

# THE BIGGEST BURP EVER

Funny Poems for Kids

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For Zoe

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## The Biggest Burp Ever



The record, so far, for the world's biggest burp is held by Belinda Melinda McNurp. It wasn't on purpose. She wasn't to blame. Her tummy just rumbled, and out the burp came.



Belinda then instantly saw her mistake.  
The ground began trembling and starting to shake.  
That rumble was suddenly more of a roar.  
It busted the windows and knocked down the door.

Her mother and father both covered their ears.  
Her brother and sister were nearly in tears.  
Her puppy looked panicked and yipped as he fled.  
Her kitten just cowered and covered his head.

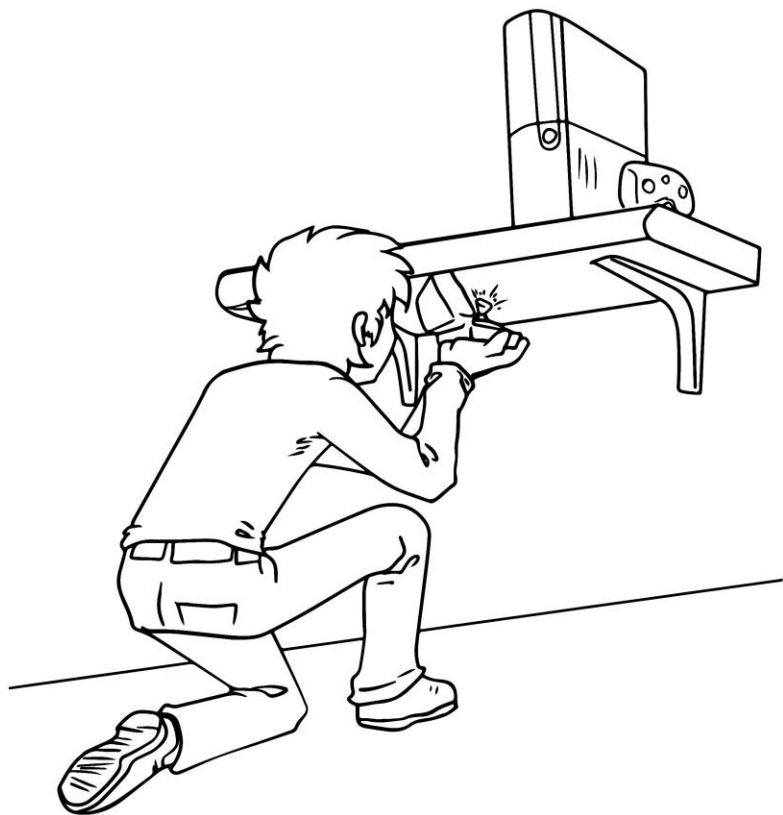
The cars on the street began skidding and stopping.  
The shoppers in shops started dropping their shopping.  
The squirrels all burrowed. The birds flew away.  
The sun disappeared for the rest of the day

as clouds began thundering all around town.  
The trees toppled over. The buildings fell down.  
Tornadoes and hurricanes blew through the sky.  
The rivers flowed backward. The oceans ran dry.

Volcanoes erupted from Perth to Peru.  
The Grand Canyon widened. Mount Everest grew.  
The earth started spinning a different direction.  
And, worst of all, I lost my iPhone connection.

Belinda was pretty embarrassed alright,  
but she was well-mannered, and very polite.  
And that's why she knew it would all be okay  
when she said, "Excuse me," and went on her way.

## Xbox, Xbox



Xbox, Xbox,  
you're the one for me.  
I also love my 3DS  
and my Nintendo Wii.

GameCube, GameBoy,  
Apple iPod Touch.  
I never thought that I would ever  
be in love this much.

Pac-Man, Sonic,  
Mario, and Link.  
Your names are etched inside my mind  
in everlasting ink.

Run, jump, flip, hang,  
double-jump, and climb.  
That's all I want to do  
with every second of my time.

This is true love.  
Yes, it's plain to see.  
Xbox, Xbox,  
will you marry me?

