

## Is That Your Feet?

We'd been on the field playing cricket  
But got caught in heavy rain.  
The ground turned into a sodden mess  
And our teacher soon complained

As all our shoes were covered in mud,  
"Leave them inside the door."  
As soon as they started coming off  
The class began to roar.

"Yuk, someone's feet stink."  
"Yeah, they really pong."  
Miss Brown asked, "Ben Hay, is it you?"  
'Nah Miss, it's Melissa Wong."

Melissa whined, "Don't blame me,  
I reckon it's Wiremu Tata!"  
Wiremu moaned, "it's not my feet  
That smell like someone farted."

Mrs Brown demanded, "Please be quiet.  
Everyone back to your desks."  
Charlie started clutching his throat,  
"Help me, I'm in distress."

As we were laughing the smell got worse,  
No one could concentrate.  
The girls were wailing like banshees,  
While the boys all blamed their mates.

I knew something had to be done  
So was brave and took a whiff  
Of every pair of shoes in the row,  
"I'll hold them up - and sniff."

I found the culprit, "Whose are these?"  
I threw them on the ground.  
Everyone looked around the room -  
"Sorry, they're mine," said Mrs Brown.