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Opening extract from  
**Even My Ears  
are Smiling**

Written by  
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# Welcome

Welcome to our planet.  
Please will you record your voice?  
You can be quiet or noisy.  
It's you who makes the choice.

Later you come to our kitchen.  
We put you in a pot of oil.  
We look to see what colour you go.  
Then we heat you till you boil.

Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!

# Introduction Song

I'm going to use my feet today  
I don't know who I'll meet today  
I'm going to keep the beat today  
I'm going to use my feet today

I'm going to use my eyes today  
Look out for the lies today  
Try to be wise today  
I'm going to use my eyes today

I'm going to use my ears today  
I'm going to have no fears today  
Never mind the tears today  
I'm going to use my ears today



I'm going to use my mind today  
Leave bad things behind today  
See what I can find today  
I'm going to use my mind today

I'm going to use what I've got today  
How and where and what today  
I'm going to use the lot today  
I'm going to use what I've got today

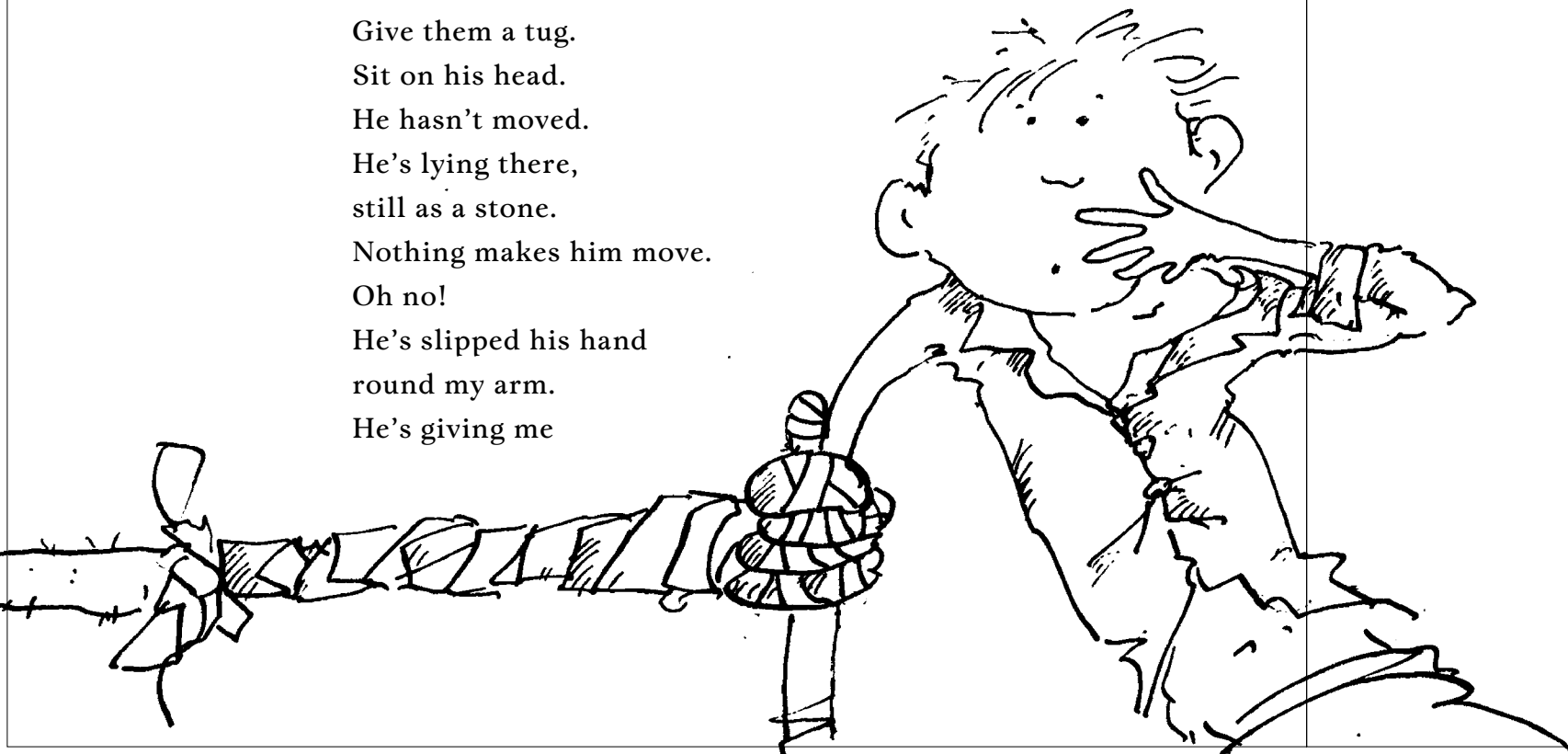


# Dad's in Bed

Dad's in bed.  
Let's squash Dad.  
We've got up early.  
He's still in bed.  
Jump on Dad.  
Roll him flat.  
Jump jump jump.  
Grab his nose  
and give it a squeeze.

We're the monkey-monkeys  
from monkey-monkey alley.  
We're the monkey-monkeys  
from monkey-monkey valley.

Dad's in bed.  
Grab his cheeks.  
Give them a tug.  
Sit on his head.  
He hasn't moved.  
He's lying there,  
still as a stone.  
Nothing makes him move.  
Oh no!  
He's slipped his hand  
round my arm.  
He's giving me



The Grip of the Mummy's Tomb.  
The Grip of the Mummy's Tomb.

We're the monkey-monkeys  
from monkey-monkey alley.  
We're the monkey-monkeys  
from monkey-monkey valley.

Jump, monkey, jump.  
Monkey jump jump.  
We've got to get away from  
