

SIR DAD

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SIR DAD

Based on a true story

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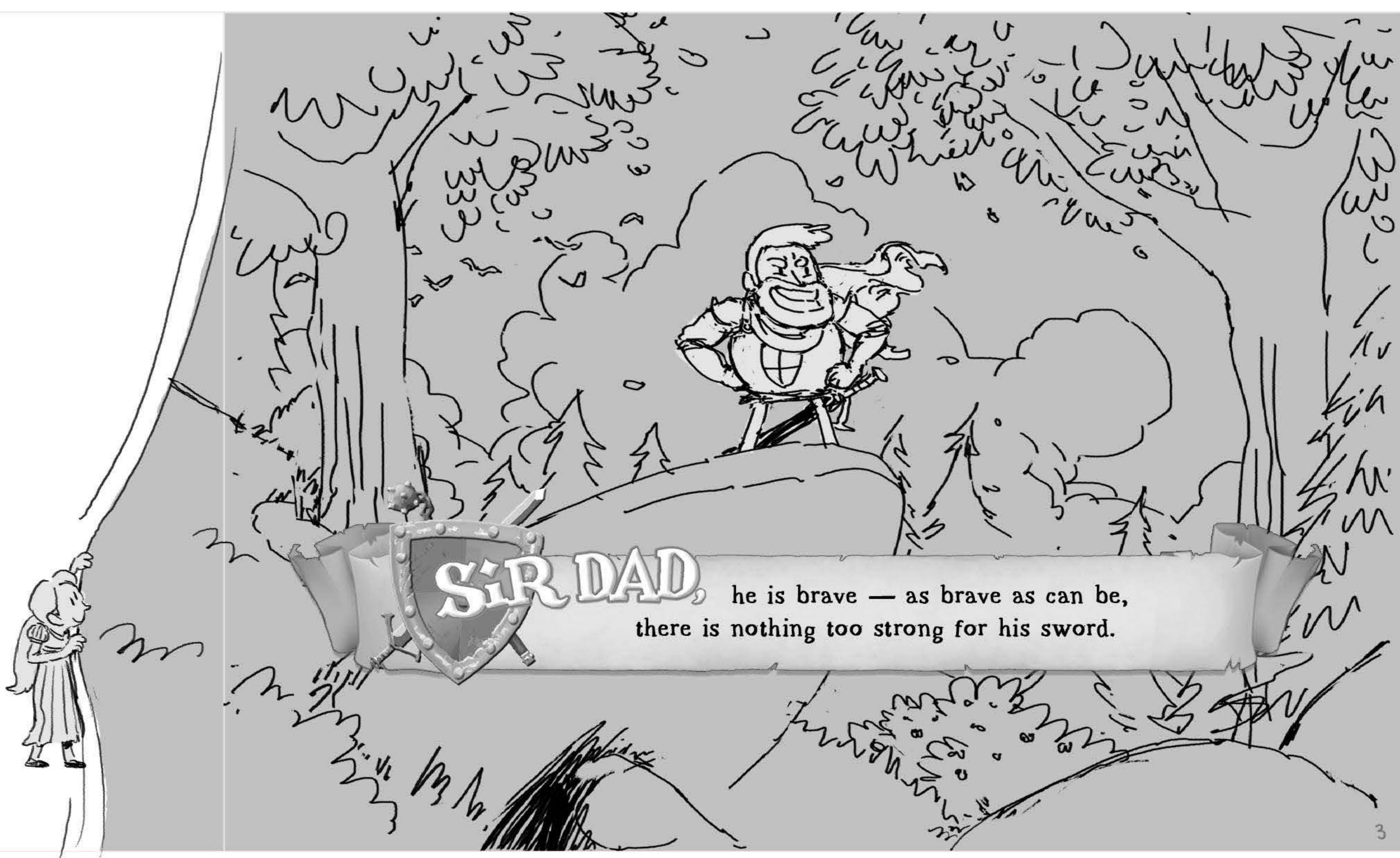
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SIR DAD

he is brave — as brave as can be,
there is nothing too strong for his sword.

He isn't afraid of
the Thing in the Swamp,



nor scared of the
Skeleton Horde.

