

Christmas Eve.

I wish that I could stop the year at December twenty-fourth,
We've holidays for two whole weeks and our rotten tests are o'er.
But best of all its Christmas Eve,
My favourite day by far
With Christmas cards and holly boughs
And lights as bright as stars.
There's tomorrow to look forward to
With presents, treats and play
If I could have a wish t'would be,
That Christmas eve would stay.

By: Annette Williams.

A Dog Died On The Dublin Road.

I saw a dog on the Dublin Road last night,
A cheerful little fellow with his tail upright,
Crossing the road with a sprightly hop,
Depending on the cars to stop.

A screech of brakes! a Flash of sound!
The poor little dog lay on the ground.
A second before he looked so glad
Now still and bloody, and oh so sad.

I thought - do dogs have souls - if so
Have they a happy place to go
I hoped last night at half past seven
That there's somewhere a doggy heaven.

By: Annette Williams.

Winter.

There was frost on the window as the sleep left my eyes.
There was snow on the footpath,
It was falling from the sky.
The robin was on the windowsill as I got out of bed,
It had a little red breast and a tiny brown head.

By: Tracy Burns.

School.

At school we learn to write and read,
We're never taught how to sow a seed,
Every morning we have a spelling test,
We don't have time to take a rest.
The words they use are so hard to master.
Our tests end up one huge disaster.
With nouns, verbs, adjectives and the conjunction,
And always, everytime the correct punctuation.
Our brains will explode,
And our minds start to overload,
All because of the constant learning,
Our heads inside will keep on turning.

By: Olivia Walsh.