

# ***There is nothing finer than...***



Melting butter on a piece of toast. Carving up a Sunday roast.

Friday afternoon, the last day of school. Applying your hair gel, trendy and cool.

Curling up and reading a book. Buying ingredients and preparing to cook.

Having a soak in a hot bubble bath. Walking down a country path.

Pretending to drive your dad's sports car. Catching a glimpse of a shooting star.

Exploring woods all covered in muck. Winning a raffle – a little bit of luck.

Going to a disco and looking your best. Being 'Top of the class' after a test.

Packing your suitcase for a holiday. Training your puppy and making him stay.

Buying a pair of denim jeans. Eating eggs with bacon and beans.

Finding some money on a dusty floor. Shopping 'til you're dropping in your favourite store.

Spotting a hedgehog, an owl or a fox. Taking brand new trainers out of their box.

Curling up on the sofa for a DVD. Watching Shaggy and Scooby in a mystery.

Meeting up with your very best friends. Driving a car around a hairpin bend.

Climbing aboard a fairground ride. Winning a certificate, bursting with pride.

Looking in the mirror and liking what you see. Going to the chip shop for a 'Chippy' tea.

Collecting pebbles on a deserted beach. Biting into a juicy peach.

Watching England in a World cup match. Playing cricket and diving for a catch.

But there is nothing finer than...

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# *I wonder...*

I wonder what a goldfish thinks about, swimming in a bowl.  
Is he dreaming of a bigger tank or a long lost family shoal?  
Is he waiting for another fish to share his watery home?  
Or is he happy all alone, King of his own glass dome?

*I wonder...*

I wonder what a parrot thinks about, sitting in a cage?  
Is she happy talking and squawking, a performer on a stage?  
Is she dreaming of her jungle, longing to stretch her wings?  
Or is her spirit fading, forgetting what freedom brings.

*I wonder...*

I wonder what a brown bear thinks about, dancing in the street?  
Is he happy on his chain, skipping to the beat?  
Is he dreaming of a mountain, a forest or a meadow?  
Or praying for a future and a better tomorrow?

*I wonder...*

I wonder what an old lady thinks about, sitting in her chair?  
Is she happy in her home, smiling with a stare?  
Is she recalling her husband, their perfect wedding day?  
Or remembering her friends, who've sadly passed away.

*I wonder...*



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# Sometimes

Sometimes, I feel strong...  
as strong as a mighty oak tree, on a cold, winter's morn,  
braving the broadside of countless merciless storms.

*Sometimes...*



Sometimes, I feel weak...  
as weak as a dying warrior, on a blood soaked battlefield,  
clutching still his silver sword and a tarnished, broken shield.

*Sometimes...*

Sometimes I feel brave...  
as brave as a Gladiator, in a crowded theatre ring,  
fighting off a lion, for what could freedom bring?

*Sometimes...*



Sometimes I feel helpless...  
as helpless as a new born baby, crying for her mummy,  
longing for her daddy's touch or the comfort of a dummy.

*Sometimes...*



Sometimes I feel grateful...  
as grateful as a desert, soaking up the rains,  
basking in the sunshine, a lizard on the plains.

*Sometimes...*

Sometimes I feel angry...  
as angry as a lioness, cramped inside her cage,  
a powerless predator, her eyes punished by rage.

*Sometimes...*

But most of the time I feel... **HAPPY!**

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## *I'm fed up of...*

Freezing cold toilet seats.

Cardboard tasting Shredded wheat.

Grandad's ancient mobile phone,  
with its very embarrassing ringtone.

Hairy spiders, buzzing bees.

Falling off my bike and scuffing my knees.

A mountain of homework as big as Everest.  
Personal targets and yet another test.

Getting my hair cut when it's not very long.  
Mental maths, 'cos I'm always wrong!

My little sister wrecking my room,  
cooking in her cauldron, flying on her broom.

Indoor play when it's only spitting.  
My school pants, 'cos they're always splitting.

Reading out in front of the school.  
Forgetting my words and feeling a fool.

Tidying up my little bedroom.  
Losing my PE kit, doom and gloom.

Snapping my coloured pencil's lead,  
that happens to be my favourite red.

Having to do what I'm told.  
Eating toast when it's soggy and cold.

