hide-behind's still with me  
Until this very day  
I really have got used to him  
Since he came here to stay.

The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
Is hiding everywhere  
The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
He doesn't have a care.

So should you chance to meet him?  
When you are out to play  
And, he follows you home  
And then decides to stay....

Remember!

The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
Most difficult to see  
The Hide-behind  
The Hide-behind  
He lives in you and me!

## Black Ops. Pop

In today's world of social media, gaming and interactive devices we are able to create many new versions of ourselves, a bit like the alter egos of Super heroes.

We can be more exciting, more daring, better looking, have special abilities, friends we never actually lay eyes on and adventures where we can die and be endlessly re-spawned to fight another battle on another virtual day.

Just as Peter Parker slips easily into his Spider man suit to swing from building to building, and mild-mannered Clarke Kent transforms in an instant to the all-powerful Superman to thwart another dastardly villain, so we too can we be transformed in the virtual worlds of console gaming.

Who are you in the world of computer gaming? Are you bigger, brighter, better, able to vanquish all foes and bring about world order, all before breakfast before you go about such everyday tasks such as tidying up your room or stacking the dishwasher? Even "Extraordinary" Super Heroes have to deal with the ordinary as you will see later as you read on.

For the children of Black Ops. Pop, from whose point of view the poem is narrated, dad is already a hero for his kindness, funny moments and his very ordinary everyday life. You don't need skin tight spandex and a cloak to be a hero. Who is your hero, and why?



## Black Ops. Pop

We love our dad, we really do  
He's cool and kind,  
He's our hero, other kids  
See the kid in him  
A light that never dims.  
He has names for everyone,  
Though not their own.  
Our teacher, Miss Penelope,  
Is Miss Penny Prim 'n 'Proper,  
Larry the lollipop man,  
Lawrence of Carmania,  
The Corner Shop owner, Mr Patel,  
Is Hamaad Handy Candy,  
The school nurse, Mrs Nash,  
Nitty Norah Bloodbath Sawyer,  
I'm known as Gary Gob Howler,  
My sister Carrie, The Krackonite.

He does voices and accents too,  
Not just TV and Movies,  
But any poor person  
Passing by our car.  
Two elderly ladies  
Outside of Asda,  
Are voiced discussing  
Prunes and false teeth  
With outrageous  
French accents.  
A pair of smartly dressed

Office workers on a break  
Are debating brands  
Of farm yard animal toothpastes,  
One with a Japanese accent,  
The other, Norwegian or Swiss.  
His accents range  
From comedy Italian  
To gravelly Dutch.  
Worst is his Indian,  
It's the same as his Welsh.  
It's almost a shame  
When mum returns,  
"Stop it Harry, Those poor people!"  
Let loose from the car  
Things get worse!  
He falls into crazy walks,  
Talks very loud in PIRATE talk  
And bellows, in a  
"I want to rule the world"  
Kind of mad laughter.  
We wouldn't want him different,  
I've met regular dads,  
I'm not that impressed.

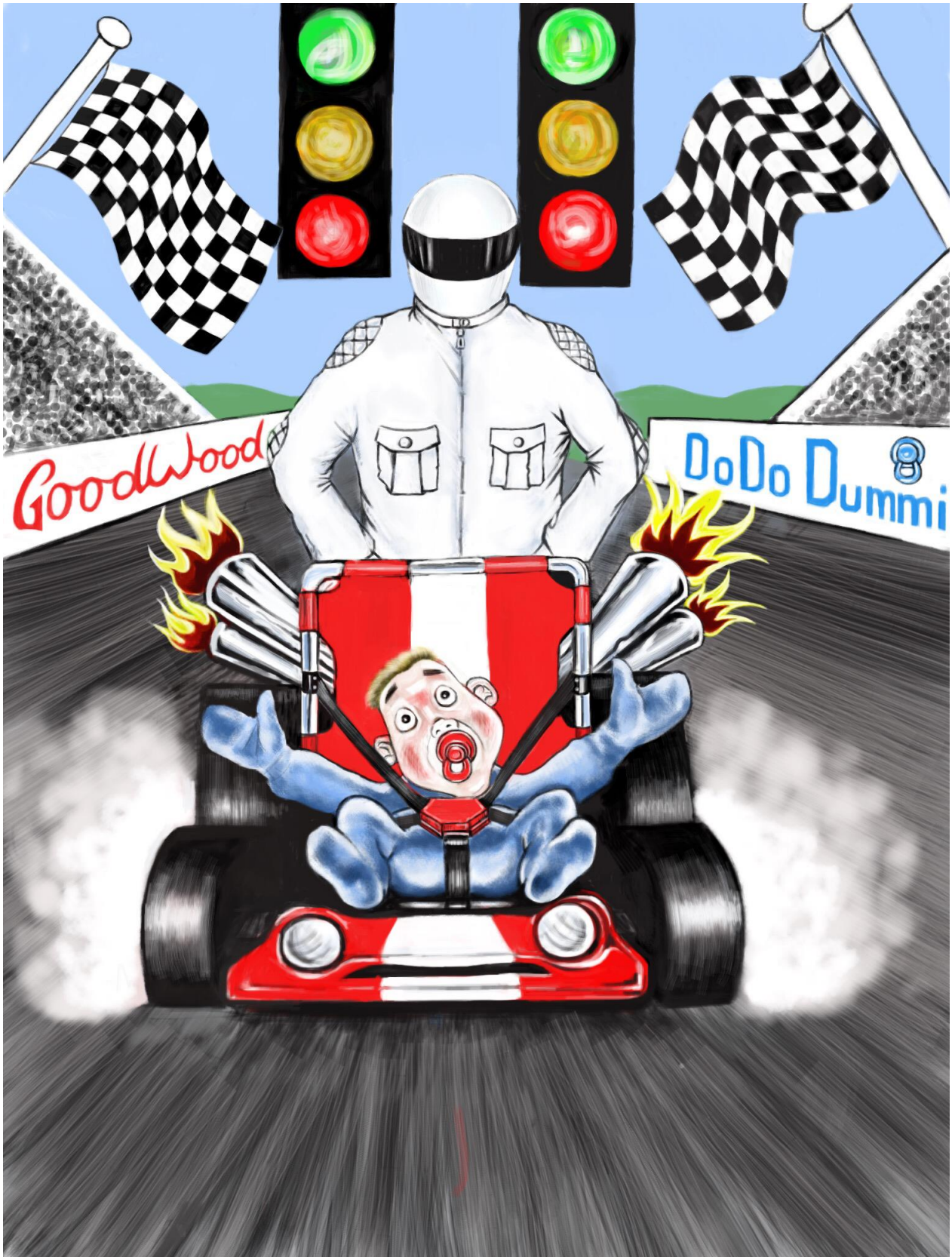
My dad works as a Car Park Attendant,  
Everyone loves him,  
He's Sunshine on a dull day,  
A lozenge to a sore throat,  
At just over five foot he is a little guy,  
But if you broke him in half  
Like a seaside Rock Stick,

It would say "Big Guy Joker"  
All the way through.

He loves his console,  
Black Ops. Especially,  
On screen he towers,  
Six foot of grit and muscle,  
Stalking the enemy  
In Post-apocalyptic worlds,  
He's a lean, mean, predatory machine  
In Hi Tech. Glory.  
It's there he keeps his Killer Instinct,  
His Steely Gaze, Macho pride  
And "Dark Side" persona.

We get the joker, the grin, the laughter,  
We love our dad, we really do,  
The fun, jokes and endless quips,  
Silly as a Sausage,  
Daft as a Brush,  
Spot on,  
Done 'n' Dusted  
He is The Best!

# Pram Pilot





Getting stuck with the pram or the baby buggy is not the most exciting thing you might find yourself doing but it is an important responsibility that with a little imagination and flare you can make your own. Just like the boy in the poem below has done by finding his hidden STIG.

## Pram Pilot

Down the town with mum,  
And baby Brother Sam,  
Mum, she does the shopping,  
Me, I push the pram,  
Lean her into corners,  
Push really fast up hills.

Mum says, "Don't bump him  
On the pavements,  
It only wrecks the wheels!"

Cut my way into the crowd,  
All going different ways,  
Park outside the shop,  
While mum goes in and pays,

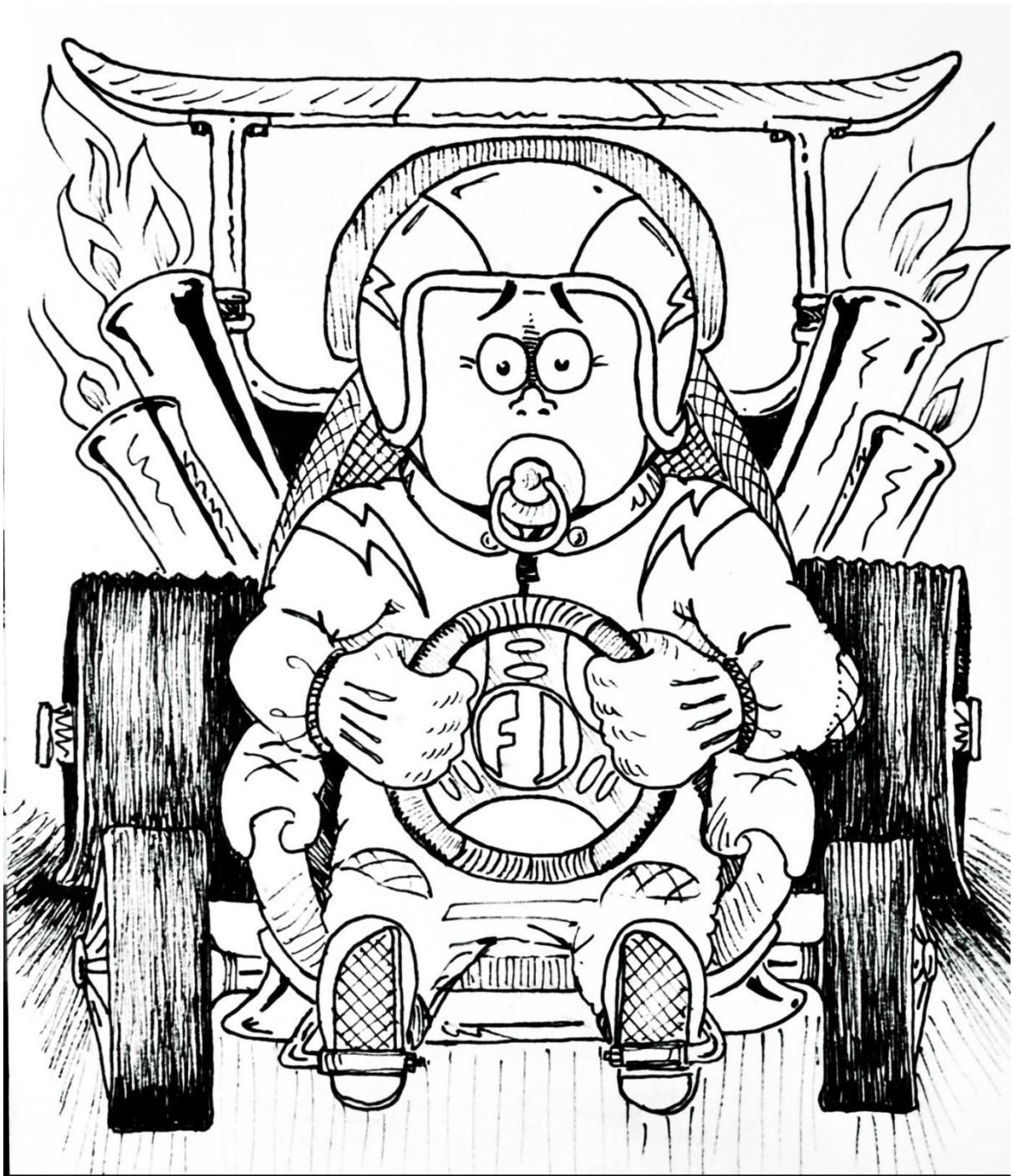
I'm a real Ace driver,  
My skills they know no bounds,  
Turning on a penny,  
The best driver in town!

