

## THE MAGIC BOX, by Kit Wright

I will put in the box

the swish of a silk sari on a summer night, fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon, the tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put in the box

a snowman with a rumbling belly, a sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerene, a leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put into the box

three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati, the last joke of an ancient uncle, and the first smile of a baby.

I will put into the box

a fifth season and a black sun, a cowboy on a broomstick and a witch on a white horse.

My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel, with stars on the lid and secrets in the corners. Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs. I shall surf in my box on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic, then wash ashore on a yellow beach the colour of the sun.

# RAINDROP

A  
drop  
of rain is  
like a sudden  
knock at the door.  
Unexpected, yet often  
welcomed with a smile. It  
can brighten your day or ruin  
your plans. It can make you laugh  
or make you sad. Whether the raindrop  
is moving fast or slow, or is big or small,  
it always gets everyone's attention. A rain-  
drop contains many secrets. It is a bubble of  
anticipation and surprise. It cleanses the earth,  
it feeds the flowers, and fills the holes. The  
raindrop is never silent. It bangs on the  
roof, spatters on the window, or  
splashes into a puddle.  
A raindrop.

# Air Guitar Star

I play the loudest air guitar

Jam it up!  
Make it strum!  
Watch me solo!  
Hear it hum!

Rocking, rolling super star  
POWER CHORD

wailing  
squealing  
whining  
reeling

Pluck  
Pick  
Electric  
Pluck  
Pick  
Electric

don't  
fret  
don't  
fret  
don't  
fret  
don't  
fret

Turn it  
up!

Turn it  
down!

ROCK YOUR PARENTS  
Rock the town



# In the Giant's Rucksack

In my rucksack I keep –  
A squidgy to wash behind my ears  
Like my mummy told me.

In my rucksack I keep –  
A grabbler to frighten off lions  
And princesses who want rescuing.

In my rucksack I keep –  
A warmkin to wrap around me  
When the wind is cold  
And my nose turns red as a robin's chest.

In my rucksack I keep –  
A crunge to blip my friends with  
When we meet each other  
Or they don't see me coming.

In my rucksack I keep –  
A tingle to play when I am singing  
Myself to sleep at night.

At the End of School Assembly

Miss Sparrow's lot flew out,  
Mrs Steed's lot galloped out,  
My Bull's lot got herded out,  
Mrs Bumble's lot buzzed off.

Miss Rose's class... rose,  
Mr Beetle's class... beetled off,  
Miss Storm's class thundered out,  
Mrs Frisby's class whirled across the hall.

Mr Train's lot made tracks,  
Miss Ferry's lot sailed off,  
Mr Roller's lot got their skates on,  
Mrs Street's lot got stuck half way across.

Mr Idle's lot just couldn't be bothered,  
Mrs Barrow's class were wheeled out,  
Miss Stretcher's class were carried out

And  
Mrs Brook's class  
simply  
trickled away

*Simon Pitt*

I Went to the Pictures Tomorrow

I went to the pictures tomorrow

I took a front seat at the back,

I fell from the pit to the gallery

And broke a front bone in my back.

A lady gave me some chocolate,

I ate it and gave it her back.

I phoned for a taxi and walked it,

And that's why I never came back.

*Anon.*

On the Ning Nang Nong

On the Ning Nang Nong

Where the Cows go Bong!

and the monkeys all say BOO!

There's a Nong Nang Ning

Where the trees go Ping!

And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.

On the Nong Ning Nang

All the mice go Clang

And you just can't catch 'em when they do!

So it's Ning Nang Nong

Cows go Bong!

Nong Nang Ning

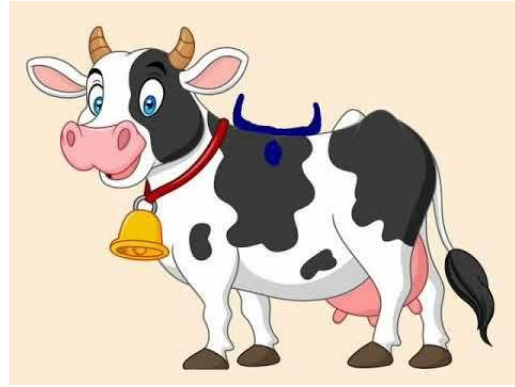
Trees go ping

Nong Ning Nang

The mice go Clang

What a noisy place to belong

Is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!





# Little Brown Seeds



Little brown seeds so small and round,  
Are sleeping quietly underground.

Down come the raindrops  
sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle.



Out comes the rainbow,  
twinkle, twinkle, twinkle.

Little brown seeds way down below,  
Up through the earth they grow, grow, grow.



Little green leaves come one by one.

They hold up their heads and look at the sun.





Edward Lear, 'The Owl and the Pussycat'.

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat.  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

## **The Dentist and the Crocodile by Roald Dahl**

The crocodile, with cunning smile, sat in the dentist's chair.

He said, "Right here and everywhere my teeth require repair."

The dentist's face was turning white. He quivered, quaked and shook.

He muttered, "I suppose I'm going to have to take a look." "I want you," Crocodile declared, "to do the back ones first.

The molars at the very back are easily the worst."

He opened wide his massive jaws. It was a fearsome sight—

At least three hundred pointed teeth, all sharp and shining white.

The dentist kept himself well clear. He stood two yards away.

He chose the longest probe he had to search out the decay.

"I said to do the back ones first!" the Crocodile called out.

"You're much too far away, dear sir, to see what you're about.

To do the back ones properly you've got to put your head

Deep down inside my great big mouth," the grinning Crocky said.

The poor old dentist wrung his hands and, weeping in despair,

He cried, "No no! I see them all extremely well from here!"

Just then, in burst a lady, in her hands a golden chain.

She cried, "Oh Croc, you naughty boy, you're playing tricks again!"

"Watch out!" the dentist shrieked and started climbing up the wall.

"He's after me! He's after you! He's going to eat us all!"

"Don't be a twit," the lady said, and flashed a gorgeous smile.

"He's harmless. He's my little pet, my lovely crocodile."

## *Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening*

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

By Robert Frost

## Rhyme

*Elizabeth Coatsworth*

I like to see a thunderstorm,  
A dunder storm,  
A blunder storm,  
I like to see it, black and slow,  
Come stumbling down the hill.

I like to hear a thunderstorm,  
A plunder storm,  
A wonder storm,  
Roar loudly at our little house  
And shake the window sills!