Mrs. Markum's big red pen,  
spoilng my work again and again.



Opening up my packed lunch box –  
a bomb has exploded, my yoghurt's squashed!

Cleaning out my rabbit's hutch.  
Counting my money – I've not got very much!

Patiently waiting for my tea.  
Fish and chips and ONE sloppy pea.

Running out of 'Sugar puffs'.  
Hearing my mum shout 'That's enough!'

Doctors and dentists, they're all the same.  
Making you wait and forgetting your name.

Aunties and uncles you don't even know.  
Half term holidays with nowhere to go.

Supermarket trolleys banging my heel  
or choosing a trolley with a wonky wheel!

Learner drivers going slow.  
Rain and hail and melting snow.

Oven chips that have no taste.  
So I leave them on my plate – what a waste!

Brown bread with hundreds of seeds.  
Doing the garden and pulling up the weeds.

But the worst of all my 'fed up' stuff  
is toilet roll and I've had enough.  
Going to the toilet is an issue.  
The toilet roll's empty, where on earth is the tissue?  
It's vanished! Disappeared! It's fallen down the drain.  
Or somebody's wet it, like paper in the rain.  
The whole roll's been used, to wipe a dinosaur's bum.

So I have no choice – I have to shout for my **MUM!**



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# If I was...

*From 'Get lost!' published May 2019*

If I was as tall as a wild giraffe,  
I'd go to the cinema, sitting in front of somebody really small!

If I was as tiny as a harvest mouse,  
I'd break into Buckingham palace, gatecrashing a banquet and ball.

If I was as clever as a barn owl,  
I'd write a story of 10,000 words, creating a blockbuster movie.

If I was as colourful as an African parrot,  
I'd pretend I'm back in the sixties, thinking I'm cool and groovy.

If I was as strong as a wild brown bear,  
I'd join a karate or judo club, chopping up planks of wood.

If I was as fierce as a Great White shark,  
I'd fight a gang of bullying boys, covering them in blood.

If I was as camouflaged as a chameleon,  
I'd sneak into Wembley Stadium, watching an international team.

If I was as lazy as a three-toed sloth,  
I'd lie in my bed all day long, having a wonderful dream.

If I was as fast as a Springbok antelope,  
I'd sprint in the 100 metre race, winning Olympic gold.

If I was as white as a huge polar bear,  
I'd throw snowballs in the Arctic Circle, enjoying the sub-zero cold.

**But if I was all those things above,  
I suppose I wouldn't be me, would I?**



# Henry VIII Rhapsody

(To the tune of Queen's famous 'Bohemian Rhapsody')

Is this my new wife? Is her name Anne Boleyn?  
Caught in a romance, I won't lose, 'cos I always win.

Open your eyes; young Anne is a beauty Queen.

I'm just a fat King, the biggest in history.  
Because I eat a lot of salty food.  
Fish and chips when I'm in the mood.

Any way the food's cooked,  
It doesn't really matter to me, to me.

Henry, just killed his wife!  
Put an axe against her head.  
Swung it, now she's dead.

Young Anne, her life had just begun!  
But now fat Henry's gone and got his way!

Henry, ooh, didn't mean to kill his wife  
but he'll just find somebody new tomorrow.  
He'll carry on, carry on,  
as if nothing really happened...



Too late, Anne's lost her head.  
Sends shivers down my spine,  
Catherine Howard's next in line!

Goodbye, cruel Henry, you've got to go!  
Just eat and eat and eat until you burst!

Poem from 'Get lost!'  
Launched at British International School  
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## The language of ordinary sheep!

I went to university once and met an old professor.  
A bald, wrinkled man but a slick, snappy dresser.

He said he was an expert, on ordinary sheep,  
the ones you see in farmers' fields or count in your sleep!

'Do you know sheep language?' he asked me one day.  
'I'm a bit like Dr Dolittle, I know what they say.'

'Sheep only go baa!' I said, 'And they chew lots of grass!'  
So the professor explained to me and my class...

One baa means yes and two baas mean no.  
Three baas mean 'I'm lost - I've nowhere to go!'

Four baas mean 'hello!' and five baas mean 'goodbye!'  
And six baas mean 'when?' and seven baas mean 'why?'