If only all pram pilots,  
Had half my driving skills,  
There wouldn't be any pile ups,  
Or tangling of wheels.

I'd write into the rule book,  
An International Law,  
The same as for air pilots,  
That no one can ignore.

When two planes fly too close,  
Towards the left they turn,  
Avoids a nasty smash up,  
Not difficult to learn.

Our journeys would be safer,  
And Sam he could relax.  
Oops, here's mum  
With the shopping,  
I'd better be making tracks,  
Vroom, vroom!!



# Make Over



Sometimes when I am bored and I have read all my motor and movie mags I make my way down the pile and pull out my partners Women's mags. They are actually quite good and they get me up to speed on stuff I should know about.

The best bit for me is the "Makeover" articles where a lucky person gets to choose a new set of clothes, get their hair done, nails sorted and all the rest of it; a real pampering.

It's nearly always a family member or friend that puts the person forward and often there is a story of the recipient's kindness and deserving character. My mum deserves a Makeover for a 1000 reasons and another one for putting up with me.

Who would you gift a Makeover to, and why?

## Make Over

My mum has had a Make Over,  
And it's all down to me.  
I gave the nod to Woman's Own  
Now she's a sight to see.

Spread across the pages  
Like an A list star,  
Hair all tinted,  
A brand new suit,  
And a super uplift bra!

They 'phoned her up the other day  
When they received my letter.  
"Your son has dropped a line to us,  
Make my Super Mum much better"

My mum was stunned,  
And lost for words,  
She got into a panic.  
You can't mean me!

I'm over weight,  
I'm forty three,  
I look a state,  
Are you calling the right number?

But they replied,  
You'll be alright,  
Don't get into a flurry.  
You're in good hands,

You're just the job,  
There is no need to worry!

So she went to Woman's Own,  
For the great "Before and after,"  
To be transformed,  
To pick and choose,  
A day of fun and laughter.

They done her proud,  
She looked a treat,  
It bowled my dad right over,  
And mum was chuffed,  
And we'll made up,  
To spend the day in Clover!

## Ode to Billy Boy

I only went in the garage for a new exhaust for the car.  
Little did I know that I was going to leave with a lot more!  
You see, they have these small waiting rooms in garages,  
Oily places with magazines and mechanical smells.  
When we were waiting my daughter Becky spotted a poster,  
Not any old poster like a picture of a car, battery or tyres  
That you would expect. No, this one was about dogs,  
In a Garage, on an industrial estate next to a Tool shop.  
Not just any old poster about dogs and food or the like  
This one was from "Border Collie Rescue"  
"Oh, look at this Dad, they're really cute,"  
Oh dear, looked like I might have to have the  
"10 reasons we can't have a dog," conversation  
Sooner than I thought, so I took an in-breath..  
"They are free, oh wow Dad, we could get one!"  
I hadn't even finished breathing in let alone speak!  
"It's got a phone number, look, look!"  
Well, at least I had got the breath out,  
"Oh look," I said pointing into the workshop,  
"Our car looks ready, Fancy a KFC on the way home?"  
That'll do it I thought, she always caves for fries  
"I don't want a KFC, can I have a dog instead?"  
INSTEAD!?!...."Please Dad.....I'LL look after it."  
Then I did a silly thing that turned out to be the best ever  
thing.



"Pop the number down for me, we'll speak with mum and see, when we get home."

I was using the "Delay, Distract, Feed, Hide" technique, (DDFH) my mate Barry had shown me, it was almost indestructible.

She didn't stop yakking on about the dog-thing, in the car, out of the car,

In KFC's, up the garden path and into the dining room

Where mum was with Megs her little sister,

So what did Mum do, her first words were, "Oh, a collie, I love collies!"

"It will be like that movie, Lassie come home!"

Thanks Julie. Thanks a zillion.

"Promise I will walk him every day" that was Becky

...mmm,

No it won't be like the movie, and no, you won't walk him,

I thought, it will be poo bags, chewed table legs and dog

sick all the way.

(I was right on every score, the future table even collapsed as I was eating dinner BTW.)

Long story short, zoom forward a week and there I am standing looking in at a dog pen.

"How do I know which one is mine then?"

There were about ten or twelve very excited dogs bombing about like mad Minions.

"Don't worry," the owner said, "He will choose you,"

Really I thought, I mean...really!?

, bit weird, won't happen.

Just as A black and white fluffy collie jumped up and nuzzled my hand.

"There you are, told you, Rocky is yours then,"  
"Don't I get any choice then?"  
Yes, Rocky, that's your choice too" She fixed me with a steely glare.  
Any half-decent collie would have died for that stare.  
"Well, I've seen your home, met your family, you are all matched up and ready to go,  
Don't forget, we are meeting at the dog obedience class next Wednesday,  
You're to come three weeks in a row."  
What's that all about then?"  
"The members have to see what they think of you, bring the whole family mind you."  
I suppose it was important really, "No probs."  
She ushered a rather nervous looking Rocky into the car, his tail was hidden.  
"Don't worry boy, (He was *deffo* not a Rocky) you'll be fine, " I could see him in my rear view mirror standing on the back seat shaking, eyes darting everywhere.  
The last thing the Dog Lady said before we left was, "when he has accepted you,  
He will go back to being a puppy, because he didn't have a puppyhood."  
Not likely I thought, he was at least two years old, imagine coping with a puppy that big, he, he...ha..  
Famous last thoughts.  
We did the whole Dog Club thing, it was like being under a spotlight but we did it.  
He was ours, (and we were his more precisely)  
First time he saw water he didn't realize that you can't run on it, lucky for the ducks.

When we invited him upstairs he was scared of the steps and stared at them for hours.

He hadn't been treated well in his previous life,  
It was sad stuff and he didn't know how to be himself.

Zoom again, a few weeks,

One day he just woke up and found he had arrived at himself, and he liked it! He liked it a lot!

It gave him quite an appetite, being happy,

And he was happy enough to eat everything, the table, the chairs, corners of the sofa, he was not a fussy eater,

And when he was feeling particularly keen, the skirting board too. Dessert I suppose.

Here was the very large puppy I had disbelieved in all those weeks back.

We forgave him, even after he chewed up my wife's best high heels, we forgave him, we forgave him everything,

And in return he was everything to us.

He was a great dog, and his family name was

Billy Boy Greenwell, after my dad William.

The years that followed were brilliant, he grew up with my girls

A kind of hairy four-legged brother and protector.

He travelled the world with us all the way to Arabia

(We gave him a short back and sides over there, it was boiling!)

By the time Billy was an old man in dog years my girls had both grown up and were young women.

Billy was slower, a bit fatter but still a handsome, boy but like all living things

He had to GO.

I still have his ashes and we still talk about him and laugh.

Nowadays we have a collie called Alby, he can't replace Billy  
in our hearts,

Because he has his own special place right there next to  
Billy's

R.I.P. Billy ... we miss you.



Billy  
Boy

# Hand Me Down



## Hand Me Down

There is a great awareness and publicity surrounding how we recycle/upcycle and reuse or dispose of the everyday items we use nowadays and that is a good thing. We all need to do our bit in reducing waste if we are to hand on a world worth living in to future generations.

Recycling didn't use to have the huge public profile it has now because there were less disposable convenience products available and everyone made things last by repairing them and handing them down to one another. All of my clothes had seen time on my older brothers back until he outgrew them and if they were salvageable after I outgrew them they saw further use clothing my little brother.

Mending something and making it useful again is just as important as recycling waste, after all the longer a product stays in service without being replaced the less we have to produce.

Check out the new "Free repair workshops" that are popping up here and there where you can take your broken item in and work with an expert to get it going again.

## Hand Me Down

I am the youngest one of two,  
Becky is much bigger,  
Clothes that are too tight for her,  
Suit my smaller figure.

Blouses with their buttons blown,  
Jeans that need repairing,  
Are dug out of the bottom drawer,  
Then sewn and patched for wearing.

So hand me down,  
Oh, hand me down,  
All your bobs and bits,  
I'll tuck it in,  
Turn it up,  
I'll make sure it fits!

