

# P E S K Y P I X I E



The Pesky Pixie Poem - Anne B Lewis

**I**n a house on Acorn Lane

Lives a family with the strangest name

Squigglebottom is hard to spell

Some find it funny to say as well

**T**here's Mum and Dad, Nathan and Trixie

And under

the stairs,

a pesky Pixie

The others do not know he's there

If they find out, he'd better beware



**W**ake up, get up, get out of bed Nate

Your breakfast is ready, you're going to be late

Please, please, Mum, go away

In my warm bed I want to stay

**G**et up now, stop messing about

I really don't have time to shout

Alright, alright, I'll be down in ten

Oh no, my school shirt's covered in **p**en



How did that happen? I can't think

Most of the pocket is stained with ink

I'll have to wear it all the same

With a jumper on top to escape the blame



At the **S**ame time Trixie puts on her **S**hirt

And fails **S** to notice the hem of her **S**kirt

It's come undone, there's all loose thread

And look a chocolate mark on her bed



**M**um looks angry with a furrowed brow

There's no mil**k** left for cereal now

Last night there was a full pint there

Who'd drink **k** it all? Who would dare?



**N**ot I claims Trixie, nor I adds Nate

Oh what now? A broken plate

Don't **tr**y to make me look a fool

Now go on **y**ou two off to school



**S**chool was tough, Trixie failed a test

She knows her parents won't be impressed

Somehow Nathan got in a fight

He's got a bruise and the sign of a bite

**T**hey both come in bedraggled and weary

Mum is furious, Trixie is teary

Go to your rooms and in there stay

The two of you have ruined my day

**T**hey both go running up the stairs

It's been a horrible day and no one cares

Once in their rooms there's a slam of a door

It wasn't Nathan or Trixie, what next is in store?

**D**ownstairs mum hears a tremendous thud

She runs to the hallway, it's covered in mud

A football bounces and hits her leg with a whack

Just wait until your father gets back!

**O**h if only she would in the cupboard glance  
She might see the pixie do his dance  
And if she was still and quiet for a time  
She might hear him chant his taunting rhyme

**M**y hat is pointy, my jacket's green  
I'm seldom heard and rarely seen  
But I think you'd probably want to sue  
If you knew the things I do





**E**ven though I'm rather small  
I'll kick a football in the hall  
You probably don't think I'm able  
To scatter rubbish on the table

**Y**our clothes I will rip and stain  
Oh yes, I am a real pain  
Stuff will happen that you won't see  
And you will never guess it's me

**S**o next time you find the milk's gone down  
And your facial expression turns to frown  
Don't blame Nathan, don't blame Trixie  
Blame it on me the pesky Pixie

