

Tell It to the Dog

If you have had
an awful day
and no one wants
to come and play
and all your woes
won't go away,
just tell it to the dog.

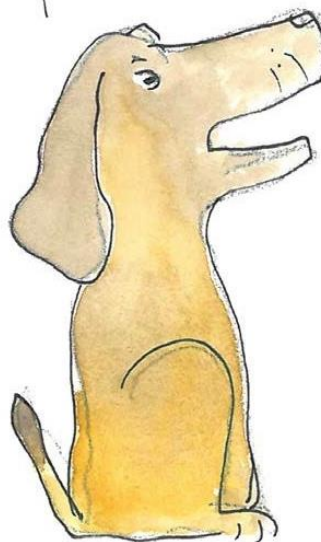
If everybody
picks on you
and all your plans
have fallen through;
if you feel lonely,
sad and blue,
just tell it to the dog.

Dogs do not judge.
They understand.
They rub your leg.
They lick your hand.
If you feel lost
in no-man's-land
just tell it to the dog.

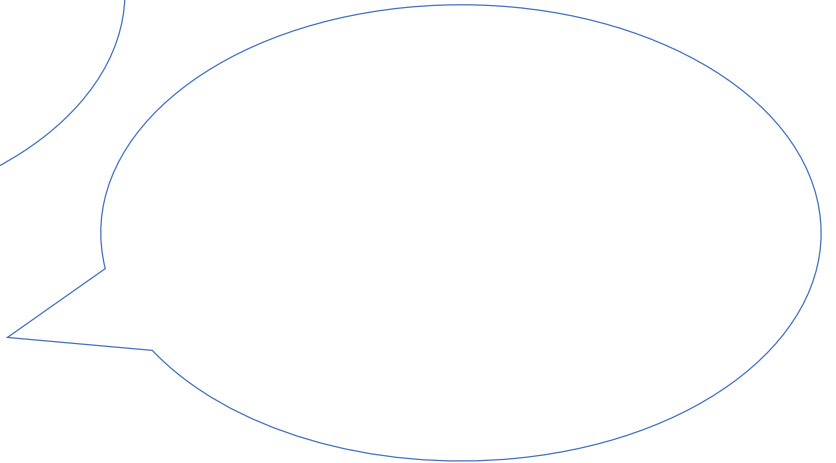
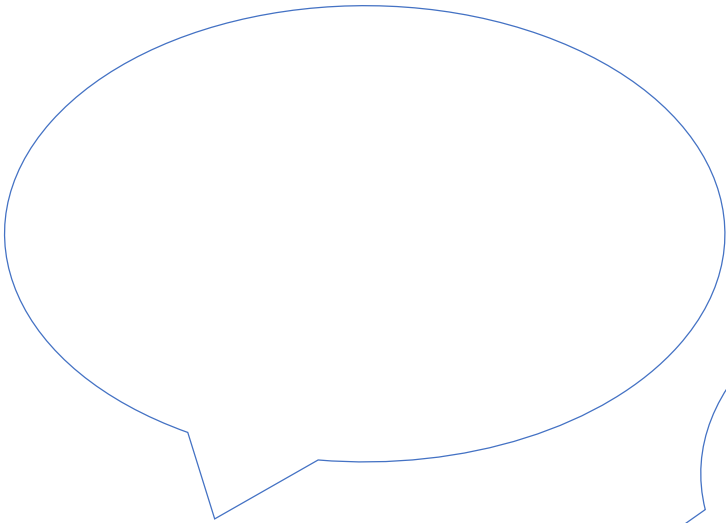
Dogs keep your secrets
safe within.
They don't care if
you lose or win.
So turn that frown
into a grin
and tell it to the dog.

(Or, failing that,
make do with the cat...)

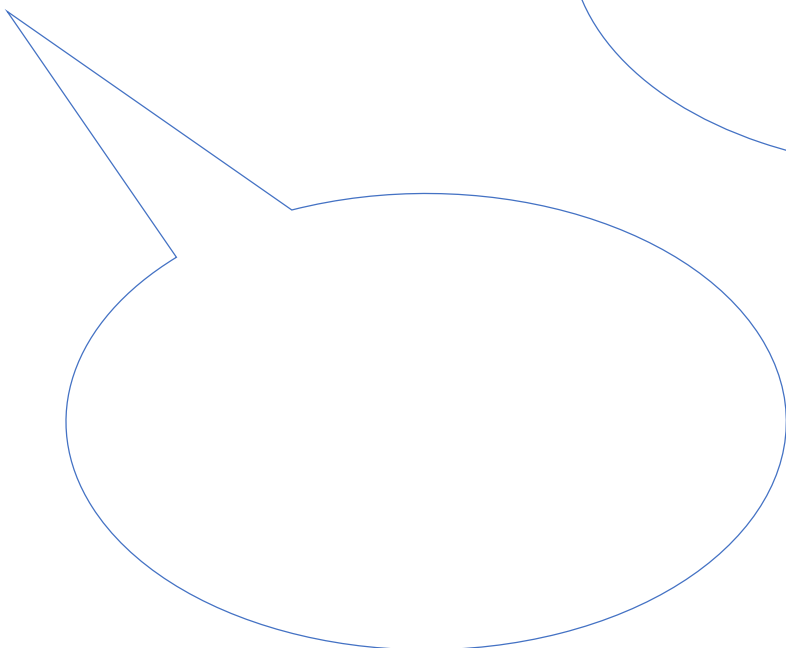
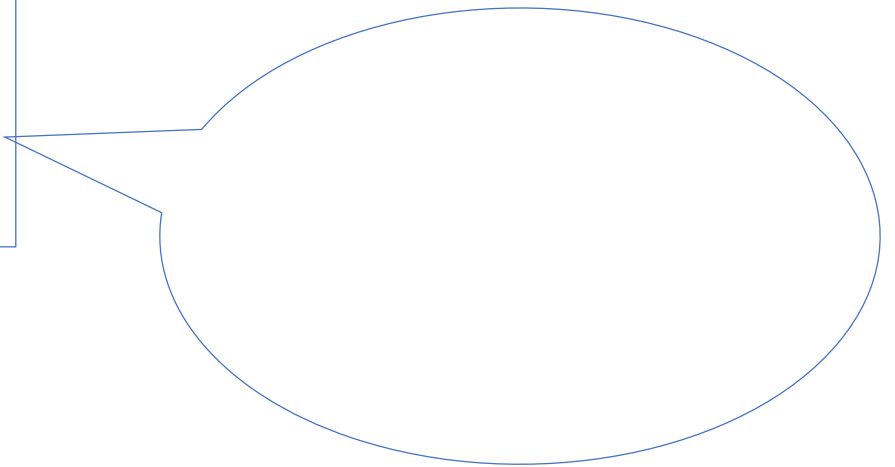
by Joshua Seigal



