Better Out Than in - Peter's Pimple

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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.

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.

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

'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.

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OH MY GOSH!

What *is* that on your head?
It could raise the living dead

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.

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

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.

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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.'

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.

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.

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

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

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.

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