

Dark, dark wood

Traditional rhyme

In the dark, dark wood, there was a dark, dark house.

And in that dark, dark house, there was a dark, dark room.

And in that dark, dark room, there was a dark, dark cupboard.

And in that dark, dark cupboard, there was a dark, dark shelf.

And on that dark, dark shelf, there was a dark, dark box.

And in that dark, dark box, there was a.... mouse!

The Great Fire of London
a poem for kids by Paul Perro

The year was 1666,
Late one September night,
The baker's shop in Pudding Lane
Glowed with an orange light.

The baker's oven was on fire
The flames began to spread.
Thomas the baker was upstairs
He was asleep in bed.

Before too long the walls caught fire
There billowed out black smoke.
The fire made such a loud noise
Tom suddenly awoke.

He woke up all his family
And got them out of there.
He called out for the firemen
And called out for the mayor.

The firemen saw the shops nearby
And said "Let's knock these down,
Or else they will catch fire too
And it will spread through town."

But no, the Mayor would not do that,
He said "Just hang about,
The fire is not that bad, you know
Wee* could soon put that out!"

So they tried to put the flames out
But they just grew higher.
Sure enough they spread, soon half of
London was on fire.

King Charles sitting in his palace
Thought something must be done

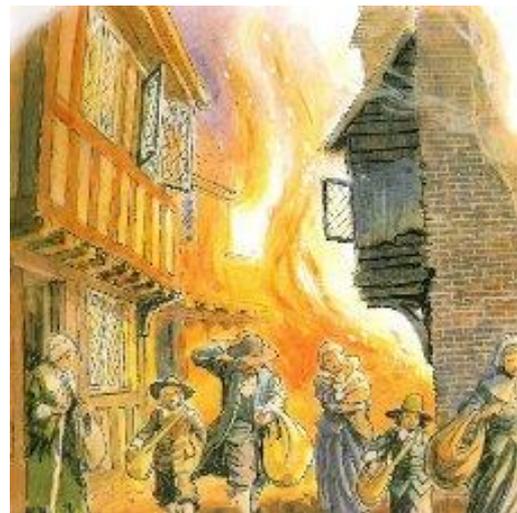
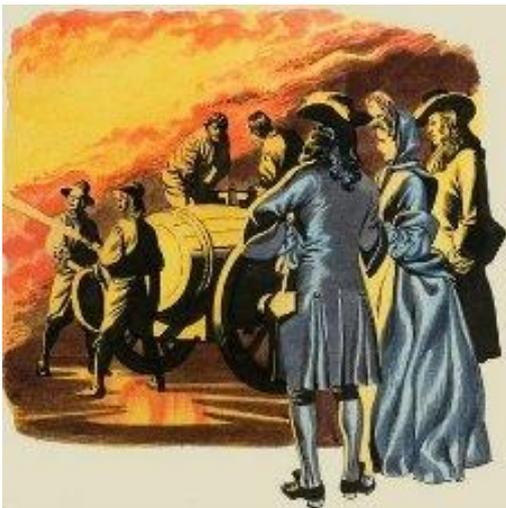
He sent out a fire engine
With a big water gun.

They went to the Thames for water
But at the river bank
The fire engine slipped in mud,
Fell in the Thames, and sank!

When the king was told about this
He was really upset.
He realised that the fire posed
A very serious threat.

He decided that he must help,
Put on his boots and cloak,
And he marched out of his palace
Towards the fire and smoke.

He helped some fire-fighters who
Had started to despair,
And everyone was really glad
That the good king was there.



Melvin the Mummy

By Kenn Nesbitt

Melvin the mummy, who lived near the Nile,
had worked as a mummy for more than a while,
for mummies can go their entire careers
without a vacation for thousands of years.

He guarded the pyramids day after day
to frighten the burglars and bandits away,
which meant, as he stood watching over the pharaohs,
he often got shot at with bullets and arrows.

His job was so stressful, the pay was so poor,
but, still, Melvin stayed and protected the door.
Until he got sick of his sad situation
and knew that he needed to take a vacation.

His crypt was so dark and so cold and so clammy,
he packed up his swimsuit and flew to Miami.
He thought he would stay there for just a few days,
enjoying the beach and absorbing some rays.

But, sadly, poor Melvin would never return,
and this is a lesson all mummies should learn:
Don't take any trips or, like Melvin, you'll find
vacations make mummies relax and unwind.

The River

by Valerie Bloom

The River's a wanderer.
A nomad, a tramp,
He doesn't choose one place
To set up his camp.

The River's a winder,
Through valley and hill
He twists and he turns,
He just cannot be still.

The River's a hoarder,
And he buries down deep
Those little treasures
That he wants to keep.

The River's a baby,
He gurgles and hums,
And sounds like he's happily
Sucking his thumbs.

The River's a singer,
As he dances along,
The countryside echoes
The notes of his song.

The River's a monster
Hungry and vexed,
He's gobbled up trees
And he'll swallow you next.

History of Vikings (I)

by Paul Perro

The Vikings lived a thousand years ago
In Denmark, Sweden and Norway
Sometimes called Norse
They're gone now of course
But we think of them still today.

There were kings who ruled the lands,
And there were farmers and traders.
Jarls were the richer men,
Others were fishermen,
Some were viking raiders.

These raiders sailed to England
In longships made of wood.
They'd burn and pillage
Any small village,
And steal everything they could.

One famous viking was Ragnar Hairy Breeches.
He once raided Paris, in France.
Success brought him fame
But what a silly name!
Who'd want to be called hairy pants?

Famous explorer Eric the Red
Found a place that was windy and freezing.
He called it Greenland
And this, so he planned,
Would make it seem rather more pleasing.

Eric's son Lief was an explorer too
He captained a longship with 35 men.
Clever and plucky
Nicknamed "Lief the Lucky"
He sailed to America and back again.

Refugees

By Brian Bilston

They have no need of our help
So do not tell me
These haggard faces could belong to you or me
Should life have dealt a different hand
We need to see them for who they really are
Chancers and scroungers
Layabouts and loungers
With bombs up their sleeves
Cut-throats and thieves
They are not
Welcome here
We should make them
Go back to where they came from
They cannot
Share our food
Share our homes
Share our countries
Instead let us
Build a wall to keep them out
It is not okay to say
These are people just like us
A place should only belong to those who are born there
Do not be so stupid to think that
The world can be looked at another way

(now read from bottom to top)