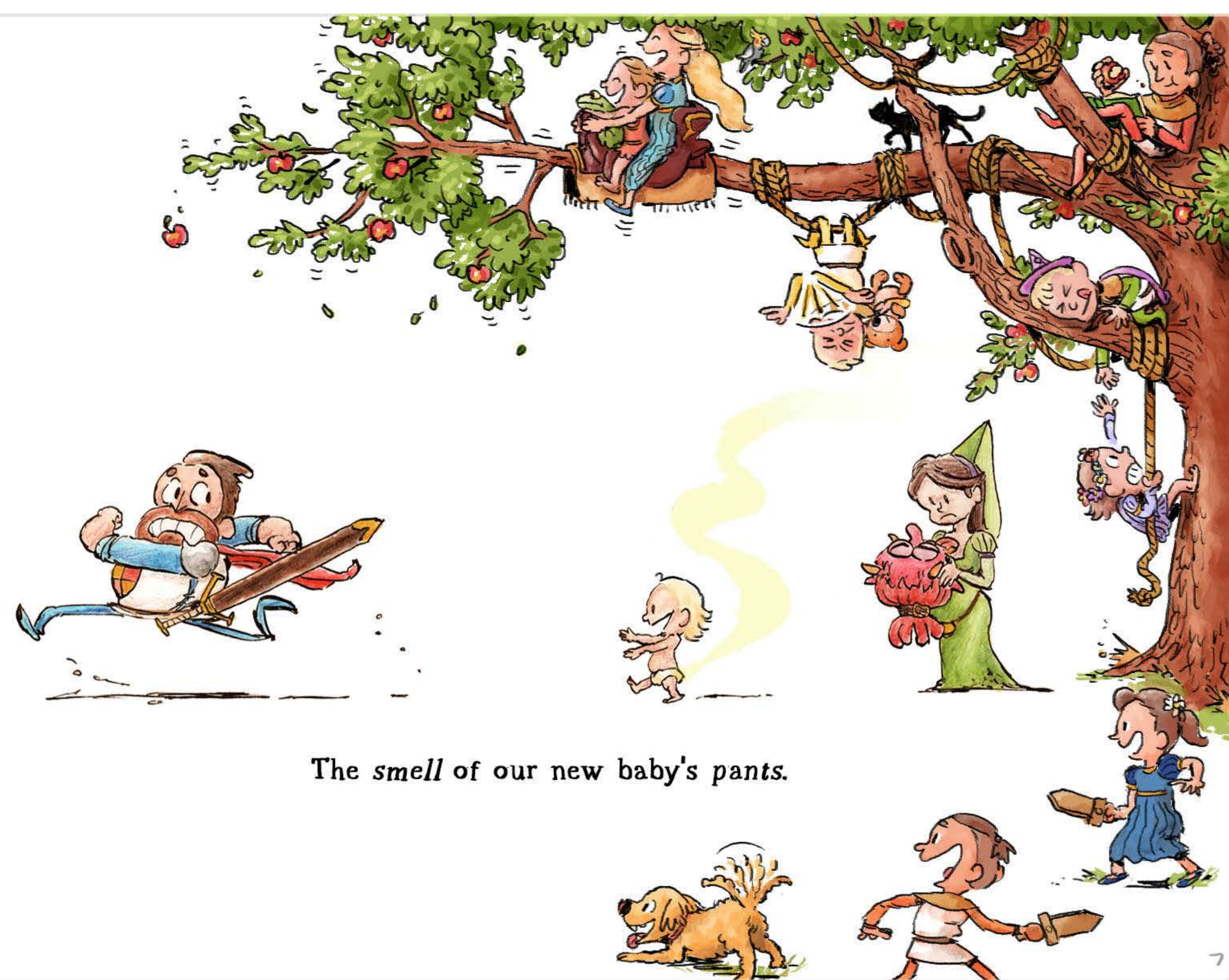


When each day is over,
our dad journeys home,



and greets our dear mum with romance.

But here is a thing that
just terrifies him ...

