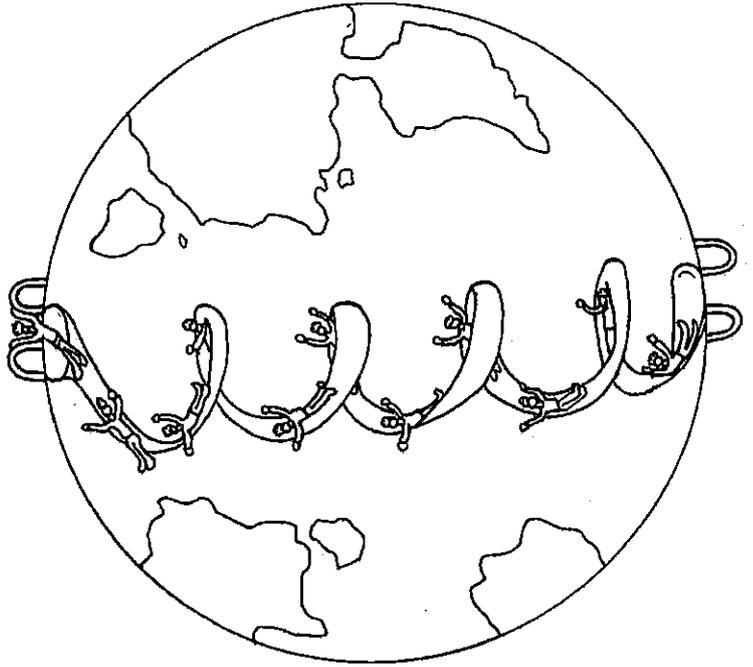
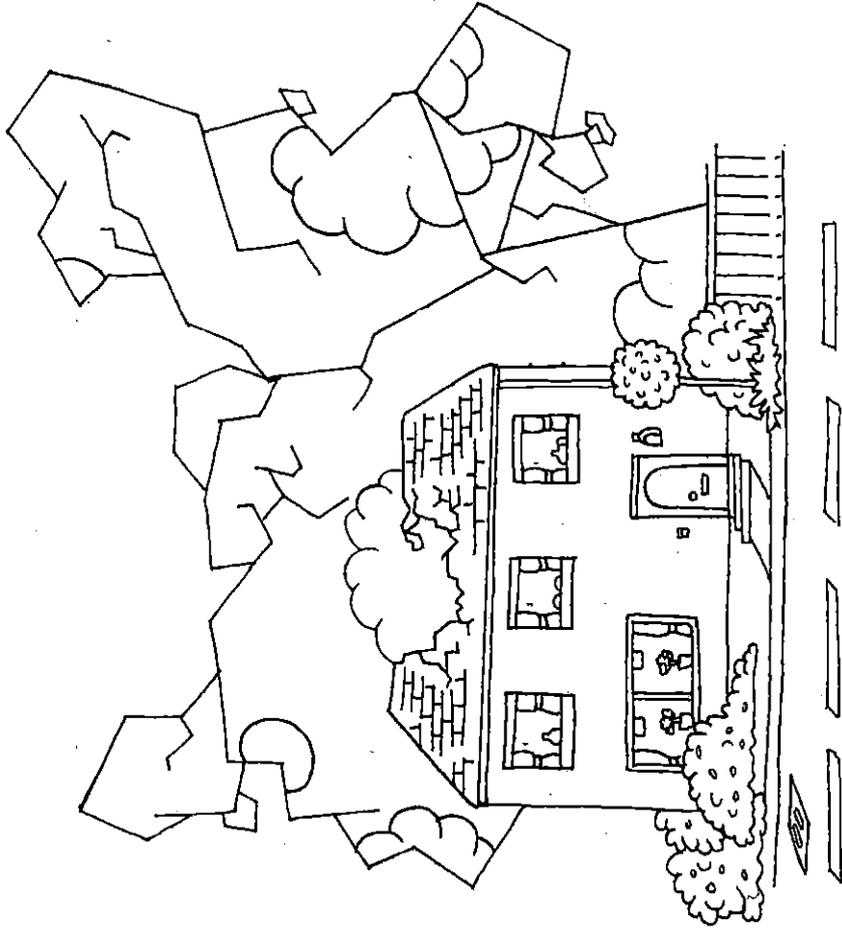


They Should.....

They should dig a great long hole, through the
Earth to the other side,
And in it place a plastic chute, on which all of us
can slide,
They should turn our cars to rubber, and make
driving much more fun,
They should build more clouds for hot countries,
And for the West a warmer sun,
So why is it when I look around, these jobs are not
being done?
I guess it's up to us now, come on everyone!



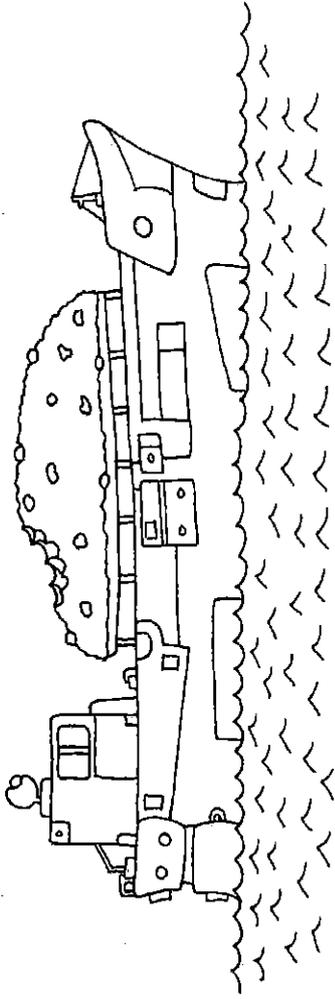
Day Breaks



Poems and illustrations by

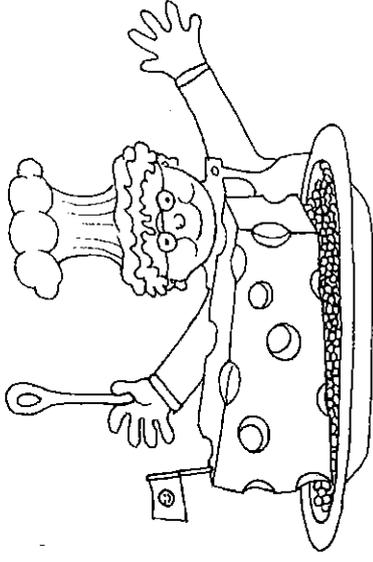
Justin Bateman

Biscuit

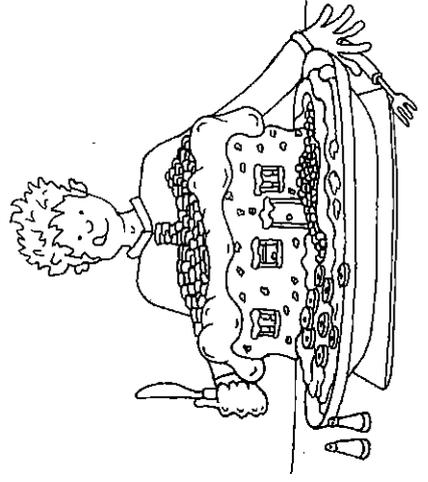


I gave a cookie to my friend, who took a bite
and passed it on,
It began as just a lend, but this went on and
on and on,
He gave it to his mother, who also took a
bite,
It was borrowed by his brothers, and eaten
late at night,
They sold it to a restaurant, where it was
enjoyed by many diners,
And shipped it to the silly Isles on massive
ocean liners,
Soon word spread so far and wide, that all I
seemed to hear,
Was "have you seen the giant cookie, it'll
last at least a year",
And in the end it was as if, the entire world
had had a bit,
I hope they liked my cookie, because I never
tasted it.

