The youngest by Michael Rosen

I'm the youngest in our house, so it goes like this:

My brother comes in and says, "Tell him to clear out the fluff out from under his bed."

Her mum says, "Clear the fluff out from under your bed."

Father says, "You heard what your mother said."

"What?" I said.

"The fluff." He says. "Clear the fluff out, from under your bed!"

So I say, "There's fluff under his bed too you know?"

So father says, "But we're talking about the fluff under your bed."

"You will clear it up, won't you?" Mum says.

So now, my brother all puffed says, "Clear the fluff out from under your bed, clear the fluff out from under your bed!"

Now I'm angry. I, am, angry.

So I say, what shall I say?

I say, "Shut up stinks! You can't rule my life!"