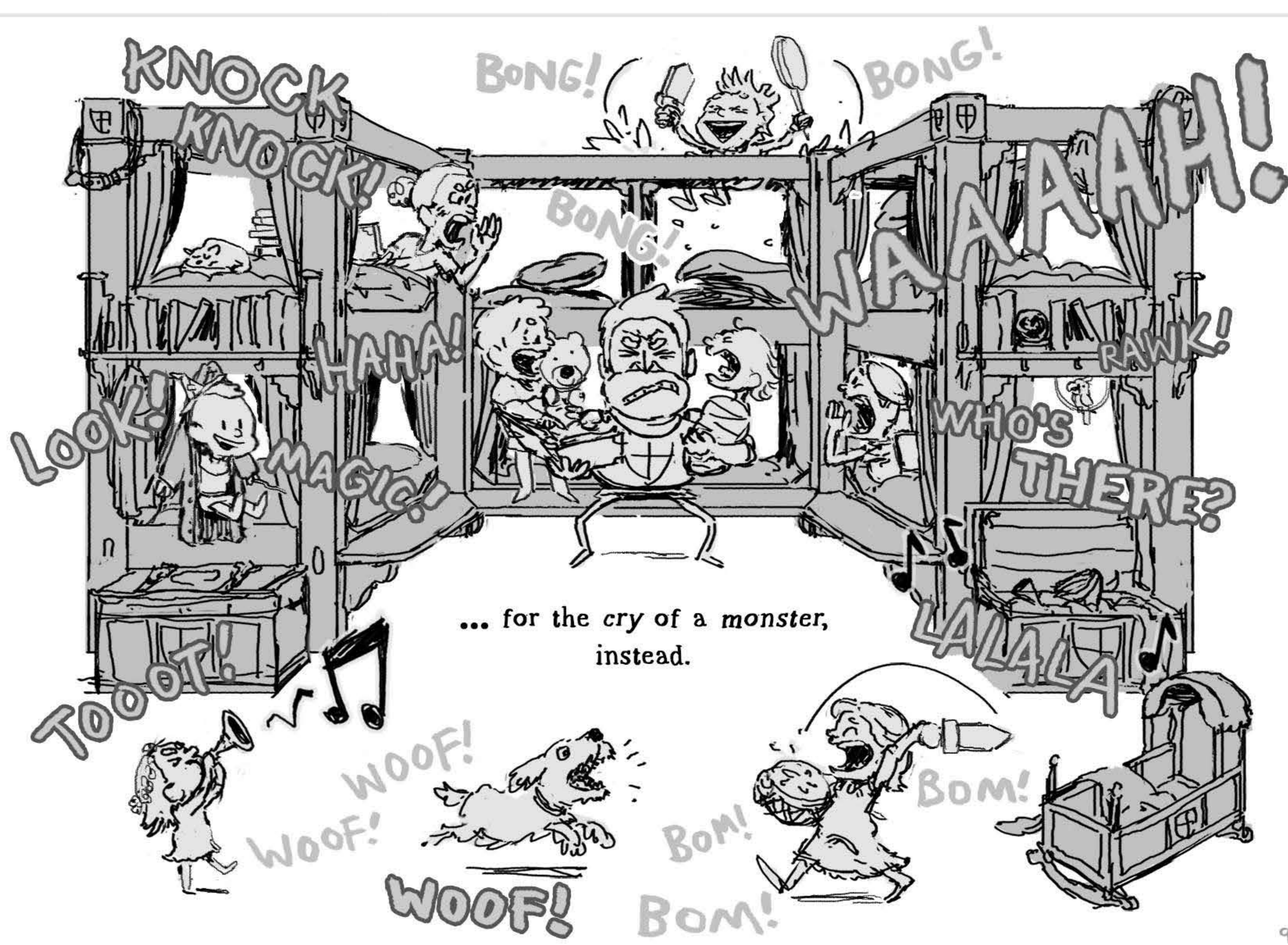


The *smell* of our new baby's pants.



And we all hang out for our hero's return,
we rave when he puts us to bed.

But oh, how he longs
for the sounds of the hunt ...



... for the cry of a monster,
instead.