Moaning at my Pet



This is me and I'm moaning to my pet.....



Wonderful Worms

Anna Worm is acrobatic,
Bertie Worm is brave,
Charlie Worm is cheerful,
a daring worm is Dave.

Elsbeth Worm is elegant,
Freddie Worm has fangs,
Gertie Worm is simply great,
Harvey Worm just hangs.

Ivy Worm's inspiring,
Jasmine Worm, she jives,
Katy Worm is kindly,
Lucy Worm saves lives.

Mary Worm's magnificent,
Nasreen Worm is neat
Oliver Worm is odd at times,
a popular worm is Pete.

Quentin Worm is quiet and quick,
Richard Worm is wriggly,
Sanjit Worm's surprising,
Tamsin Worm is tickly.

Ulrica Worm is upside down,
Vikram Worm is vexed,
William Worm is witty and wise,
a secretive worm is X.



Yolanda Worm likes yellow sand,
Zoe Worm has zest.

Ask any worm, 'Are you wonderful?'
and all worms answer, 'YES!'

By Celia Warren

Beetroot

The beetroot is a bossy veg,
inside it's deep maroon,

it comes into your kitchen
and paints the entire room.

The juice gets on your fingers,
the juice gets on the walls,

when you rinse your fingers –
a red Niagara Falls!

The beet leaps on the oven
and tells you what to do.

'Bake me, boil me, grate me,
slice me with a knife,

whizz me into tasty soup
but don't go through your life

without my redness on your tongue;
enjoy my velvet texture –

then sing this Beetroot Song!'

by Chrissie Gittins



A Smile

Smiling is infectious,
you catch it like the flu.
When someone smiled at me today,
I started smiling too.

I passed around the corner,
and someone saw my grin.
When he smiled, I realized
I'd passed it on to him.



I thought about my smile and then
I realised its worth.
A single smile like mine could travel
right around the earth.

If you feel a smile begin
don't leave it undetected.
Let's start an epidemic quick
and get the world infected.

by Jez Alborough

The Laughter Forecast

Today will be humorous
With someone giggly patches,
Scattered outbreaks of chuckling in the south
And smiles spreading from the east,
Widespread chortling
Increasing to gale-force guffaws towards evening.
The outlook for tomorrow
Is hysterical.



By Sue Cowling

The Magic Pebble

My favourite thing is a pebble
That I found on a beach in Wales
It looks like any other
But its magic never fails.

It does my homework for me
Makes difficult sums seem clear
School dinners taste delicious
It makes teachers disappear

It turns water into lemonade
A bully into a frog
When I'm in need of company
It becomes a friendly dog

One, two, three and *Whoosh!*
You're in a foreign land
Space travel is so easy
Simply hold it in your hand

Close your eyes and make a wish
And wish your wish comes true
For the magic in this pebble
Has been waiting here for you.

By Roger McGough



The Magic Pebble
(The last verse)



Close your eyes and make a wish
And wish your wish comes true
For the magic in this pebble
Has been waiting here for you.

by Roger McGough

Magic Pebble Planner

If I had a magic pebble I would want it to....



First Morning



I was there on that first morning of creation
when heaven and earth occupied one space
and no one had heard of the human race.

I was there on that first morning of creation
when a river rushed from the belly of an egg
and a mountain rose from a golden yolk.

I was there on that first morning of creation
when the waters parted like magic cloth
and the birds shook feathers at the first joke.

by John Agard

Empty Places

I like empty places.

The woods, the stream, the fields.

It's knowing I've no need
to make connections with anyone
about anything.

It's knowing I don't have to speak,
and that no one can contact me.

And the places themselves
are secure in their silence.
The landscape keeps tight-lipped,
it has no wish to reveal
its secrets.

(Although, just occasionally
I detect the whisperings of leaves,
the gossip of greenery.)

There are times, of course,

when my fingers feel the pulse of the
city,
when its heartbeat connects with
mine.

There are times too
when I need to be vocal,
when I need to crack the surface of
silence.

But then it's back to those empty
places,
that desire to be somewhere where
no one else is,
to feel, to touch, to surf the breeze.

I like empty places,
the woods, the stream, the fields,
those kind of places
that I can fill
with my dreams.

by Brian Moses

