



The **Trouble
Machine!**

*A Book About
Brothers*

by Joe Bennett



Written and Illustrated
By
Joe Bennett

This book is dedicated to brothers, dads and moms everywhere.
And especially to my mom, who needed a ton of patience and loved us
no matter how much trouble we to got into.

Copyright 2005 by Joe Bennett
All rights reserved



It's been ten years since Mr. Stork came.
Things around here are not the same.

He brought a baby like no other.
That little guy was my brand new brother.

This is his story...one to ten
and if there was trouble...it was him!



*F*rom the very first day he was never quiet.
His early years were an awful riot!

He cried so loud it gave me pain
It stung my ears and hurt my brain.

He wouldn't eat his dinner and he hated to be clean.
He was a living, breathing Trouble Machine!





*M*y new brother was pretty neat
But my poor mom never got much sleep.

In the middle of the night I'd hear a roar
Feeding time was a great big war!

He threw his food across the floor
Then screamed and yelled to get some more!

With each year some trouble he'd make.
Count the candles on his cake.



He needed something all the time.
My poor mom nearly lost her mind!

I'll never forget when he was two.
He loved anything that he could chew.





A

ball got stuck in the back of his throat.
The doctor came in his clean white coat.

The doctor arrived as his face turned blue,
he turned him over and out it flew!



When he put a nail in the electric socket
and his hair stood up like a flaming rocket!

His eyes nearly popped right out of his head.
I thought for sure that he was dead!

He wouldn't eat his dinner and he hated to be clean.
He was a living, breathing Trouble Machine!





All he wanted at the age of three
was to get as dirty as he could be.

He'd get so dirty that he blend right in
with the big, fat pigs in Uncle Bill's pen.

He rolled in the mud and played in the dirt.
A nice fresh mud pie was his favorite dessert.

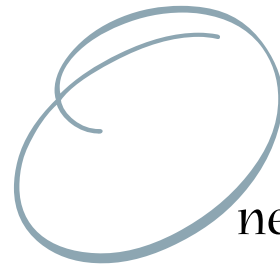


At four years old he made so much noise.
He thrashed my room and broke my toys.

He followed me wherever I'd go.
Whatever I told him, he'd say "no!"

He wouldn't eat his dinner and he hated to be clean.
He was a living, breathing Trouble Machine!





ne summer day he jumped from a tree
and down he came on a Honeybee.

His foot swelled up like a big balloon.
We had to take him to the emergency room!



At five years old it was time for school
and I warned him not to break a rule.

But my brother had to have his own way,
and he didn't like what his teacher would say.

When he started to argue, scream and pout
the teacher called the principal to take him out!





Things were better by the end of the week.
A girl named Rachel kissed his cheek.

She was so sweet and knew what to do
she even taught him to tie his shoe.

He wouldn't mind the teacher and he often broke a rule.
But from that day on he *liked* to go to school!



He thought he was big at the age of six
and his mind was full of silly tricks.

His favorite one was to follow me around
and sneak up behind me without a sound.

Then he'd scare me with a big loud boo!
He thought it was funny...what could I do?

He wouldn't eat his dinner and he hated to be clean.
He was a living, breathing Trouble Machine!





*H*alloween time was so much fun.
To get more candy we'd always run.

We'd dash *so fast* from door to door
and keep on running to get some more.

He ate a piece of candy and then another
and soon I had a very sick brother!



*H*ave you ever done something very bad
that made your dad get really mad?

At seven years old he played with matches
and burned my tree house down to ashes!

The firemen came as the smoke rose high
and he got a spanking that made him cry!





All he wanted at the age of eight
was a brand new skateboard and a place to skate.

He hit a curve so fast and free
he wrapped himself around a tree!

He wouldn't eat his dinner and he hated to be clean.
He was a living, breathing Trouble Machine!



Then came the day he lost my mitt
and I got so angry I threw a fit.

I wanted to bonk him with my bat.
But he knew I wouldn't do that.

He'd just scream when I got so mad.
"You better not hit me or I'll tell dad!"





Soon he reached the age of nine.
The "monkey" age when children climb.

He climbed the tallest tree around
and the firemen came to get him down!

