

Ms WHATCHAMACALLIT THINGAMAJIG by Miriam Chaikin

Ms Whatchamacallit Thingamajig
can make herself small or make herself big,
can take any shape, from round as a ball
to sharp as a spear, to wide as a wall.

She makes no sound as she creeps, flies or shakes
(how she moves depends on the shape that she takes).
And though she is soundless, she's always around.
Wherever you are – there she can be found.

What? You've never seen her? That's because she's
invisible by day and disguised as a breeze.
At night, when the lights are out in the house,
she takes on the shape of a shadow or mouse.

Though you've never seen her, she's always close by,
Have you never felt something fly in your eye?
Or notice the cat stare at someone unseen?
Or found dirt on a shirt that was utterly clean?

Have you ever been pushed and found no-one there?
Or dropped a glass you were holding with care?
What of itches, tickles, scratches and those?
Are they all just – accidents – do you suppose?

You have the idea. You're beginning to see.
Yes, those are the doings of Ms. W.T.
She loves a good laugh, and laughs without end
to see the look of surprise on the face of a friend.

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN by Jack Prelutsky

In the shadows of a mountain
where the light is ever dim
and the snows are ever blowing,
stalks a visage great and grim.
Through the bone-benumbing wilderness
he travels on alone –
the abominable snowman
is the name by which he's known.

He wanders through the vastness
of the cold and lonely slopes,
and he watches as he wanders,
and he hungers, and he hopes,
and he searches for his quarry -
luckless mortal, small and frail,
in that unrelenting whiteness
where the winds of winter wail.

Those who stray into the compass
of that unforgiving place
vanish from this earth forever,
evermore without trace.
There are none to see them suffer,
there are none to hear them moan,
as he tears them into pieces
and devours them to the bone.

The abominable snowman
that few eyes have ever seen
trudges homeward through the mountains
where that home has ever been,
homeward to his hidden stronghold
that a mortal may not know.
The abominable snowman
disappears within the snow.

ELECTRIC ENERGY by Ian Souter

One flicked finger,
one clicked switch
and on.

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

The food mixer growls
as electricity suddenly pulses
into its still white body
and shocks it awake.

From its socket mouth
an electric current

is pumping life into the very heart of the machine.

For three explosive minutes
the food mixer's plastic body
proudly swells as it announces
its awakening to the kitchen
in a full-throated way.

But all too quickly
the life blood of energy is cut
and its body shakingly shudders to a halt.

One flicked finger,
one clicked switch
and off.

THE BIG MATCH by Steven Herrick

All season
My team lost every match
5 – 0
8 – 0
4 – 0
6 – 0
We never even scored a goal
1 – 0
3 – 0
9 – 0
2 – 0
until the last game of the season
against the undefeated top team.
Everyone was saying you'll lose
10 – 0
12 – 0
15 – 0
20 – 0!
but we proved them all wrong
because WE WON!
Yes, we won!
An incredible victory.
A complete surprise.
We won!
Our coach was so proud,
Our parents smiled.
We can't wait for next season.
We won. We won. We won.

Oh. Did we mention?
The other team's bus broke down,
and they couldn't make the game,
so we won.

Yes, we won.

THE HOOVER by John Foster

The Hoover eats up everything –
Crisp crumbs, sweet wrappers, bits of string.

It grubs around behind the door,
Then snakes its way across the floor,

Gobbling up whatever's there –
Paper scraps, dust specks, strands of hair.

Beneath the table, under the chairs,
Along the hallway, up the stairs,

It swallows everything it can,
Like missing bits of Action Man!

Down the landing the Hoover crawls,
Sucking up dust beside the walls.

Crisp crumbs, sweet wrappers, bits of string –
The Hoover eats up anything.

Quick! Hurry up! Tidy the floor.
The Hoover's at your bedroom door!

OR

BRONTOSAURUS by Gail Kredenser

The giant Brontosaurus
Was a prehistoric chap
With four fat feet to stand on
And a very skimpy lap.
The scientists assure us
Of a most amazing thing –
A brontosaurus blossomed
When he had the chance to sing!

(The bigger brontosauruses,
Who liked to sing in choruses,
Would close their eyes
And harmonise
And sing most anything.)

They growled and they yowled,
They deedled and they dummed,
They warbled and they whistled,
They howled and they hummed.
They didn't eat, they didn't sleep;
They sang and sang all day.
Now all you'll find are footprints
Where they tapped the time away!

MAY DAY by Jean Kenward

Twirl your ribbons
as you go
in and out
the Maypole. . . .
Let the colours
twist and flow
in and out
the Maypole!

Skip and rally,
turn about,
round and round
the Maypole. . . .
Outside in
and inside out -
round and round
the Maypole!

Now, the season's
crowned and blessed -
all her rites
attended -
Stands the Maypole
fully dressed,
and the dance
is ended!

And the dance
is
ended.....

OR**HAIR** by Max Fatchen

WE despair
About hair
With all the fuss
For us
Of snipping
And clipping,
Of curling
And twirling,
Of tying
And drying,
And lopping
And flopping.
And flurries
And worries,
About strength,
The length,
As it nears
The ears
Or shoulder.
When you're older
It turns gray
Or goes away
Or leaves a fuzz
Hair does!

THREE MICE by Charlotte Druitt Cole

Three little mice walked into town,
Their coats were gray, and their eyes were brown,

Three little mice went down the street,
With woolwork slippers upon their feet.

Three little mice sat down to dine
On curranty bread and gooseberry wine.

Three little mice ate on and on
Till every crumb of the bread was gone.

Three little mice, when the feast was done,
Crept home quietly, one by one.

Three little mice went straight to bed,
And dreamt of crumbly, curranty bread.

OR

THE PENGUINS CALL by Alan Bagnall

“Kiwa kiwaul”
The penguins call.
In the breaking waves
They rise and fall.

After dark
We hear them call
“Kiwa kiwaul”
By the stone sea wall.

They're coming ashore
For a haul-out rest,
Or perhaps to find
A cave for a nest.

“Kiwa kiwaul”
The penguins call.
Listen! I think
They're coming ashore

HONEY BEAR by Elizabeth Lang

There was a big bear
Who lived in a cave;
His greatest love
Was honey.
He had twopence a week
Which he never could save,
So he never had
Any money.
We bought him a money box
Red and round,
In which to put
His money.
He saved and saved
Till he got a pound,
then spent it all
On honey.

OR

CAT IN THE DARK by John Agard

Look at that!
Look at that!

But when you look
there's no cat.

Without a purr
just a flash of fur
and gone
like a ghost.

The most
you see
are two tiny
green traffic lights
staring at the
night.

MY CAT by Nigel Gray

My cat
got fatter
and fatter.
I didn't know
what was the matter.
Then,
know what she did?
She went into the cupboard
and hid.
She was fat when she went in,
but she came out
thin.
I had a peep.
Know what I saw?
Little kittens
all in a heap
- 1 - 2 - 3 - 4.
My cat's great.

OR

SAND by John Foster

Sand in your fingernails
Sand between your toes
Sand in your earholes
Sand up your nose!

Sand in your sandwiches
Sand on your bananas
Sand in your bed at night
Sand in your pyjamas!

Sand in your sandals
Sand in your hair
Sand in your trousers
Sand everywhere!