

Better Out That In – **Nancy's Nose**

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It's Monday and you
don't know what's in store,
The **SHOCK**, the **Horror**,
the grossness and more.
You cruise through the morning,
reading's easy,
Then comes maths,
and that's easy peasy.



Now it's recess, you're out in the
yard, with Julie, and Nancy,
and Tracey Lombard.
Eating your apple,
chatting and laughing,
But in a few seconds
you'll feel like barfing.



You bite into your apple,
it's all crisp and juicy,
You smile and wave to
Kristy and Lucy.



Then just in your vision,
trying to be slick,
You spot Nancy,
going in for a pick.

Just a little one, maybe a scratch,
To clear some snot from an itchy patch.



You turn and you stare,
you can't look away,
'OH Gross, you cry,
NANCY go away!'

The finger comes out,
Nancy stops to listen,
Some snot's on the end,
and boy, does it glisten.



Half dry, half moist,
shining in the sun,
You just have to stare,
though you're aching to run.

'**WHAT'S WRONG?'** asks Nancy,
wiping her finger,
On the back of the jacket
of Mandy Olinga.
'**IT'S JUST SNOT,** you know,
that's all it is,
You think that was bad,
THEN JUST WATCH THIS!



Oh my gosh, in her finger went,
So far up her nostril she should've
paid rent.
It wiggled and jiggled and poked
all around,
And we all had to listen to the
Squelchy sound.

Nancy pulled out her finger,
and she was a grinner,
Holding it up she'd sure
picked a winner.



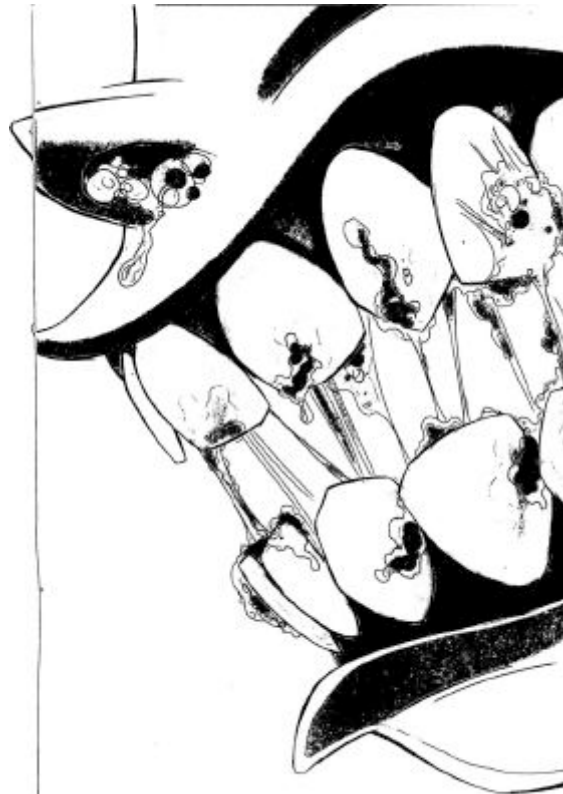
Getting that out must have
caused her some pain,
She'd gone so far up she'd
picked some of her brain.

If we thought that was
it we were plain out of luck,
'Cos Nancy opened wide, and
she started to suck.

