

Written

in

Wigan

PEOPLE

I love my sister.

Her name is Janet.

Katherine Stead (age 5yrs. 4mths.)

Woodfield County Primary.

This old woman is very sick. She can not walk because she is old and she is ill and nobody comes and visits her. She is crying. The nurse comes in, she is sad,
"What is the matter? Do you want a cup of tea?"
"Yes I do want a cup of tea."

Katherine Worthington (age 5yrs. 9mths.)
Highfield C.E. Primary.

My face has a smile and two brown eyes, and a nose and mouth. I have one tooth out and two new ones which are spiky yet, but then, when they are fully grown, they will smooth out. I have curly hair and it is brown. I have two eyes with irises. I have two eyebrows they are brown and they are over my eyes. I don't know why we have them. I have eye-lashes which are brown.

Iain Bowden (age 6 yrs. 7 mths.)
Woodfield County Primary School

I swing in the trees like Tarzan. I go up and down. I smashed four slates and dodged mum. I fell ten times. We will make bows and arrows. My mum has made our coal shed into a gang hut.

Rennie Birch (age 7yrs. 10mths.)
St. Michael's C.E. Primary

FACES AT THE FAIR

Rosy-cheeked contented faces,
Nervous, tearful,
Frightened faces,
Laughing, gay
and carefree faces.

Grimacing faces,
Frantic faces,
Agonised, grim,
Side-splitting faces.

Hopeful faces,
Relieved faces,
Surprised faces,
Deceived faces.

O what a place for studying faces,
Down at the rollicking, jolly old fair.

Paul Forbes (age 13)
St. John Fisher R.C. High School.

There was a young man from Leeds
Who swallowed a packet of seeds,
And out of his nose
Grew a beautiful rose
And his hair all turned into weeds.

Paul Leek (age 10yrs. 3mths.)
Scot Lane Primary School.

There was a young fellow called Max
Who filled his back pocket with tacks.
He thought he was clever,
But found he could never
Sit down on a chair and relax.

Jane Higham (age 9)
Scot Lane Primary.

There was an old man called Potts
Who had twenty-five lollipops.
Some babies came seeking
And started the eating
On Mr. Potts' fruit lollipops.

Malcolm Hinds (age 8)
St. Mary's R.C. Primary.

THE WATCHMAN

I'm a watchman alone in the night.
The brazier and the coke are burning bright.
I see my room dark and narrow
Sitting besides a watchman's barrow.
I stare at the fire. It will cheer me up
Supping from my little brown cup.
When all at once I hear a bang.
I get up to see what it is
But it was Sergeant Sprigs.

Where Sergeant Sprig goes
Only he knows.

The fire goes down with moans and wanes.
Only the ash from the fire remains.
I feel afraid now the fire's gone.
After all I'm only one.

Maria Hough (age 11)
St. Patrick's R.C. Primary.

ROBIN

(Who robbed orchards for fun)

With apologies to Hillaire Belloc.

A type that some folk cannot bear
Are thieving boys who leave quite bare
Ripe orchards stuffed with apple and pear.
This story tells of one such cad.
His name is Robin, a lanky lad.
No orchard, whilst he was around,
Was safe. He stole pound on pound.

Young Robin planned a daring deed.
The Vicar's fruit he eyed with greed.
A nimble youth, the six-foot wall
He scaled with ease, quite chuffed withall.
Then lost his footing and started to fall.
The scene was set, our villain trapped
By the vicar's dog, who snarled and snapped.

Now all you mischievous boys out there,
When robbing orchards do take care,
For this is not the end you see,
A punishment there had to be.
For greedy Robin's schoolboy crime.
He had alas to serve his time
In the vicar's kitchen washing up,
Watched over by the vicar's pup.

Stephen Fairhurst (age 12)
St. John Fisher R.C. High School.

INQUISITIVE BILL

(A cautionary verse for children)

There was a boy whose name was Bill.
He sat upon the window sill
And peeped and poked and took a look
At everything which gleamed or shook
Or rattled. When his mother came,
Or stood outside and called his name,
He always looked so innocent
That o'er his little head she bent
And kissed him on his chubby cheek.

Then once again he'd start to seek
For interesting or pretty things
He thought were only meant for Kings.
One day when little Bill was two
He couldn't find a thing to do,
So through the garden fence he strode,
And toddled down a busy road.
'Twas then he spied an iron gate,
He didn't stop, he didn't wait.
It was a shame he couldn't read,
It might have stopped his naughty deed
If he had looked above his head
And on that notice he had read :
'ARMY TRAINING GROUND—KEEP OUT!!'
So letting out a gleeful shout,
He dropped down on his little front
To start his acrobatic stunt.
He wriggled slowly through the gate,
That was the start of poor Bill's fate.
He got up slowly from the ground,
Blinked his eyes, and looked around.
'Oh, what a big, b-i-g place', he said,
And, clutching his beloved Ted,
He then began his long, long tramp,
Getting slowly cold and damp.
As he slowly walked along,
He sang a short, but cheerful song.
And then, he saw a small green thing,
He shook it but it didn't ring,
He put it to his mouth to see
If it was something good for tea.
But suddenly it went off 'BANG'
And then he felt a painful pang,
And looking round he saw no sight,
'Oh, is it now already night?'
The poor lad had no time to find
The hand grenade had made him blind,
For then, from out the sky there fell
A dangerous and nasty shell.
'Oh, what is that?' poor Billy said,
When down it fell upon his head.
There isn't any more to tell,
For with that ugly, nasty shell
Came poor Bill's death, a lesson to
All the inquisitive of you!

