

Bed in Summer**By Robert Louis Stevenson**

*In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.*

*I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.*

*And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?*

The Sound Collector**By Roger McGough**

A stranger called this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
Put every sound into a bag
And carried it away

The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying pan
The ticking of the grill
The bubbling of the bathtub
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops
On the window pane
When you do the washing up
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby
The squeaking of the chair
The swishing of the curtain
The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning
He didn't leave his name
Left us only silence
Life will never be the same

Daddy Fell into the Pond

by Alfred Noyes

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.
We were nearing the end of a dismal day.
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,
Then
Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew merry and bright,
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.
"Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!
He's crawling out of the duckweed!"
Click!

Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee
And doubled up, shaking silently,
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft,
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.
Oh there wasn't a thing that didn't respond
When
Daddy fell into the pond!

Saw My Teacher On A Saturday

By Dave Crawley

I saw my teacher on a Saturday!
I can't believe it's true!
I saw her buying groceries,
like normal people do!

She reached for bread and turned around,
and then she caught my eye.
She gave me a smile and said, "Hello."
I thought that I would die!

"Oh, hi... hello, Miss Appleton,"
I mumbled like a fool.
I guess I thought that teacher types
spend all their time at school.

To make the situation worse,
my mum was at my side.
So many rows of jars and cans.
So little room to hide.

Oh please, I thought,
don't tell my mom what I did yesterday!
I closed my eyes and held my breath
and hoped she'd go away.

Some people think it's fine
to let our teachers walk about.
But when it comes to Saturdays,
they shouldn't let them out!

