Sand House
I built a house
One afternoon
With bucket, cup
And tablespoon.

Then scooped a shovel
Full of shore
On top to add
The second floor.

But when the fingers
Of the sea
Reached up and waved
A wave to me,

It tumbled down
Like dominoes
And disappeared
Between my toes.
NIGHT SOUNDS

When I lie in bed
I think I can hear
The stars being switched on
I think I can.

And I think I can hear
The moon
Breathing.

But I have to be still.
So still.
All the house is sleeping.
Except for me.

Then I think I can hear it.

Berlie Doherty
The Price of Fame

It's not easy being famous.

Last week I was a hero.
In injury-time
my namesake scored the winner
with a glancing header.

Everyone ran round the playground,
chanting my name.

Today I'm a villain.
Last night I missed an open goal.
Then, just after half-time,
I was sent off for a professional foul.
We lost two-nil.

Everyone's blaming me and calling me names.

if it goes on like this,
I'm going to ask Sir for a transfer.

John Foster
Aaaaargh!

My aunty folds my face up,
Squeezes it like a concertina
Between her bony hands.
Then puckers up her mouth
into a wet doughnut –
*Come here come here come here*
She says. Though I’m already there
And I can’t get away.
*Come here come here come here*
*And I see it –*
A slow-mo doughnut moving
Unstoppable through the air.
And I know, I just know,
That when it lands,
This killer kiss
Will be A WET ONE.

Jan Dean
Have you thought to give three cheers
For the usefulness of ears?
Ears will often spring surprises
Coming in such different sizes.
Ears are crinkled, even folded.
Ears turn pink when you are scolded.
Ears can have the oddest habits
Standing rather straight on rabbits.
Ears are little tape recorders
Catching all the family orders.
Words, according to your mother,
Go in one and out the other.
Each side of your head you’ll find them.
Don’t forget to wash behind them.
Precious little thanks they’ll earn you
Hearing things that don’t concern you.

*Max Fatchen*
The Cellar

The cellar is gloomy,
The cellar is deep,
Down in the cellar
There are things that creep.

Down in the cellar
There is no light.
Down in the cellar
It's as dark as night.

Down in the cellar
It's icy cold.
The walls are damp
And covered in mould.

Down in the cellar
Who knows what's there,
Down at the foot
Of the creaking stair.

So please don't ask me,
Please don't dare,
Please don't dare me
To go down there.

John Foster
The Night Before the Match

The night before the match
I lie awake in bed
With thoughts of what might happen
Whirling round my head.

What if there's an open goal
And somehow I fail to score?
What if I miss a penalty
And we lose instead of draw?

What if I miss a tackle
And give a goal away?
What if I get a red card?
What will people say?

What if I'm clean through
And I slip and tread on the ball?
What if I'm ill in the morning
And can't even play at all?

The night before the match
It's always the same.
Why can't I feel like Dad who says:
'Don't worry. It's only a game.'

John Foster
My Pet Mouse

I have a friendly little mouse,
He is my special pet.
I keep him safely on a lead.
I haven't lost him yet.

I never need to feed him,
Not even bits of cheese.
He's never chased by any cat
And he does just as I please.

He likes it when I stroke him
For he's smooth and grey and fat.
He helps me sometimes with my games,
When he runs around my mat.

I've never ever known a mouse
That could really be much cuter.
He's my extra special electric mouse
That works my home computer.

David Whitehead
THE ITCH

If your hands get wet
in the washing-up water,
if they get covered in flour,
if you get grease or oil
all over your fingers,
if they land up in the mud,
wet grit, paint, or glue . . .

have you noticed
it's just then
that you always get
a terrible itch
just inside your nose?
And you can try to
twirch your nose,
squeeze your nose,
scratch it with your arm,
scraper your nose on
your shoulder
or press it
up against the wall,
but it's no good.
You can't get rid of
the itch.

It drives you so mad
you just have to let a
finger get at it.
And before you know
you've done it.
You've wiped a load of glue,
or oil,
or cold wet pastry
all over the end of your nose.

Michael Rosen
A DRAGON IN THE CLASSROOM

here's a dragon in the classroom:
its body is a box,
its head's a plastic waste-bin,
its eyes are broken clocks,
its legs are cardboard tubes,
its claws are toilet rolls,
its tongue's my dad's old tie
(that's why it's full of holes).

'Oh, what a lovely dragon,'
our teacher smiled and said.
'You are a pretty dragon,'
she laughed and stroked its head.

'Oh no, I'm not,' he snorted,
SNAP! SNAP! he moved his jaw
and chased our screaming teacher
along the corridor.

CHARLES THOMSON