Anita Clark (age 14)
Whitley High School.

MY GIRL FRIEND

Her hair was rich as amber,
Her eyes forget-me-nots,
Her cheeks were rosy and dimpled
Like babies' in their cots.

Her face was lilies and roses,
All white and pinks and creams.
And many a girl I've met,
But she's the loveliest it seems.

Juliette Sweeney (aged 10)
Whelley Middle School.

THE TEACHER

The teacher entered the room
The room fell silent,
You could hear a pin drop.
There she stood, looking at
The boy covered in mud.

Patricia Griffin (age 12)
Gidlow Middle School.

I AM AN ARCHAEOLOGIST

My job is to discover mummies that have been dead for many years. Some may have been dead for hundreds of years. This is what you do. You take pictures of the body and send them back to England to be developed and sent back to the person who took them. This takes about three weeks to go and come back.

It may become a TV programme and people like looking at famous people of hundreds of years ago like Tutankhamen, and now they are trying to find his mother and father.

It may be a long time before they find his mother and father because there is a lot of digging to do and making the holes up again.

Then you catch a plane back home. It is nice going home on a plane, they will treat you quite nicely. They ask you if you would like a cup of tea. And if you want they will give you a pillow to go to sleep. But it is nice looking down at the houses, they look so small and tiny.

Gillian Brookes (aged 10)
St. George's C.E. Primary School.

THE SOLDIER AT WAR

His silver buttons,
His bright red coat,
His golden sword gleaming with sunlight,
His heart knew war, his eyes knew sorrow,
He had fought through wars which were Hell and disaster.

Through fear he had fought,
Seen men tortured and killed,
Seen homes after cannon attack,
Seen people weeping over their dead,
Children screaming, 'Daddy, daddy.'

All this he has witnessed and seen,
All this bloodshot he will never forget.
Where can he go? The war is over.
His home and family are destroyed.
He curses the war. He curses himself.
He curses Heaven for letting it begin.

Helen Barry (age 13)
St. Thomas More High School.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Once when Gillian was looking after me we heard a knock at the door. We couldn't see who it was so Gillian felt funny. She didn't know whether to open it or not. It was in a black-out so we had to use torches and my bike lamp. With shaking fingers Gillian switched it on. When she looked out nobody was there. So I said, "Why not open the door?" But Gillian said, "No, it might be a robber." I said, "Get a rope and make a loop with it." So we did. We dropped the rope round the person. But it was only Mike.

Jackie Gaskell (age 8yrs. 5mths.)
St. Michael's C.E. Primary.

CRASH

In winter 1968 we went to North Wales to stay a week at our Auntie Sue's. Everything went nicely and we enjoyed ourselves very much. But that week went very quickly and before we knew it, it was time to go home. We went home in our uncle's car. We had gone about six miles when suddenly a lorry came backing out of a side street. I tried to duck, not that it would make any difference, because "CRASH" we went straight into the back of the lorry.

There was a shattering of glass and I went flying forward, though luckily I was in the back. I was dazed for a moment or two, but soon I could see everything clearly again. Our uncle had a safety belt on, but he was badly cut. I had little cuts here and there, but I was too shaky to bother about them at that moment. Soon another car came to take us back to my Auntie's and we had to stay there for another few days till our uncle's car was repaired. I was on the look out all the time on the way back for lorries backing out of side streets.

Stephen Gore (age 12)
Gidlow Middle School.

THE DAY THAT I WON

It was 3 o'clock on a Monday and I was waiting for the race to start. The crowd was quiet. The starter's gun was up and we were off. The crowd was shouting now. We were just finishing the first lap, I was coming in first place, my heart beating very fast. The others were all behind now but all of a sudden somebody overtook me. The crowd was encouraging me on. I was running as fast as I could, but I couldn't overtake the man in first place.

Two more laps to go I was nervous now, I was sweating, I still had not lost the race. One more lap to go, I was still in second place. My trainer was shouting, "half a lap to go." The crowd was deafening now, I had still not lost the race. The man in first place fell. People roared. Now I was in first place—ten metres to go. I won.

Geoffrey Howarth (age 10yrs. 9mths.)
Whelley Middle School.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

When I went on my holidays I went to a farm. On the farm there were some cats. One of the cats had lost a paw. There was a dog called Siry. There was a goat and six cows. In the house lived a boy and a girl, a father and a mother. We went to the beach every day. I liked it very much, it took a long time to get there and back.

When I got home I had forgotten where everything was. My friends were all back before me. Mr. Connor was painting his car dark blue. Richard Hill came running down the hill to see if I was playing out. I showed him what I had bought.

