

The
**BRAVEST
UNDERPANTS**



David Parsons



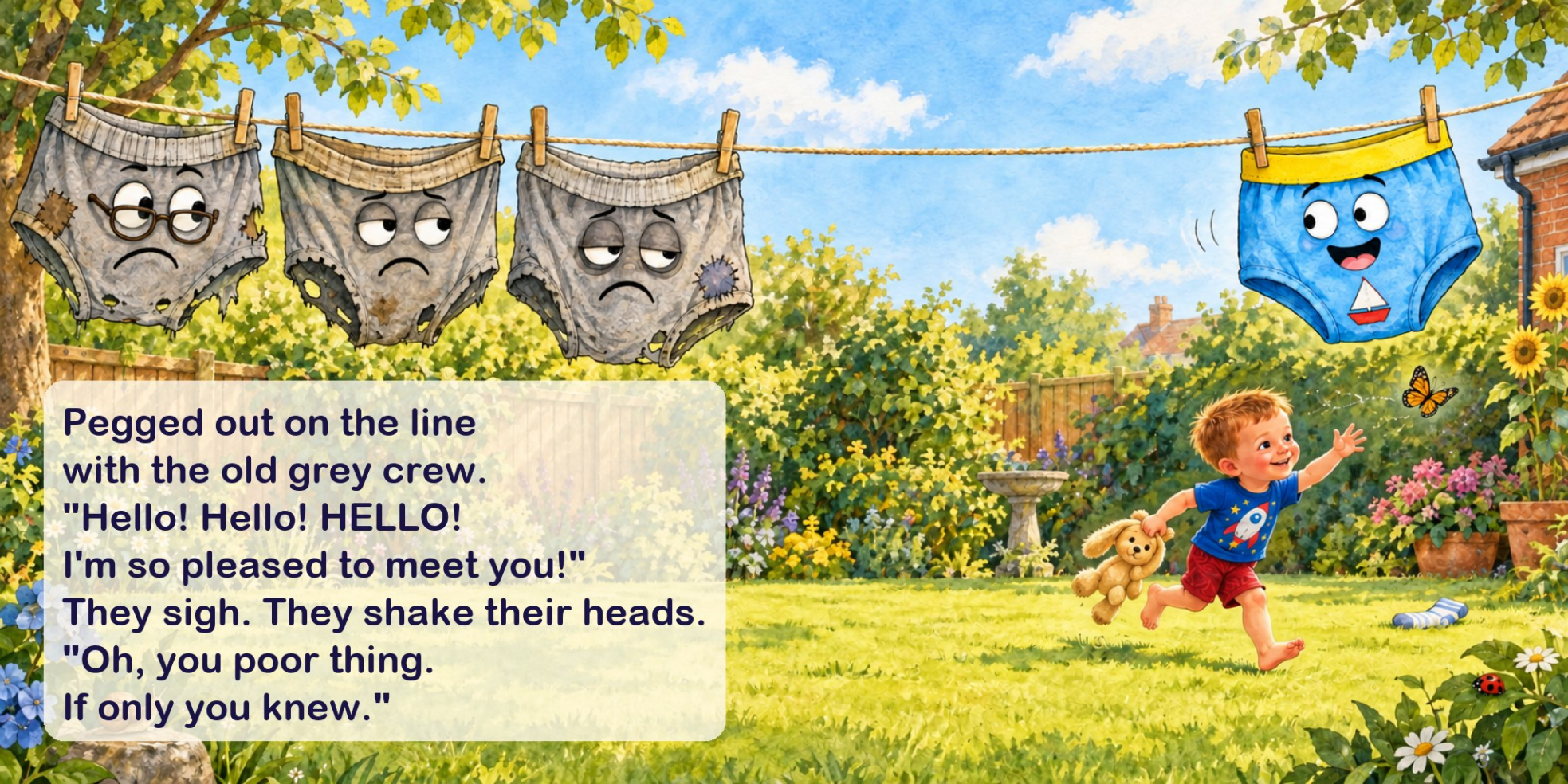
**For Joshua, our bravest boy. Love, Daddy.
Christmas 2026.**

Fresh out of the packet,
as new as can be!
Joshua's new pants,
with a boat on. That's me!



Into the washer I go.
Swish, swirl, SWOOSH!
Bubbles and tumbles
and a great big WHOOSH!





Pegged out on the line
with the old grey crew.
"Hello! Hello! HELLO!
I'm so pleased to meet you!"
They sigh. They shake their heads.
"Oh, you poor thing.
If only you knew."

