

VI CLASS

My Pet Mouse.

I have a pet mouse,
He lives in my house,
He runs all around.
He makes no sound,
He runs in my bedroom,
He runs through the broom.
When he gets hungry.
He runs up to me,
His hair is black and white
And also a bit light.
I wouldn't part with my pet mouse,
Not even if you gave me a big house.

By: Louise Doherty.

The Sun.

The sun today is gleaming gold,
The sun today is very old,
The sun is an excellent sign,
Meaning its going to be fine.
The sun not dull can give a shine,
Look! a row of clouds are in a line
Now the sun he says "goodbye",
Now its times to give a sigh.

By: Paul O'Dea.

My Cat.

I have a cat,
His name is Pat.
He sits on the doorstep all day long.
Watching birds hop along.
He likes to run and jump.
And sometimes sits there like a stump.
That's my cat Pat!!

By: Sophia Small.

My Mum.

My mum is number one,
She reminds me of the sun,
Always bright and cheerful.
That's my mum.

She's not too small,
She's not too tall.
She's not too fat or thin.

To me she is just right.
Always bright and cheerful,
That's my mum.
Number one.

By: Sophia Small.

The Fight.

The shortest fight,
I ever saw,
Was a left to the body,
And a right to the jaw.

By: Paul Connolly.

The Pup.

I am a small pup,
My name is Tup,
I'm not allowed to fight,
Or mum 'll give me a bike.

A giant comes everyday.
And picks me up when I want to play.
I give him a bite,
And that's quite alright.
For he's trying to fight.

By: Gillian Farrell.

The Robin.

The robin has a lovely red breast,
Up high in a tree he builds his nest,
He never seems to take a rest,
I wish I was a bird and be his Guest!

By: Sophia Small.

My Little Brother.

I have a little brother.
Who is too little to see.
He is too little to talk.
To talk to you or to me.

I try to teach him to speak.
But he will not listen to me.
I try to teach him to see.
But he will not take any notice of me.

By: Ann Marie Birkett.