Christopher Eccles (age 8)
St. John's R.C. Primary

IT HAPPENED IN THE FAMILY

One day I had to fix a plug. It was the radio, it kept going berserk. I'd never fixed a plug before, but they don't know that (they tried to bring the man from the corner shop, but I'm not paying that much just to fix a plug).

Well, first I need a screwdriver. Bill you go and ask Billy Niddle two doors away. Susan you go for a packet of fuses, and I will take the plug out. Bill give it to me, and Susan give me the fuses, and now I will take the plug apart. Well, I've never seen as many wires in my life. There were red, yellow, blue and green wires. Then I saw the two brown fuses. I took them out and put the new ones in. I thought the wires looked a bit muddled so I pulled some out, then that looked neater.

Now I can just find out what the Cup Draw is. So I plugged it in and it gave me a shock. There was silence, then an engine noise then I heard a man saying, "We are now coming into Rome, will you please fasten your seat belts?" Then I heard a voice, "We have landed, we are now on the moon."

Well, I think I've done something wrong. "Bill, you'd better go for Mr. Bell at the corner shop. I might as well pay the money."

Carl Gibson (age 12)
Whelley Middle School.

THE DAY WE WROTE THE FORM MAGAZINE

Enthusiasm was flagging. The deadline was 4-0 p.m. and we were not exactly being inundated with witty or amusing articles. The format to date consisted of a second-former's description of a holiday spent in Majorca two years ago and something entitled "The care and grooming of Angora rabbits." Something in the region of a minor miracle seemed to be in order if we were to have anything tangible to represent our efforts by 4 o'clock.

We sat down and thought. What we needed were the essentials of every respectable magazine: a letter page, a horoscope and a crossword. Any suggestions that we should compile our own "Stars" and "Brain Teaser" were vetoed on the grounds that we wished to upset as few of our prospective customers as possible. We could visualise friendships and romances ruined by such sage words of wisdom as "Scorpios: Beware of all those in brown. They plan your downfall."

We set some of the more imaginative elements to invent a letter or two, and we roped in a Domestic Science set to pen our "recipe of the week" page. By 2-50 p.m. the first edition of the "Third Form Magazine" was well under way. Reverently we carried the blueprint to the stockroom. There the immense quantities of paper and staples were massed ready for the completion of our project.

Unsuspectingly, we approached the antiquated printing machine. We soon discovered why this machine was not much used by the teaching staff: the smell of the ink was nauseating and clung to our clothes, and the machine gave what sounded suspiciously like a death rattle every three copies.

However we persevered and were just hammering in the last, and five hundred and thirty-third copy as the bell rang for end of school.

The first "Third Form School Magazine" had been born.

Nicola Lowe (age 13)
Whitley High School.

SELF-POSSESSION

At 1-30 p.m. precisely, the brash, young hopeful presented himself outside the Headmaster's Office. "He looks with it," commented a passing prefect, as he and his pal sized up the long-haired, trendily-dressed, bespectacled candidate for the latest vacancy in the progressive Art Department of our new school. Mr. Billinge was invited to step inside and, as the secretary closed the office door behind him, he looked around with a critical eye. "How dismal," he thought, as he viewed the bleak surroundings, "why on earth did I bother?". But he was only forcing himself to be condescending. He stared at the blank colourless walls, and the heavily-framed window. The dark, polished floorboards creaked under his feet as he restlessly leaned forward to explore the contents of the solid old desk. The seconds seemed like hours as he waited for the arrival of his prospective employer. He marvelled at the old-fashioned black telephone with the curved mouthpiece. "Rather antiquated," was his silent comment as he tried to bolster up his flagging morale. Then he spotted a brass paperweight. It was inscribed 'Queen Victoria, Diamond Jubilee'. "Positively ancient," he muttered patronisingly, as he sniffed the musty air of the room. With all the aplomb of inexperienced youth he sniggered, "If this typifies the whole school, then I have some spade work to do to bring the place alive."

At that precise moment, the callow young man was (to his credit) shocked by his own forwardness. He had not even got the job yet! He gathered his thoughts and started to go over the speech he had prepared for the interview. The next moment he was face to face with the headmaster.

Stephen Regan (age 16)
St. John Fisher R.C. High School

ORDEAL

I stepped gingerly into the Headmaster's study through the all-important blue doorway with the forbidding notice HEADMASTER painted in capitals on a plaque. Once inside I could not help, through sheer nervousness, but look around, noticing a nice cushy armchair and an outsize desk at which the Head sat writing officiously. At the back of my mind I could hear him saying my name but the urgency of his voice wasn't registering in my brain for I was looking vaguely at a calendar on the wall which had a picture of the new Harrier Jump-Jet.

The sun shone in my eyes, through an opening in the curtained window at the back of the room and that put me off a little. The air was heavy with a stale smell of tobacco and, as the sun glinted through a blue haze of tobacco smoke, I could see the particles of dust floating around, hitting each other and then finally drifting to the floor.