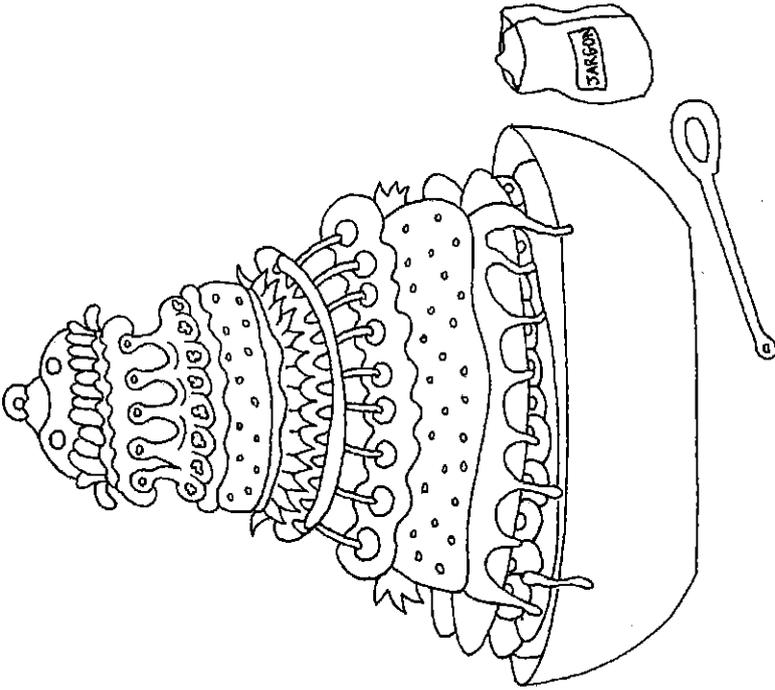
Chef



Come in, come in, and find a seat,
I've just prepared a lovely treat,
Onion jelly and Chocolate cheese,
Pickled slugs on a bed of pea's,
Perhaps a drink of Gherkin juice,
With sour milk and kipper mousse,
Tickle your taste buds with cottage pie,
It's quite delicious, so give it a try,
For the greatest hunger there's quite enough,
(There are no bones but the tiles are tough!)



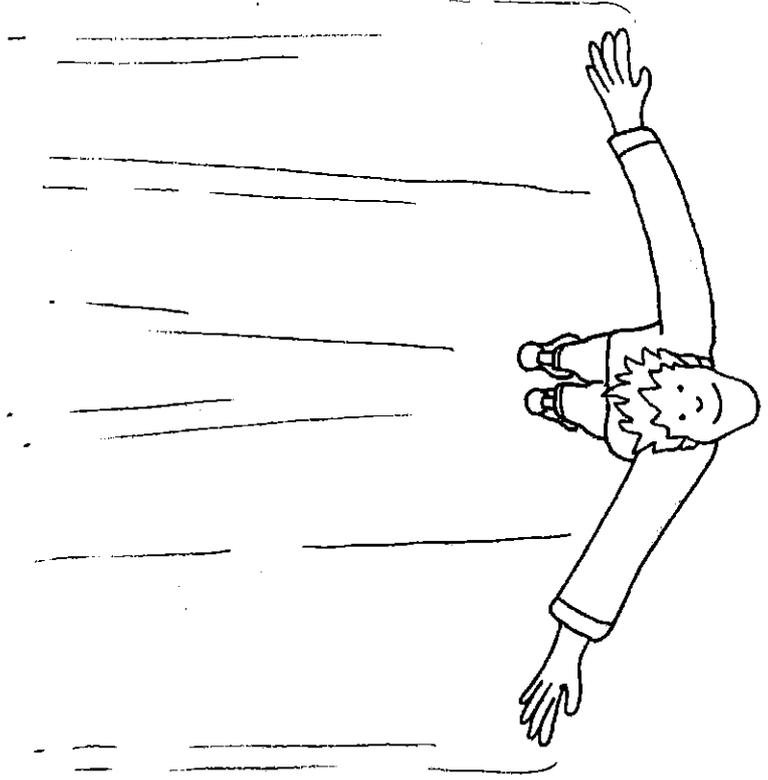
Babble Cake.



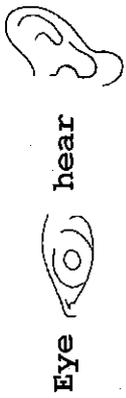
1. Drop a dupe in the nube
2. Twist a twang and follow through
3. Squeeze a ming with candifilk,
4. And cut the dapple, mix in silk
5. Rubber trim and spin till dry
6. Dust with bilge and cook on high
7. Trickle blanche on the drape, hey presto..... Babble Cake!

Mind over Matters

Falling wouldn't be so bad,
If you never hit the ground,
Searching wouldn't be as fun,
If you lost the things you found,
You cannot blame your memory,
If you leave infronts behind,
These problems just don't matter,
If about matters you don't mind.



Eye Hear

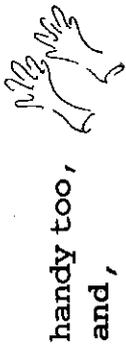


Eye

hear

your cheeky

And



handy too,
and,



You hold your chin-up

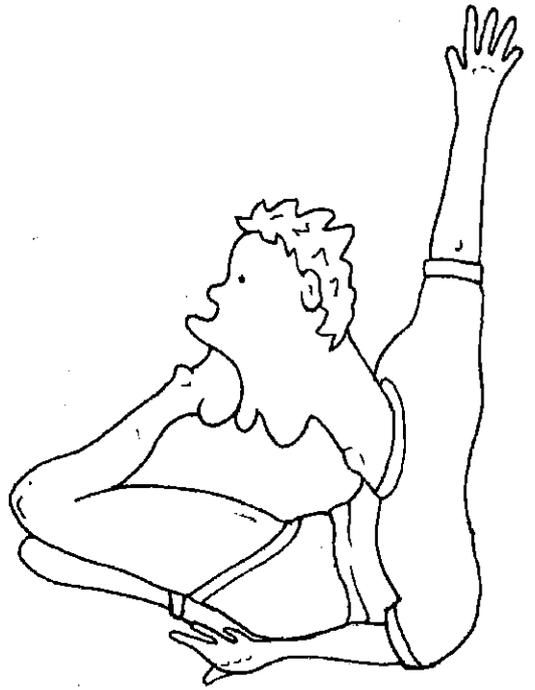


sharp tongues never cut you,

When you've something to say, you get it off your chest,



You put your foot in your mouth, and don't waist the rest!



Drawing

I'm having an 'I can't draw day',
I've tried so hard as well,

The football looks more like an
egg,

With a designer coated shell.