"We were once just like you,
all colours and cheer.
Then Joshua got us.
Now look at us here.
Sit still, little one.
We'll tell you a thing or two..."



"He wore me as a hat
to the park, by the lake.
A duck sat on top and laid an EGG.
On my head. For goodness' sake."



"He flew me like a kite,
up high, in the breeze.
Then the string went SNAP
and I spent a week in the trees."



"Then Cecil played tug-of-war
with what's left of me."

"Pants **SHOULD** be for wearing,"
they sigh.

"That's what pants do.
You'll see."



That night in the drawer,
I think it all through.
Those grumpy old stories...
they can't ALL be true!
Joshua looked lovely.
I can't sleep. Can you?



**Morning! Here's Joshua,
with a wriggle and a hop.
Pants should be for wearing!
Pull me up to the top!**



**Breakfast is beans.
Then... PARP!
What was THAT?
Joshua giggles.
He does it AGAIN.
And AGAIN. Just like that.**



He thinks it's hilarious.
He laughs till he's blue.
It is NOT funny down here.
Not funny. Pee-yoo.



Up on the trampoline,
Joshua bounces away.
Boing! PARP! Boing! PARP!
All afternoon. All DAY.



SPLASH went a puddle.
SQUELCH went the goo.
And a seagull flew over and...
PLOP. Yes. Bird poo.



Off in the car
to Nanny's by the sea.
A SQUEAKY one. PARP!
Oh, why always me?



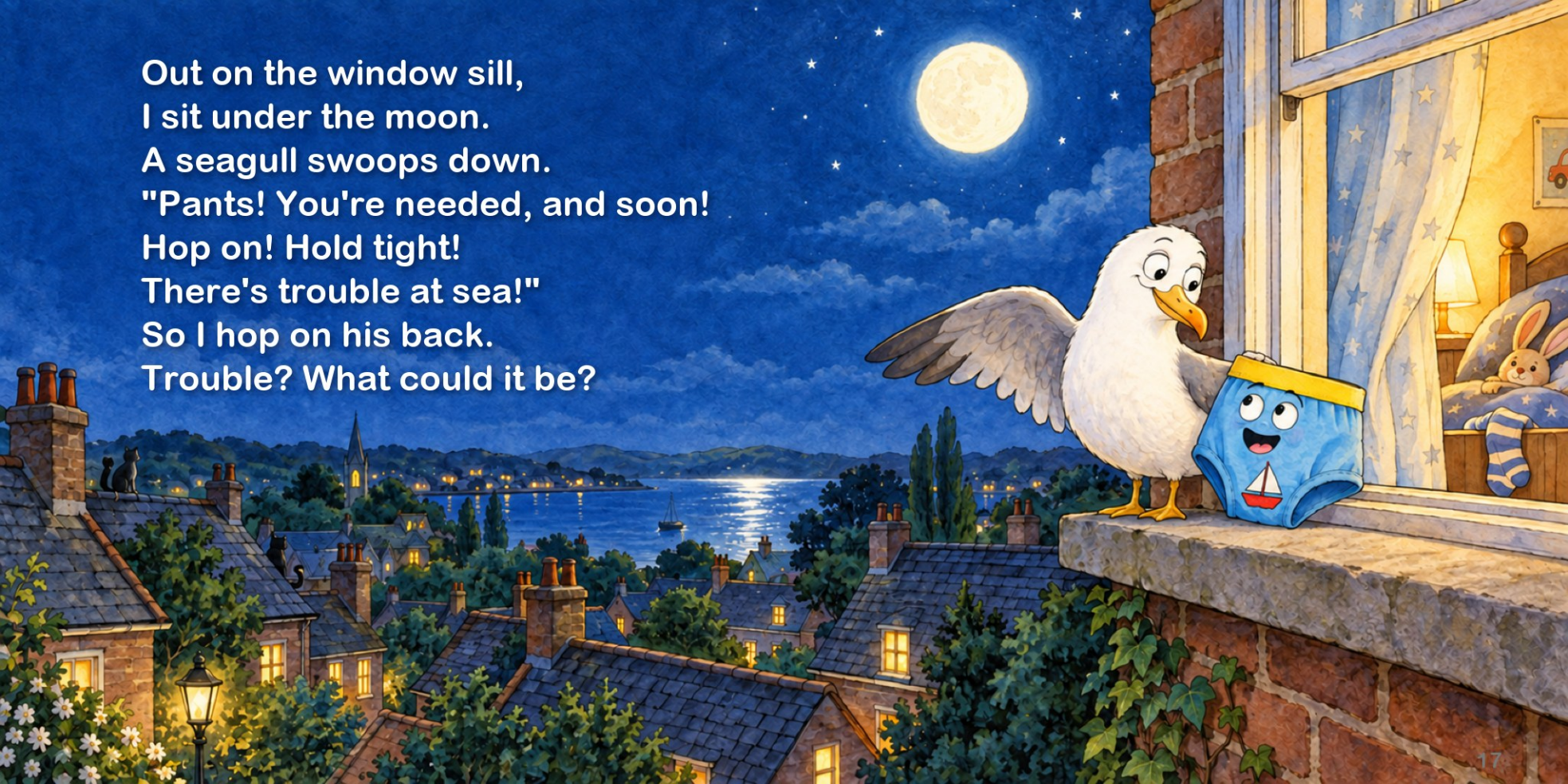
Back in the washer.
Swish, swirl, SWOOSH.
Round and round, muddy brown,
and a great big WHOOSH.
"Not again," I sigh,
as I spin in the goo.
Is THIS what pants are for?
Is this all pants do?