"Wow!" I thought to myself, "how I envy him sitting in that chair all day just smoking a pipe with the sun beating down on the back of his neck." Then I began to get fidgety and felt as though I didn't belong in the room with the calendars and timetables and reams of documents spread across a desk. I thought to myself, "What must it be like to run a school from an office like this?" It must be really 'doozing' (I prided myself on the new slang word I had recently learnt in the playground, meaning great).

Vaguely I still had the impression that someone was calling my name, but I couldn't focus for I was prodding an attractive blue carpet with my right foot, balancing on my left and straining to hear what the duty prefects in the corridor were saying. They seemed to be running around, all very busy, and I kept wishing I was one of them. Then I heard the loud blast of a whistle from the playground and came back to my senses. I felt rather embarrassed at not having answered the question which had just been put to me for at least the third time. I had been in a world of my own for those few minutes. However, the Head was patient and, with a sigh, he repeated the question yet again.

Gradually I came to and recovered my nerve. The rest of the interview went off smoothly, but I was glad when it was over. When the Head said finally, "Good, you may go now," I lost no time in hurrying back to class.

Séan Richardson (age 15)
St. John Fisher R.C. High School.

Times and

Seasons

I am playing outside in the sun, playing
with the blocks with my new dress on.

Carole Aspey (age 5yrs. 5mths.)

St. Jude's R.C. Primary.

WE HAVE WAITED

Every year we wait for the snow and ice.
In winter you hear the sign,
It goes 'Drip, drip'.
But this year we waited,
This year we listened.
But no 'drip, drip'.
We are still waiting.
Christmas has gone
And New Year's Day.

Then today I heard it,
It goes 'drip, drip'.
When I get to school
We can hear shouts and screams,
So I join in.
We skated up and down
And had bumps.

Ann Gregory (age 9)
Poolstock C.E. Primary.

THE SNOW

The snow falls
Slowly,
Quietly,
And softly.
But when the wind blows
It goes
Whisking and twirling
And twisting and whirling
Everywhere.
When the snow comes down
It touches the ground
With a silent touch
That not even I can hear.

Gary Bromilow (age 8 yrs. 11mths.)
Beech Hill Primary.

SNOW

The snow is white,
The snow is soft,
The snow is delicately like the frost
If you try to catch the snow
It nearly melts;
Or sometimes
It stays hard
For quite a time.
I like the snow
But sometimes I don't—
When it's just slosh.

Hazel Bamford (age 9)
Beech Hill Primary.

SNOW

Snow comes down like a whirlwind it twists and turns round and round when it is windy. When there is no wind it comes down gently and gracefully. It feels soft and crunchy and when you squeeze it, it's sometimes hard and crispy. When you first wake up and first see it, it looks like a great white blanket. There are no footprints on it at all. Snow has no smell at all, but it has a fresh, white, refreshing taste. It makes a lovely pattern as it falls. Snow is refreshing and cold, it makes your hands and face tingle. Then you come out of the snow into a warm house and your mum makes you a hot cup of coffee. Your hands, face and legs tingle, they go all red. What a lovely feeling. Then when you go to bed, it is all brown and dirty. What a pity the next day the snow has all gone and the sun is shining.

Pauline Cook (age 8 yrs. 11mths)
Marus Bridge Primary.

A SNOWFLAKE

Pale skin. Bitter cold
Melting in the sun.
Patterns falling to - fro
Like a wonderful work of art.

Shirley Myers (age 10)
Whelley Middle School

A SNOWBALL FIGHT

The children are coming
Out of school,
With all the same idea
In mind.
It's snowing again.
Hooray, Hooray
We're having a snowball fight.
There's plenty of snow
So
It should be good.
The fight's now about to begin.

A boy got one plop in the face.
A girl got one pushed in her hood.
I don't know which side is winning,
But teacher has just come out,
And stopped it.
Now they're all going home.

Debra Byrne (age 10)
Blue Coat C.E. Primary.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS

Our saviour was born in Bethlehem,
Peace on earth, goodwill to all men.
Now you may hear everyone's voice
Sing praises to God, come and rejoice.

Jesus was born of Mary,
With cows and asses so furry;
So Mary wrapped him cosy and warm
And laid him on a little form.

To some shepherds an angel appeared on a hill;
They were frightened and stood quite still.
But the Angel said, 'Fear not, for I
Bring you good news', and in the sky
A host of angels appeared and were singing
Praises to God and bells were ringing.

So the shepherds went to Bethlehem
And then came along three wise men.
Each one had a gift, and when they got there,
They presented their gifts : Gold,
Frankincense and Myrrh.

Christina Bolton (age 10)
Marsh Green Primary School.

CHRISTMAS BELLS AND SNOW

Listen to the bells,
 Ringing.
Listen to the children,
 Singing.
It's Christmas Day,
 Hip,
 Hip,
 Hooray.
Jesus Christ is born,
 Today.
Snow falling on the
 Ground,
Snowflakes swirling
 All around.
Pure white snow flying through
 The sky,
While the people hurry by.
Children wait expectantly
For Santa's visit to their tree.