Eight baas mean 'chocolate' whatever that means.  
And nine baas mean 'Cornflakes' or so it seems.

Ten baas mean McDonalds or maybe K.F.C.  
And eleven baas mean 'Go away! Stop hassling me!'

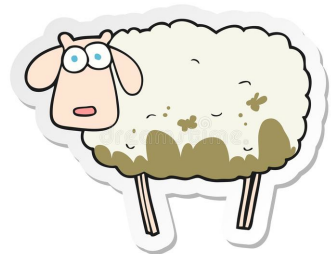
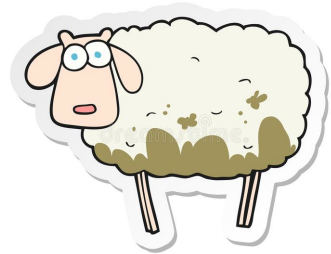
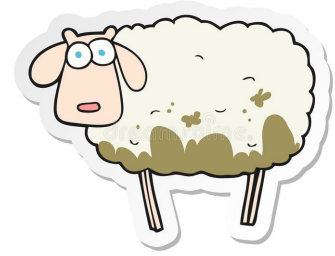
Twelve baas mean grass for tea, so everybody's happy!  
But thirteen's unlucky – a lamb's filled his nappy!

Fourteen baas is a strange one – it means 'How do you do?'  
And fifteen baas means 'Leave me alone – I'm having a poo!'

Sixteen baas mean danger – there's a sheepdog around.  
And seventeen means this - a lost lamb's been found.

Eighteen baas means sadness - don't mention mint sauce!  
And nineteen baas means trouble, an angry cow or horse.

Twenty baas mean bedtime; it's time to go asleep.  
So now you know the language of **ordinary sheep!**





# I wish I could be James Bond...

I wish I could be James Bond for just one day!  
And if I was, I wonder what all my friends would say?

My life would be exciting, full of danger and thrill,  
if I turned into 007, licensed to kill.

Just imagine the things that I'd be allowed to do,  
if my little wish was to ever come true!

I could fly a helicopter at five hundred miles per hour,  
chasing a terrorist to the top of the Eiffel tower.

I could fire a sub-machine gun, up into the air,  
or push a nasty villain down a steep flight of stairs.

*And if a policeman stopped me, what would I say?*  
*The name's Bond, James Bond. Get out of my way!*

I could drive down a motorway at any speed I liked  
in my Aston Martin car or my Triumph motorbike.

I could share a McDonald's with His Majesty The King,  
discussing my missions and that sort of thing.

*And if a policeman stopped me, what would I say?*  
*The name's Bond, James Bond. Get out of my way*

I could play with M's inventions, unbelievable gadgets,  
disappearing into crowds, mingling like magic.

I could meet up with Q in exotic locations,  
secretly planning dangerous operations.



In « Goldfinger » (1964), Bond manages to stop the bomb with 007 seconds left. What a coincidence.



I could speed through cities in my Range Rover vogue,  
escaping the gang of an evil rogue.



I could pilot a speedboat or a mini submarine,  
or run on the roof of a high speed train.

*And if a policeman stopped me, what would I say?  
The name's Bond, James Bond. Get out of my way!*

In every major city, I could have a gorgeous girl,  
winning and dining all over the world.



I could climb aboard aeroplanes, travelling first class,  
drinking vintage champagne in a tall, crystal glass.

*And if a policeman stopped me, what would I say?  
The name's Bond, James Bond. Get out of my way!*

I could kill a spy with a single karate chop  
and jump the queue in a fish and chip shop.



Queuing in Tesco wouldn't be my style,  
I'd push to the front in a packed checkout aisle.

If the manager screamed 'Your behaviour's shocking!'  
I'd press my exploding 'Clubcard' and run off with my shopping.

*And if a policeman stopped me, what would I say?  
I'm very sorry officer; I'll just go back and pay!*

**Poem from 'I'm fed up!' by Paul Delaney (006 ¾) © 2012**

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*'Goldfinger' is my own favourite James Bond film, starring Sean Connery as JB. The Aston Martin DB 5 car used in the film is amazing!*

**Which 'Bond' film is your favourite? And which Bond too?**