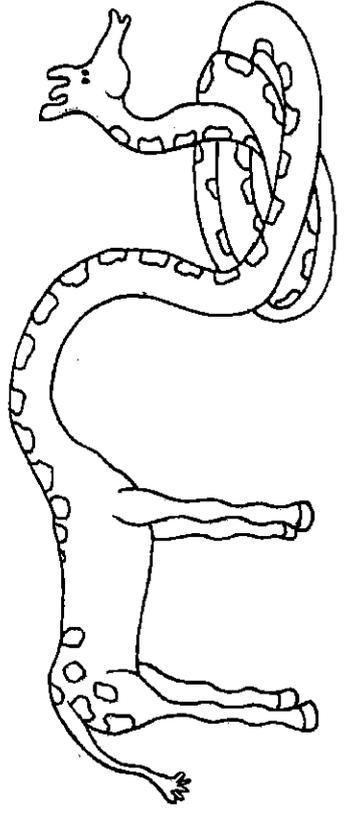


I spent ages on the Giraffe's neck,

And I knew I'd made a mistake,

But I guess for now, he'll have to
get used,

To looking more like a snake.



Mr. Average

Here is Mr. Average, a man of non-extremes,
He's somewhat unremarkable, even when he dreams,
So is this poem really all just based on him?
If it is, it's pretty clear idea's are wearing
thin,
It's obviously not extraordinary, or even that
exciting,
If you would like to lodge a formal complaint,
please complain in writing:

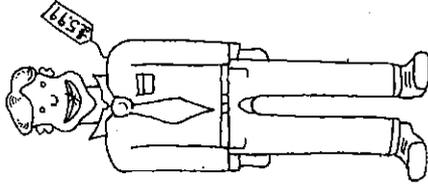
Mr. Average,

Middle of the road,

Boringville,

Yawningshire.

How Dull



People

I'm going to create plastic people,
So you can buy them in all the stores,
Plastic Percy he's politely polished,
And for five ninety-nine, he's yours.

Or perhaps you'd like something from my
other range?

The more unusual Mr. Pajoo,

He's two-ninety nine,

Washes plates and pours wine,

But that's just about all he can do.

And for those of a more limited budget,

A very unusual treat,

Why not try Ally the Eskimo

Keep cool and away from heat!

You may need some extra muscle,

Or safety when you go into town,

You can buy a gentle giant,

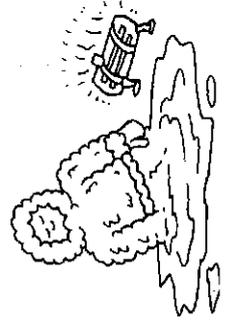
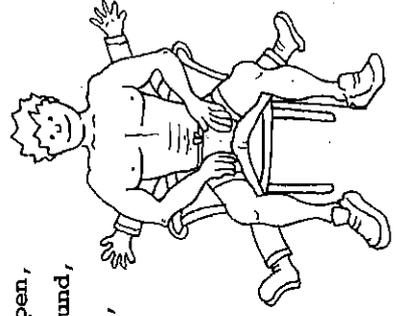
(But move if he sits down!).

So keep your eyes wide open,

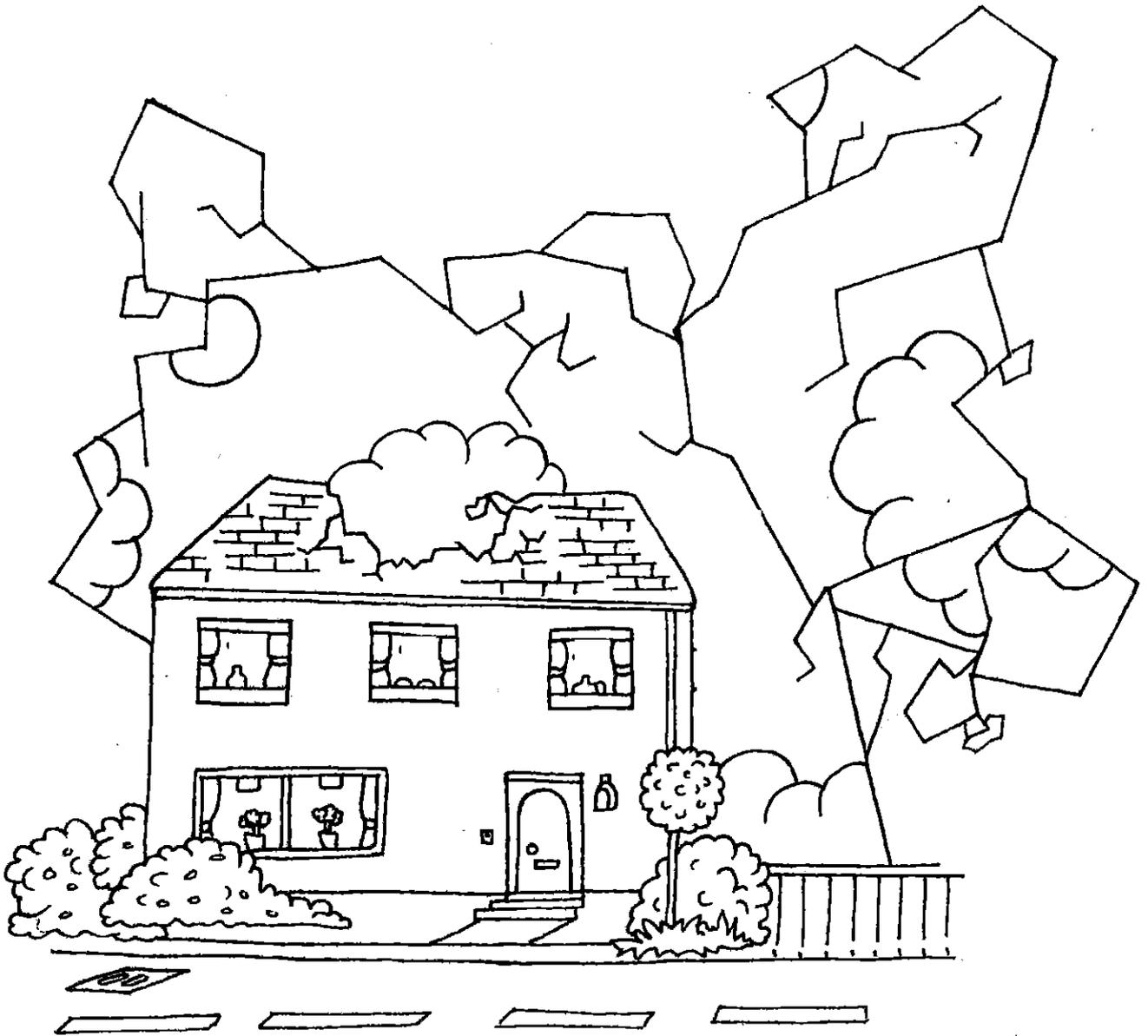
You never know who's around,

Or even if their real,

I only cost a pound.



