

Recycled writing

Stories by Peter

Fiction by the inch

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe...size 8½, black with a white lace.

It was a perfect fit.

One day she was in a hurry to leave and she didn't untie her shoelace.

She just wiggled out.

She was too tired to undo the shoelace when she returned
so she just wiggled back inside.

That became her routine.

"You'll ruin your shoe if you keep doing that," warned a neighbor.

"I don't care," replied the old woman, "I'm moving."

So she did.

Again and again.

Velcro-Ville was too "stuck up".

It always rained at Rubber Boot Hill.

There was no privacy at Sandal-Suite.

And High-Heel high-Rise was too wobbly.

The old woman missed her black shoe with white lace
so she moved back.

"I'm going to take really good care of this shoe," she told her neighbors.

The old woman tied and untied happily ever after as she said,
"There's no lace like home."

Fiction by the inch

Once upon a time there was a puzzle.

Out of the box came some:



a few

and even a !

They added up to 49 out of 50. An
excellent score for a test but for a
puzzle it was "testy", as in, frustrating.

Not a pretty picture.

"Wait," said a bald man sitting
at a bald eagle beach.

"Here is the missing peace."

The end.

Fiction by the inch

Hey, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
the cow jumped over the moon...
and landed in Hollywood.
Soon it became a moo-vie star.
It was in Scooby Moo, Moo-Gi-Oh and The Cow in the Hat.
It made lots of moo-la and was famous.
Everyone wanted its photograph. No problem.
It's autograph. No problem.
And a glass of milk. Problem.
"I'm not in the moo-d for that," said the cow.
That was just a minor beef compared to a party invitation:
"Cow-a-bunga dude! It's a barbecue for you..."
The cow stopped reading.
"Right," it said, "and I'll bring the sauce too."
The cow jumped back over the moo-n,
landed in its old farm and never moo-ved again.
People wondered "Was the cow mad or a mad cow?"

Fiction by the inch

Ted Nuff – he had no stuff.
His wife – she had no more.
All that "bare" brought despair
They drove to find a store.

Bought. Bought. Got, got and got.
"Too little" had been "sad".
But they found with their mound
"Too much" did not mean "glad".

One morn, baby is born...
"...Elizabeth...in buff".
Fresh new start. From the heart.
Now joy with just E. Nuff.

Fiction by the inch

Some say, "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb".

It's a weather thing.

It storms in as winter and bounces out as spring.

I get it.

But the only time I see a lion is at a zoo.

Roar? Try snore. It's usually sleeping.

And I don't see many lambs in my neighborhood.

The last one was served as a chop with mint jelly.

Does that count?

So enough of the lion and lamb.

Let's describe the month with things we all see.

A sneeze is loud, windy and wet.

A yawn is a gentle breath of fresh air.

So why not "March comes in like a sneeze and goes out like a yawn."

In with a "bless you".

Out with an "excuse me".

In with a Kleenex.

Out with a nap.

Works for me.

Go ahead, tell the lamb that some changes have been made.

The lion? Don't bother.

It wasn't due to "come in" again until March 2005.

Let it sleep.

Fiction by the inch

Lois was blessed on her purpleteenth birthday.
During that year she read all of the Captain Purplepants books;
put salt and purple on her eggs;
ate at McPurple's;
shopped at Purples 'R Us;
and went to Purplebucks for purpleccinos.
Purple this. Purple that. Lois loved being purpleteen.
Right up until her next birthday which was "la-de-da, la-de-da-one".
Lois cake-and-candled all her birthdays.
Some favorite adult ones were:
"bees-knees-two";
"tickety-boo-seven";
and "herald-Harold-five".
Then came the day to celebrate "heavens-to-Betsy-o".
A friend did some math.
"Lois, do you know you're 90 years old?
But you don't look a day over "cats-pyjamas-six".
And without hesitation, Lois replied,
"I don't get older, I just get purpler."

