

# Year 2 and younger

Secret

## Spider

Spider in the cupboard,  
Spin your silver thread,  
Spin me out a story  
From your tiny head.  
Spin me out some kindness,  
Cleverness and pluck.  
And, also, please,  
Along with these,  
Spider, spin me luck.

*Tony Mitton*

Tell me your secret,  
I promise not to tell.  
I'll guard it safely at the bottom of a  
well.

Tell me your secret  
Tell me, tell me, please.  
I won't breathe a word, not even to the  
bees.

Tell me your secret.  
It will be a pebble in my mouth.  
Not even the sea can make me spit it  
out.

By John Agard

## Year 2 and Younger Category

### Pirate by John Whitworth

I'm a pirate with a parrot on my shoulder.  
I'm a pirate with a cutlass in my hand.  
I sail upon the briny with a hat that's black and shiny  
And a pistol that's particularly grand.

As a pet a parrot's perfect for a pirate,  
So much better than a hamster or a hen.  
We get pleasure beyond measure,  
Digging up a chest of treasure,  
And afterwards we bury it again.

# Key Stage 2

## *Magic Carpet*

Would you like to go to Zanzibar?  
Would you like to visit Tashkent?  
Eat Turkish Delight in Trebizond  
Or chocolates in old Ghent?  
Would you like to slip off to Cyprus  
Or slide away to Greece?  
Maybe zoom over the Andes,  
Spend a nice weekend in Nice?  
Do you like the sound of Sligo?  
Do you fancy a month in Brazil?  
Climb up on my Magic Carpet,  
The whole thing's going to be brill!

*Matt Simpson*

Using your imagination

On Monday Miss More  
Said we could paint a picture  
And all use our imaginations.  
I drew a dragon,  
In a dark and dripping cave,  
With yellow scaly skin  
And slithery, snake-like tail,  
Blue fins and bone-white horns,  
Red-eyed and breathing purple flames.  
But Miss More, when she saw it sighed  
and said:  
'Daniel, dear, dragons are not yellow  
They are green!'

By Gervase Phinn

## Only one pair of hands

"I wish I was an octopus,"  
my teacher said to me.  
I didn't understand at first,  
but now I think I see.  
I only wanted her to read  
the story that I wrote,  
to sharpen all my pencils,  
to button up my coat,  
to fix my broken shoelace,  
to find my missing shoe,  
and one or two more other things  
I wanted her to do.

"I wish I was an octopus,"  
my teacher said to me.  
I didn't understand at first,  
but now I think I see.

I told my daddy what she said,  
and Daddy understands.  
It means that she would like to have a few more  
pairs of hands.  
But, I don't want an octopus  
teaching me instead.  
It's bad enough having a teacher  
with eyes in the back of her head.

*Mike Jubb*

# Year 7 +

## Seasonal Limericks

No wonder the season's called Spring:  
It's all bounce, it's all burst, it's all zing!  
So don't tell me it's wrong  
If I break into song:  
Hey, ding, ding-a-ling, dong-a-ling!

Summer picnics! Crisps, sandwiches,  
pop!  
But the rain keeps on falling non-stop.  
Say the kinds, getting glummer,  
"It's supposed to be Summer!"  
Quite often the season's a flop.

A tree shed two leaves in the Autumn.  
A boy standing under it caught 'em.  
He cried, "This is fun!  
I'll catch every one!"  
So the tree dropped the lot just to  
thwart him.

Secret snowfall at night in mid-Winter.  
In the morning I'm off like a sprinter  
To the magical sight  
Of a world wrapped in white  
And I'll be the foremost footprinter.

By Eric Finney

## Greedy Dog

This dog will eat anything.

Apple cores and bacon fat,  
Milk you poured out for the cat.  
He likes the string that ties the roast  
And relishes hot buttered toast.  
Hide your chocolates! He's a thief,  
He'll even eat your handkerchief.  
And if you don't like sudden shocks,  
Carefully conceal your socks.  
Leave some soup without a lid,  
And you'll wish you never did.  
When you think he must be full,  
You find him gobbling bits of wool,  
Orange peel or paper bags,  
Dusters and old cleaning rags.

This dog will eat anything,  
Except for mushrooms and cucumber.

Now what is wrong with those, I wonder?

James Hurley

## Some One

Some one came knocking  
At my wee, small door;  
Some one came knocking,  
I'm sure - sure - sure;  
I listened, I opened,  
I looked to left and right,  
But nought there was a-stirring  
In the still dark night;  
Only the busy beetle  
Tap-tapping in the wall,  
Only from the forest  
The screech-owf's call,  
Only the cricket whistling  
While the dewdrops fall,  
So I know not who came knocking,  
At all, at all, at all.

Walter de la Mare