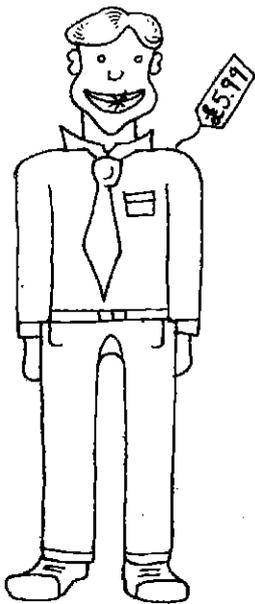
Day Breaks



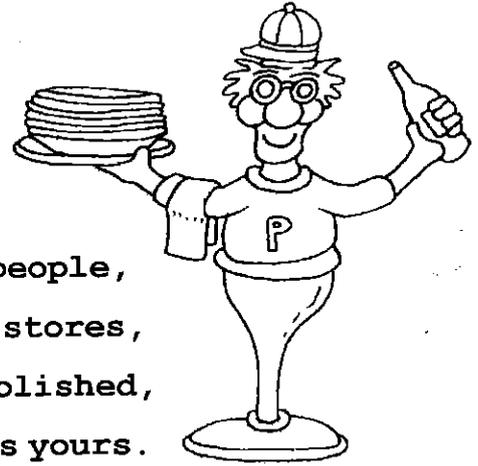
Poems and illustrations by
Justin Bateman

Refuge :





People



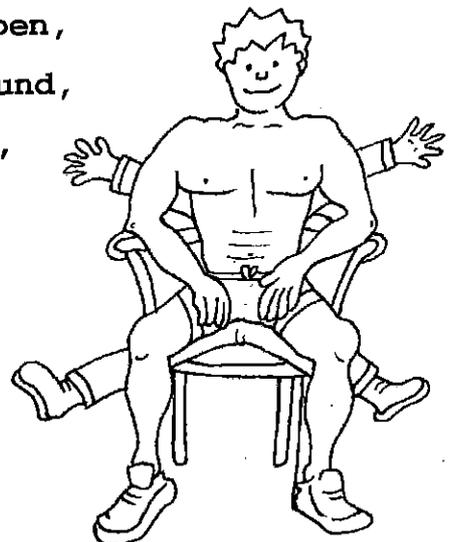
I'm going to create plastic people,
So you can buy them in all the stores,
Plastic Percy he's politely polished,
And for five ninety-nine, he's yours.

Or perhaps you'd like something from my
other range?

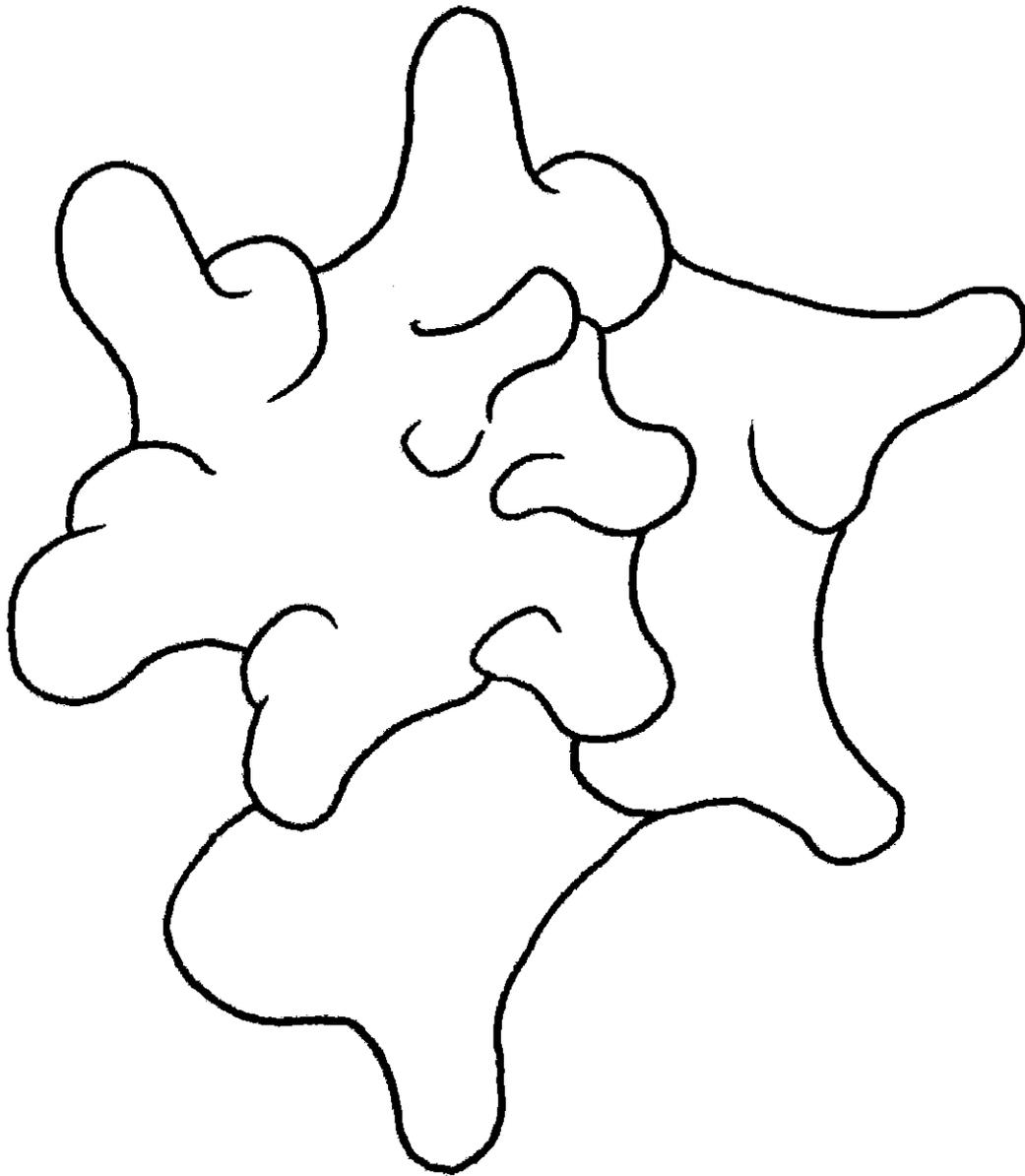
The more unusual Mr. Pajoo,
He's two-ninety nine,
Washes plates and pours wine,
But that's just about all he can do.

And for those of a more limited budget,
A very unusual treat,
Why not try Ally the Eskimo
Keep cool and away from heat!

You may need some extra muscle,
Or safety when you go into town,
You can buy a gentle giant,
(But move if he sits down!).
So keep your eyes wide open,
You never know who's around,
Or even if their real,
I only cost a pound.



I should nose



Have you ever seen a ball of noses?

Now I nose you do,

**They smell the smallest smell, it's
swell,**

Unless your on the loo.