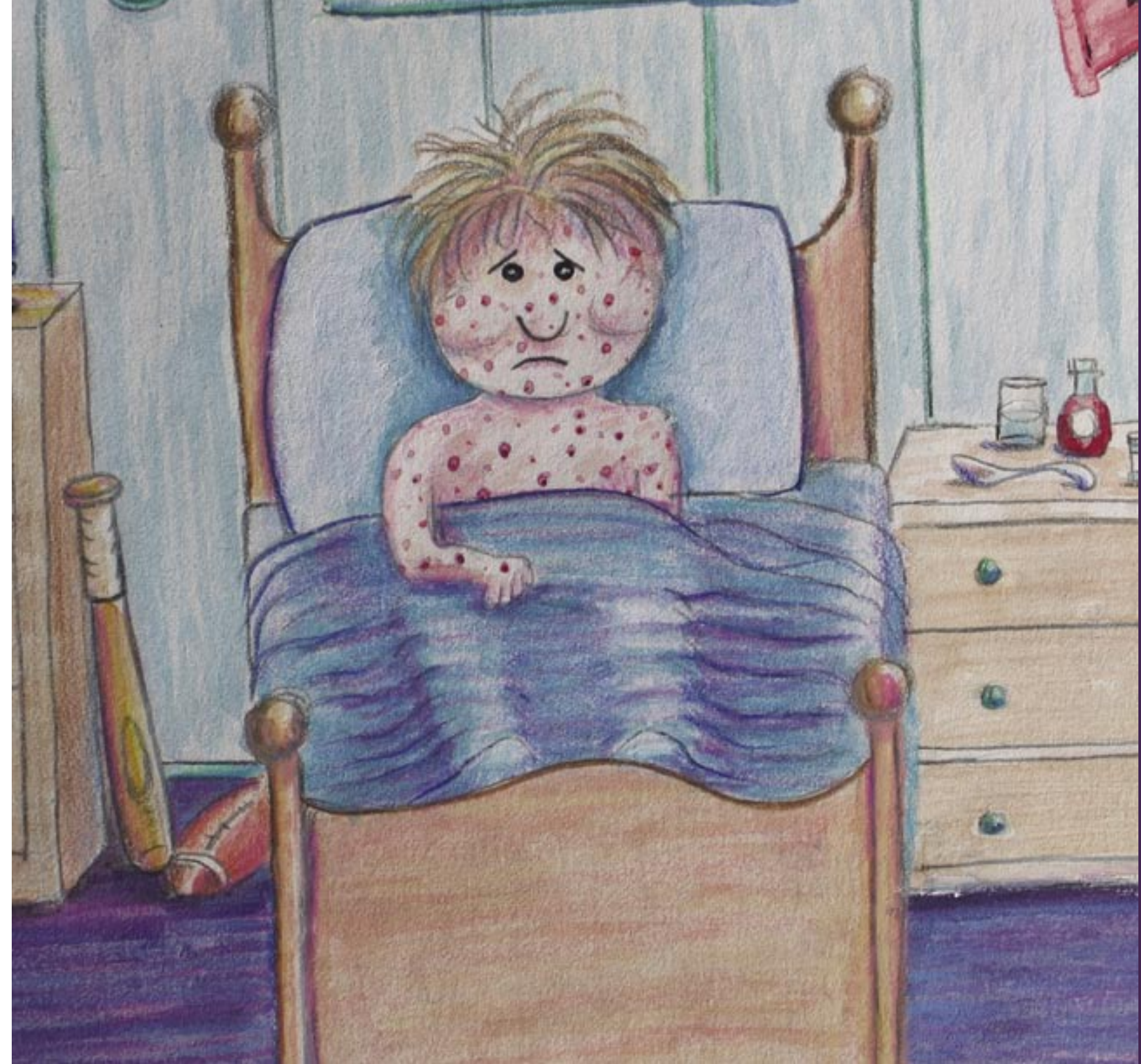
He wouldn't eat his dinner and he hated to be clean.
He was a living, breathing Trouble Machine!



Guess what happened when he turned ten?
Some more bad luck happened again.

He got the measles with itchy, red bumps,
he caught a cold and also the mumps!

His cheeks looked silly and his nose was runny.
Then I got it too and it wasn't so funny!





I know I should be more patient and kind.
But sometimes my patience is hard to find.

He thrashes my room and breaks my toys.
He fills the house with lots of noise.

He follows me around and drives me crazy.
He won't clean our room because he's too lazy.

He burned down my tree house, lost my mitt
and he tells Dad if I throw a fit.

I have to take him wherever I go.
Whatever I tell him he says, "no!"

He doesn't eat his dinner and he hates to be clean.
He is *still* a living, breathing Trouble Machine!

He does seem to be an awful mess,
but he's not that bad for a brother... I guess.

He doesn't behave the way that he should,
but in my heart I know he's good.

Because there's a side you didn't see.
That's warm and bright just for me.

When I have a bad game and I strike out,
he's what a friend is all about.

And during those times when I really need him,
he's been more than my brother...
He's been my friend!



"The Trouble Machine" is laugh out loud funny!
Take a trip back in time to when you had a brother or a sister that sometimes made you crazy and often made you laugh.

When reading this book you will be reminded of nostalgic events that happened in your life or in the lives of your children that will warm your heart and make you smile.

This is a feel good book worth reading to your children and having in your collection.

Joe Bennett

