THE BIGGEST BURP EVER

Funny Poems for Kids

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For Zoe
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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,
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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