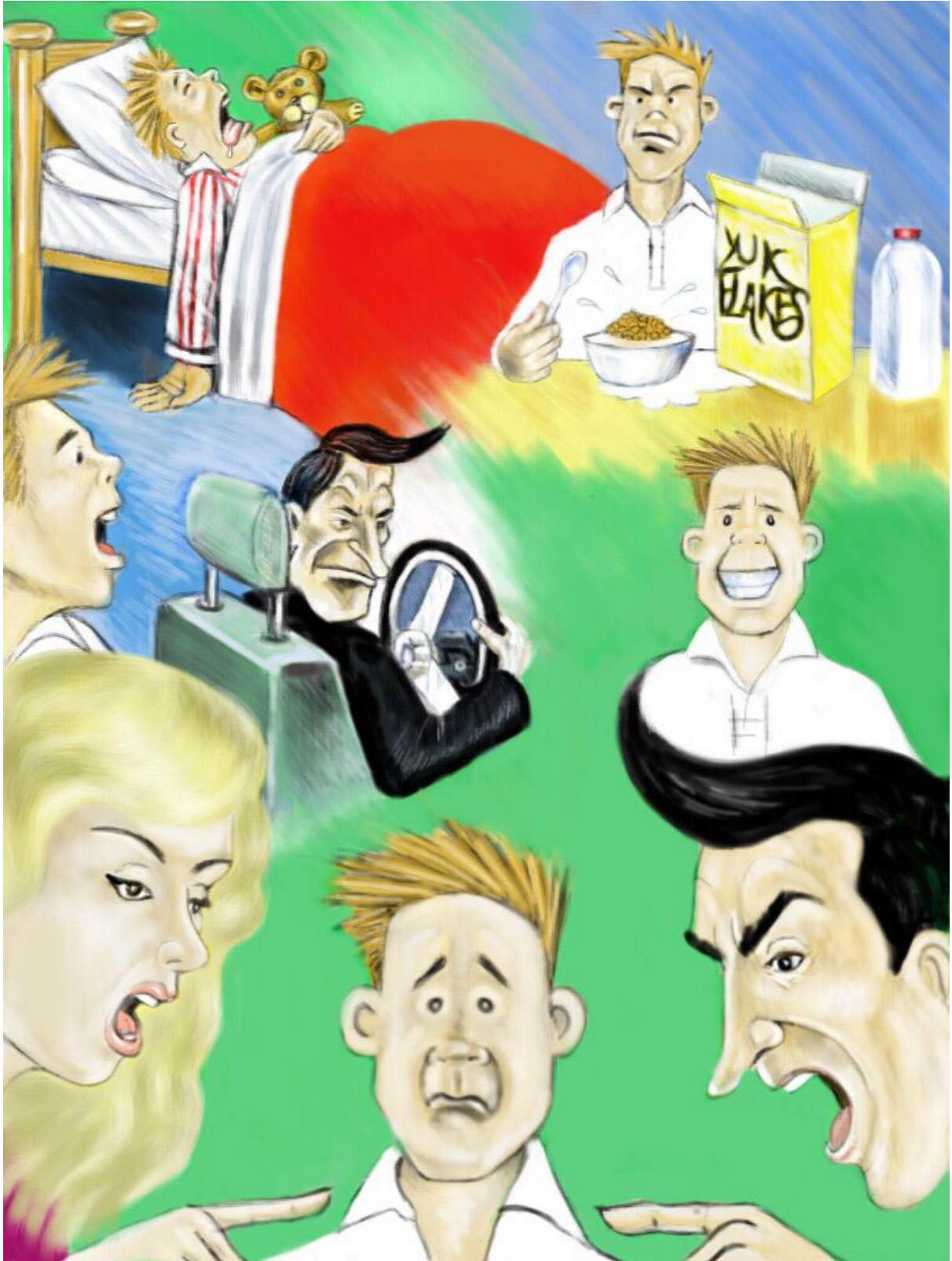
Those books you've read,  
These games you've played,  
That you now think below you,  
Don't chuck them out,  
Or bin them please,  
I'll use them all, I'll show you.



So hand me down,  
Please hand me down,  
Those things that you've forgotten,  
Don't let them lie around unused,  
You wouldn't be that rotten.

With me your bits and bobs,  
Would get a second airing,  
The books I'd read,  
The clothes I would be wearing.

So hand me down,  
Yes, hand me down,  
Those and that and this,  
Because all I want is to be like you,  
You are the best Big Sis.



## How To Annoy Your Parents

Unless you are that Mythical Creature known as the *Perfect Child* (Like Big Foot and the Loch Ness Monster their existence is heavily debated and as yet unproven) then you may on occasion have annoyed your parents with your actions, attitude and expectations.

This is perfectly normal and you can be sure your parents were no angels either during their childhood years despite their claims to the contrary.

It was not difficult for me to come up with this list poem of irritating things that annoy parents only had to look to my own childhood habits and then to those of my daughters too. When one of my daughters read this poem she stated plainly that a poem by her called "How to annoy your daughter," would be considerably longer as my habits were far worse than hers could ever be. I, of course, begged to differ.

Do you have secret weapons of annoyance that you pull out of the bag when you don't get your own way, that are guaranteed to get a Big response!

## How To Annoy Your Parents

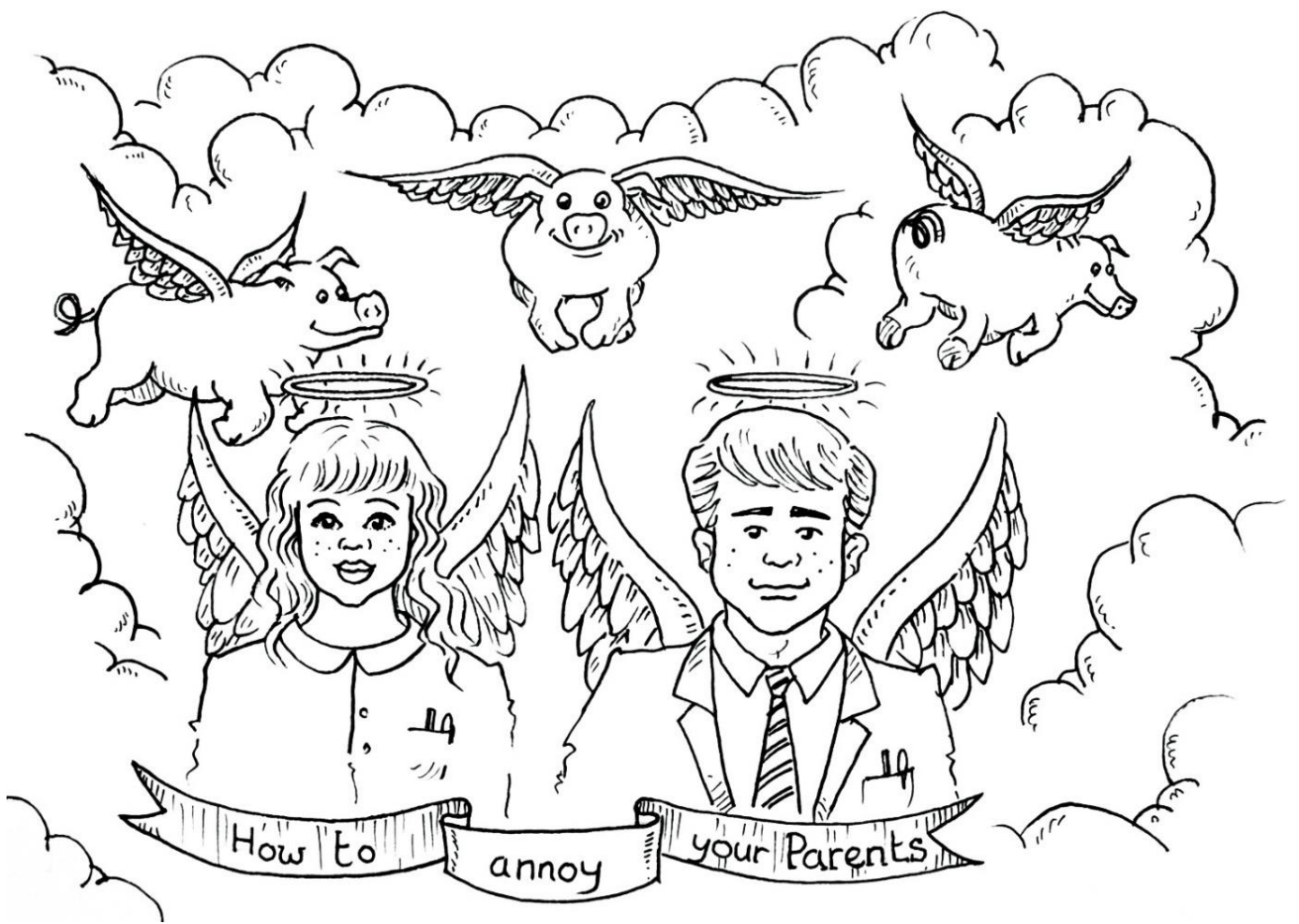
Never make your bed  
When you get up in the mornings  
Lie around for ages,  
Ignoring all their warnings.

Moan about your breakfast,  
They're the **WRONG** kind of flakes!  
Say you can't go to school,  
Because your belly aches.

When they take you down the town,  
Run, but never walk.  
And don't forget to interrupt,  
When they try to talk.

Bend their ears down the shops,  
Ask for this and that,  
Tell your dad he's stupid,  
Tell your mum she's fat.

If these tricks do not work  
And drive them around the bend,  
You have the perfect parents,  
It's you that needs to mend!



## Agony Aunt

I remember as a child aged around 11 or 12 sitting in the dining room messing about with my sketch books, doing a puzzle or playing with the Lego as my mum held court in the kitchen with assorted neighbours and friends. We had this serving hatch between the rooms and it was never closed. Although it looked like I was just playing with my toys in the other room next door, I could see quite a bit of what was going on in the kitchen and hear pretty much everything they all said. I was an Ear wig!

Some stuff I didn't understand, some things I did, and some things they spoke about were very new to me. I never figured out why they never figured that out I was nosing into their conversations. It was like the serving hatch was a force field through which they believed no spoken word could penetrate, except it did.

The main thing I learnt from my Nosy Parker "Hearathons" was that my mum was the street's unofficial Advisor on all matters from health concerns to what to make for tea that night. Neighbours would come to our kitchen to drink buckets of tea and receive the *Wisdom of Mum*. Generally they left looking a lot happier than when they arrived, and on the side of it all I learned what grownups talked about when the kids were not around. (He He!)

## Agony Aunt

My mum is an Agony Aunt  
To over half our street,  
Mildred's awful back ache,  
Aunt Ada's feet.

Rose's awkward in-laws,  
Stella's tooth that's sweet,  
A Mix-Up bag of worries,  
The worst you'll ever meet.

She has them all on over,  
Their problems to discuss,  
I hear them talk see them cry,  
Cor, they make a fuss.

My mum has all the answers,  
To their worst woes and ills,  
She's better than the doctor,  
He only dishes pills.

That's why I am so proud of her,  
For the brilliant job she does,  
Turning sad faces into happy,  
I'm so pleased to share her love.



May I Order?





This is the poem that started it all. This book and my journey in its making, so I have quite a bit to talk about. I believe that when you write from experience the finished product is more authentic. My poems are about things that happen to me or people I know and to a greater or lesser extent they are true. When you write about something you have experienced it comes across as authentic and meaningful and when you wrap that experience in the form of a poem and use Metaphor, Simile, Rhythm, Rhyme and Metre to mention but a few literary techniques, you add extra dimensions to your written expression and that is what makes poetry so special. It is like it has been double distilled.

I wrote this poem after a late night arrival in Florida USA. It was gone midnight and I was starving only having eaten in-flight food which I am convinced is made from rubber. I stared out from between my motel curtains to see if there was anywhere open when my eye was caught by a distant arching letter M glowing in yellow and red. Yes, it was a Maccy D! Only problem, there were six lanes of freeway between me and the RumbleTum resolution. So I ventured forth as brave hunters do in time of food and need and got across unharmed.