Eye Hear

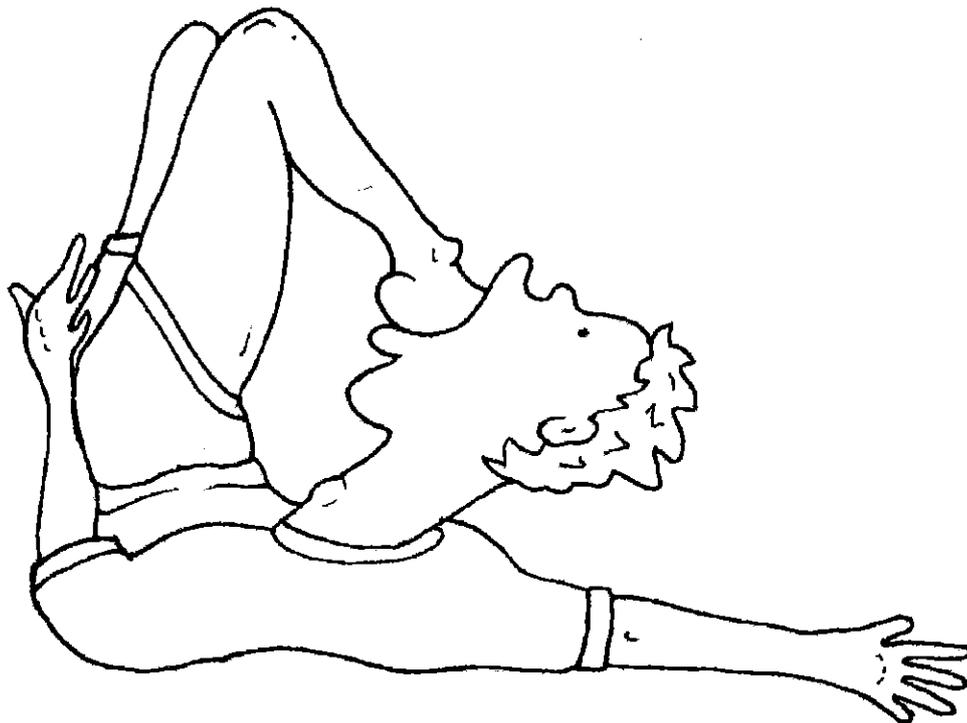
Eye  hear  your cheeky  And

handy too,  and, You hold your chin-up 

sharp tongues never cut you, 

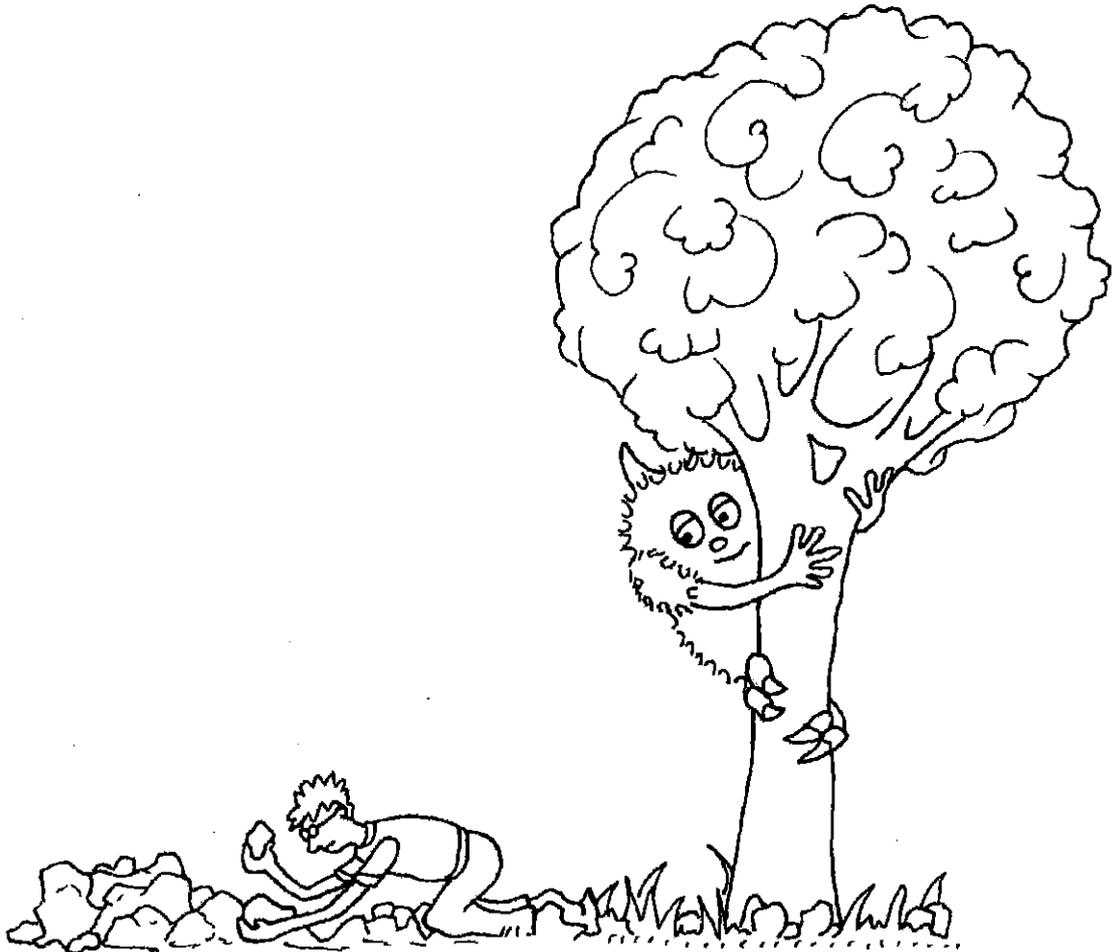
When you've something to say, you get it off your chest, 

You put your foot in your mouth, and don't waist the rest!