The Mummy's Grip.  
Tickle him, tickle him  
make him let go.  
Get the cold flannel  
out of the sink.  
The flannel, the flannel  
Splodge him, splodge him  
make him let go.

We're the monkey-monkeys  
from monkey-monkey alley.  
We're the monkey-monkeys  
from monkey-monkey valley.

He's let go!  
We made the Mummy  
let go.  
Now let's  
get out of here quick



before he turns into  
before he turns into  
before he turns into . . .  
**WOLFMAN!!!!!!**

We're the monkey-monkeys  
from monkey-monkey alley.  
We're the monkey-monkeys  
from monkey-monkey valley.



## Late Last Night

Late last night  
I lay in bed  
driving buses  
in my head.

ME: 'Late last night  
I lay in bed.'

GRAN: 'You lay in lead?'

ME: "'In bed," I said.'

GRAN: 'You led your bed?'

ME: 'I said: "I lay".'

GRAN: 'You lay in bed?  
You should have said.'





# The Man on the Corner

The man on the corner  
with broken glasses  
sits on the bench  
and watches who passes.



# First Bus Trip

After a long, long, long time  
of asking,  
my mum said that my brother  
could take me on a bus  
without her or my dad  
taking us.

Me and him went upstairs  
to the front of the 183.  
I sat down as slowly and quietly  
as I could  
to prove that I wasn't going  
to do anything naughty.  
At all.  
Ever.

The bus started up.  
And off we went.

I held on to the bar  
in front of me  
I held on to the bar  
in front of me  
I held on to the bar  
in front of me.  
Even my ears  
were smiling.





# Going through the Old Photos

Who's that?  
That's your Auntie Mabel  
And that's me  
under the table.

Who's that?  
That's Uncle Billy  
Who's that?  
Me being silly.

Who's that  
licking a lolly?  
I'm not sure  
but I think it's Polly.



Who's that  
behind a tree?  
I don't know,  
I can't see.  
Could be you.  
Could be me.

Who's that?  
Baby Joe  
Who's that?  
I don't know.

Who's that standing  
on his head?  
Turn it round.  
It's Uncle Ted.