The inside was the familiar one I had seen so many times back home but with one notable difference. Along the wall where it met the ceiling was a long banner that wrapped around two of the walls that listed the ingredients of a burger.

Mm, I thought, "What's that all about then?"

So when I reached the front of the queue I asked the lady at the till,

"What's that all about then?" to which she replied,  
"That, sir, is a competition challenge. If you can read all of those ingredients of a Big Mac in less than 15 seconds you get these." She gestured towards a clear plastic box mounted on the counter which contained a radio shaped to look exactly like a box of large fries and a thick leather belt whose brass buckle was made in the image of a Big Mac. Wow, like, WOW! I wanted that belt.  
"You also get," she continued, "a super-size meal of your choice."

Things were looking up, I stowed the 20 dollar bill I was holding in my hand to pay and said confidently,  
"I'm ready."

It was a bit like those Western Movies where two cowboys challenge each other to a gun fight but with burgers instead of guns...Everybody stopped talking.

She reached slowly behind the counter and produced a stop watch, I licked my lips in readiness.

"On a count of three," she said, her eyes were steely.

"One.., two...three!"

Well I can't remember the exact ingredients now, but I was in the flow, in the zone, on it! 11. 35 seconds on the nose.

Get in!!

I walked from that eatery a proud man carrying a very large amount of food and wearing my prized Big Mac Buckle Belt. I had lived my Cowboy Moment and I had not spent a cent.

That is the story behind "May I Order?" And I wrote it shortly after gobbling down my booty in that Motel room so far away from home. It started more than I could imagine.

# May I Order?

May I order...

A mega

Bigga

Badda

Munchy

Crunchy

Lunchy

Lemon

Squeezy

Nice N cheesy

Wacky

Tacky

Slippy

Slappy

Full of fatty

Big bite happy

Yummy scrummy

Feed my tummy

Chin drip runny

Full four pounder

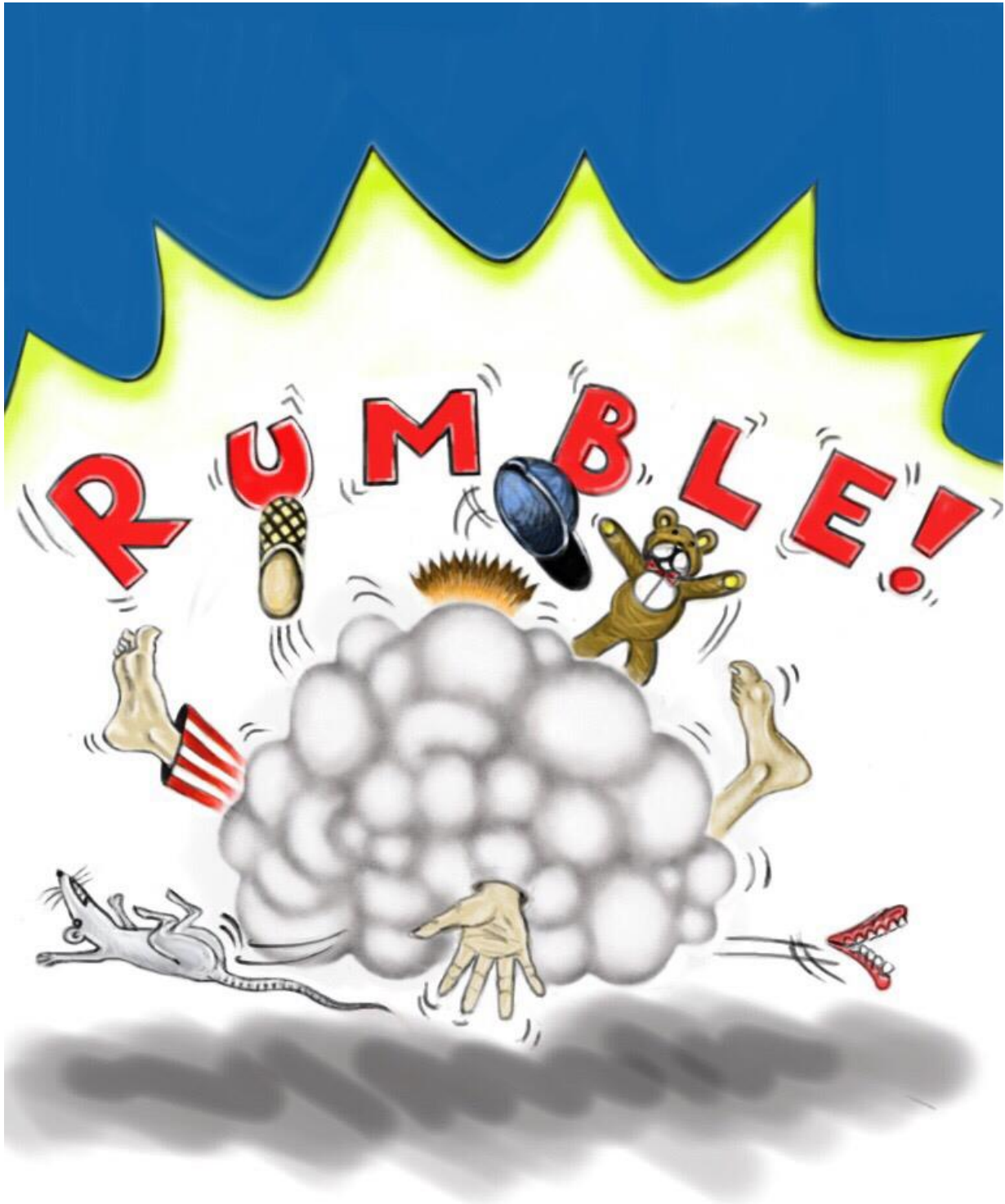
Burger please!

Oh, and fries on the side.



List poems are the easiest and are fun poems to write, they are for reading aloud and performing. You can list just about anything from what's under your bed to personality traits, the list of things to list is endless, give it a go.

Play Time(Another list poem)



## Play Time (and another list. Told you)

It's gonna be a ...  
Noise making  
Hand shaking  
In your face  
Have a race  
Run about  
Scream 'n'  
Shout  
Hopscotch  
Jumping  
Heart beats  
Thumping  
Here and there  
Go on, dare!  
Bet you wouldn't  
No, you shouldn't  
Football fever,  
Take a breather  
Faces glowing  
Whistle blowing  
Kind of Play Time!

## Hair Cut

I used to get my hair cut at the same hair dressing salon all the time, June's it was called, they cut mostly women's hair but they also cut men's hair too. I had been going there so long that no one had to ask what style or length I wanted, they just knew. It was really nice in there, there was a place to hang your coat and a nice cuppa whilst you were waiting and loads of, mostly, women's magazines to read. It was comfy with sinky in chairs and pleasant floral wallpaper. There was pleasant chat and it was cheap too, I loved it.

Well, one day a boy called Aaron in my class said,

"Mr Greenwell, you look like a hippy,"

"How's that?" I replied.

"Well, my mum said that if your hair touches your collar that it's time to cut it before you turn into a hippy."

I, of course, went into Teacher Mode and reminded Aaron that it was not his place to make personal remarks about my appearance but privately decided that yes actually my hair did need a trim, not that I would admit that to Aaron of course.

I rocked up at June's after school and found it closed, a note in the window read, Closed for Redecoration. Disaster! I knew there was a gents Barber a few doors down so I resolved to go there as I was on a mission and fully intended to get the job done.

What a difference. No coat hanger, no sinky chairs, just hard backed dining chairs, no nice wallpaper either, and only a single dog eared Newspaper a week out of date. Worst of all the walls were a drab olive green.

A bald headed gentleman wearing those half glasses beckoned me to a large chrome and leather seat covered in levers and knobs, it looked more suited to the bridge of the Star Ship Enterprise, June always sat me in a comfy arm chair. So I boldly went where I have never sat before and plonked myself in the chair. Immediately and with deft hands the Barber began pulling, turning and pushing knobs and levers .I was tilted one way then the other and lifted up and down on hidden hydraulics. It made me quite queasy. Eventually I was in the right position and the Barber threw a black cape over me, I felt like Bat Man but back to front. "What would you like then sir?" Silly question.

"A hair cut!"

"Of course sir, but what grade?"

"Grade?!"I wasn't sure what he meant but was not about to own up to my ignorance. So I did what I always do, I bluffed.

"WELL, what grades do you have then?" Talk about turn the tables.

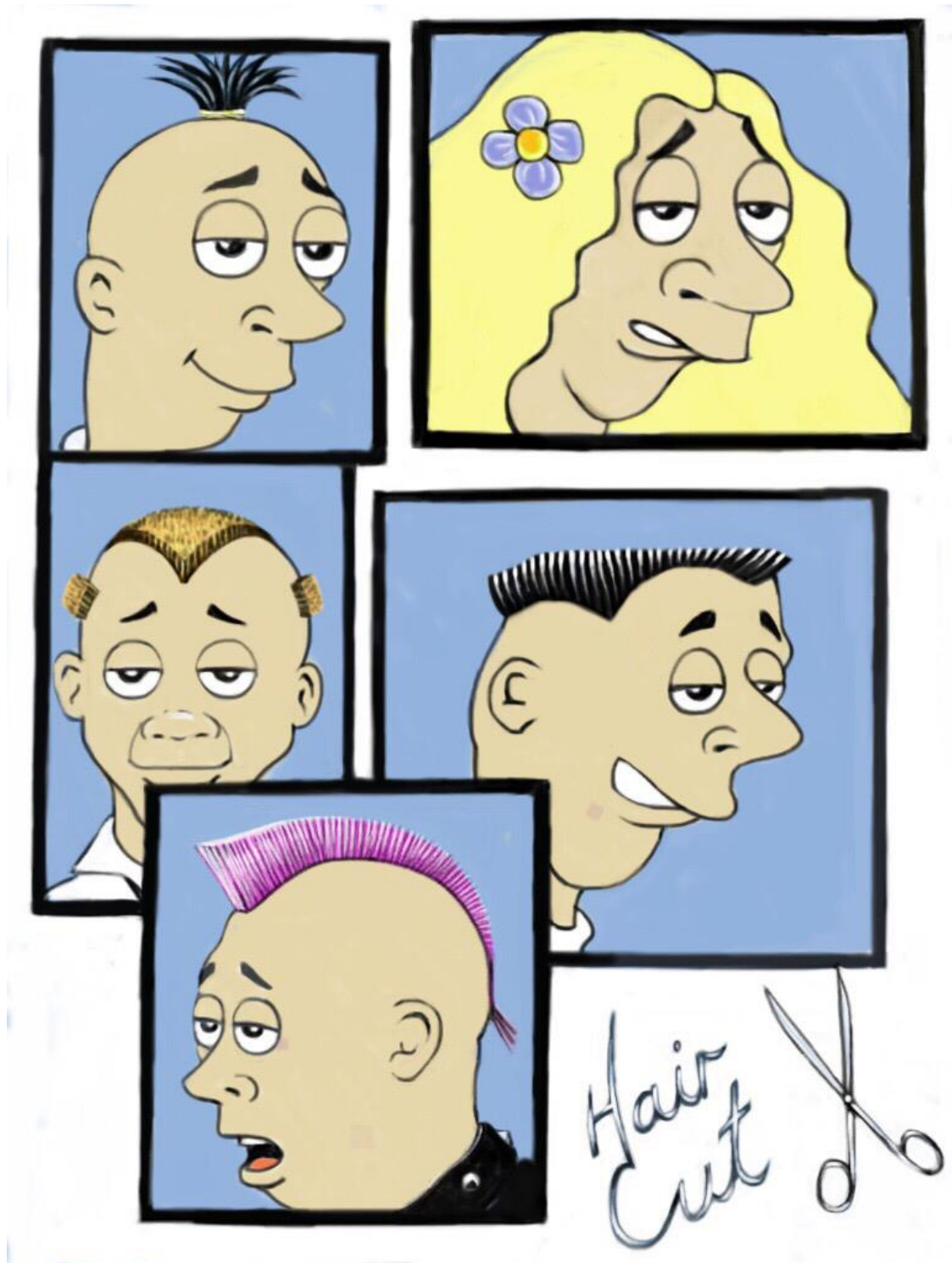
"One to Six sir." He replied, raising his bushy eyebrows, just a little.

