

DOROTHY DARE

Dorothy Dare
Has wild ginger hair
Which she ties up into bunches.
I've heard it once said
That she stood on her head
Whilst eating three packed lunches.

Dorothy Dare
Wears white dungarees,
Which start at her neck
And reach down to her knees.
She wears red, shiny boots
Laced right up to her shins,
And she kisses the boys round the back of the bins.

Dorothy Dare
On the high diving board!
Watch her jump backwards,
My goodness, Oh Lord!
Last week someone told me she sat on a frog,
Threw stones at a beehive and then bit a dog!
Dorothy Dare pulls the scariest faces,
'Cos her teeth are all covered with shiny, wire braces,
And her eyes roll like marbles through her great big specs,
When she pinches the back of her classmates' necks.

She put tadpoles into the Big Girl's loos,
And maggots into their ballet shoes,
You could hear the screams from the hockey pitches,
Dorothy Dare had us all in stitches,
She got triple detention, but she just didn't care
Because everyone knew she was Dorothy Dare!

She did those things that you never would think.
If it all ended up with a horrible stink,
Or a huge commotion or terrible din,
Dorothy Dare would just stick out her chin
And stand on her desk with her arms in the air,
Stamping her feet and shaking her hair,
Making rude noises and wiggling her bum,
Till her arms got tired and her legs went numb.

Dorothy Dare is crazy and funny,
And most people think she's an absolute honey,
She's got loads of friends who think she's a scream
Like the time that she swallowed a bucket of cream,
And jumped up and down for an hour and a half
Then lay very still in the Sick Bay bath.
Everyone thought that she might be dead
Till she started to giggle and wobble her head,
Then proceeded to sing at the top of her voice
‘We Will Rock You!’
An excellent choice!

*(She whispered once,
Right up close to my face,
That she wasn't a part of the human race,
And one day she would travel
To outer space,
And marry an alien
Dressed in cosmic lace.)*

But Dorothy finally went too far,
When she covered the roof of the head teacher's car
With a mixture of breadcrumbs and wallpaper glue
And a sprinkling of oatmeal and budgie seed too.
Head teacher went mad and was soon lost for words
As his car became covered in hundreds of birds,
Flapping and shrieking and fighting for snacks
Pecking the paint off and scratching at cracks,
They added a layer of their feathers and droppings
Till it looked like a trifle all covered in toppings,
'My car, my poor car!' the head teacher cried
As he threw open the boot and scrambled inside.
Then quickly drove off, car horn blaring *TOOT TOOT!*
With a large flock of seagulls in noisy pursuit.
The following week it was as we'd all feared,
Dorothy's desk had been emptied and cleared.
No ginger hair, or red, shiny boots,
Nobody's gloves
Filled with mouldy old fruits,
No horrid smells or ridiculous sounds,

No 'Triple detention!' or 'Hey! Out of bounds!'

The teachers looked bored,

The classes were quiet,

Our lives were no longer

A Dorothy riot.

So five years later, I turn on the telly.

There's an advert for '***Rumble Tumms Marmalade Jelly***'

And a programme on how to make hats out of cheese,

With old people complaining about their bad knees.

Then a Newsflash and music that makes my pulse race,

As the screen shows a cheeky, familiar face!

A sly, naughty grin, ginger hair in a state,

The smile is the same, but the teeth are all straight.

And she's talking and laughing with a big crowd of lads,

Holding microphones, cameras, pens and notepads.

She's wearing what looks like bright, white dungarees,

Heavy boots on her feet, cushion pads on her knees.

She smiles at the crowd, looking happy and calm,

A smooth, round, glass helmet tucked under her arm.

Yes, it's Dorothy Dare, at the Global Space Port,

The first ginger-haired,

Schoolgirl Astronaut.

I don't suppose that she'll remember this place,

When she marries her alien far out in space.

She'll forget about school and the head teacher's car,

And toilet tadpoles

Slowly poured from their jar.
She'll forget about me, her dear old friend Janet,
Because Dorothy will be
On her very own planet.