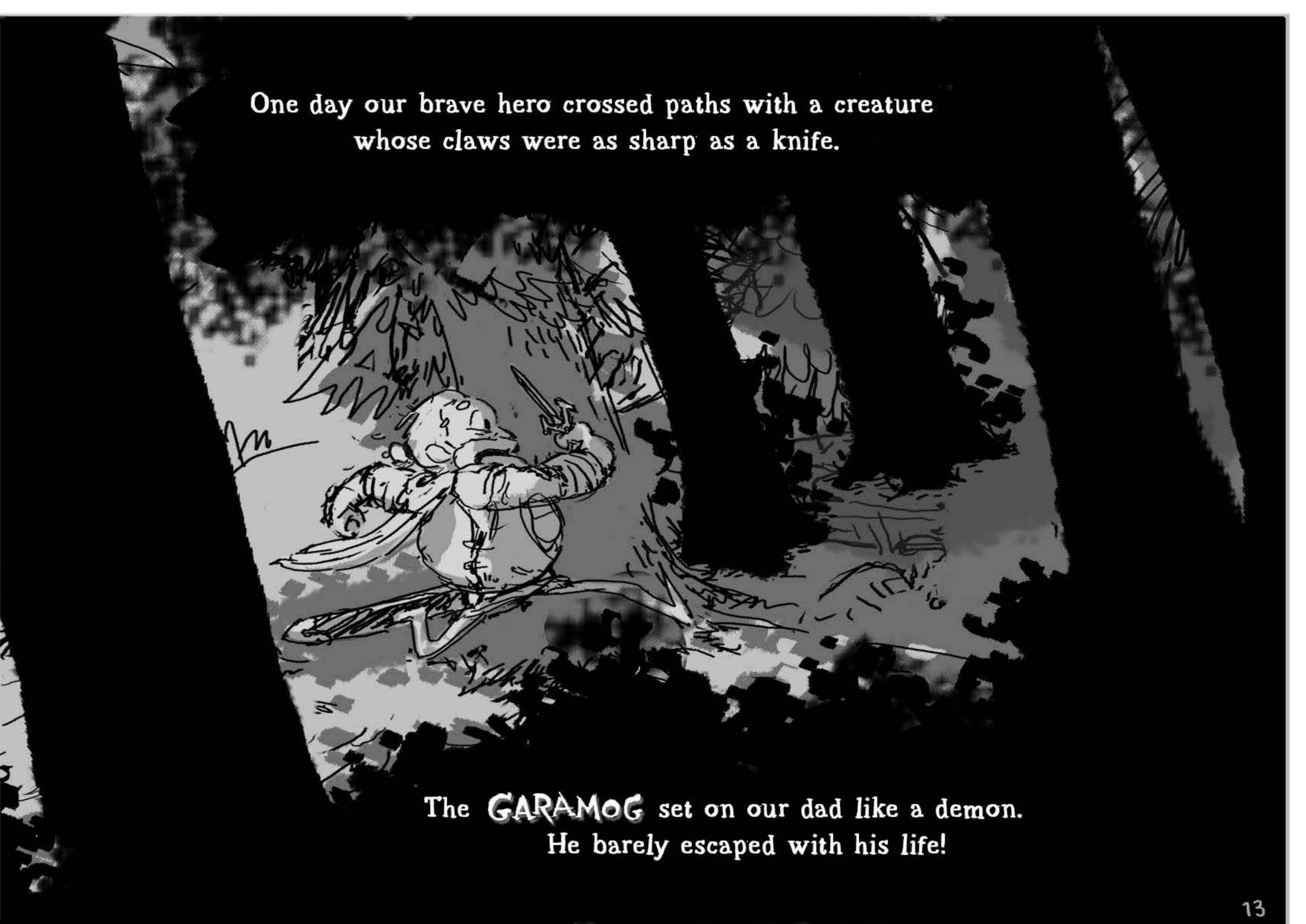
And just when

he thinks

he has settled us down,

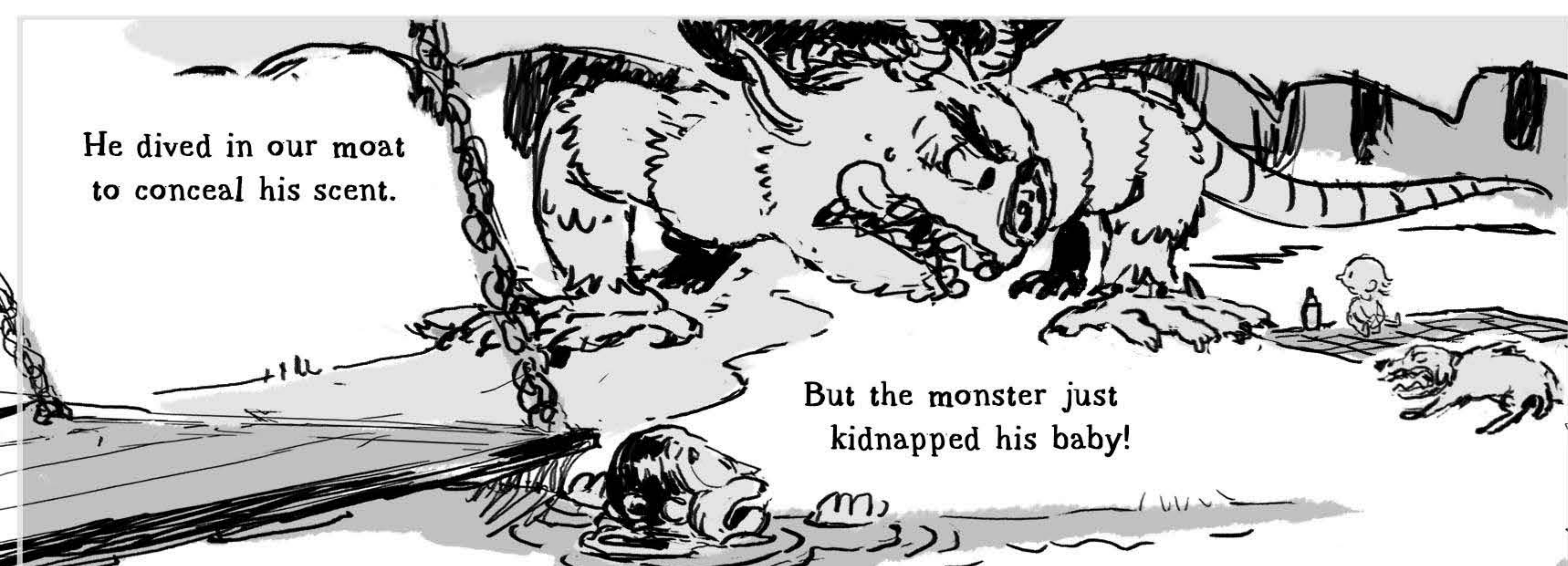
we stick
to his body
like glue.