I took a moment. I had figured out that the numbers related to hair length but wasn't sure if it was lowest number shortest hair or highest number shortest hair. So I stupidly went with lowest number longest hair. "I'll take a number two," I said, with firmness.

What a mistake, the first Passover of the electric trimmer left a motorway of baldness over my head. When he finished there was enough discarded hair on the rug to stuff a good sized Teddy bear, and as for me my stuffing had totally left me.

I left that Barber Shop bereft of hair, a quick glance at my head in the shop window reflected a very bumpy head not at all suited to nakedness.

Tomorrow, I thought to myself, I do not need another comment from Aaron.





# Hair Cut

Gonna have a .....

Short cut

Ain't no but

Round the ears

Best in years

Upper cut

Strive to strut

Down the middle

Ain't no riddle

Super cool

Bend the rule

Really Rad

Oh so bad

Slicky slidey

Parting widey

Common sense

So intense

Rooby dooby

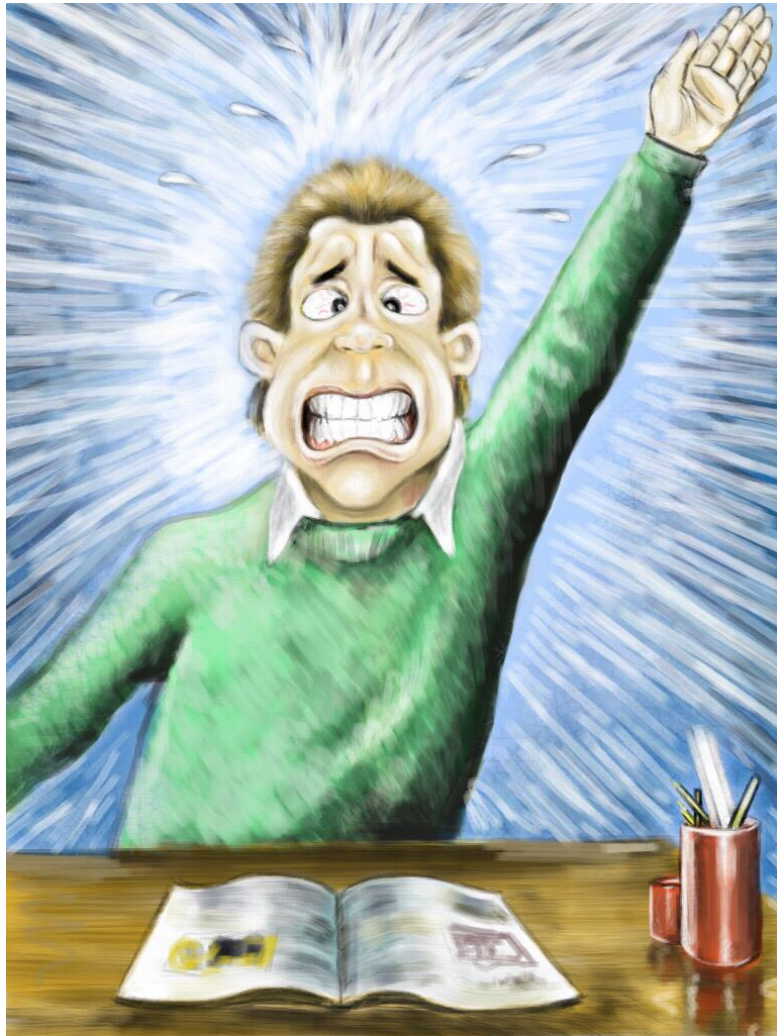
Smoking scooby

Everlasting

Bop N boogie

HAIR CUT!!

## Desperate Dan



How does a child go from simply just needing to go to the toilet to absolutely desperate in the space of five minutes? We teachers are not able to just pop out in the middle of a lesson. If I had a pound for every student that told me they were desperate, well you know how that goes.

It is never, oh, I fancy a wee, or I would quite like a wee, or may I be excused, nope, it's, "I'm Desperate"

You can't turn that one down can you, the consequences would be awful for all concerned. It's the guaranteed Pass to spend some time dawdling in the corridors when you should be doing your sums or spellings. The millionth time I heard it I knew I had to write it up as a poem, so here it is.

# Desperate Dan

I'm desperate  
I'm desperate  
I'm dying for the loo  
I'm desperate  
I'm desperate  
I don't know what to do  
I'm desperate  
I'm desperate  
I'm dying for a wee  
I'm desperate  
I'm desperate  
I'm desperate as can be  
I'm desperate  
I'm desperate  
My hand's up in the air  
I'm desperate  
I'm desperate  
Can't see "Miss" anywhere  
I'm desperate  
I'm desperate  
I bet she doesn't care  
I'm desperate  
I'm desperate  
I need clean underwear  
I need clean underwear  
I NEED CLEAN UNDERWEAR!

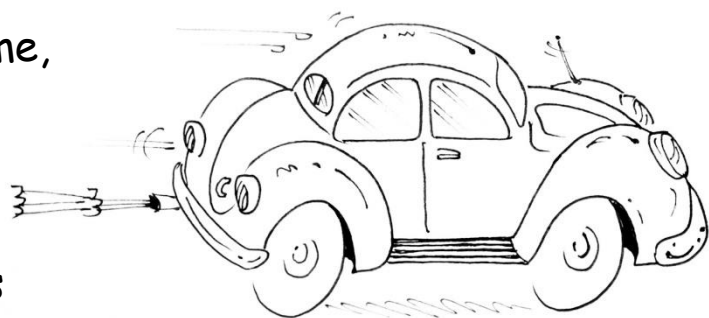
# Beetle



My first decent car was a VW Beetle, I loved that car. Owning it was like being in a special club, every time I saw another Beetle they flashed their lights and waved. We were ALL part of "AUTOMOTIVE HISTORY" in our air-cooled whistling and popping Buggies,' I drove that car everywhere, it didn't go very fast, but it always started first time and it never let me down. Up hills, down hills, along motorways or pooting down country lanes it just kept bumbling along. I sold it with sadness when my kids arrived, we needed something bigger. Years later I spotted it parked up at the local shopping centre, it was completely restored and looked brand new again. I patted its shiny new bumper and said "Hello," happy that it had been given such a fantastic make over.

## Beetle

I had a Beetle,  
It was a red one,  
I turned the key  
And it started first time,  
The nicest people  
Are driving Beetles  
You get a wave  
And a smile that shines  
You get a wave  
And a smile that shines.  
Pop, pop, pop.....



## Only You



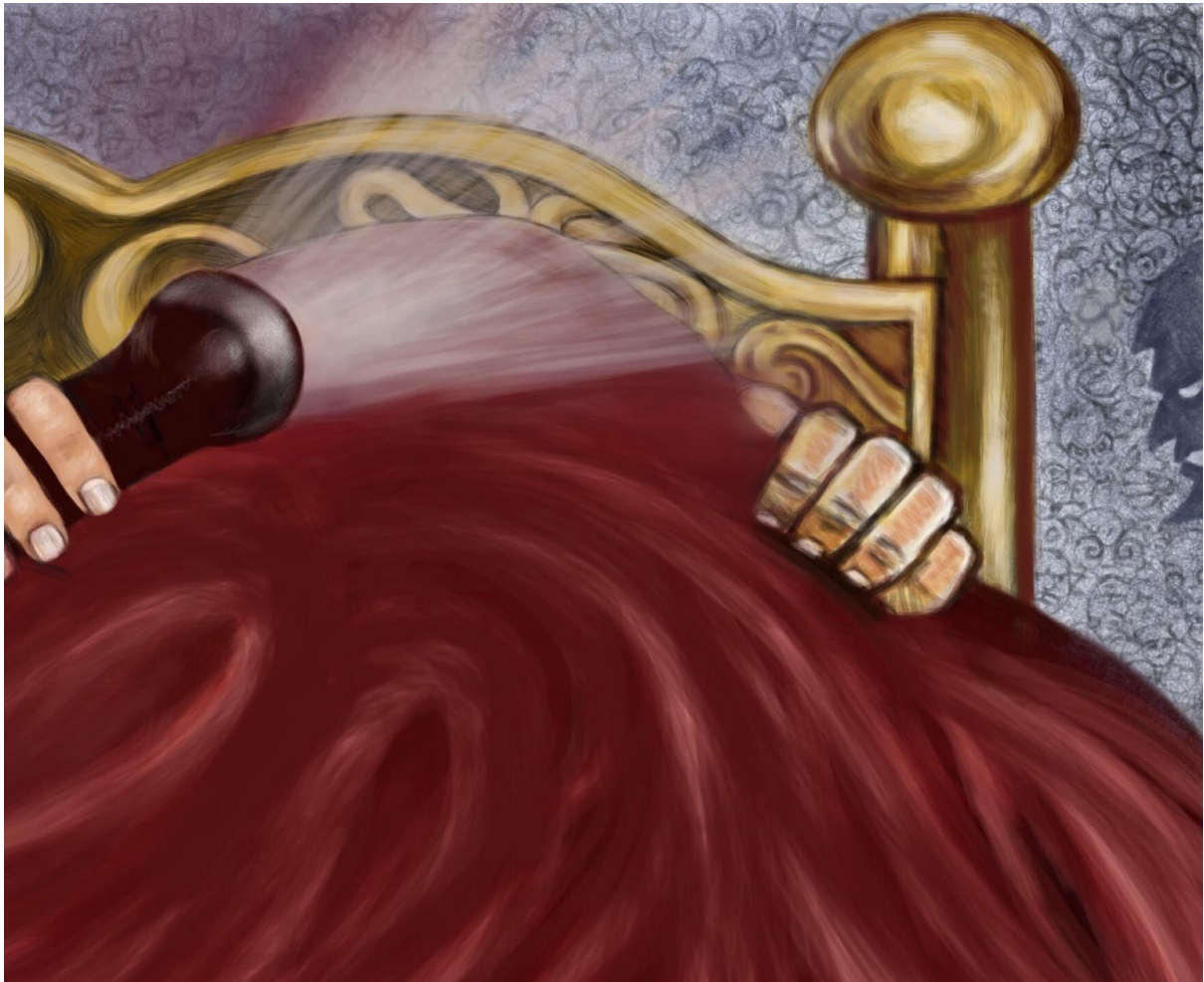
Most people seem to have hang-ups about themselves one way or another. There are so many airbrushed perfect people staring out from magazines and billboards we don't stand a chance of ever matching up to them because they are not real like you and I with our wobbly bits, wonky teeth, spots and knobbly knees. Well, thank goodness for that I say!