## **My Mother Said to Do My Chores**

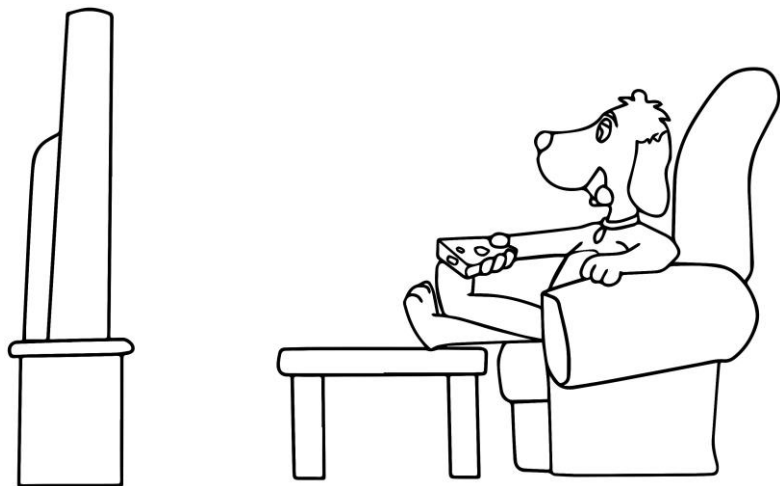
My mother said to do my chores,  
to dust the shelves and mop the floors,  
and wipe the walls and wind the clocks,  
and scoop the kitty's litter box,  
and walk the dog and feed the fishes,  
and wash and dry the dirty dishes,  
and clean my room and take a bath,  
and read a book and do my math,  
and pick up all my Lego blocks,  
and put away my shoes and socks,  
and hang my shirts and fold my pants,  
and water all the potted plants,  
and organize my toys and games,  
and straighten up the picture frames,  
and polish all the silverware,  
and brush my teeth and comb my hair,  
and rake the leaves and mow the lawn,  
and on and on and on and on.

She said I'll get to have some fun  
as soon as all my chores are done.

With all the chores I have to do  
until my mother says I'm through,  
like study for an hour or two,  
and peel potatoes and stir the stew,  
and fix a vase with crazy glue,  
and practice tuba till I'm blue,  
and wash the dog with pet shampoo,  
and sweep the chimney and the flue,  
and scrub the tub and toilet too,  
and pick up piles of puppy poo...

It looks like I'll be ninety three  
before I get to watch TV.

## My Dog Lives on the Sofa



My dog lives on the sofa.  
That's where he wants to be.  
He likes to sit there night and day  
and watch what's on TV.  
He surfs the channels constantly  
by chewing the remote,  
then watches what he wants to watch;  
I never get a vote.

He's fond of films with animals.  
He takes in nature shows.  
Whenever cat cartoons come on  
he always watches those.  
He loves the pet commercials too,  
and anything with food.  
Whenever there's a tennis match  
he nearly comes unglued.  
I got him from the dog pound.  
He didn't cost a cent.  
I asked them for a "watch dog,"  
but this isn't what I meant.

## I Didn't Go Camping



I didn't go camping.

I didn't go hiking.

I didn't go fishing.

I didn't go biking.

I didn't go play  
on the slides at the park.

I didn't watch shooting stars  
way after dark.



I didn't play baseball  
or soccer outside.  
I didn't go on an  
amusement park ride.

I didn't throw Frisbees.  
I didn't fly kites,  
or have any travels,  
or see any sights.

I didn't watch movies  
with blockbuster crowds,  
or lay on the front lawn  
and look at the clouds.

I didn't go swimming  
at pools or beaches,  
or visit an orchard  
and pick a few peaches.

I didn't become  
a guitarist or drummer,  
but, boy, I played plenty  
of Minecraft this summer.

## Cookies for Santa



I baked a dozen cookies  
and I put them on a plate,  
and I set them out for Santa Claus,  
except for one I ate.

That cookie was amazing  
and I couldn't quite resist...  
so I ate another one  
that I was sure would not be missed.

I knew it wouldn't matter  
if I only ate one more.  
Then I gobbled up another one.  
Why not? That's only four.

I accidentally dropped  
another couple on the ground.  
I knew Santa wouldn't want them  
so I swiftly scarfed them down.

Another couple disappeared.  
I may have eaten those,  
though I couldn't say for certain,  
but I guess that's how it goes.

I figured four was likely more  
than Santa Claus would need,  
so I polished off another few  
with unexpected speed.

Before I knew what happened  
all the damage had been done,  
and I realized I'd accidentally  
eaten every one.

I guess it's best, since Santa  
sort of needs to watch his weight.  
When he visits us this Christmas  
I sure hope he likes the plate.

## Wayne the Stegosaurus



Meet the stegosaurus, Wayne.  
He doesn't have the biggest brain.  
He's long and heavy, wide and tall,  
but has a brain that's extra small.

He's not the brightest dinosaur.  
He thinks that one plus one is four.  
He can't remember up from down.  
He thinks the sky is chocolate brown.

He wears his bow tie on his tail  
and likes to eat the daily mail.  
When playing hide-and-seek he tries  
to hide by covering his eyes.

He thinks that black is really white.  
He's sure the sun comes out at night.  
He thinks that water grows on trees  
and when it's hot he starts to freeze.

He's happy when he's feeling ill.  
He likes to dance by standing still.  
And when it's time to go to bed,  
he puts bananas on his head.

He thinks his name is Bob, not Wayne,  
but that's what happens when your brain  
(although you're big and brave and spiny)  
is very, very, very tiny.

End of Free Sample

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