He might've escaped from the Skeleton Horde,
But not from our *hullabaloo!*



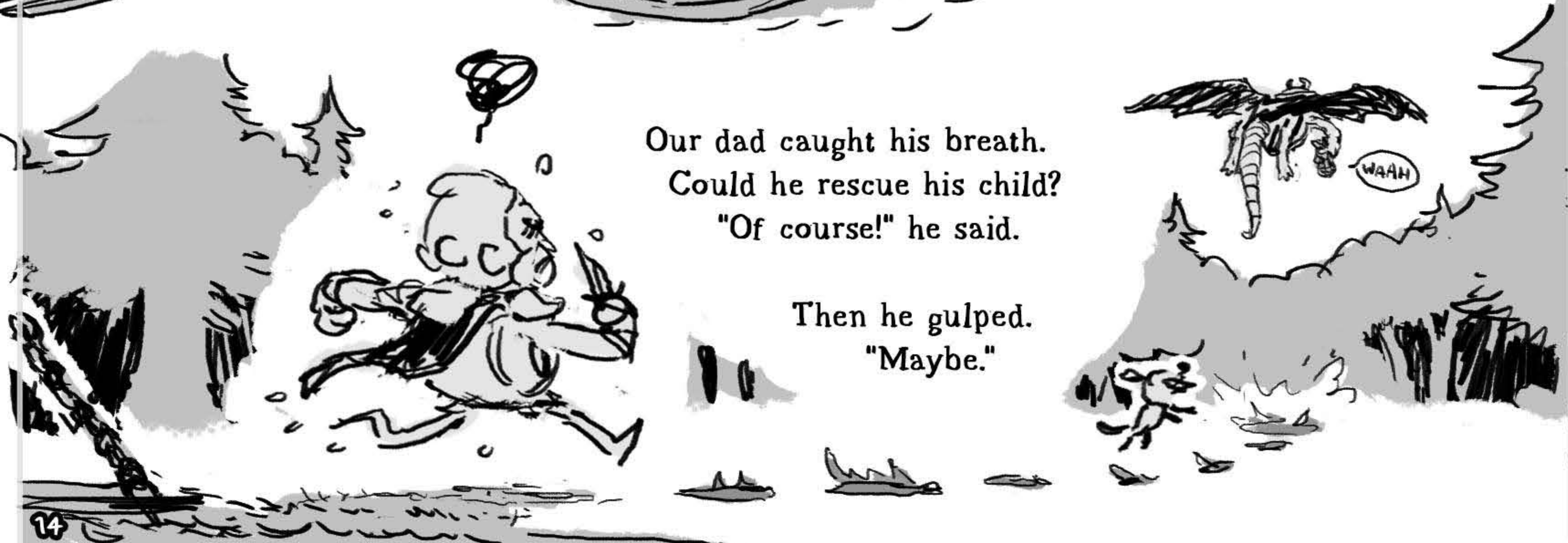
One day our brave hero crossed paths with a creature whose claws were as sharp as a knife.

The **GARAMOG** set on our dad like a demon. He barely escaped with his life!




He dived in our moat
to conceal his scent.

But the monster just
kidnapped his baby!



Our dad caught his breath.
Could he rescue his child?
"Of course!" he said.

Then he gulped.
"Maybe."



Our mum felt some new
thing inside of her burn.
"Children," we all
heard her grunting.
"Fetch me your father's
... spiky-ball thing."

For *this* time
we're all
going hunting."

We hunted for all of our shoes and our coats,
which took the best part of an hour.



Then we followed our dad's and the Garamog's tracks.
Our mum felt both terror and power.





Exhausted, we came to the Garamog's lair.

The stage had already been set.

The monster's sharp hearing
and shrewd sense of smell meant
our dad had been caught in its net.