# Only You

You know you really shouldn't aught 'a  
Worry if you're shorter,  
Than the person stood next to you.  
And it really doesn't matter,  
If you're thinner or you're fatter  
Than the next person in the queue.  
Because the body that you're given  
'Got to do a lot of living,  
'Got to last, got to see you through,  
So take care of what you're *eatin'*  
Please don't give your bod a *beatin'*  
Because you're THE ONE,  
You're the ONLY YOU.



## Shadow Land (Or...Under The Duvet)



I always remember my mum insisting the lights go out when I was lying in my bed at night, just on a really good bit in the book I was reading, not tired at all. I had a really cool bedroom, it was my space and everything was where I wanted it be, apart from my dirty used clothing which basically fell to the floor wherever I shed it like a snake sheds their skin. Not my job to pick it up. (Messy so and so) However when the light went out my room took on a different complexion, altogether more menacing and scary. My answer was of course was the nationally recognised and



fully accredited solution of "Torch and Duvet" (Winning Combo) over my head, an absolute guarantee of in-bed safety from creatures unknown and unwanted. Worked every time for me.

## Shadow Land

By day my bedroom  
Is a really friendly place,  
But at night it changes  
And wears a spooky face.

Where light filled every corner  
So nothing's left unseen,  
Are only inky shadows  
So black and dark and mean.

All I want is the light on,  
To fizzle out my fears,  
But Mum says it must be off  
"A bed's for sleeping, dear."  
So I huddle to my pillow,  
Alone there in my room,  
A face in every shadow,  
I shudder in the gloom.

But I have got the answer,  
To keep the Spooks at bay,  
I slip my head under the duvet,  
It keeps the creeps away.

# All In A Name



## All In A Name

Penelope,  
If I called you Penny,  
Would you feel short-changed?  
Richard,  
If I called you Rich,  
Would you consider it too much?  
Louise,  
If I called you Loo,  
Would you flush with anger?  
Benjamin,  
If I called you Ben,  
Would you feel big about it?  
Ashley,  
If I called you Ash,  
Would you smoulder with resentment?  
And Michael,  
If I called you Mike,  
Would you shout it out?  
Don't call me Tez,  
Who Sez!

Do you have a nickname? If so, how did it come about, I have two friends, one called Mouldy and one called Boff and they both suit their nicknames so well.

# Learners At Large



## Learners At Large

Got the WORD going round our school,  
It's **The Thing** to be if you wanna be cool,  
Now, I can't be sure if it's a fact or a rumour,  
But someone has a Rad sense of humour,  
Because some Dude said, I forget just who....  
You better look out, don't scream, don't shout,  
But I've been told there are Learners about!

Could this be true? I hear you say,  
Well, I'm gonna find out come what may.  
So these learners like, where do they hang?  
Cos I wanna beat the drum that they bang!  
So you'd better look out, don't scream, don't shout,  
But I've been told there are learners about!

I've done my time falling out with the Teach,  
It's clear to me now, life's no beach,  
That you only get out what you care to put in.  
So I'm hanging up my hassles, tucking in my chin,  
I'm a brand new chapter waiting to begin!  
So you'd better look out, don't scream, don't shout,  
But I've been told there are learners about!

Yes, I am a learner, of that you can be sure,  
I've taken up the challenge, I've opened up the door.  
So get the word going around your school,  
It's the thing to be if you wanna be cool!  
**Be a learner don't be a Fool.**

## The Style Stealer



My 13 year old daughter Megan came home from school one day and she looked really miserable. I asked her what was wrong and she said all the usual's, you know...  
"Nothing, I'm alright, don't bother me, go away," and so on until she finally cracked and said, "Someone stole something from me". I replied, "Well, didn't you tell the teacher?"

"I couldn't, it wasn't that simple." Well, after much coaxing she finally blurted out, "Sophie stole my style!! OK, anyway, you wouldn't understand, you don't have any style to steal," Which of course is absolutely true.

"Mm, I think this is a mum thing I said, "and so I handed her over to the boss before I ran upstairs to fall about in hysterical but silent laughter and wrote this poem. I was very pleased with the result, Megan wasn't, though as a young woman now she laughs at the memory.

PS. She must have got her style back as she is always in the Fashion Shops and on Amazon Boohoo ordering dresses and stuff.

# The Style Stealer

Beware of the Style Stealer,  
She spies your every move,  
Beware of the Style Stealer,  
She's jumping in your groove.

So, careful how you Style your hair,  
Or toss it just so,  
The Style Stealer is taking notes,  
She's getting in the know.

Your favourite words and things you say,  
Are there for her to plunder,  
Beware of the Style Stealer,  
She'll steal your very thunder.

Even as you walk away,  
She starts to stride like you,  
Beware of the Style Stealer,  
She's lifting every clue.

All of this is done unseen,  
Until that fateful day,  
When she decides she's got it right,  
And then comes out to play.

Beware of the Style Stealer,  
She's your mirror and reflection,  
Even though it's second hand,



She's copied to perfection.

Beware of the Style Stealer,  
She has your every move,  
Your look and voice are in her grasp,  
She's jumping in your groove.

But only you will ever know,  
Her style is not her own,  
She's made it hers and wears it well,  
She is your Style Clone.

So, beware of the Style Stealer,  
As you perfect your look,  
It won't take long to steal it all,  
She reads you like a book!

# Esoteric Eric



I dedicate this poem to the Wise Men and Women out there who hold court to their dedicated followers, they seem to have all the answers, I only seem to have all the questions!

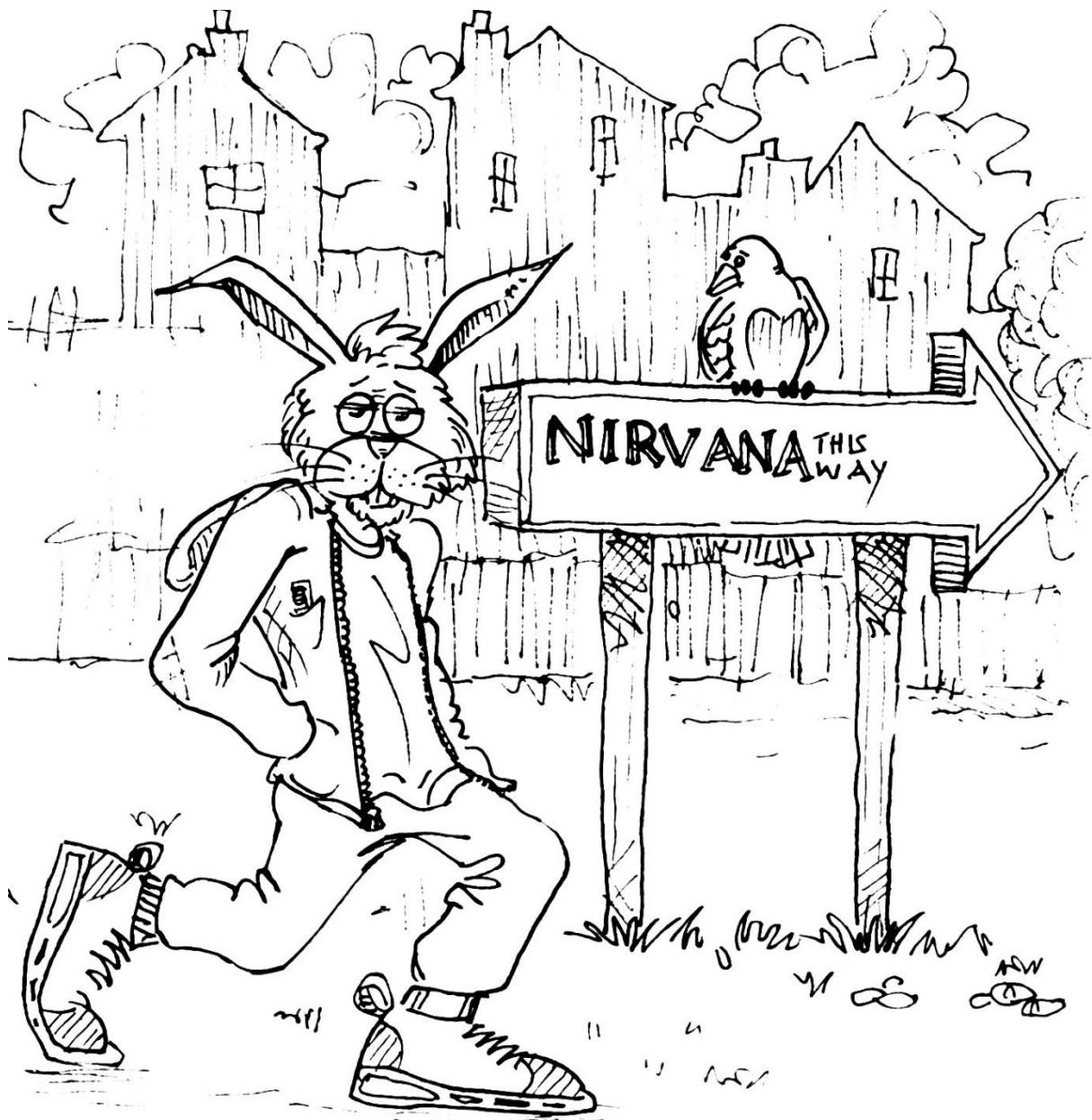
## Esoteric Eric

Esoteric Eric was really very cool,  
For he had mastered the art,  
Of doing nothing at all.  
He dwelled within a single room,  
With bed and chair and mat,  
All he did was eat and sleep,  
But mostly he just sat  
Crossed legged on his carpet,  
His eyes gently closed,  
But never for a moment  
Did Eric ever doze,  
For all his journeys were inward,  
Betwixt his pointy ears.  
In fact he'd never left his room  
For years and years and years.  
He seldom took in visitors  
And rarely spoke a word.  
So as I passed in through his door,  
I'm told I was the third.  
What was my cause?  
I hear you ask,  
That I should chance his way.

