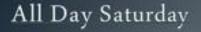
U20 - P1 / P2 Girls

I Had a Little Cat, Charles Causley (1917-2003)

I had a little cat called
Tim Tom Tay
I took him to town on
market day,
I combed his whiskers,
I brushed his tail,
I wrote on a label 'Cat for Sale.
Knows how to deal with rats
and mice.
Two pounds fifty. Bargain
price.'

But when the people came to buy
I saw such a look in Tim Tom's eye
That it was clear as clear could be
I couldn't sell Tim for a fortune's fee.
I was shamed and sorry, I'll tell you plain
And I took home Tim Tom Tay again.

U21 - P1 / P2 Girls





Let it sleet on Sunday, Monday let it snow,

Let it mist on Tuesday, from the sea salt flow,

Let it hail on Wednesday, Thursday let it rain,

Let the wind on Friday blow a hurricane,

But Saturday, Saturday break fair and fine.

And all day Sunday let the sunshine.



Charles Causley





500

The Squirrel by Anonymous

The winds they did blow; The leaves they did wag; Along came a beggar boy, And put me in his bag.

He took me up to London;
A lady did me buy,
Put me in a silver cage,
And hung me up on high,

With apples by the fire,
And nuts for to crack,
Besides a little feather bed
To rest my little back.

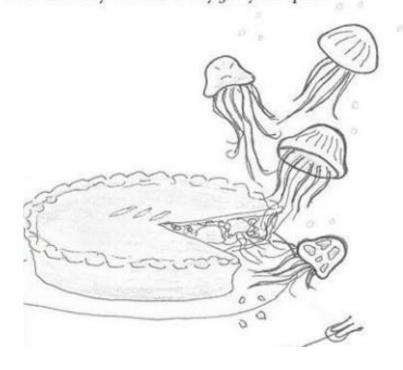
U23 – P3 Girls

Jellyfish Pie

Shuna chewed my tuna sandwich Molly demolished my cucumber bap Kylie slyly nibbled my bagel Gavin unravelled my Mexican wrap

Betty bit my bacon butty Gupta gulped my hard-boiled egg Patsy pinched my crusty pasty Nigella gnawed my chicken leg

Lisa licked my slice of pizza Nicola nicked my shrimp on rye Stephanie scoffed my stuffed panini But nobody touched my jellyfish pie.



U25 - P3 Girls

I like to stay up

I like to stay up and listen when big people talking jumbie stories

I does feel so tingly and excited inside me

But when my mother say "Girl, time for bed"

Then is when
I does feel a dread

Then is when
I does jump into me bed

Then is when
I does cover up
from me feet to me head

Then is when I does wish I didn't listen to no stupid jumbie story

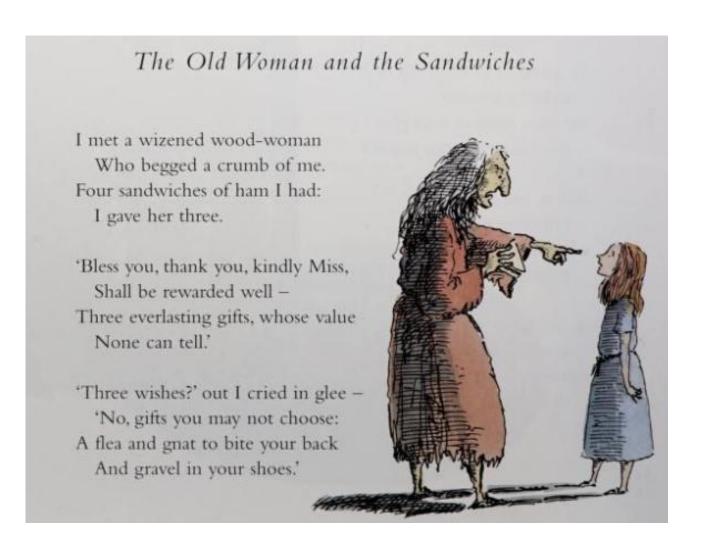
Then is when I does wish I read me book instead

From Under the Moon and Over the Sea

("Jumbie" is a Guyanese word for "ghost".)

- Grace Nichols

U26 - P4 Girls



- Libby Houston

U27 - P4 Girls

Best Friends

It's Susan I talk to not Tracey, Before that I sat next to Jane; I used to be best friends with Lynda But these days I think she's a pain.

