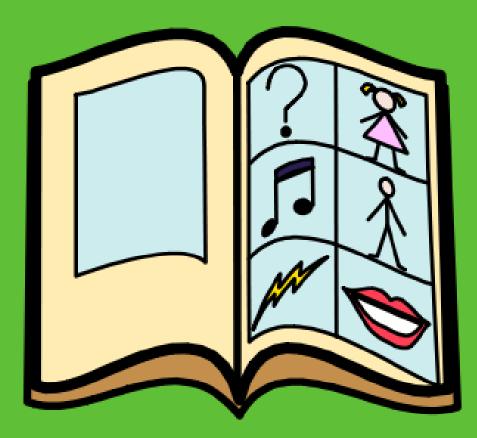
Pancake Day Poem



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Pancake Day, Stancake Day

Stan was a little chap only 5 inches tall He lived in a box because he was so small One day he was hungry and that made him grumble His tummy was empty and starting to rumble He looked in a recipe book to make a plan He needed ingredients, whisk and frying pan He ran to the cupboard to get the flour but ripped the bag, it poured out in a shower Covered in flour he found a half dozen eggs Crack, splat! now egg is stuck to his legs Now moving slow and hopping around He fell into the milk jug and almost drowned Wet and sticky and covered in batter He shook his head causing mess and splatter Next he knocked over the sugar bowl Stan is running around out of control He trips, flips and lands in the pan Oh no! A pancake made out of Stan! A Stancake! A Stancake! What should we do? Open our mouths, pop him in and CHEW!

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