



The reason I couldn't do my homework

Woke up this morning,
only to realise,
my bed had grown legs,
and it had walked,
(with me on top),
to the Amazon,
it dumped me there,
and turned into a fish,
and then swam away.

Then a bunch of native
Amazonian river women,
captured me,
and we partied all morning until,
they told me that I had to
be posted to India.

In India I came across
some mermaids,
they then invited me to watch
the new zombie movie with them,
and I would have said no but...
they had toffee popcorn,
so you see?

Then once we finished the
zombie movie,
I was in a real rush,
so I asked Batman,
if i could borrow his Batmobile,
and he said "I could only do it if
I got him granola from M&S",
I mean who thought that Batman
would like granola.
But anyway I got it for him,
then I hopped into the Batmobile
and zoomed of,
then I was just getting to the
English room when...
I missed it and went through
that door that goes
to the black hole.

On the other side of the black hole,
there were some Minions who were
crying because they didn't have
any fresh paprika.
So I got them that,
only the finest from Mozambique,
then I was just coming back when,
some flesh eating aliens came
chasing after me.

But I finally fought them off,
and finally I made it to English
but, unfortunately I had no time
to do the homework.
Sorry.

My Dragon

My dragon is ferocious,
he really is a beast,
and if he saw you walking by
he'd think you were a feast.

That happened to my sister once,
she really was a blister,
I must admit I told him
To eat my little sister.

He crunched her up,
then spat her out,
it wasn't very nice,
it wouldn't be over exaggerating
To say 'twas a sorry sight.

His sharp claws are menacing,
his teeth could pierce your skull,
his bright blue scales protect him
and a swipe of his fist would
really take its toll.

He really is a friendly beast,
he does the dishes for me,
and really in reality
he wouldn't harm a bee.

Some say my imagination
runs too wild,
But it gives me things to do,
But right now i'll be off to play
with my dragon,
So I won't be bothering you.

Glue

That icky, sticky plastic stuff,
that glues where it wants to stuff,
sticking bits of paper to table stuff,
sticks your hands together stuff,
what happened to your hand stuff,
fountain pen and glue stuff,
now blue stuff,
got it in my hair stuff,
made a potion with it in maths stuff,
need new stuff,
can I borrow your glue stuff,
end of pen spreading stuff,
glue, I hate that stuff.

POEMS

Josie, Year 8



The lion the crocodile and me

*I was in my room,
home learning, again,
listening to the teacher,
talking about stuff.*

*My desk was a mess,
stuff everywhere,
pictures and books,
even a boomerang,
I'm not even kidding.*

*Pens were the majority of this,
my little sea of things,
I didn't need to tidy though,
because I knew where everyone
of those, trinkets were.*

*Or so I thought,
because there,
hidden behind my radio,
sitting right there,
there was a lion and a crocodile.*

*In amongst,
the rubble of my desk,
they had found,
and sat down to read,
my French-English dictionary.*

*I quietly watched.
as the claws,
and the paws,
flicked pages back and
forth all morning,
Flick, click, flick.*

*They quietly sat,
swinging their legs,
at the edge of my cluttered desk,
whilst I was in my singing lesson,
swish, swish, swish.*

*I then carried them,
paw in hand,
hand in claw,
down the stairs towards lunch,
and I sat them down on my lap.*

*It turned out,
that they both,
really liked crackers like me,
so I had a good three helping,
and we "shared" them between us.*

*We shared our crackers,
and watched each other's lives,
quietly and inquisitively,
and that was how we spent the
rest of the summer,
the lion, the crocodile and me.*

Silent

*Silent, fifty thousand men march,
onto a mud streaked field,
gun in hand, hand on horse,
red uniform of half the men,
soon all will be red with the juice,
that men shall seep once hit,
a sudden spit from the gun's,
ugly and round mouth,
spits solid, spits heavy, spits lead,
an aim to make all men dead,
until, the mud streaked field turns red.*

*Horse hooves,
four weapons at the end of,
four muscular legs,
come crashing down onto the ground,
can hear no sound,
but the sound of,
hump, hump, hump,
in the mud,
the horses push forward makes more,
streaks in the mud,
more men lie dead,
and a lake of blood,
turns the brown field red,*

*But in the east,
the sun doth rise,
upon the field where,
silent, lies.*

The Summer Melody

*A sweet soft melody,
rolls over the open hills,
and the olive trees,
sway in the soft summer breeze,
a blue bird sings,
to the quiet melody,
of the boy and his flute,
and the smell of fresh fruit,
breathes its way up my nose,
strawberries.*

*I long for those,
a large round plate,
or do I need a crate,
and I step out the door,
longing for more,
of the days like these,
I fill my plate with raspberries,
and a ruby coloured ring,
circles my mouth as I bring,
another handful of fruit,
oh the beaut of the fruit,
that squishes in my teeth,
the soil underneath,
of the fresh fruity vines,
and the vineyards lines,
I can see on the hill,
I can still hear the trill,
of the boy and his flute,
and the scuff of my boot,
I can still hear the stream,
in my peaceful summer dream.*



The Day the Rain Came

That was when the rain came,
it came often that year,
puddles came crashing down instead of raindrops,
and waves swept across the street,

I sat in my room,
my duvet wrapped around me like a spring roll,
but it wasn't spring,
it was winter and a miserable one at that,

I listened to the quiet patter of raindrops
as it grew to a loud hammering,
winter wanted to get in,
it banged on the windows,
trying to work its way into my bones,

The spot lit street stood,
waiting patiently for a day when the rain would
fall no more,
when children wore flip flops,
and bubbles played where puddles lay,

Everyone was asleep, except for me,
I pulled on my woolly coat,
and unlocked the door wind whistling through the my hair.

There was a reason to step outside,
it wasn't to find a clown or some creep
who would take me away,
I thought I heard someone, no something,
calling me out.

I pulled on my wellies,
And trudged down the slick street,
following the calling,
it got louder and then slipped away but every time
I felt sure it would come back.

I was drawn out, further and further,
through the rain and through the dark,
onto the fields about two miles away from home,

And yet the calling was still there,
I must have fallen asleep,
under the old oak,
It's arms outstretched protecting my from
the icy drips of the rain,

I woke up at some point,
the sun was the yolk in a cloud white sky,
I heard a hubbub of people walking over
the hill calling a name, my name.

They saw me lying there in the mud,
they were blabbering as people often did,
I wasn't listening though,
I tried my best not to, to be honest.

People are never very interesting,
I find, So I went through the rest of the day,
reading and drinking tea in the old armchair,

But I could swear,
I could still hear,
through cracks in the cottage windows,
the call of the wild...

The elephant

Grey,
the colour of smoke
and concrete.
Grey coats her leathery skin,
feels bumpy beneath
my fingers,
dry but full of life,
blends down towards her tail.
a grey party tassel,
blows in the wind,
at the end of her tail.

Next bring my eyes down,
to her giants feet,
grey nails,
the size of cricket balls,
her feet drag drunkenly,
along the dusty floor,
towards her house.

Into it first goes,
her trunk,
a giant, grey octopus's
tentacle,
grey lips end,
her long flowing trunk.

If looking closely,
at the summit,
of her trunk,
two beady eyes,
stare inquisitively down,
coated by,
thick, grey eyelids,
and lengthy lashes.

To finish,
this mountain of a beast,
two symmetrical grey wings,
the size of large umbrellas.
This beast,
is an elephant.