

My Pet Mouse

I have a friendly little mouse,
He is my special pet.
I keep him safely on a lead.
I haven't lost him yet.

I never need to feed him,
Not even bits of cheese.
He's never chased by any cat
And he does just as I please.

He likes it when I stroke him
For he's smooth and grey and fat.
He helps me sometimes with my games,
When he runs around my mat.

I've never ever known a mouse
That could really be much cuter.
He's my extra special electric mouse
That works my home computer.

by David Whitehead

Job Description

A very special person
For a very special post.
Someone who knows how to cook,
(Especially beans on toast.)
Someone who can clean the house
And drive children to school,
And buy the food and clothes and shoes
And use most household tools.
A teacher of all subjects,
A referee of fights,
Who, as relief from boredom,
Is an 'on call' nurse at night.
A hairdresser and swimming coach,
At ease with dogs and cats,
(And hamsters, rabbits, fish and snakes,
Stick insects, birds and rats!)
Has laundry skills, a taxi cab,
Makes costumes for school plays.
Who never goes off duty
And whom no one ever pays.

by Daphne Kitching

It's Not What I'm Used to

I don't want to go to Juniors...

The chairs are too big
I like my chair small, so I fit
Exactly
And my knees go
Just so
Under the table.

And that's another thing –
The tables are too big.
I like my table to be
Right
For me
So my workbook opens
Properly.
And my pencil lies in the space at the top
The way my thin cat stretches into a long line
On the hearth at home.

Pencils – there's another thing.
Another problem.
Up in Juniors they use pens and ink.
I shall really have to think

About ink.

by Jan Dean

When I'm Older

I'll never pull my socks up. I'll never fold my clothes
I'll even have a servant to wipe my drippy nose
And at the dinner table FIRST I'll have my sweet
I'll always rush my tea and never brush my teeth

I'll never wipe my face and never clean my shoes
I'll never cry never ever. I'll never flush the loo
I'll never do my homework. I'll never eat sprouts
When Mum asks, 'where are you going' I'll say 'OUT'

I'll never clean my bedroom, never change my socks
I'll always yell 'OI!' through the letterbox
I'll never wash the pots. I'll never do my bed.
For breakfast I'll only eat jam on shortbread

I'll never wipe my feet, I'll never wipe my nose
I'll never cut my nails and I'll never wash my clothes
I'll always ring the doorbell, I'll never wear a tie
I'll always answer the telephone with the word

Goodbye!

by *Lemn Sissay*

And My Heart Soars

The beauty of the trees,
the softness of the air,
the fragrance of the grass,
 speaks to me.

The summit of the mountain,
the thunder of the sky,
the rhythm of the sea,
 speaks to me.

The faintness of the stars,
the freshness of the morning,
the dew dropped on the flower,
 speaks to me.

The strength of fire,
the taste of salmon,
the trail of the sun,
and the life that never goes away,
 they speak to me.

And my heart soars.

by Chief Dan George

My Dad

My dad's not a teacher
a ghost or a ghoul,
he isn't a spaceman,
a jester or fool.

He doesn't walk tightropes
or dance on hot coals,
play for United
or score lots of goals.

He isn't a rock star
a wizard or king,
he isn't a builder
and he can't really sing.

He doesn't do time walks
or cook on TV,
write silly poems
or make cups of tea.

My dad isn't wealthy
he's not strong or wild,
but my dad is special
and I am his child.

by Peter Dixon

U33 – Solo Verse Speaking, Non-Open (P.6 Girls)

Get Your Things Together, Hayley

By Frances Nagle

Mum said the dreaded words this morning:
Get your things together, Hayley,
We're moving.

I've at last made a friend, and Mrs Gray
Has just stopped calling me
The New Girl.

Why do we have to go now
When I'm just beginning
To belong?

It's OK for my sister,
She's good with people.
They like her.

But I can't face the thought
Of starting all over again
In the wrong uniform.

Knowing the wrong things,
In a class full of strangers
Who've palled up already.

And don't need me.
Mum says: It's character-forming, Hayley,
I say it's terribly lonely.

For Years I Asked Uncle Harry

For years I asked Uncle Harry
Why he wouldn't, but he'd just say,
'Maybe I will some time soon,
I'm not in the mood today.'

But I pestered my Uncle Harry
Till eventually he did,
And suddenly there was chaos,
The cat ran away and hid

Inside the Rottweiler's kennel,
The fish all jumped out of the pond,
The parrot in its cage screamed, 'Let me out!'
And the blackbird in the garden went blond.

A squirrel in a tree near the window
Just kneeled over and died,
And the doctor's been treating me for shock
Since my Uncle Harry smiled.

by Valerie Bloom