Lynn Hornby (age 9 yrs. 4 mths.)
St. Cuthbert's R.C. Primary School.

FROST

It looks like a white blanket,
It glitters in the night,
It leaves frosty patterns
That fade away in the candle light.
It's slippy, stiff and icy,
Icicles dangle on the trees,
Diamonds sparkling on the leaves.

It's nippy and slippy. It crackles away,
And it's crisp underfoot in a slippy way.
If you pick it up it pricks you,
If you walk on it it nips you,
Your hands get numb with cold.
The fresh air blows on you
And blowing fresh air around too.

Gillian Prescott (age 11)
St. Patrick's R.C. Primary.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Father Christmas came last night,
When the moon was full and bright.
He left toys for girls and boys,
Dolls and prams,
Cars and trams.

Uncle John came to dinner,
With Aunty Joan and Uncle Lea.
We had vegetables, turkey and a cup of tea.
Mum and Dad had whisky and sherry,
We had pop with a flavour of cherry.

Christine B. Powell (age 10yrs. 1 mth.)
St. Cuthbert's R.C. Primary.

DEATH IN WINTER

One winter's day a sheep was trying to find some grass to graze on at the top of a cliff. The weather was dreary and cold. The sheep was trembling and very hungry. The clifftop was very steep and the snow was sliding like an avalanche but the sheep was very sure-footed and managed to keep up. Then another avalanche came and the sheep fell to the ground. Its mother was with it and she fell too. There they lay until the farmer came for them. They were not where he had expected them to be so he came down the cliff and saw them lying dead. Slowly and deliberately he carried them back and buried them near the farm.

Alison Bradley (age 10yrs.)
Whelley Middle School.

THE NORTH WIND

The great North Wind
Doth blow in the sky,
It makes the leaves go fluttering. Why?
Off they go crackling, rattling,
They're here again, rustling, scattering.

The great North Wind
Doth blow in the sky,
Paper fluttering, scuttering by.
Wind has a swiftly scattering cry.

John J. Howarth (age 9)
St. James C. E. Primary.

I am flying my kite and while I am flying my kite
the wind has stopped.
I wished and the wind came back.
And now I can fly my kite.

Stephanie Wood (age 5yrs. 11mths.)
St. John's R.C. Primary.

THE WIND

Clouds scattering around the sky,
Paper goes twirling,
Turning, tossing,
Out of the chimney smoke comes swirling.
Water trembling, shimmering, shivering,
Clothes prancing on the line,
Swirling, swaying in the wind.
The weather looks gay and fine.
Bubbly white waves
Dancing in the sea,
Boats tossing and turning
It was wild as could be.

Denis J. Hawkins (age 9)
St. James C. E. Primary.

I AM THE WIND

I am the wind,
I go racing through trees,
Buffeting their bare branches.
I lift papers and blow them away,
Like kites.
I can make pools ripple,
And makes birds lose control of flight,
I blow doors open and bang them shut.
Some people harness me
And make me grind corn,
And power yachts.
So, in return, I blow their hats off
And turn their umbrellas inside out.

David Lancaster (age 12yrs. 7mths)
Marus Bridge Middle School.

THE GOOD TIMES

I remember when we were young,
How the Grown Ups TOWERED above us,
While we played.
How happy we were,
Playing and sleeping all day,
How we could get what we wanted when we cried.
And how much we laughed and played,
Without Maths and English
To pay attention to.
And how our parents fondled us all day.
Those were the good times.
And now we are sent to school,
To study exams all day
With our domineering teachers,
How I wish those good times would come AGAIN.

Julie Stock (age 12)
Gidlow Middle School.

It is a sunny day, and I can see some seagulls and birds
and our Lisa is going to the Baths.

Susan Halliwell (age 5yrs. 5mths.)
St. Jude's R.C. Primary.

SPRING

It is spring now and the sky is light, light blue.
Let's go out and play for it is spring today.
Shall we pick the flowers for hours and hours?
I will take you there for you can't find your way.
I will take you to the field.
If you like the flowers we shall pick a lot.
We shall pack a little snack,
With pop and biscuits,
Then we will come back
When we have eaten our snack.

Lee Southern (age 6yrs. 11mths.)
St. Jude's RC. Primary.

THE GIANT TREE IN SPRING

(This tree has been partially burned by vandals)
Its branches are like giant arms,
Its trunk is like a big, black dress,
Its twigs like tiny hairs hanging from the clouds,
Bits of bark crumbling from its dress.

The tree has many, many arms,
It climbs right up in the sky,
Like a giant reaching up, up high
Up and up your trunk so strong.

Its roots are like someone glued down,
Black and burned all over the tree,
Moulded green all the way up.
Spoiled, spoiled, spoiled tree in Spring.

Janette Bond (age 9)
St. James' C.E. Primary.

SPRING

Spring is here
We are glad to hear.
The buds will come
And so will the sun.
We are glad to hear
Spring is near
And everything will come.

Sandeep Ahuja (age 7yrs. 6mths.)
Woodfield Primary.

