

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!