Natasha's all right in small doses, I meet Mandy sometimes in town; I'm jealous of Annabel's pony And I don't like Nicola's frown.

I used to go skating with Catherine, Before that I went there with Ruth; And Kate's so much better at trampoline: She's a showoff, to tell you the truth.

I think that I'm going off Susan, She borrowed my comb yesterday; I think I might sit next to Tracey, She's my nearly best friend: she's OK.





- Adrian Henri

The Singing Time

Plumtrees in orchards day and night Make all the world a dream of white.

A thrush is throbbing in the copse A jewelled song that never stops.

Bluebells in drifts of deep sapphire Have set the ferny woods on fire.

A cuckoo calls his tune until First shadows fall on field and hill.

Tulips in solid squads and teams Are almost bursting at the seams.

A jenny wren with needle eyes Is in the bushes catching flies.

So flowers and birds are in their prime, These happy days, this singing time.

Good Company

I sleep in a room at the top of the house
With a flea, and a fly, and a soft-scratching mouse,
And a spider that hangs by a thread from the ceiling,
Who gives me each day such a curious feeling
When I watch him at work on the beautiful weave
Of his web that's so fine I can hardly believe
It won't all end up in such terrible tangles,
For he sways as he weaves, and spins as he dangles.
I cannot get up to that spider, I know,
And I hope he won't get down to me here below,
And yet when I wake in the chill morning air
I'd miss him if he were not still swinging there,
For I have in my room such good company,
There's him, and the mouse, and the fly, and the flea.



The Microbe by Hilaire Belloc

The Microbe is so very small You cannot make him out at all, But many sanguine people hope To see him through a microscope. His jointed tongue that lies beneath A hundred curious rows of teeth: His seven tufted tails with lots Of lovely pink and purple spots, On each of which a pattern stands, Composed of forty separate bands; His eyebrows of a tender green; All these have never yet been seen--But Scientists, who ought to know, Assure us that they must be so ... Oh! let us never, never doubt What nobody is sure about!

U31 – P5 Girls

Politeness

My cousin John was most polite;
He led shortsighted Mrs Bond,
By accident, one winter's night
Into a village pond.
Her life perhaps he might have saved
But how genteelly he behaved!

Each time she rose and waved to him
He smiled and bowed and doffed his hat;
Thought he, although I cannot swim,
At least I can do that —
And when for the third time she sank
He stood bareheaded on the bank.

Be civil, then, to young and old; Especially to persons who Possess a quantity of gold Which they might leave to you. The more they have, it seems to me, The more polite you ought to be.



The Last Word of a Bluebird

Robert Frost 1874 - 1963

As I went out a Crow In a low voice said, "Oh, I was looking for you. How do you do? I just came to tell you To tell Lesley (will you?) That her little Bluebird Wanted me to bring word That the north wind last night That made the stars bright And made ice on the trough Almost made him cough His tail feathers off. He just had to fly! But he sent her Good-by, And said to be good, And wear her red hood, And look for skunk tracks In the snow with an ax— And do everything! And perhaps in the spring He would come back and sing."

At Nine of the Night I Opened my Door

At nine of the night I opened my door
That stands midway between moor and moor,
And all around me, silver-bright,
I saw that the world had turned to white.

Thick was the snow on field and hedge And vanished was the river-sedge, Where winter skilfully had wound A shining scarf without a sound.

And as I stood and gazed my fill A stable-boy came down the hill. With every step I saw him take Flew at his heel a puff of flake.

His brow was whiter than the hoar,
A beard of freshest snow he wore,
And round about him, snowflake starred,
A red horse-blanket from the yard.

In a red cloak I saw him go,
His back was bent, his step was slow,
And as he laboured through the cold
He seemed a hundred winters old.

- Charles Causley

TAKE A POEM

Why not take a poem

pop it in your pocket

nobody will know

wherever you go?

N

Take it to your classroom

stick it on the wall

tell them all about it

read it in the hall

~

Take it to the bathroom

tuck it up in bed

take the time to learn it

keep it in your head

~

Take it for a day trip

take it on a train

fold it as a hat

when it starts to rain

U34 - P6 Girls

Take it to a river

fold it as a boat

pop it in the water

hope that it will float

N

Take it to a hilltop

fold it as a plane

throw it up skywards

time and time again

nv.

Take it to a post box

send it anywhere

out into the world with

tender

loving

care

- James Carter