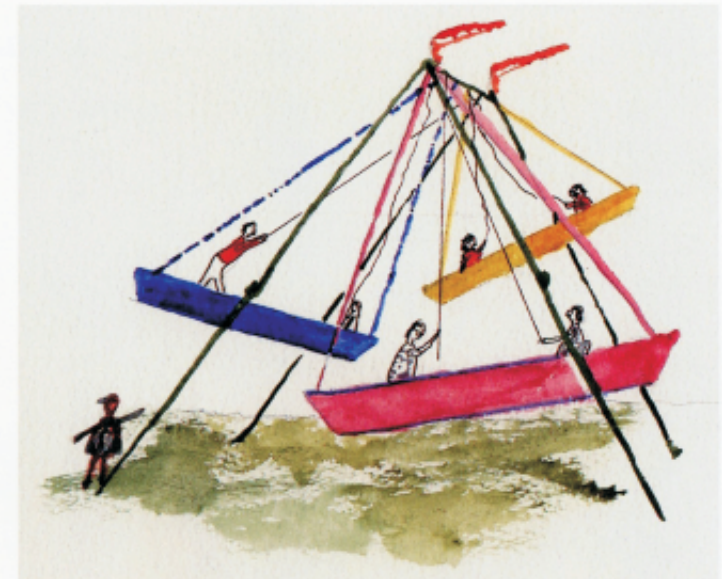


# Fun at the Fair



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Poem by June Boden  
Illustrated by Cliff Chetta

The mobile rang for Marie-Clare;  
It was her good friend Alistair.



He said, "Come on, let's get some air;  
We'll spend the morning at the fair



He laughed, "Oh dear, I do declare .....  
I really don't think you're aware -  
The picnic hosted by the Mayor  
Is for a furry TEDDY ....."!



Can you think of any other words which rhyme with 'air' ..... ?





A little later, Alistair  
Arrived to take her to the fair;



And he could only stand and stare  
At what she had put on to wear.

And then - a treat beyond compare -  
We've been invited by the Mayor



To join him in the village square  
And take part in the picnic there".





"Oh that sounds good", said Marie-Clare,  
"But I must quickly do my hair  
And then decide what I shall wear".

"Don't worry now", said Alistair,  
"I'm sure the villagers won't care  
Because the picnic's for the Bear".

"Oh dear, oh dear", thought Marie-Clare,  
"I really don't know if I dare  
To turn up in the village square  
Quite naked - or completely bare!  
The villagers would laugh and stare".



Not one to give in to despair,  
Our most resourceful Marie-Clare  
Asked her mama if she could spare  
Bits of material to tear  
So she could place them here and there  
And have, at least, some underwear!