Today's weather includes a **skipping Heather**

Once there was a Heather,
who skipped in all weather:

Five feet of fluffy snow,
buried her head to toe.

Lightning flash, thunder clap,
she dodged electric zap.

Wind like a tornado,
blew her high, blew her low.

With no hat in the rain,
she got a soggy brain.

Blazing sun made her sweat,
what degree did it get?

1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8...9...10...11
...12...13...14...15...16...Celsius.

Pet ponytail parts

'Twas the night of shampooing
And deep in lather,
Peter's pet ponytail spoke
Hair-raising blather:

"You no longer pig tail me,
French braid is out too,
All my elastics are old,
I need a new view.

"Now, I look in the mirror,
And clearly I see,
I no longer belong here
Near-bald is not me.

"'Tis the season for wishes,
Just one for this curl –
Santa, please give me away
To: Hair-brushing girl."

Hair today, gone tomorrow,
Ponytail to part,
No split-ends but a split ends,
"Fall out" for new start.

Now no need to ask Peter,
"Where's your ponytail?"
Santa's to deliver it
To a young female.

All Spare Time girls will be eyed
Each day without fail,
Maybe one will be wearing
This pet ponytail.

As for Peter, life goes on,
No time to slumber,
He still must take care of
His pet cucumber.

Dracula does **D-Day dress-up**

Kinderclub talked about the letter "**D d**". How many are in this story?

Dracula was **sad**.

He **didn't** want to be a vampire for Halloween.

Again.

"I'm bored **d** with bats and **d** tired of saying,

'I want to **d**rink your blood'

when all I really **d**esire is candy," he **said** to his **d**og.

He **had** only seven **d**ays to get ready

so he put up a "**d**o not **d**isturb" sign.

On Saturday, Dracula **decided** to be a **d**entist.

But he **didn't** have patience for patients

and besides tooth **d**ecay made him **shudder**.

On Sunday, Dracula **decided** to be Bob the Builder.

But when he checked the wood**d**shed

for his favorite tool he **did** not see a saw.

On Monday, Dracula **decided** to be a **d**eer.

"**D**ear me," he **said**, "the antlers are too awkward

and will probably give me a head**d**ache."

On Tuesday, Dracula **decided** to be a **d**evil.

"**D**arn it," he **said** when he broke his **d**arning needle,

"now I can't mend this old, red **d** tail."

On Wednesday, Dracula **decided** not to **d**ecide.

"Fudd**d**-duddle to this mudd**d**le," he **said**,

"I think I'll read a good **d** book instead."

On Thursday, Dracula **decided** to flip a coin.

"**H**eads, I'll be a **d**ragon, tails, I'll be a **d**inosaur," he **said**.

But the **d**ime rolled on the floor,

out the **d**oor to the **s**idewalk,

onto the road and **d**own the sewer **d**rain.

On Friday, Dracula **decided** to stick to tradition.

Sort of.

He **d**ressed as a vampire.

Then he got a black felt pen and **called** his **d**og.

"It's Halloween, Whitey," he **said**,

"I **d**ote on you all year but I **d**ot on you now

so I can trick-or-treat tonight

with a **D**almation."

The **e**nd.

Answer: There are 11 "D"s and 107 "d"s for a total of 118 "D d"s.

Recycled
writing
Stories by Peter

Spare Time Fun Centre
April 2020

These stories are reprinted from various issues
of the Spare Time monthly newspaper
when it was still printed on paper.

The newspaper was called:

The Spare Time Sun
February 1990 to June 1996

Time
September 1996 to June 1997

Thirteen Fifty
September 1997 to June 2011

Copies are kept in our office as they record the centre's history
through children writing news stories, interviews, features
and doing art for "The Wall" or "The Fridge Door" page.

As editor I contributed photographs
and the occasional story to fill in some white space.

In autumn 2011 we converted to an on-line newspaper.
These issues can be read on our website www.sparetimefuncentre.com