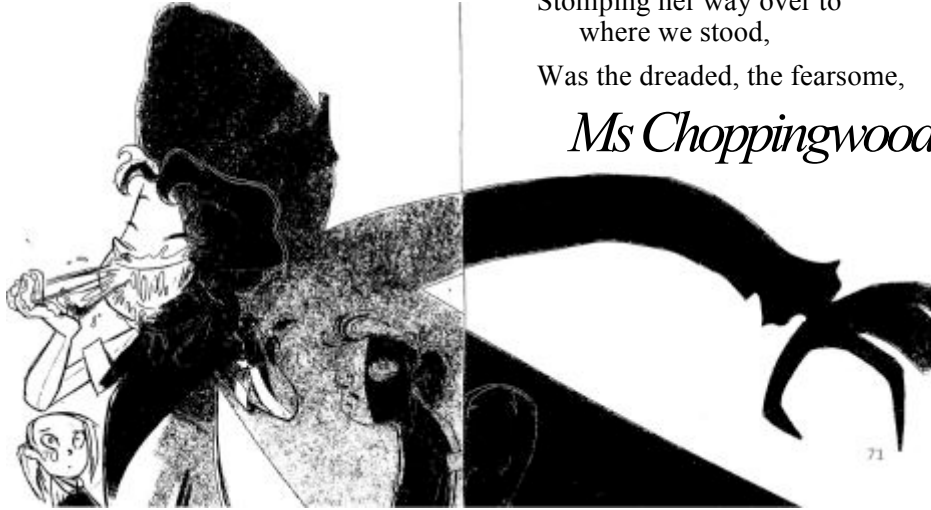
Licking and sucking snot into
her mouth,
Guzzling it north and
swallowing it south.

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We rolled on the ground,
some laughing, some crying,
And still Nancy ate, it's true,
I ain't lying.
The pieces of snot looked
like green spinach leaf,
Jammed right in to the
gaps of her teeth.



Nancy chewed hard,
for one final time,
The last chew of gooey,
green, gross, snotty slime.



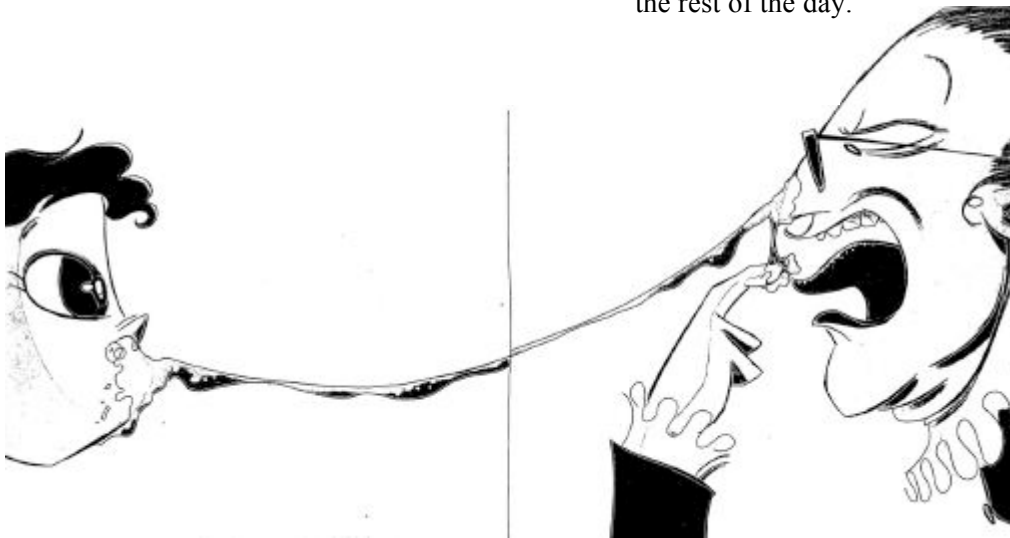
She mushed it all up into a big
pile of pulp,
Then she swallowed it
down in one mighty gulp.
Suddenly though, everyone froze,
We all looked away from Nancy's nose.
Stomping her way over to
where we stood,
Was the dreaded, the fearsome,

Ms Choppingwood

She wobbled, she waddled,
through puddles she wallowed,
'Was that gum?' she screamed,
'That you chewed and then
swallowed?'
'IT'S SNOT, MS CHOPPINGWOOD!
Nancy spat out,
But some snot shot forth,
and hit Choppingwood's snout.

She wiped it off slowly,
then gave it a lick,
**'Snot-flavoured gum?
THAT'S THAT'S
OFF! SICK!'**

She grabbed Nancy's
ear, and led her
away,
And we didn't see Nancy for
the rest of the day.



So it's not the snot that
made Nancy glum,
Although such a big pick
was pretty dumb.
As picks go though,
very few could beat it,
Nancy's problem was
that she tried to eat it.