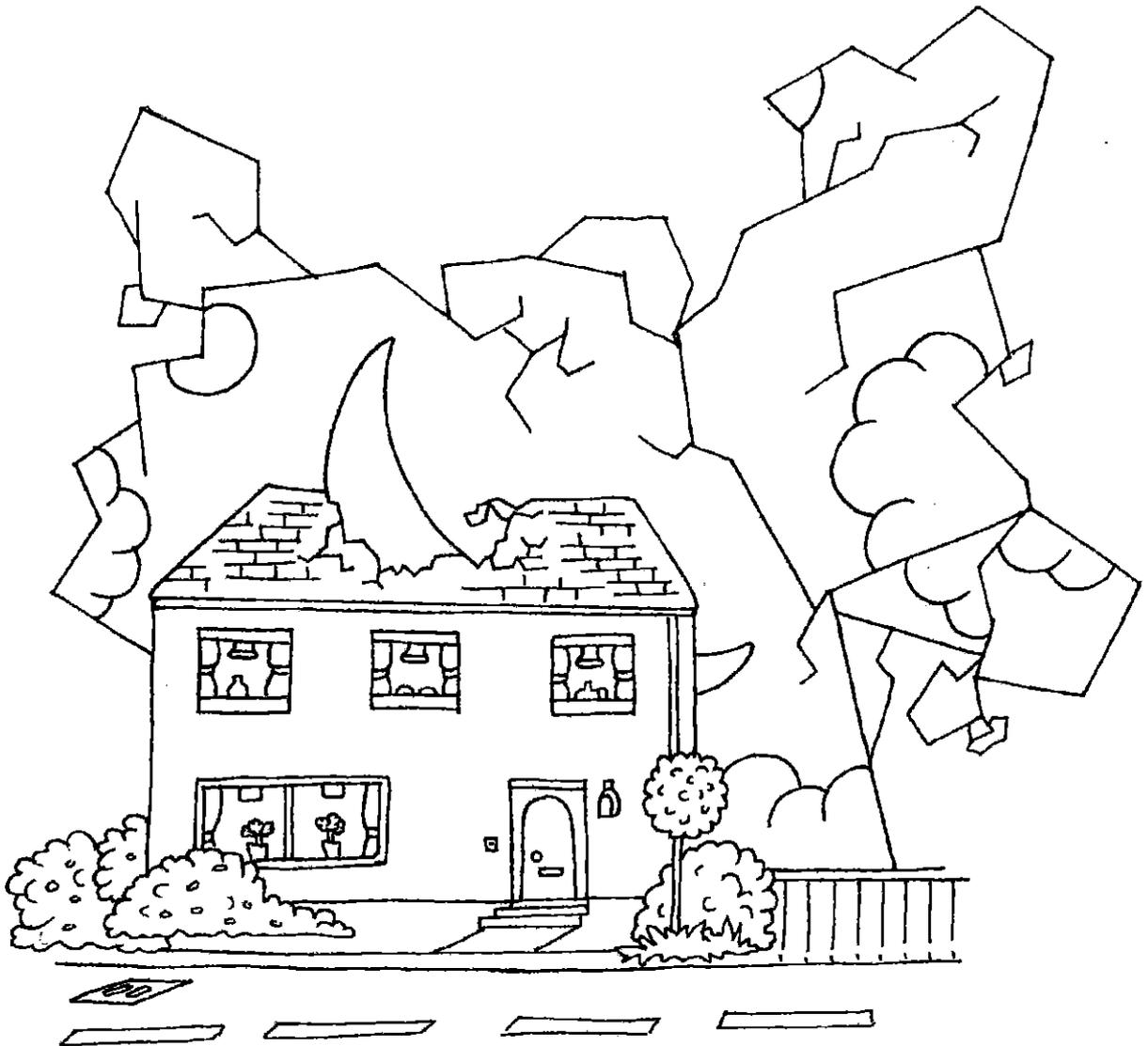


It

Jamie's looking for something,
Looking for what?
I'm not quite sure, something Jamie's not got.
He used to have one, it was tiny then,
But it started getting bigger, and escaped again,
He's searching the road and the field where he
lives,
Knowing of the happiness, finding it will give,
But I can't yet tell whether young Jamie knows,
The truth of how big a little thing can grow.



Crack of Dawn



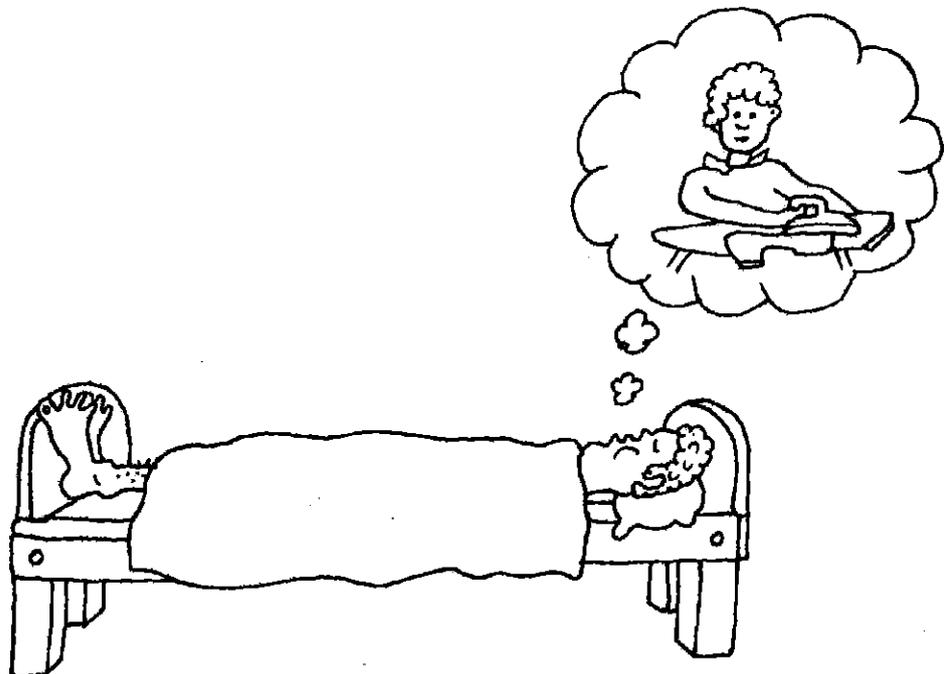
**Night falls, day breaks,
Try to be quiet for heavens sake!**

Mr. Average

Here is Mr. Average, a man of non-extremes,
He's somewhat unremarkable, even when he dreams,
So is this poem really all just based on him?
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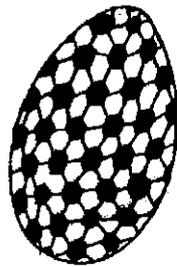
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How Dull

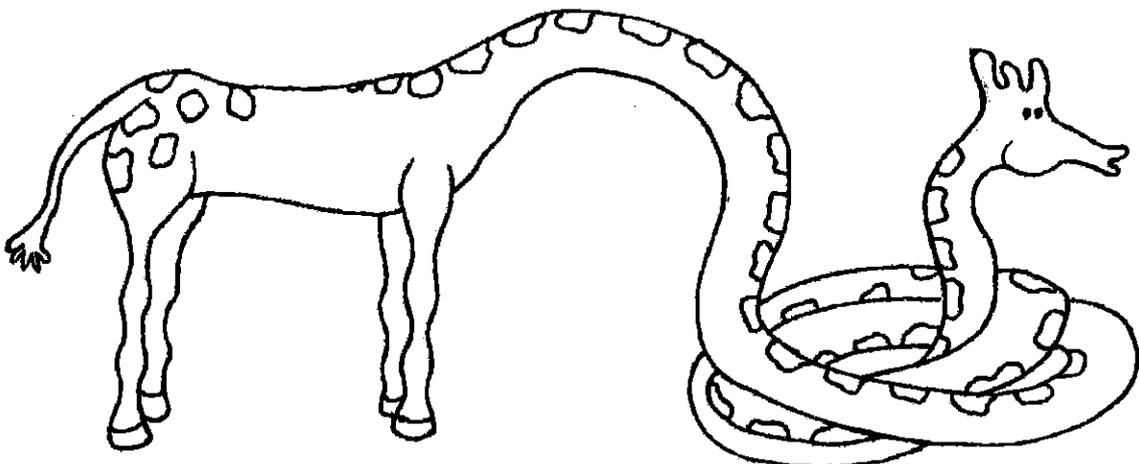


Drawing

I'm having an 'I can't draw day',
I've tried so hard as well,
The football looks more like an
egg,
With a designer coated shell.



I spent ages on the Giraffe's neck,
And I knew I'd made a mistake,
But I guess for now, he'll have to
get used,
To looking more like a snake.