SPRING

The sun shines when
The crocus buds.
The trees show green shoots.
Flowers bloom in the
Bright fresh air.
The flowing stream runs
Through the newly
Green field.
The daisies bob their
Little white heads
Out in Spring,
And the birds return
From other lands.

Sandra J. Crook (age 9)
St. James' C.E. Primary School.

RAIN

I like the rain because it splashes on the ground, the rain is very soft but when it hits the ground it looks as if the raindrops break up into little pieces, and if it is raining really hard it looks as if the rain is dancing on the ground. The rain bangs on the window when you are inside the house. If sometimes when it rains the sun is shining, the raindrops shine and twinkle. When I go out to play I like to play in the rain because it splashes on me, and when I look in the gutter all the water runs down like a river and then it splashes down the drain.

Mark Abbott (age 10)
Marus Bridge Primary.

THE SEA

The silver sea whispers to me as the golden sun sets,
As the honky cry of gulls fade away, who fly back home to rest
After doing their best all day.
But now it is dark, the hark of a gull fades away,
The fishermen go out to sea
To catch the fish for you and me.
Far out to sea, a storm comes up.
The sea is not calm now but roars and rages,
Ships get wrecked and the sailors try to get away
From the now raging sea,
When suddenly the wind stops roaring,
The thunder stops crashing,
All is calm, calm, over the sea.

Karen Makin (age 7 yrs. 5mths.)
St. Stephen's C.E. Infants.

NIGHT TIME

The night is always calm and still.
The fox is on the big, brown hill,
The hedgehog tooting for his food,
The rabbit hopping away from home,
The rat is running all alone,
The moon guards them all through the night.
You can hear the pilot in his flight.

Lynda Halligan (age 8yrs. 3mths.)
St. Andrew's C.E. Primary.

THE DARK COUNTRY NIGHT

The night is dark
But the stars are twinkling
In the sky above.
There is no moon to mark
My path to home tonight.
I am afraid, for I miss
The moon's bright light
To guide me on my way.

As I approach the house
The dogs hear my footsteps
And someone lets them out
To greet me, but they smell a mouse
And leaving me, go chasing after it.
It escapes, to live another day
And they come bounding back to sit
Panting by my side.

Andrew Batley (age 8yrs. 4mths.)
St. John's R.C. Primary.

THE NIGHT

The wood was well illuminated in the moonlight which glowed with an eerie phosphorescence. The shadows danced as the trees rolled to and fro in the wind. A freezing mist was slowly rising and an owl cooed gently, contrasting with the sound of the leaves swishing. The moon, and clouds around it, shone a sulphur colour, and the melancholy old oaks, survivors of centuries of gales, stood solid as if flaunting their strength. Further on, just beyond the solitary copse, the lake glistened like gold. North of the lake was the lowland, the reservoirs and the town. The street lights glared like tiny eyes.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the night, so unique and peaceful, with the undulating undergrowth, trees and most of all moonlight.

Soon twilight appeared marking dawn. Now the night has ended and the first cockerel crows out its message that morning has come.

Brian Clough (age 11yrs. 8mths.)
Pemberton Middle School.

F O G

Fog is misty
Fog is full
Fog is dusty
Fog is like wool
Fog is soft
Fog is smoky
Fog is dark
Fog is frosty
Fog leaves no mark.

Lynne Bennett (age 9)
St. Patrick's R.C. Primary School.

THE FOG

Hovering like a waiting helicopter,
Waiting to go or coming in to land,
Buildings like faded silhouettes.
All you can hear is a silence,
It smothers anything in its way.
No sky,
No clouds,
But the sun is there
A pale white circle in the mist.

Stewart Hampshire (age 11yrs. 7mths.)
Marus Bridge Middle School.

F O G

A grey mist covers the ground,
Mysterious shapes emerge from the grey blanket of fog.
Lorries pushing away the fog in an angry fashion,
Old people coughing and shivering in the cold.
Lights flash from out of the fog,
Buildings are engulfed by the grey mist,
People leave a smoky trail of breath behind.
Then the fog moves on,
Trying to find another place to rest.

Wayne Priestley (age 11yrs. 10mths.)
Marus Bridge Middle School.

THE TREE

The tree stands in the autumn,
A tall figure.
It's dancing arms are swaying gracefully.
They twist and bend.
They look bushy, swaying one way and then the other.
They sweep their bare body off the ground.

The roots are knotted together and they are knobbly.
They look mysterious when they are deep down in the ground.
The roots overhang each other and make the ground shadowy.
It's dark and mossy where the roots live.

The branches are howling in the wind.
It's very disturbing and terrifying.
The splintering wood.
The whistling and cracking wood,
They creak all night in the dark.

Neil Fairhurst (age 11)
St. Patrick's R.C. Primary.

SPARKLER

It lights with a quick spurt,
It fizzes and crackles.
The sparks throw themselves out.
It's a light bulb flaring,
Frost burning on a window at Christmas.
It quickly squabbles and jumps about,
Then dies like it came.

Andrew Ashton (age 11yrs. 8mths.)
Marus Bridge Middle School.

