

**You won't believe it till you see it
(Du tror det ikke før du får se det)**

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Translated by Alison McCullough

I wake to strange sounds so creep down the stairs,
But almost can't believe what I see,
Because under the stripy kitchen mat
Sleeps the squinting, snoring neighbourhood cat.

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because behind the plant pot on the window sill
Is a shy, short-sighted little gerbil,
Nearby an old cuckoo reclines in a yawn,
Munching on flower bulbs, seeds and sweetcorn.

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because on the cooker lies a humongous poo,
Of the kind that only a cow can do!

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because in the window an ant is sitting and swinging
While on the floor a puppy is crouching and peeing,
And a sleepy little green and yellow budgie
Has taken a nap where the cake should be.

But that's not even the worst of it...

In the porridge pot is a snake with a tail that rattles,
Dreaming so sweetly under a pile of red apples.
A furious, raving-mad, cackling French parrot
Is using all the utensils to make a big racket!

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because a spider is spinning her web to catch flies
All round a plate of dried-up French fries,
While a little baboon with shaggy brown hair
Uses cod liver oil to wash his *derrière*!

But that's not even the worst of it...

For on our worktop stands a freshly shorn ewe
Throwing a skipping rope lasso!
She's trying to catch biscuits but will have to be quick –
The rope keeps getting stuck on the candlestick.

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because one hundred and fifty little green bugs
Have made a swimming pool out of a milk-filled mug.
They splish and they splash and they splish and they splosh,
Then rub themselves dry with wet wipes from the box.

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because in the sink a seal is having a shower
Dusting his body with baking flour,
While a scruffy old lion, the king of the plains,
Is dancing the tango with flour dust in his mane.

But that's not even the worst of it...

At our table sits a camel – hump so elegant,
And beside him a great yellow elephant!
They're sitting there waiting for tea to brew,
You probably don't believe it, but look – it's true!
The elephant leans all the way back in her chair
To blow the crumbs from her summer dress into the air.

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because at the very back of the top kitchen drawer
A giraffe chews a loaf of bread in his jaws.
A frisky, short-legged Icelandic horse –
Wearing his orange life vest, of course –
And a fleecy, quick-footed panda bear
Are racing that golden eagle up there!

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because among the figs, dates and flaked almond crumbs
Sits a well-camouflaged chameleon.
He's using a new disappearing trick –
Powdering his tail in barbecue spice mix!
Now he's soothing his throat with broth, freshly-boiled,
That he's spraying from mum's new perfume bottle.

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because in the bread bin dance a fox and an otter,
Each holding the little paws of the other.
One wears a scarf, one a cap – it's a sight to behold,
But now they're both coming down with a cold!
They cough and they sneeze, blow their snouts – it's the flu.
And guess what they're using? Dishcloths! – Achoo!

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because...

Shhh! What's that sound we can hear?
All the animals stare and prick up their ears.
Is it inside the fridge? Who's deep in there, lurking?
Who is it that can't seem to stop belching and burping?
Now I fear that this could be dangerous and scary.
I sneak forward on tip-toe, slowly, carefully.
I'm shaking and trembling, my teeth all a-chattering,
Am I really about to see what's happening?

But look!

Come on everyone, come over and see!
Here's a satisfied, bloated, little fridge mouse
Who's quenched his thirst by guzzling all the drinks in the house!

But that's not even the worst of it...

Because under the stripy kitchen mat...