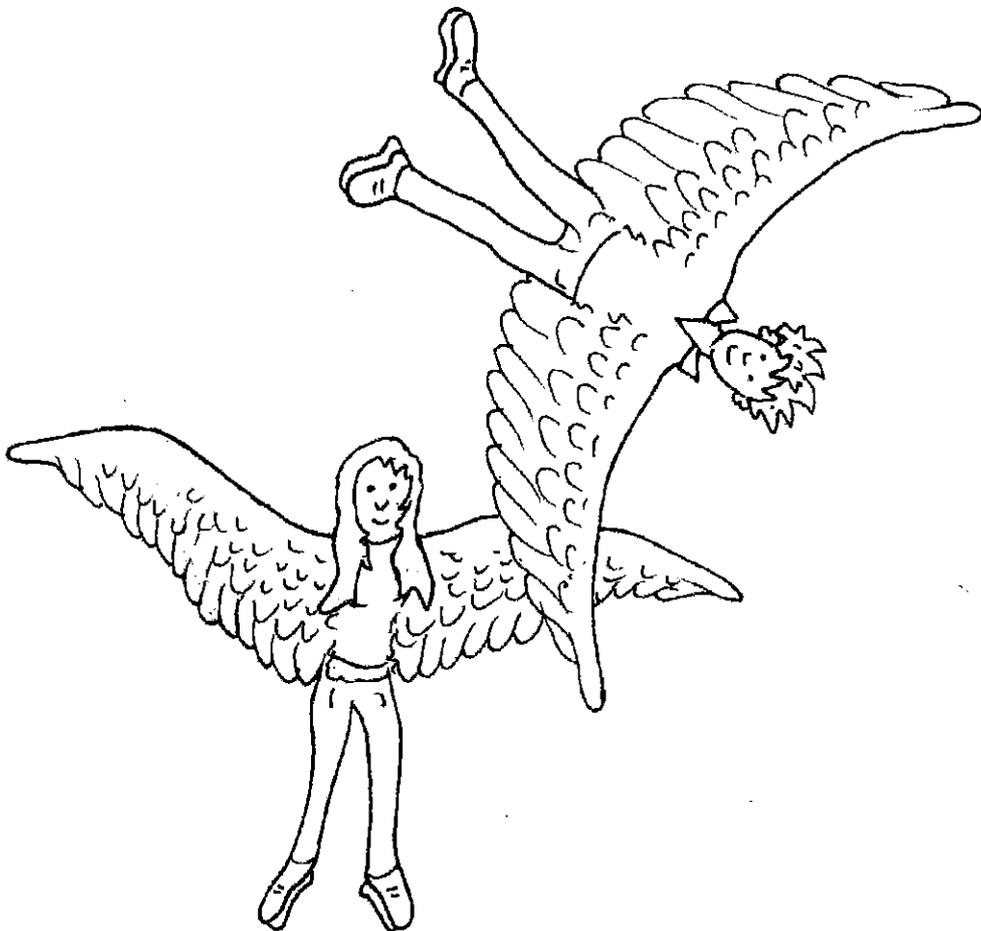
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These problems just don' t matter,
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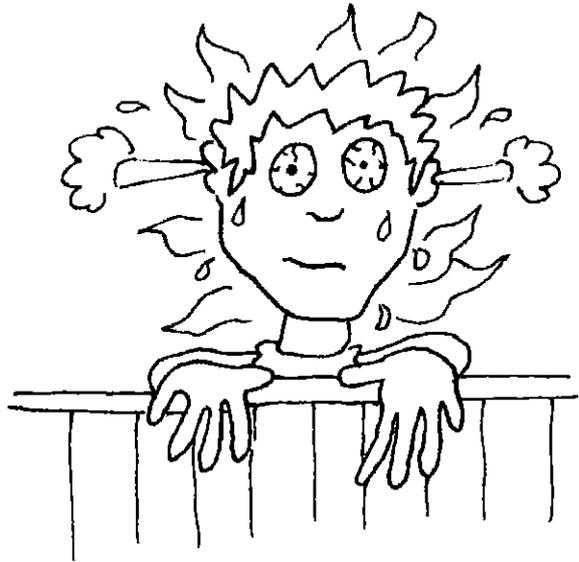


Flight of fancy

I know of a cure to lighten your
spirit,
Fly a balloon and make sure your in
it,
Failing that we'll use our wings,
And save balloons for other
things,
They say to fly you must know love,
Your afraid to fly? Well I'll give
you a shove!

