

Better Out Than in - Peter's Pimple

Written by Adam Wallace - Illustrated by Heath McKenzie

Well it's Friday night,
another week done,
It's been okay,
even school was fun.
You've done all your homework,
assignments are in,
You got a D for one of them, it's
in the bin.



The weekend's ahead, and
you can't wait,
You're ready for bed, 'cos
it's pretty late.



There's a tiny tingle on the
left of your head,
You give it a rub,
then head off for bed.

Saturday morning,
you leap out of the covers,
Race into the room where you
find both your brothers.

'Getup, GETUP!'
you yell as you shake,
Jimmy looks up, then does a
double take.

'WOW. WHAT IS THAT JUST
Above your left eye?

*IT'S HUGE. BABY,
IT LOOKS LIKE A STY!*

You don't know what
he's talking about,

Then your other brother wakes,
and lets loose a shout.



OH MY GOSH!
What is that on
your head?

It could raise the living dead



Your hormones, they sure
haven't slowed,
That thing could have its
own post code!

Now you're worried,
so you exit stage right,
As you head for the bathroom
your dog yelps in fright.



You look in the mirror.
There it is. It's simple,
You have possibly the world's
BIGGEST Pimple.

It was just a tingle when
you went to bed,
Now it seems like you've
grown a second head!



You think you might give a
monster a fright,
You can see in the dark it's
glowing so white.

Well you might as well do
it, get ready to
squeeze,
'Nothing to see here,
move along please.'
'But I want to see,
I couldn't walk past,
**I WANT TO SEE THE PUS HIT
THE GLASS.'**



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You SLAM the door quickly, in
your brother's face,
One pimple and the bathroom's a
real crowded place.
The door flies open when you're
about to let rip,
**And your arm is grabbed in
a vice-like grip.**

Your Mum cries out, NO! STOP NOW
Don't do it
It's not ready to go yet,
that monstrous zit.



Don't squeeze it yet, you have to stop,
You must wait till it's about to POP.'

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You look at your Mum like
she's out of her mind,
Can she see this zit? Is she blind?
This pimple needs squeezing, it
needs it bad,
But she drags you out to
show your Dad.



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'HEY SON,' he says,
'THAT'S QUITE A VOLCANO.
You should pop it
now, it's ready to go.'



You tell him you want to,
you're willing and able,
Besides, as volcanos go,
this one ain't stable.

You hide in your bedroom till
lunch comes around,
Then you sneak to the kitchen,
where your Mum's to be found.
'Come on Mum,
can I squeeze it now, can I?
**IT'S HARDER AND HARDER TO
SEE OUT OF THIS EYE.'**



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Your Mum says okay,
so to the bathroom you go,
Your volcano is totally covered in snow.



You stand at the mirror, your hands
at the ready,
They're a little bit shaky, not at all
steady.

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You start to squeeze, softly at first,
But nothing happens, your zit
won't burst.

So then you squeeze harder,
till you're stretching the seams,
If zit pus made paper you'd
have twenty reams.





The head of the zit just
touches the glass,
And then the explosion knocks
you flat on your... bum.

It's doubled in size as you
squeeze and you shove,
You worry that maybe you
should wear a glove.



The mirror breaks,
but that's just minor,
As zit squeezes go,
there's never been finer.
Your Mum in the kitchen,
starting to bake,
Now has a big chunk of
pus in her cake.

There's pus, pus, pus everywhere,
It got your Dad's paper,
your sister's hair.
It's in the food bowl of your cute
little pup,
Dogs don't care, so he just licks it up.



Your brothers were playing a
computer game,
But that computer'll never be
the same.
You're still in the bathroom,
down on the floor,
Though you're pretty well hidden,
that's for sure.
You slowly stand up and
check your head,
YES! You got it
That pimple is dead.
You clean your face as
much as you can,
And you're looking good,
you're now a pimple-free man.