To visit him to sit and talk,  
And my respects to pay.  
Well, I had heard in whispers spoke  
Passed down from here to there,  
That Eric had deep knowledge  
That he might care to share.  
That knowing what Eric knew  
Might cast away all fears,  
But, also whispered quieter still,  
Was the cost it seemed was dear,  
And the reason that so very few,  
Had trod this lonely way.  
Though none had ever spoken  
Of the true currency of pay.  
What of them?  
Where were they now?  
What secrets might they say?  
Were their lives made whole?  
And healed in every way?  
Was the cost unspoken  
Worth the price to pay?  
I did not have the answers,  
To these and questions more,  
As I opened up and stepped  
Through Eric's lonely door.  
"I see I have a visitor,  
Do come and take a seat,  
Take off your coat  
Remove your shoes.  
Please, let me rub your feet"  
I must exclaim I was surprised

At Eric's form of greeting,  
But then recalled that this indeed  
Was no ordinary meeting.  
So I sat as Eric worked  
My feet from heels to toes,  
Squeezing here and rubbing there,  
Quite pleasant as it goes.  
"So what of you,  
Why are you here?  
It's rare I entertain"  
So I replied, "I am told  
You take away all pain,  
That woes and strife,  
And anger Dark  
Are never felt again..."  
He stopped me there,  
With kindly gaze,  
His hands continued kneading,  
"Observe the beast  
Out in the field,  
Then ponder as he feeds,  
He takes his fill,  
Sustains himself,  
There's wisdom there to heed.  
He then moves on,  
So grass renews,  
Returns another day,  
To nature he is true.  
Who bid the beast to be this way?  
Who taught him to be wise?  
He came not upon my door,

With questions for to answer,  
The Dance of Life is all around,  
And I am but a dancer.  
It was not I that penned the score,  
I know no more than you,  
So bid farewell,  
Put on your shoes,  
Your fate is yours to choose.  
But please remember as you leave,  
To kindly shut the door."



The Frowns!





# The Frown

I am the Frowning Creature,  
Hang out on face and jowl,  
I fit on any feature,  
Make happy faces foul,

I'm The Frown,  
I get around,  
Yeah, I'm The Frown!

Any face will suit me,  
Any face at all,  
Big ones,  
Small ones,  
I love them all.

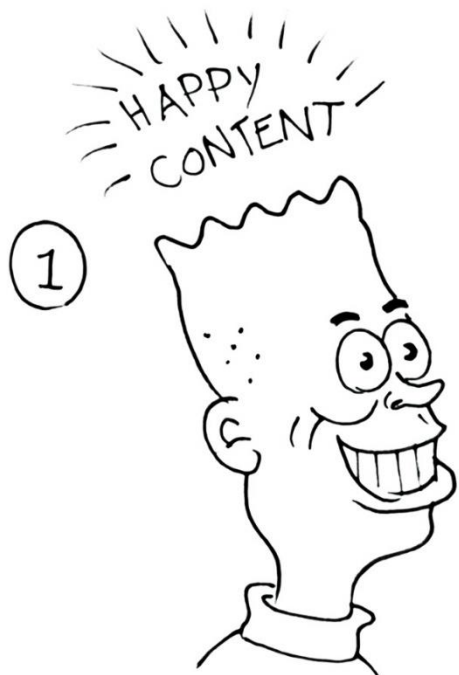
I'm The Frown,  
I get you down,  
Yeah, I'm the Frown!

Next time you are down,  
Feeling in the Dumps,  
I'll be there to meet you,  
Be there to greet you,

I'm The Frown,  
I get around,  
Yeah, I'm the Frown!

The only way to beat me,  
Put me in my place,  
Happy on the inside,  
Means happy face,  
Then I can't frown,  
You get me down,  
I'm out of town!

That little ditty came to me after seeing yet another face change from happy to angry in micro-seconds, it was as if there was an invisible creature hovering above the heads of the children in class just waiting for an opportunity to "Splat Land" on one of their faces and do his work.



# Our Teacher



## Our Teacher

Our teacher is an alien,  
He comes from outer space,  
Even though he looks like us,  
He's from another race,  
He comes to school by tractor beam,  
Behind the cupboard door,  
He doesn't need to walk about,  
He slides across the floor,  
Some say that like Mr. Spock,  
He's lacking in all feeling,  
But I'm sure I saw him smile,  
As he rose towards the ceiling.

# Wellard



# Wellard

Well'ard is what I am,  
Well'ard is what I be,  
Well'ard is what  
I call myself,  
So don't cross me!

If you see me walking  
Down the street,  
I am four foot wide,  
I need all the pavement see,  
Make sure you step aside.

Well'ard is what I am,  
Well'ard is what I be,  
Well'ard is what  
I call myself,  
So don't cross me!

Do not look me in the eye,  
Or push in front of me,  
Or I'll see you at the gates  
At half past three!

Well'ard is what I am,  
Well'ard is what I be,  
Well'ard is what  
I call myself,  
So don't cross me!

There's trouble  
If you mix with me,  
So look the other way,  
My reputation's growing  
Day by day.

Well'ard is what I am,  
Well'ard is what I be,  
Wellard is what  
I call myself,  
So don't cross me!

So how is it I feel so bad?  
I spend my time alone,  
No one comes to visit me,  
Or call me on the phone.

No one ever talks to me,  
To ask me what I think,  
My reputation's in the way,  
My life STINKS!

Can I change the way I am,  
To be a nicer guy?  
Can I start again please?  
To stop this stupid lie.





# Kit Curse



This poem is a kind of Mashup of the " **Curse of Tutankhamun**" and the Spare Kit box - not a good Combo!

## Kit Curse

There's nothing worse  
Than the PE curse,  
Of the kit that comes from school.

If you should forget your kit,  
(A silly thing to do)  
Then you will pay the penalty,  
The Long Walk to class two.  
That's where the kit is kept,  
In THE CUPBOARD, in the dark!

Unwashed, unloved,  
Unnerving to behold,  
There's nothing worse  
Than the PE curse,  
Of the kit that comes from school.

The colour's dead,  
It has no cred.  
Too big, too small, too old,  
To wear it is an awful pain,  
A curse in every fold.

The kid that wears this kit,  
Gets left out in the cold,  
So don't forget your kit,  
If you like to think you're cool,  
Because there's nothing worse,  
Than the PE curse,  
Of the kit that comes from school,  
Oh, there's nothing worse than the PE curse,  
Of the kit that comes from school,  
There's nothing worse in the Universe,  
THAN THE KIT THAT COMES FROM SCHOOL!



# First Kiss



When I read this to children of a certain age there can sometimes be seen a little squirming and sounds of "Eww!" But the time comes to all of us, that awkward first kiss, and it is just as embarrassing looking back too.

## First Kiss

I remember well my very first kiss,  
Though I have to admit,  
It was a bit "Hit and Miss."  
We met each other  
While camping down in Devon.

I was only twelve,  
She was just eleven,  
Ours eyes first met  
Across the Disco floor.

I knew in my heart  
I had see her more,  
So I jumped from my chair,  
And I cut to the groove,  
Should've seen me dance  
Should've seen me move.

I was The King of the Disco floor!  
The music stopped,  
The crowd gave a roar,  
I gave a bow and slid to my knees,  
And in a Super Cool voice said,

"Next dance please"

So we juked and we jived,  
And we danced all night,  
We were King and Queen,  
Our moves were out of sight.

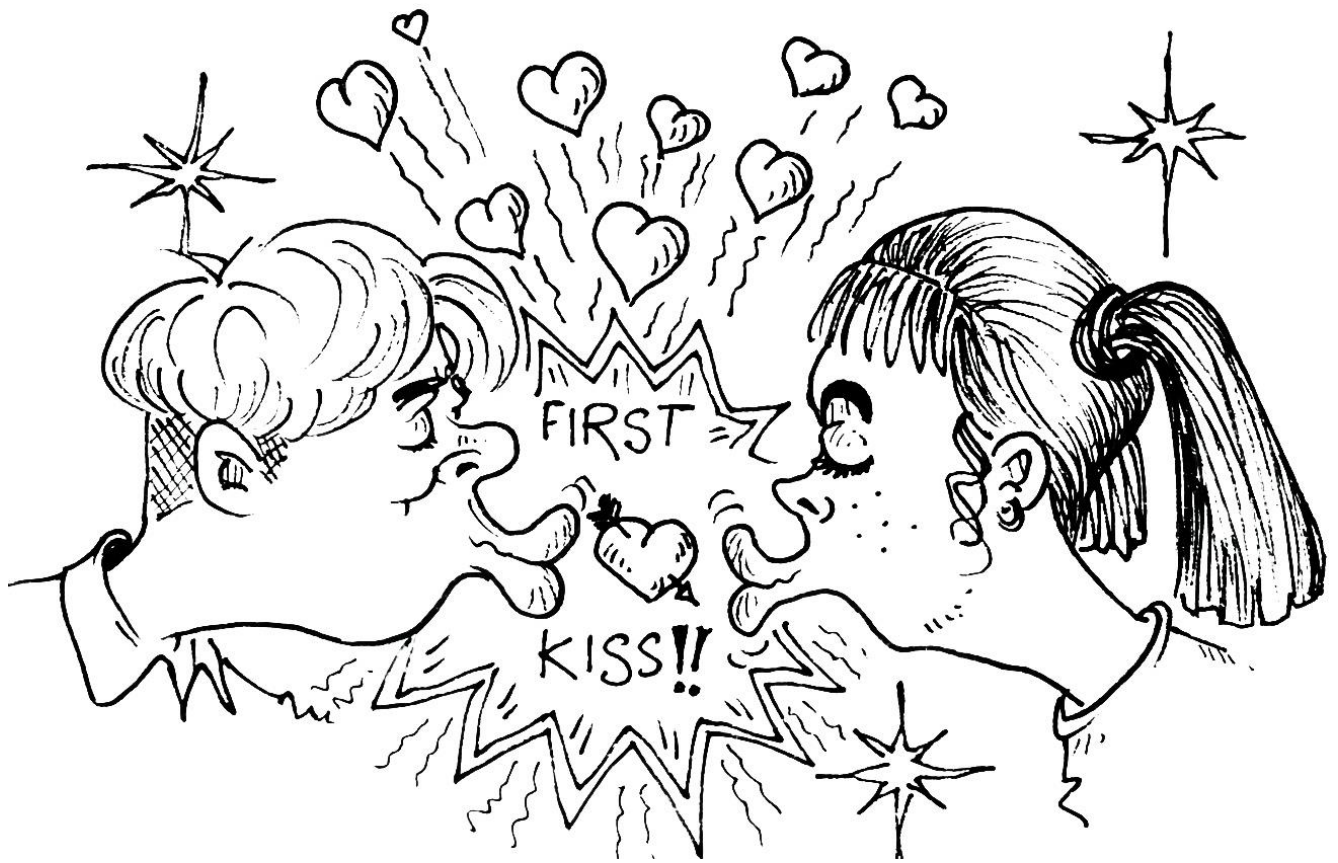
It was getting quite late,  
The rhythm began to slow,  
We were getting real close,  
The lights were low.