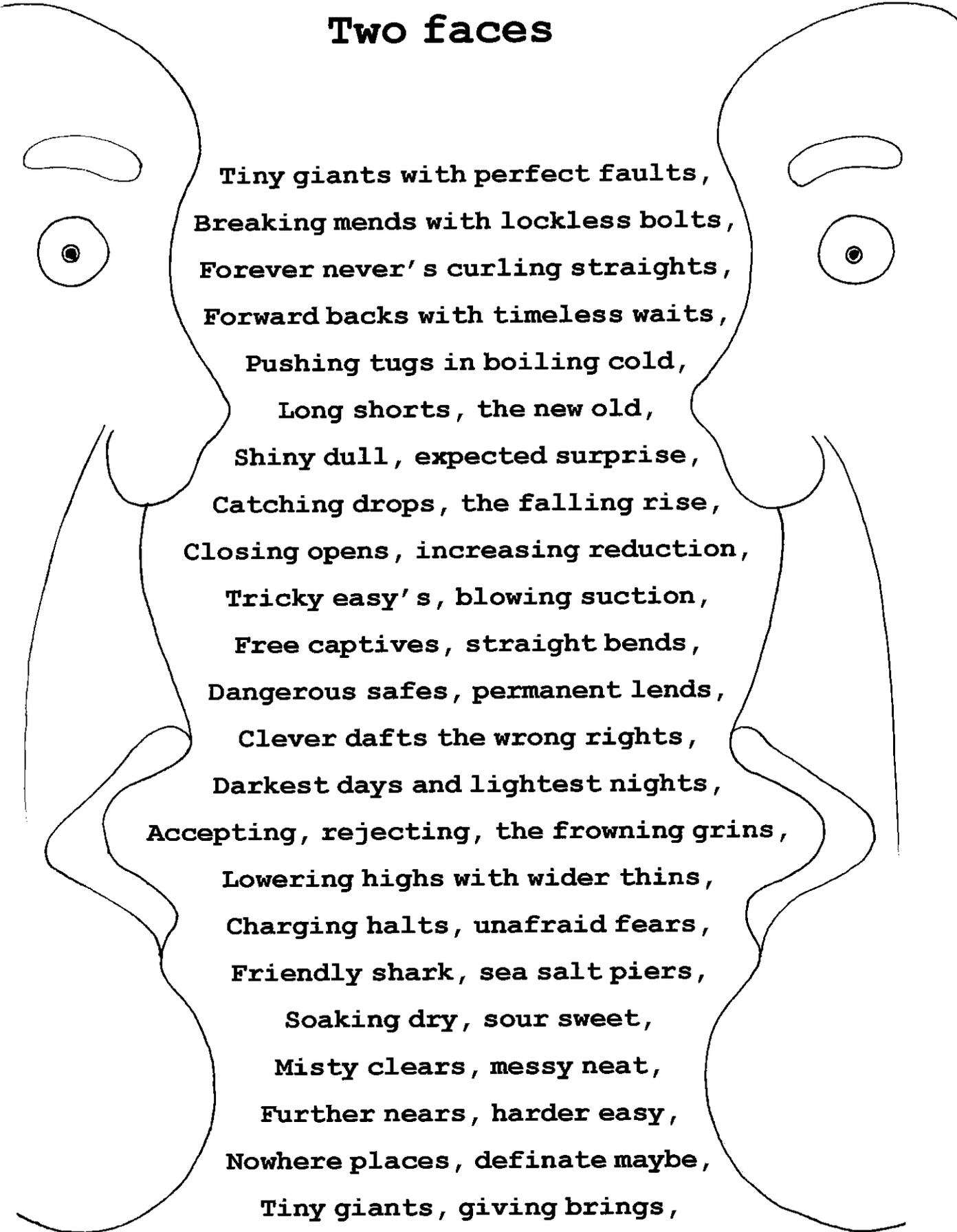


Red hot Ron



Red Ron was always far too hot,
His internal thermostat had broken,
He filled the bath tub full of ice,
And climbed in, stirred not shaken,
But the ice turned to steam, and made clouds in his house,
upsetting his mum when it rained,
And every time the rain hit Ron, it started all over again,
He brought a fan to remove the clouds, and to soothe his
burning skin,
But when he turned it on he found, it fanned the fire
within,
In a last attempt, poor roasting Ron entered the sea for a
swim,
But it wasn't much good as wherever he stood, the water
would boil around him.
Seeing all the people picnic gave Ron a great idea,
Where he needed to go was a place with snow, that was cold for
the entire year,
Just like Antarctica, where it's only winter months,
And even cuddly eskimo's suffer from goose-bumps,
He's finally where he belongs, and he stands beneath a
sign,
That say's `welcome to roastin' Ron's`, we gaurantee a
boiling time,
He's even found a job you see, the eskimo's form a queue,
He's a walking talking radiator, and part-time barbeque!
The entire world thinks it's global warming,
But now we know their wrong,
It's not the ozone frying, it's red hot roasting Ron!

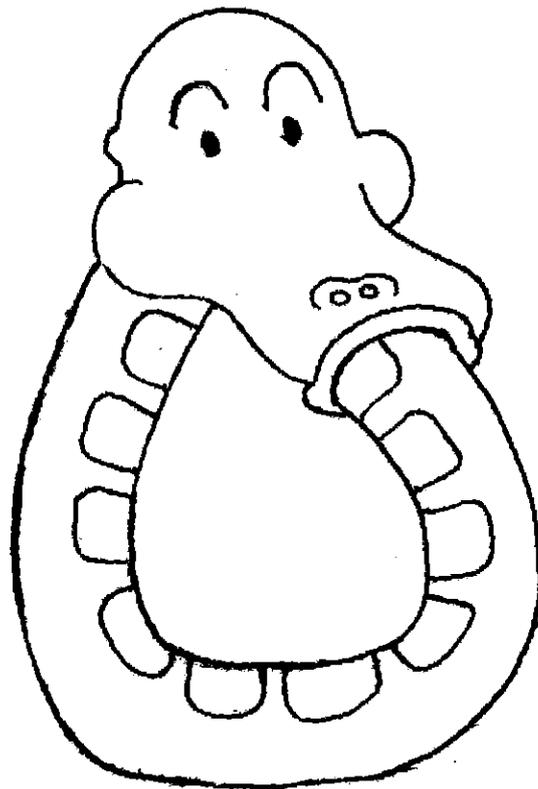
Two faces



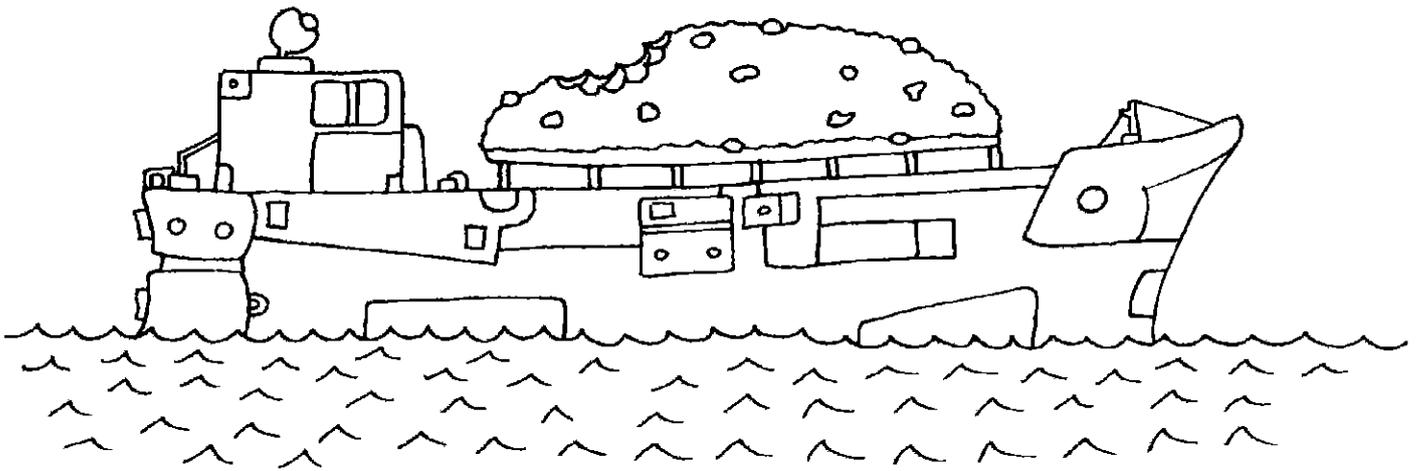
Tiny giants with perfect faults,
Breaking mends with lockless bolts,
Forever never' s curling straights,
Forward backs with timeless waits,
Pushing tugs in boiling cold,
Long shorts, the new old,
Shiny dull, expected surprise,
Catching drops, the falling rise,
Closing opens, increasing reduction,
Tricky easy' s, blowing suction,
Free captives, straight bends,
Dangerous safes, permanent lends,
Clever dafts the wrong rights,
Darkest days and lightest nights,
Accepting, rejecting, the frowning grins,
Lowering highs with wider thins,
Charging halts, unafraid fears,
Friendly shark, sea salt piers,
Soaking dry, sour sweet,
Misty clears, messy neat,
Further nears, harder easy,
Nowhere places, definate maybe,
Tiny giants, giving brings,
Their breaking mends the broken things.

Harry

Harry was a snake with failing sight,
Who caught a worm in the dead of
night,
He happily swallowed the wriggling
victim,
But destiny was cruel and fate had
picked him,
It was he who had made a terrible
mistake,
It was not the worm but his tail he
ate.



Biscuit



I gave a cookie to my friend, who took a bite
and passed it on,
It began as just a lend, but this went on and
on and on,
He gave it to his mother, who also took a
bite,
It was borrowed by his brothers, and eaten
late at night,
They sold it to a restaurant, where it was
enjoyed by many diners,
And shipped it to the silly Isles on massive
ocean liners,
Soon word spread so far and wide, that all I
seemed to hear,
Was "have you seen the giant cookie, it'll
last at least a year",
And in the end it was as if, the entire world
had had a bit,
I hope they liked my cookie, because I never
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They Should

They should dig a great long hole, through the
Earth to the other side,
And in it place a plastic chute, on which all of us
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They should turn our cars to rubber, and make
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