A SPARKLER

First light threw diamond stars
Landed lightly without sound on the floor,
Star shaped pattern formed.
A pale orange light and bright,
Suddenly flick. The light went out.
Smell of burnt wood.

Dawn Cornish (age 12yrs. 7mths.)
Marus Bridge Middle School.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn leaves are falling, falling,
They make a lovely carpet
For me to walk upon.
Some leaves are gold
Some are darkish red.
Dead autumn leaves
Are falling on my head.

Elaine W. Cumberbatch (age 9yrs. 11mths.)
St. Cuthbert's R.C. Primary.

BONFIRE NIGHT

Bonfire smoke whirls upwards.
Flames of red go high.
Rocket bangers zoom in the dark
Blue sky.
Colours form :
Red, green and blue.

Sparklers' sparks gleam
In the night.
Bright lights shine
From nearby houses.
The Catherine Wheels whizz
And the people hear them loud and clear.
But the black smoke dies down
Then it's time to go.

Barry J. Dolan (age 9)
St. James C.E. Primary.

THE DYING YEAR

The Autumn mist is hovering
Like soft grey gauze,
Veiling the trees and hedges
Clinging like cigar smoke
To hill-top and steeple.

Dry leaves float giddily from the trees.
Tossed like a galleon on the high seas,
Bright yellow, deep red and golden brown
They tumble and swirl about the town.

Allan Finch (age 13)
St. John Fisher R.C. High School,

Awake, oh morning,
The child stirs.
Come out of your nest
Yesterday's Tomorrow.

The veils of sleep
Are ripped asunder.
The world once more moves,
Night has been expelled.

Valley and vales are sunlit,
The key of day has been found.
The Poet again dreams of
The Lovers in the new dawn.

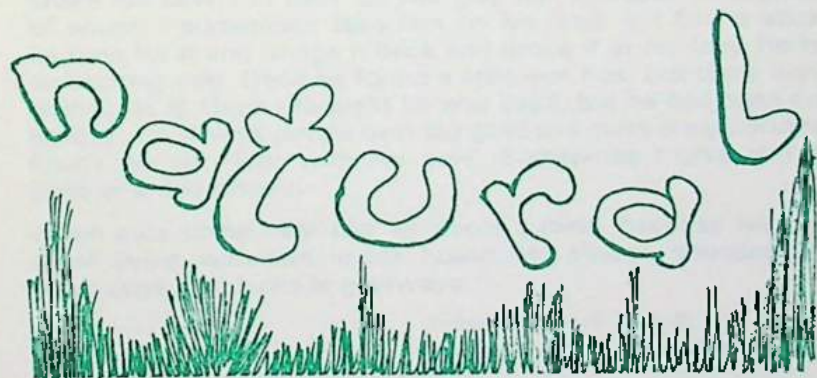
The pawns are moved
On the vast chessboard of life,
Of day, of night.
Now onto the white square.

The roads are alive again,
The black highway snake is alive.
The towns awoken with the noise,
The tramp of working feet is heard.

Across the world
The key is lost.
The sunlight is losing.
Onto the black square we go.

Stephen Sharrock (age 15)
Mesnes High School.

natural



THE RABBIT

There was a little rabbit
And he had a little habit.
He ate a cherry
And it made him merry.

Clare Smith (age 7)
St. Mary's R.C. Primary.

SPIDER v. FLY

Spider is big and hairy
Web is silky
Fly comes along
Gets trapped in web.
Web is so sticky fly looks terrified.
Fly tries to get away.
Spider starts to chase fly.
Fly gets away.
Spider catches another fly,
Starts to have his meal.

Neil A. Wright (age 9)
St. James C.E. Primary.

A DOG I KNOW

I know a dog whose name is Sandy. Every time you go to the shops he will jump up and lick you. He is a sandy colour and very brave. Every time another dog tries to bite him he will have a fight. Also he is very manly. He will sit and let you shake his paw and then let you give him a biscuit or a drink of water. I sometimes take him on his lead. If I find a stick he runs for it and brings it back and drops it at my feet. He is an exciting dog. Once he found a little iron box, but there was nothing in it. Once I thought he was dead, but he had been on holiday. He always jumps over our gate and gives a mysterious knock on our door with his paw. Sometimes I give him a bone or a dog biscuit.

When cats come near him he doesn't mind, because he has a cat living with him in his house. He always pounces on other dogs, and hides in gateways.

Deborah Silcock (age 9)
Worsley Mesnes County Primary.

HORSES

Silver hair against the black of night,
Over the hill sails the stallion as swift as light.
Very smooth as he gallops just like a kite
From his nostrils rises steam
Like the moon with silver gleam.
Then he turns and gallops back over the hill.
And once and once again the night is still.

Lynn Hancock (age 8yrs. 7mths.)
Beech Hill Primary.

UP ON THE MOUNTAIN

Up on the mountain,
Running free,
Was a wild grey horse.
Tail streaming,
Hooves clattering,
Mane flowing in the breeze.
Running along the mountain,
So happy to be free.