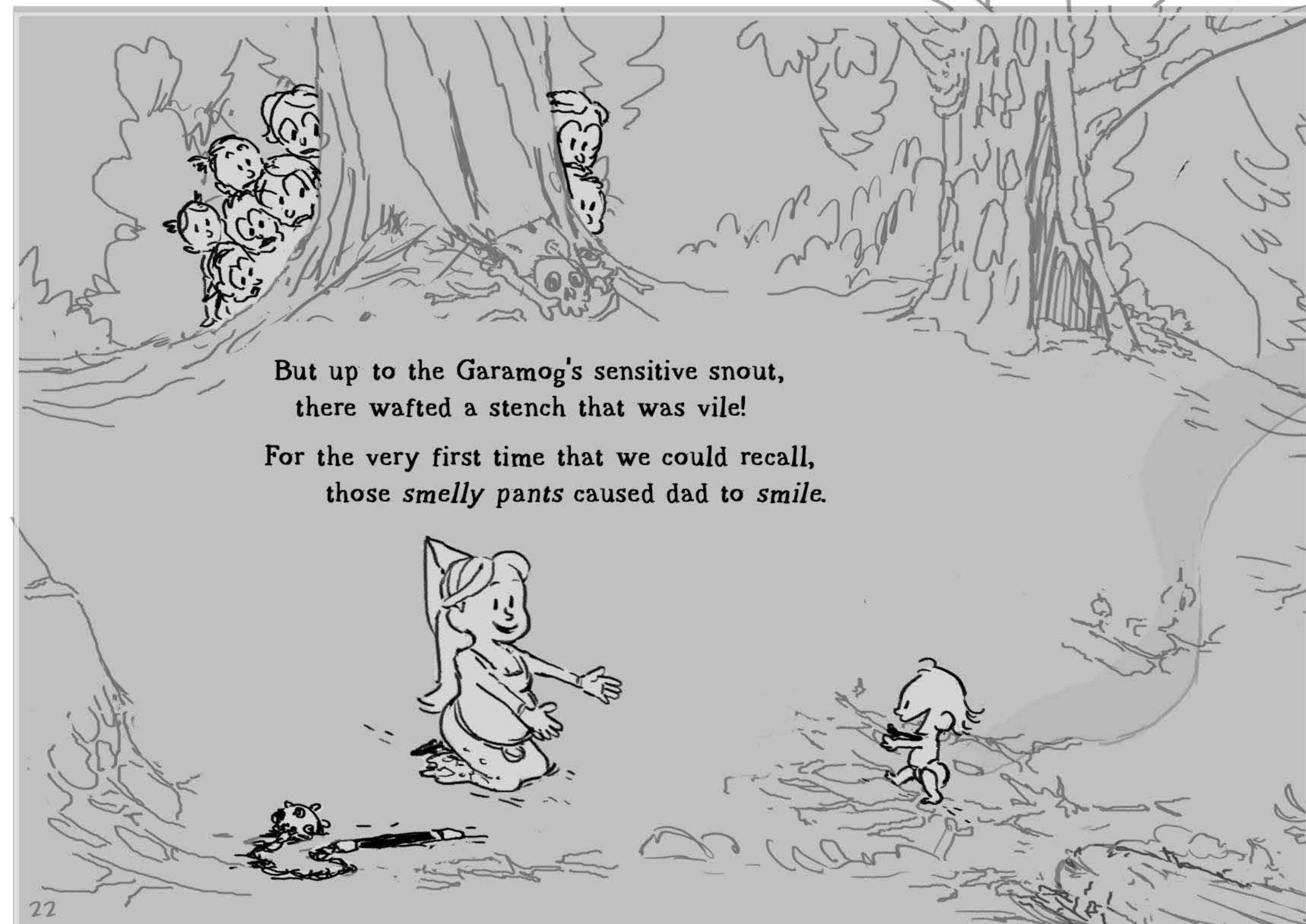
"All is lost," moaned our dad, in utter despair.

"The roaringest knight couldn't beat it."

And his whole world closed in as he let the thing win.

Our dad had at last been defeated.





But up to the Garamog's sensitive snout,
there wafted a stench that was vile!
For the very first time that we could recall,
those *smelly pants* caused dad to *smile*.





Then into the Garamog's
finely-tuned ears came the
clash of a frightening din!

To our dad, the commotion was heavenly music—
our ruckus was making him grin.

Then we all attacked!
We jumped on the monster
and stuck to its body like glue.
The beast might've beaten the likes of Sir Dad,
BUT NOT WITH OUR HULLABALOO!



