

March



### *Batgirl's Disgrace*

Auntie Betty pulls her cloak on  
And the mask - the one with ears.  
Then she flies out of the classroom  
Fighting back a flood of tears  
All the teachers in the playground  
Wag their fingers at the girl  
If only she had done her homework  
First, before she saved the world

Need calamity prevention?  
Sorry. Batgirl's in detention

*Andrea Shavick*

U20  
P1-P2 (G)

*Big Fat Budgie*

U21  
P1-P2 (G7)

I'm a big fat budgie,  
I don't do a lot.  
Might park on my perch.  
Might peek at my mirror.  
Might ring my bell.  
Might peer through the bars of my fat budgie cell.  
Might say 'Who's a pretty boy then?'  
Might not.  
I'm a big fat budgie.  
I don't do a lot.

*Michaela Morgan*

*First Fox*

A big fox stands in the spring grass,  
Glossy in the sun, chestnut bright,  
Plumb centre of the open meadow, a leaf  
From a picturebook.

Forepaws delicately nervous,  
Thick brush on the grass  
He rakes the air for the scent  
Of the train rushing by.

August



### *It's Dark in Here*

I am writing these poems  
From inside a lion,  
And it's rather dark in here.  
So please excuse the handwriting  
Which may not be too clear.  
But this afternoon by the lion's cage  
I'm afraid I got too near.  
And I'm writing these lines  
From inside a lion,  
And it's rather dark in here.

*Shel Silverstein*

U22  
P1-P2 (G1)

## *True Confession*

On my birthday I wrapped  
a big slice of chocolate cake  
in pink paper to give  
to Miss Twiglington,

but when I got to school  
she was horrible to me;  
'You haven't worked hard enough,  
your spellings are bad

margin crooked,  
fingerprints all over'  
then she ripped out the page  
and made me start again. I thought

'She's not getting that cake.'  
When break time came  
I ate it myself in the playground  
and I didn't care.

*Irene Rawnsley*

U23  
P3 (67)

## What Are Little Girls . . .

I'm not  
a  
sugar and spice  
girl  
an all-things-nice  
girl  
a do-as-told  
good-as-gold  
pretty frock  
never shock  
girl

I'm  
a  
slugs and snails  
girl  
a puppy-dogs'-tails  
girl  
a climbing trees  
dirty knees  
hole-in-sock  
love-to-shock  
girl

cricket bats  
and big white rats  
crested newts  
and football boots

that's what  
*this* little girl's

. . . Made Of.

*Adrian Henri*

U24  
P3 (G)

U24  
P3 (G)

025 - p3 (6)

Roger Stevens

9  
Friday

# *I Did Not Eat the Goldfish*

I did not eat the goldfish  
It really was not me  
At the time of the crime  
I was sitting in a tree

I did not eat the goldfish  
That's no word of a lie  
I loved his silvery fins  
And his glassy eye

I did not eat the goldfish  
I did not touch one golden scale  
And I've no idea why pondweed  
Is hanging from my tail

### *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.

*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.

*Daphne Kitching*

Monday

Jan Dean

## *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.



## *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 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!

*Lemn Sissay*

## *Assemblies*

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### *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 drop 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.

*Chief Dan George*

U30  
P5 (G)

## *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.

*Peter Dixon*

## *My Sister's a Monster*

My sister's a monster –  
It's true.  
I know, because I've seen her change  
From sugar and spice and oh-so-nice to

A raving, ranting beast  
With bulging eyes  
And long, wild hair;  
I've even seen two horns appear  
Out of her head, I swear.

Of course,  
No one believes me when I tell them.  
They think I'm just exaggerating,  
Fabricating;  
But that's because they never see  
My sister's transformation  
From human being into this thing.  
Oh no. She keeps that certain revelation  
Just for me.

You wait. One day soon  
My sister will forget herself  
In front of all our friends and family:  
Her eyes will bulge  
And two sharp horns will grow –  
Then everyone will know  
That my sister's a monster.

*Gillian Floyd*

## *Get Your Things Together, Hayley*

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.

*Frances Nagle*

## *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 keeled over and died,  
And the doctor's been treating me for shock  
Since my Uncle Harry smiled.

*Valerie Bloom*