We danced cheek to cheek,  
We danced hip to hip,  
I tossed my hair,  
I puckered my lips.

I gazed into her eyes,  
We were getting very close...  
When suddenly I panicked,  
How would I avoid her nose!

I needn't have worried  
As she leant to the right,  
So I leant to the left,  
And our lips met,  
Well, not quite!  
So that was it,  
My very first kiss,  
Though I have to admit,  
It was a bit "Hit and Miss!"





I love Super Heroes, I always have done from the comics I read as a kid to the fantastic movies that are around nowadays. Their constant saving of the planet and vanquishing of evil adversaries is a joy to behold, it looks like really hard work. It occurred to me that when they were not plotting and fighting that they must have ordinary lives and everyday household type chores to do just like you and me. So I set about creating illustrations and poems with that idea in mind, my working title for the collection is "Domestic Heroes."

So I have Wolverine chipping potatoes ready for frying, Batman doing the weekly grocery shopping with Bat Baby in the BatTrolley and The Hulk with his little dog and shopping waiting at the bus stop with everyone else.





The picture above is included as a challenge. I haven't written the poem, you see sometimes the picture comes first. I have Wolverine engaged in an everyday task as an Everyday Hero. Can you write the poem?

# The Danger Ranger



# The Danger Ranger

I am the School Health & Safety Ranger,  
My Super-Vision exposes danger,  
My task in life is Risk-Assessing,  
Hazards are my daily blessing.

Where you see Safety, I spy Danger!  
So gaze in awe upon The Danger Ranger.

Those tatty carpets and trailing leads,  
Are bound to lead to breaks and bleeds,  
Once sanitised by the Danger Ranger,  
Your lives are saved from mortal danger.

Before you start that game of Conkers,  
Excuse me please, don't think me bonkers,  
Don Safety goggles to shield your eyes,  
You're bound to lose one otherwise!

Nothing escapes the Danger Ranger,  
"I have spied a hidden Danger"  
What appears to be but a harmless tie,  
Is enough to nearly hang you by,  
An elastic band would pose less danger,  
Another Gem from the Danger Ranger!

I'll wrap you all in cotton wool,  
Make sure that you avoid it all,  
No risks, no play, no Rough and Tumble,  
Behold the Ranger and be humble!

# Being Batty



## Being Batty

Dear Super-Villains,  
Being Bat Bloke,  
Isn't easy,  
Catching villains,  
Not easy peasy,  
World domination  
On the scope,  
Bat Bloke...  
The only hope.

Keeping fit,  
Eating well,  
Alter ego,  
Head must swell!

Only answer,  
Down to earth!  
Weekly shopping,  
What a nerve!  
Clean the car,  
Wash the dishes,  
Mow the lawn,  
Feed the fishes.

Because after all,  
Things need doing,  
The "Crims" can wait,  
Bat's busy "crewing."

Work-life balance,  
Not easy peasy  
Even for our hero,  
Super cheesy.

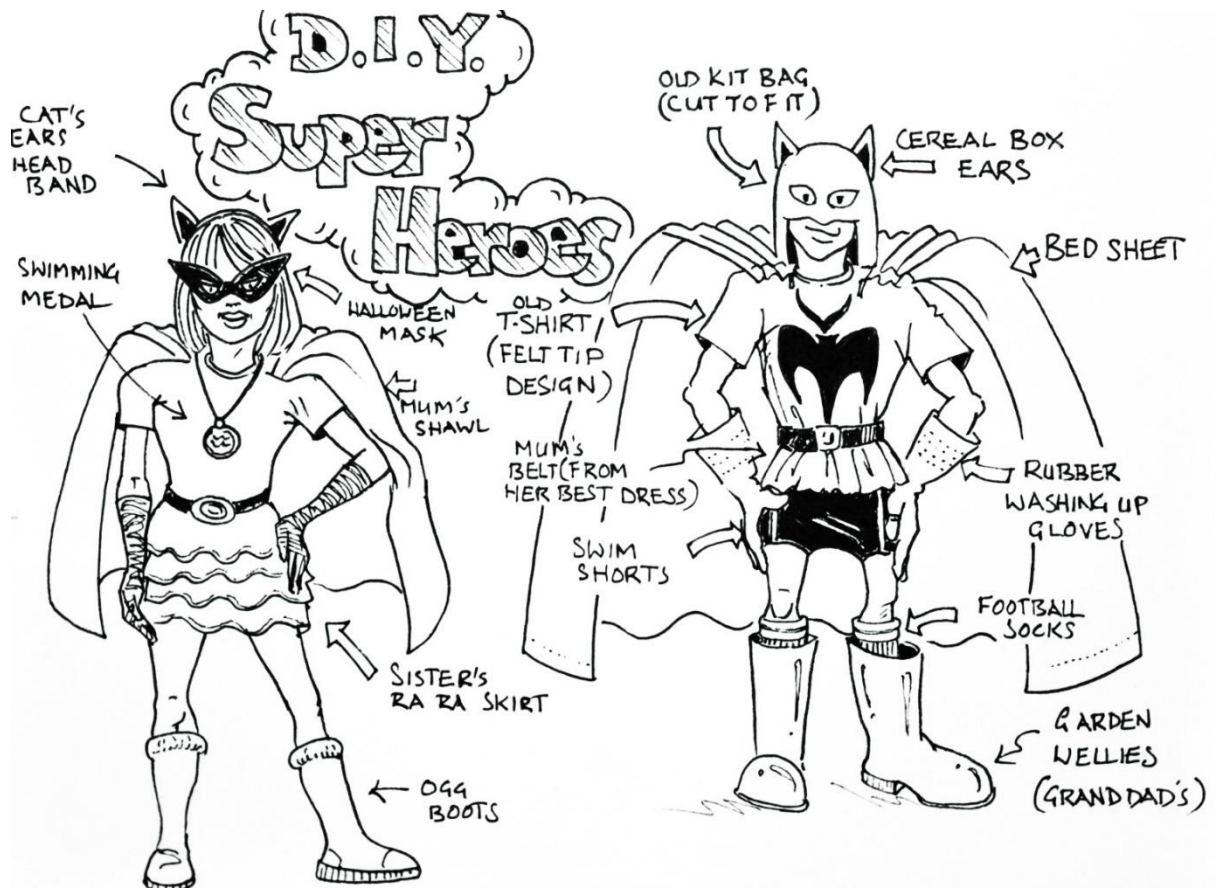
So, dear Super Villains,  
Please remember,  
Adequate notice,  
By December.

Three months min.  
Six is better,  
So Dear Batty can plan,  
Text, email or letter.

After all, world domination,  
Without a good fight,  
Is like a candle,  
Without a light.

Old Batty needs time,  
For the loft extension,  
And time to sort  
The Old Age pension.  
So please consider  
My plaintive plea,  
And then get back to me.  
Signed, *Mrs. Bat*,  
Goodbye from me.





# Being Green



## Being Green

Ok, I'm big, mean and green,  
What you might call Easily Seen,  
Other guys not unlike me,  
Large and coloured and on TV,  
Seem to get much better press.  
All I get is strife and stress.  
Shrek's not really better looking,  
A natty dresser, or good at cooking,  
Then there's The Thing,  
A big brown lump,  
Look at his girlfriend!  
It's got me stumped.  
I walk the dog,  
I do the shopping,  
I'm even wearing Spandex now,  
I brush my teeth,  
My breath doesn't smell,  
I really am a model guy,  
But 500 pounds and eight foot high,  
Surely there is a girl out there,  
Who is partial to green?  
And a well-toned bod.

Mum always said,  
"There are plenty of fish in the sea,"  
So come on girls, swim on up to me!



## Plastic Drastic

We are floating on a sea of plastic,  
A liquid/solid so fantastic,  
That we can't get enough,  
When will the earth call our bluff?  
As we pour ever more,  
From her deep oily store,  
Mounting and Mounting,  
A huge plastic fountain.

The earth weeps as it bleeds,  
Gushing oil for our needs,  
"Use it once, "Throw Away,"  
When will we have to pay?  
For an horizon so shot sighted,  
And a future much blighted,  
For convenience and ease,  
We do as we please,  
Thinking nothing of others,  
Not our own human brothers,  
Nor the creatures all about,  
Who can't scream and shout.

As they don't have a voice,  
This route, not their choice,  
So we drag them all on under,  
In the "Ship Wreck" of our plunder,  
Rather than hold them up and support,  
Before we sadly sell them short,

Still, we can all row together,  
As it's better late than never,  
Choose the currents that we take,  
And the Tack that we make,  
To stop this Dead End race,  
To bring a smile to Gaia's face.

# Plastic Fantastic

Plastic

Fantastic

Material

Bombastic

UPVC

Elastic

Elastoplast

Mastic

Material

Fantastic

Need

Drastic.

What

No plastic!

No MP3

Mobile

Tablet

Laptop

WhatsApp

Or Facebook

No notifications

No likes

NO emoji's!

And that's just the start,

Not just plastic we lose

But to do as we choose,

Life without plastic,

A Situation Drastic.

## Skater Boy

This illustration is loaded with labels and annotations. I did this as these methods of adding information to a picture or a diagram can be a bit boring.

However, as the illustration shows they can be fun and exciting too!

I have used a variety of boxes to contain the descriptions to create an interesting and busy image that combines picture and word together in a way that is creative and interesting to look at.

Pick a subject matter yourself, draw your picture and add your own fun annotated boxes for something a little bit different and out of the ordinary.









Well, that's all from me for now, be good, be brave, be your own hero, TERRY G.

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