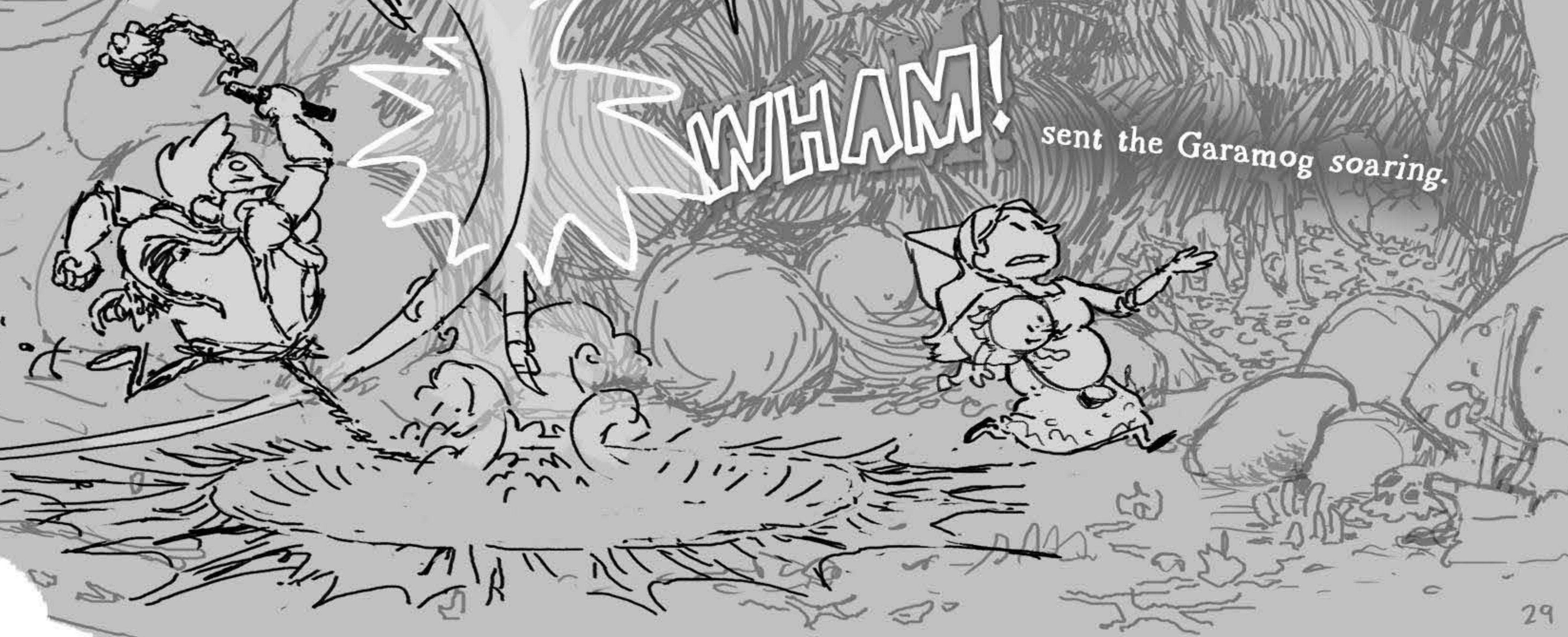
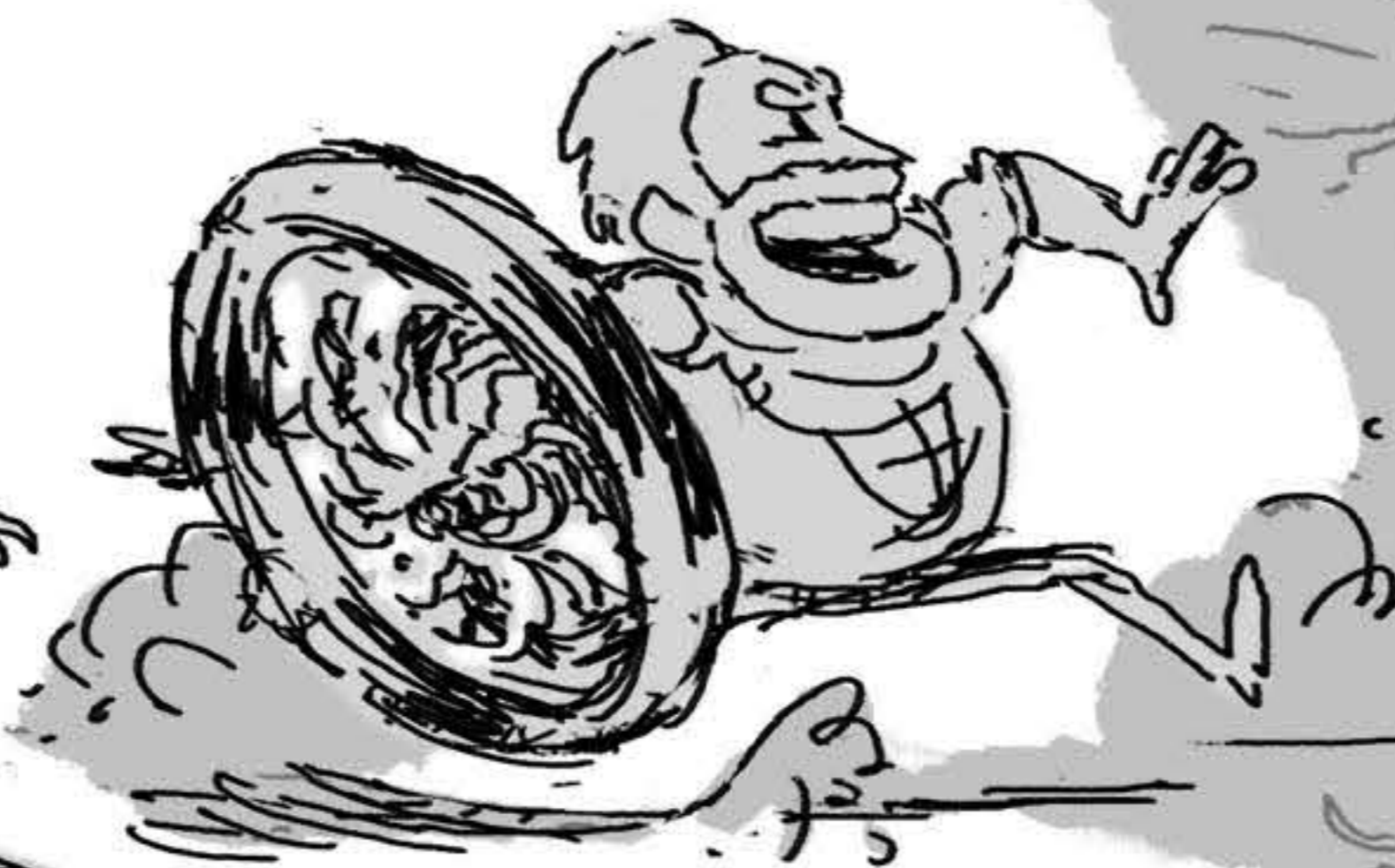
So our dad, who was brave —
as brave as could be,
with his own troop of warriors roaring,
swizzled
his spiky-ball