Shut in the drawer,
in the dark, all alone.
"Pants should be for wearing.
That's what pants do."
But farted on FOREVER?
NO! I want something NEW.



Out on the window sill,
I sit under the moon.
A seagull swoops down.
"Pants! You're needed, and soon!
Hop on! Hold tight!
There's trouble at sea!"
So I hop on his back.
Trouble? What could it be?



Over rooftops and chimneys,
over fields, to the sea.
Then, far off by the rocks,
something small... Oh no. I see.





A little red boat
with no sail. Not a shred.
It's Nanny Angie!
"HELP!"
The rocks are dead ahead.

I'm scared. I'm just pants.
But I've had wind before!
I stretch! I flap!
I fill up and ROAR!



The storm blows away,
and the sea's calm and blue.
Nanny hugs the mast.
"Thank you, pants. Thank YOU!"

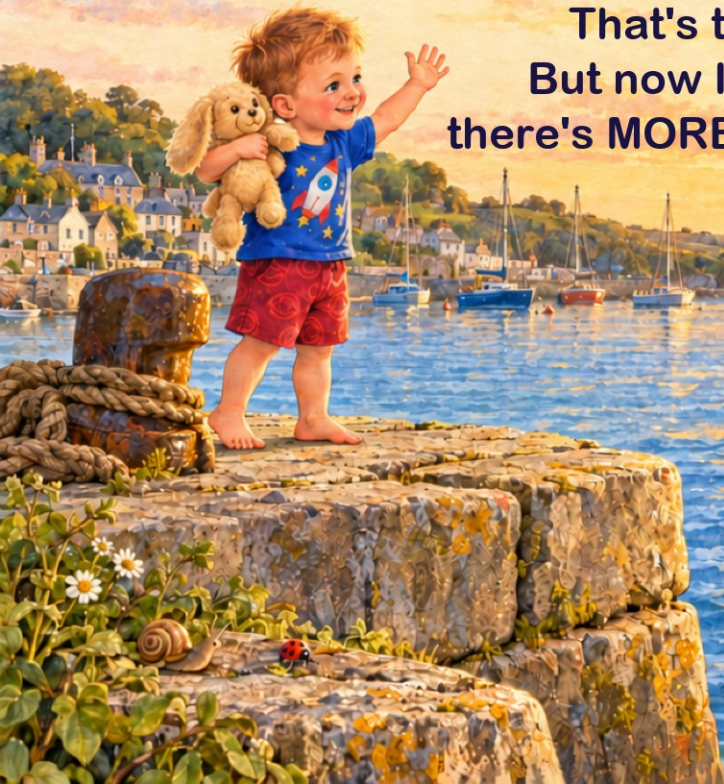


Dolphins leap up
with a splash and a spray.
SPLOSH! Soaked to my waistband...
and I LOVE life today!



I was born in a packet,
made for wearing.
That's true.
But now I know
there's **MORE** I can do.

Now I'm a sail,
full of wind,
wild and free,
the bravest of pants
on the wide,
open sea.



And Joshua? He got new pants,
with a rocket on. Hooray!
"Let me tell you the story
of how my last pants sailed away..."



Pants should be for wearing.
That's what pants do.

Or is it?

