When I Grow Up, I'll Have a House

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When I grow up, I’ll have my own house.
The books will crawl up the walls
And lie on the floors and sprawl on the bed.
They’ll take over, yes, and if I have to,
I’ll sleep...

with my body curled around books.
In my house, there’ll be felt pens
And glitter pens and paints
And brushes and fountain pens with
Thick nibs and pencils with all kinds of points.
Fat points for fat lines and thin points for thin lines
and in-between points for writing secret letters to spies.
Also oil paints and watercolours
And fat-fat-FAT books of paper.
If you say, “Paint inside the lines”;
If you say, “The sun is never that colour”,
My bodyguard Lothar will show you out
In the nicest possible way.
In my house, there’ll be a sack full of blocks.  
A million gazillion pieces of blocks.

Not for me. I don’t like blocks.
But I will like everything else in my house
And I hate to share. So you can have the blocks
And build anything you want.
In my house, I’ll run the clocks
Slow in the holidays, slow in the mornings
So slow that I can sleep the dozy out of my eyes.
When I get up, I'll dig my nose
And turn the boogers
Into a hard lump of green and yellow
Snot which I will keep under my pillow.
It will be part of my
WORLD-FAMOUS, NEVER-BEFORE, NEVER-AGAIN SUPERTENDOUSTIC, AMASTAZOUNDING SNOT-BALL COLLECTION (Pride of India)
Yes, I am going to have
A snot-ball collection.
It’s my house, not your house.
You collect what you want.
I collect what I want.

See?
In my house,
I’ll keep a feather
And all kinds of weather
A saddle of leather
A horse and cow together.

In my house, a poem will rhyme
All the time.
Me and my pink panda
Will sit on the verandah.

Me and my red pup
Will drink from the same cup

Me and my brown bear
Will share
a rocking chair.
In my house, the inside will be the outside
And the outside will be the inside.

Then if someone says, “Go inside,”
I’ll be outside.
In my house, I’ll have a room
With a funeral band going

Phoom-pOOm-OOm

Because a funeral band is fun
If no one’s dead. Really.
I’ll also have a dare room.
   It will be a bare room.
   It will be a gloom room.
   It will be a doom room.

You have to be brave
   And sleep in a grave.
And if you put your hand under the pillow...

Ooh.

Ooooh.

OOOOOOOH.
When I grow up,
When I grow up,
Such a long time
To when I grow up.

And I need
that home
NOW!
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When I Grow Up, I'll Have a House
(English)

A verse book about all the wondrous things that make a house a home.

This is a Level 3 book for children who are ready to read on their own.

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