



A GRIM WARNING

This is the warning for the girls and the boys
Who are clever but lazy, and just play with their toys,
Declaring "Books! Bla! They're just not for me –
I'm into Play stations and Wii and sometimes P.E.
But reading's for cissies and hobbits and elves,
And anyway, DVD's fill up my shelves."

But be careful, because if you never read books
People will give you peculiar looks
And mutter "She's clever, isn't it queer?"
So I suggest that you **READ AT LEAST ONE A YEAR**
And remember its' title and the main plot
And then you can say stuff like "The book I like a lot..."
Or even boast loudly "The book I like best..."
And you'll find people are really impressed
With your knowledge, and they'll think you're so great
They'll invite you for tea, and mountains of cake...

And be careful, because if you don't read at all
Your eyes can shrink so incredibly small,
Smaller than peas, smaller than the eyeballs of ants,
And when your Mum notices she'll shout "Thanks!
A son with miniscule eyes! just as I feared,
His darling blue eyes have practically disappeared
Into the hollow caves inside of his head,
Because he's not read a word, despite what I said."

And be careful, because if you don't read, that's **YOU**,
Your brain can turn into rats or a porridge-like stew
That will run out of your mouth and out of your nose
And you'll be crying "HELP! There my brain goes..."
On to the table and then slides on to the floor,
And then your old brain slithers out of the door,
So follow my Dad's advice, even if dull,
"Son, keep your brain firmly inside of your skull."

And be careful, because if you never read, that's **NEVER**,
You'll end up endlessly discussing the weather,
Learn no fancy new words, like discombobulation,
With which to bamboozle the rest of the nation,
And you'll lose the word-power to tell off your mother,
Or tease your terrible sister, or trick your big brother
Into buying you footballs, or big bags of sweets,
Or ice-creams, or chocolate, or other great treats.

So those are my warnings for the girls and the boys
Who won't read a word, and just play with their toys.

Matt Black, September 2008, National Year of Reading

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