Funny Business

An Anthology of Humour







For teachers' inspection ONLY



Funny Business

An Anthology of Humour

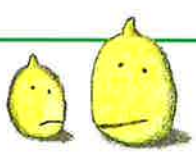


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10 things your parents will never say

Steven Herrick Illustrated by Mitch Vane

1. 

Let's forget dinner tonight,
we'll eat ice-cream instead.

2. Goodnight children, I'm off to bed.
Stay up as late as you want.



3. 

No homework tonight. I'm
putting all homework in the
fireplace immediately.

4. Yes, of course you can have 21 of your
friends over to stay on Saturday
night. We've got heaps of room.



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5. Children, don't be so quiet. Start yelling, turn the TV up, start arguing NOW!

6. 

No, don't listen to the dentist. Lollies and biscuits are good for your teeth.

7. Yes, that Superdoopa Computer Game is too expensive but let's buy it anyway and we'll put it in your room.



8. 

What's that? You broke the kitchen window. Good!

9. Can someone go to the shop for a paper? Here's $100, keep the change.



10. Yes, I know it's Monday, but why don't we stay home from school anyway?

Woof

Allan Ahlberg
Illustrated by Fritz Wegner

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Eric first turned into a dog a little at a time in his own bed. His parents were downstairs watching television. His sister was fast asleep in the next room. The time was ten past nine; the day, Wednesday; the month, June. Until then it had been a normal day for Eric. He'd done his paper-round with Roy, and gone to school. He'd had two helpings of his favourite dinner. He'd played with Emily before tea, and Roy after. He'd watched television, had a shower and gone to bed. Now he was *in* bed and turning into a dog.



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It happened like this. Eric was lying on his side with his eyes closed. He was almost asleep. Suddenly, he felt an itch inside the collar of his pyjama jacket. This—although he didn't know it yet—was the fur sprouting. He felt a curious tingling in his hands and feet. This was his hands and feet turning into paws. He felt his nose becoming cold and wet, his ears becoming flappy. Eric opened his eyes. He didn't panic straight away. This was his nature, partly, but also he was still half–asleep. The thought in his mind was: 'I'm turning into a dog!'

That was another thing about Eric: he was a good guesser. When Emily first learned to talk, it was usually Eric who guessed what she was trying to say. He could guess the mood his teacher was in, just from the way she held her hymn-book in assembly. Now—on the evidence of a furry paw where his hand should have been—he guessed he was turning into a dog. He didn't suppose he was turning into a werewolf, for instance, which is what Roy Ackerman would have thought. He didn't suppose he was dreaming, either, which he was not.

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The time it took Eric to turn into a dog—his shape blurring and rippling like a swimmer under water—was about fifteen seconds. The time it took him to become frantic was about five seconds after that. His first action was to begin scrabbling in the bed, trying to get a better look at himself. His thoughts were in a turmoil: 'I'm a dog! A *dog*!'

The next thing he did was try to get out of bed. This wasn't easy for a dog in pyjamas; besides, they were baggy on him now. Eric leapt, and landed in a heap. He kicked his way clear of the trousers and backed out of the jacket. He resisted the urge to growl when one of his claws got caught in a buttonhole. He sat on the floor and thought: 'I'm a dog!'

(Extract from *Woof* by Allan Ahlberg, Penguin, London, 1986)

