

# **The Armpit of Doom**

Funny Poems for Kids

Kenn Nesbitt

Illustrations by  
Rafael Domingos

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For Easton and Isaac

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## The Armpit of Doom



Today I walked into my big brother's room,  
and that's when I saw it: The Armpit of Doom.  
I wasn't expecting The Armpit at all.  
I shrieked and fell backward and grabbed for the wall.  
The Armpit was smelly. The Armpit was hairy.  
The Armpit was truly disgusting and scary.  
I wanted to vomit. I wanted to cry.  
I wanted to flee from its all-seeing eye.  
My skin started crawling with goose bumps and chills.  
My brain began screaming to head for the hills.  
I tried to escape but I knew I could not.  
In horror, I found I was glued to the spot.

“Will somebody help me!?” I started to shout,  
till fumes overcame me and made me pass out.  
And that’s why I’m here in this hospital room;  
it’s all on account of The Armpit of Doom.  
I’m still feeling shaken. I’m queasy and pale,  
but lucky I lived and can tell you my tale.  
So take my advice... If you ever go near  
your big brother’s room, bring a whole lot of gear:  
A gas mask and goggles, a helmet and shield,  
or maybe a space suit that’s perfectly sealed.  
And then, only then, when you’re fully prepared,  
step in very slowly and hope you’ll be spared.  
But, if you’re afraid of the Armpit of Doom,  
stay far, far away from your big brother’s room.

## **Please Don't Read this Poem**



Please don't read this poem.  
It's only meant for me.  
That's it. Just move along now.  
There's nothing here to see.

Besides, I'm sure you'd rather  
just go outside and play.  
So put the poem down now  
and slowly back away.

Hey, why are you still reading?  
That isn't very nice.  
I've asked you once politely.  
Don't make me ask you twice.

I'm telling you, it's private.  
Do not read one more line.  
Hey! That's one more. Now stop it.  
This isn't yours; it's mine.

You're not allowed to read this.  
You really have to stop.  
If you don't quit this instant,  
I swear I'll call a cop.

He'll drag you off in handcuffs.  
He'll lock you up in jail,  
and leave you there forever  
until you're old and frail.

Your friends will all forget you.  
You won't be even missed.  
Your family, too, will likely  
forget that you exist.

And all because you read this  
instead of having fun.  
It's too late now, amigo;  
the poem's nearly done.

There's only one solution.  
Here's what you'll have to do:  
Tell all your friends and family  
they shouldn't read it too.

## My Brother's Not a Werewolf



My brother's not a werewolf  
though it often looks that way.  
He has to shave his whiskers  
almost every single day.

His feet are getting furry  
and his hands are sprouting hair.  
His voice is deep and growling  
like a grumpy grizzly bear.

He often sleeps throughout the day  
and stays up half the night.  
And if you saw the way he eats  
you'd surely scream in fright.

His clothes are ripped and dirty  
like the stuff a werewolf wears.  
His socks and shirts are shredded  
and his pants have countless tears.

If you should ever meet him  
you'll discover what I mean.  
My brother's not a werewolf;  
he's just turning seventeen.

## My Pet Germs



I have about a billion germs  
I keep as tiny pets.  
They're cute and clean and never mean  
and give me no regrets.

They spend all day engaged in play  
upon my skin and hair.  
They're on my clothes, between my toes  
and in my underwear.

They dance and shout and bounce about.  
They run and jump and slide.  
My epidermis teems with germs  
who party on my hide.

I never fret about the pets  
inside my shirt and socks.  
I love them there but wonder where  
they keep their litter box?

## My Parents Sent Me to the Store



My parents sent me to the store  
to buy a loaf of bread.  
I came home with a puppy  
and a parakeet instead.

I came home with a guinea pig,  
a hamster and a cat,  
a turtle and a lizard  
and a friendly little rat.

I also had a monkey  
and a mongoose and a mouse.  
Those animals went crazy  
when I brought them in the house.

They barked and yelped and hissed  
and chased my family out the door.  
My parents never let me  
do the shopping anymore.

## **Did You Enjoy This Sample?**

If you enjoyed the poems in this sample, please purchase the book to read the rest. The full edition of *The Armpit of Doom: Funny Poems for Kids* contains 65 more funny poems and illustrations.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kenn Nesbitt is the author of many books for children, including *The Ultimate Top Secret Guide to Taking Over the World*, *More Bears!*, *The Tightly-Whitey Spider*, and *My Hippo Has the Hiccups*. He is also the creator of the world's most popular children's poetry website, [www.poetry4kids.com](http://www.poetry4kids.com).

## More Books by Kenn Nesbitt

**I'm Growing a Truck in the Garden** – Follow one boy through his day as he plays with his friends and creates havoc along the way. Collins Educational. ISBN: 978-0007462001.

**The Ultimate Top Secret Guide to Taking Over the World** – Are you fed up with people telling you what to do? You're in luck. All you have to do is read this book and carefully follow the instructions, and in no time at all you will be laughing maniacally as the world covers before you. Sourcebooks Jabberwocky. ISBN: 978-1402238345.

**MORE BEARS!** – Kenn Nesbitt's picture book debut will have you laughing while shouting "More Bears!" along with the story's disruptive audience. The author/narrator keeps adding more and more bears, which he describes in humorous detail, until he gets fed up! The bears ride, dance, surf, and even somersault off the page. Sourcebooks Jabberwocky. ISBN: 978-1402238352.

**The Tightly-Whitey Spider: And More Wacky Animals Poems I Totally Made Up** – Following up the bestselling collection, *My Hippo Has the Hiccups*, Kenn Nesbitt dares to go where no poet has gone before. With poems like "I Bought Our Cat a Jetpack" and "My Dog Plays Invisible Frisbee," this collection shines bright with rhymes that are full of jokes, thrills, and surprises. Sourcebooks Jabberwocky. ISBN: 978-1402238338.

**My Hippo Has the Hiccups: And Other Poems I Totally Made Up** - *My Hippo Has the Hiccups* contains over one hundred of Kenn's newest and best-loved poems. The dynamic CD brings the poems to life with Kenn reading his own poetry, cracking a joke or two, and even telling stories about how the poems came to be. Sourcebooks Jabberwocky. ISBN: 978-1402218095.

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