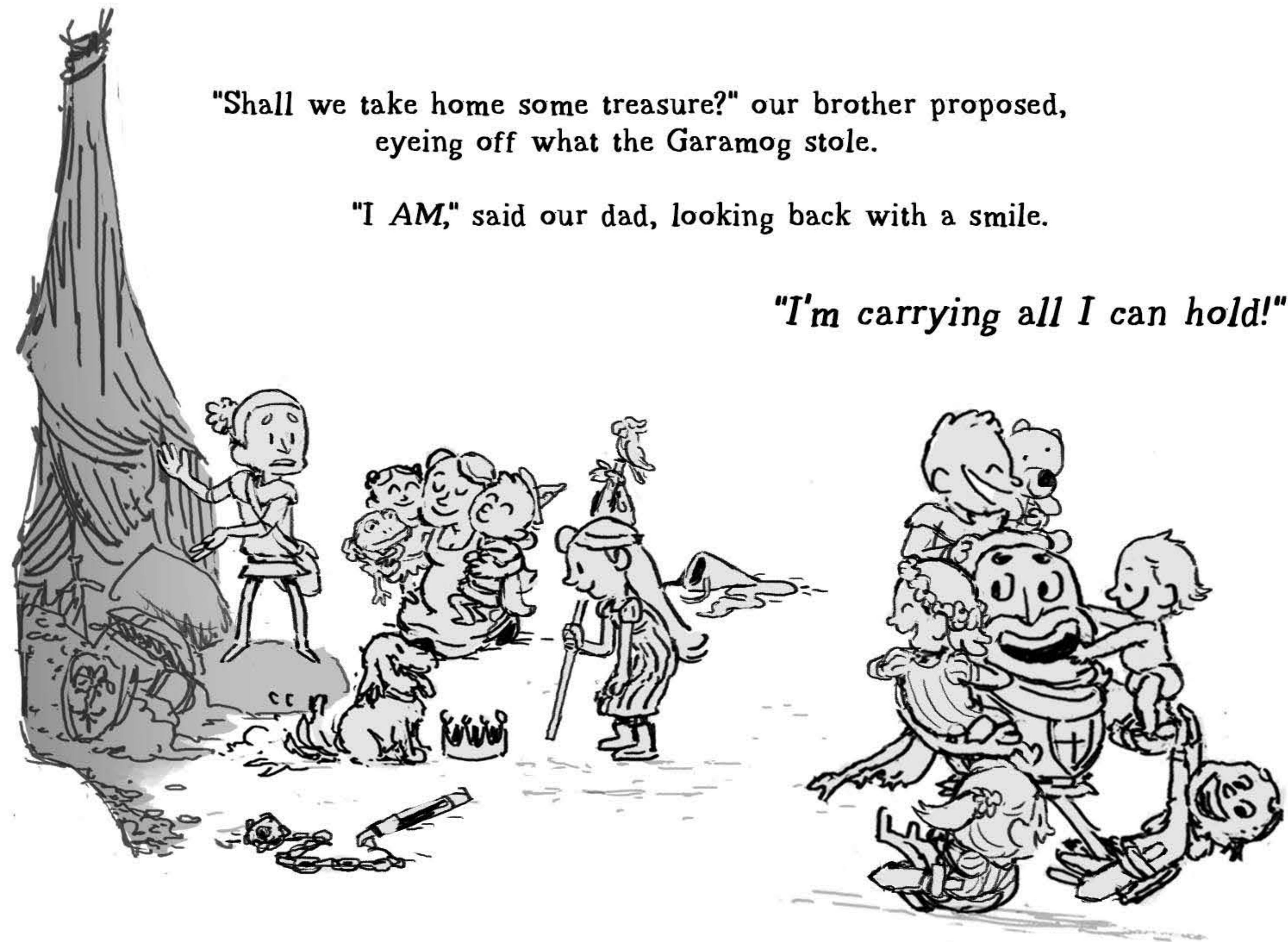
faster, and



faster, and



sent the Garamog soaring.



Our dad looked around at his warrior tribe,
and at our brave mum with romance.
He cuddled his baby, then spluttered and said,



"This treasure has quite smelly pants."