

Life on other planets.

It is a question, we all ask,  
To find the answer would be a big task.  
Are they green? are they blue?  
Do look like, me and you?  
Do they jump? do they run?  
Do they live upon the sun,  
Do they speak? do they grumble?  
Do they fall, do they tumble.  
Do they really go to school?  
If they don't they ain't no fools.  
Do they come to earth to invade?  
Does their rocket look like a spade.  
To me I hope they will never come,  
If they did, I would start to run.  
I'm not going up there with you,  
Unless I have a very big crew.  
They will take me in, they will pack me away,  
Ill never come back, for a year and a day.

BY: Billy Scanlon

At Christmas Morning.

At Christmas morning at 6.0clock,  
I wake up with a jump,  
And look in my sock.  
When I see pressies laid there for me.  
My eyes open and I stare full of glee.  
I wake up my sister, she is later than me,  
She runs to the kitchen her presents to see.

By: Nicola Corcoran

The Spider.

Oh dear Mum,  
What's that up there,  
A big black spider,  
I do declare,  
Long thin legs,  
Crawl up the wall,  
I hope to goodness,  
He doesnt fall.  
If he does,  
Oh dear me,  
He'll land in Dads,  
Cup of tea,  
Dad will run and scream,  
Soon I will join the team,  
In a jiff we won't  
Be seen.

Its up to Mum to save the day,  
And make the spider go away,  
Mum's not afraid, to pick him up,  
And put him on a buttercup,  
Where he he can spend a lazy day,  
And keep out of Dads way.

By: Georgina O' Brien.

School Mornings.

Up at half eight,  
Gosh! I'm late,  
Down the stairs,  
Eat the porridge  
Out the door.  
Over the gate.  
Down the road,  
Round the bend,  
Into the school.  
To my doom.  
Irish class on,  
What'll I do,  
Will I go in.  
I'm not sure.  
Open the door,  
Sit in my place,  
Look all around,  
See everyone's face.  
Looking at mine.  
Teacher gets up,  
Comes to my place  
Give me the look.  
Everyone hates  
Oh how I hate  
On school mornings  
To sleep late.

By: D. Killeen.

Felix

Felix is a hamster,  
With a coppered coloured face,  
His favourite food is sunflower seeds,  
He thinks they're really ace.  
His cage is very neat,  
His house is coloured blue,  
If our cat ever ate him,  
I don't know what I'd do.

By: Karen Conway.

Football.

Football is my hobby,  
I play it every day  
The minute I come home from school,  
I rush right out to play.  
I play football on the footpath,  
I play football in the park,  
And even in the evening,  
I play it when its dark.

By: E. Caulfield.