

Hot Food by Michael Rosen

We sit down to eat, and the potato's a bit hot.
So I only put a little bit on my fork, and I blow. **puff puff**
'Till it's cool. Just cool.
Then into the mouth. **[licks lips]** **WHOIP* *click**
Noice!
And there's my brother, he's doing the same. **[licks lips]** **puff puff**
'Till it's cool. Just cool.
Into the mouth. **WHOIP* *click**
Noice.
There's my mum, she's doing the same. **[licks lips]** **puff puff**
'Till it's cool. Just cool.
Into the mouth. **[licks lips]** **WHOIP* *click**
Noice!
But my dad. My dad, what does he do?
He stuffs a great big chunk of potato into his mouth, and then that really
does it.
His eyes pop out.
He flaps his hands.
He blows, he puffs, he yells, he bobs his head up and down.
He spits bits of potato all over his plate and he turns to us and he goes,
"Watch out, everybody! The potato's **really** hot!"