Angela Crawford (age 9 yrs. 10mths.)
St. Cuthbert's R.C. Primary School

THE BULL

Charging, running, snorting,
Bellowing angry bull,
Waiting for his herd.
Horns long pointing,
Eyes gleaming red,
Wide nostrils steaming,
Hooves gripping the ground,
Body heaving.

Katherine Lamb (age 12)
Marus Bridge Middle School.

THE BARN OWL

The barn owl glides swiftly in the sky, hoping it will find prey. Dangling its claws like seaweed, suddenly it sees its prey, a mouse scampering across the barn. Then it swoops down and grabs it by the scruff of the neck and cruelly takes it to its hiding place, tears it apart like lettuce and shares it round to its chicks.

Michael Cookson (age 12)
Gidlow Middle School.

THREE OWLS

(Pupils of St. Thomas More High School)

The barn is dark,
The night is black,
The bird hunts its prey
With eyes that shine like cats'.
One slight move in the straw of the barn

AND

Down it swoops,
And if that was a rat, mouse or vole
It is no more.
The owl has woken.

Mark Hessian (age 11yrs. 11mths.)

Swiftly and silently,
Without the slightest whirr of wings,
The night stranger hovers over the copse,
His moon-like eyes scan the ground,
Seeking for food, a bird of prey.
The midnight owl is on his way.

Pauline Evans (age 12yrs. 7mths.)

A shadow moves through the still night,
Silent wings
Fly over sleepy fields.
What creature?
What bird is this?
Seeking its prey in the dead of night?
Restless birds screech
And curl up in horror.
Then silence,
As an owl peers hungrily into darkness.

Teresa Keane (age 12yrs. 1mth.)

UNDER THE SEA

Yesterday we made a display of "Under the sea". We made a treasure box and we put lots of things on it. We put fish—sharks and lots of other fish—and it has turned out beautiful. On the display of things we have put seaweed.

We did a lot of nice things today as well. It was nice getting all sticky and messy as well.

Tracy Allen (age 6yrs. 7mths)
Woodfield Primary.

THE SEA

Sea, oh sea,
You can't catch me.
I'm dancing about on the beach.
The waves come out
And splash about
But my toes you cannot reach.

Oh, sea, oh sea,
You're tricking me,
You sent a big wave so far.
You wet my frock,
I did get a shock,
Oh, what a bad fellow you are.

Josie Blackburn (age 9)
St. Mary's R.C. Primary.

THE SEA

The sea is like a dragon whirling in the night.
It swishes like a snake round and round—it pulls
Down boats and wrecks trees. It's got very big waves.
It's like a curly-wurly going in and out.

Martin Hughes (age 8)
St. Patrick's R.C. Primary School.

SEA SCENES

I watch the sea
Battering the rocks,
It tosses
Boats up and down
Bashing on the pier.

Overnight the sea calms,
In the morning the sun
Shines on the water,
As it ripples, trickles on
The beach,
Flashing foam on the
Low rocks.

Adrian L. Hall (age 9)
St. James C.E. Primary.

THE SEA

Rippling smoothly along golden sands,
Breaking gently as it meets the rocks,
The white horses leap and jump with the movement
and decline gently.

Fishes of the rainbow swim about.
And the rockweed sways gently on the sea bed.
Roaring and jumping
The waves fight with the rocks.
The sand has disappeared, the cliffs look bleak and deserted.
The fish are in deeper waters.
The waterweed is wrenched from its home.
The white horses enjoy it pounding and leaping.

Now the storm has died away.
The waves are calm and gentle,
The fish are in shallow waters,
People come and stand on the cliffs.
Waterweed floats on the surface of the waves.
White horses have retired to their stables in the sea,
And driftwood once again drifts dreamily by the shore.

Janet Wilkinson (age 11yrs. 2mths.)
Sacred Heart R.C. Primary.

THE SEA WOLF

The sea at night is a horrible fright,
It's like a wolf which runs
With fright through the dark and misty night.
With its teeth it gnashes away
To drown more people every day
In its dreadful punishing way,
To keep more people well away.

In the day it's lovely and gay,
As though the wolf is fast asleep.
It pounces up with a leap,
But this time it goes asleep.

Upon the sandy street of shells
Which look like merry bells.
This time it doesn't forget
In its angry sound of threat.

Michael Maye (age 12yrs. 4mths.)
St. Thomas More High School.

PICKING FLOWERS

Here is a little girl picking some flowers. She is listening to the birds sing as well. She saw two big, beautiful flowers, she waited and looked at them and then she went on her way. She saw a little cottage. She waited and looked at the little cottage, and then she went on her way. She saw a hill, so she went up the hill, and then she came down it and she thought it was fun. And she looked at the birds again and she saw lots of birds in the sky. And then she picked some more flowers again and then she went home to her mummy and daddy, and when she got home we all saw a rainbow.

Nicola Brogan (age 6yrs. 3mths.)
St. Judes R.C. Primary.

THE CRAB

There was a crab living in the shell and this shell has spots on it. It is rough inside the shell. They took its eyes out and they took its teeth out and it smells inside the shell. It has pink and brown inside the shell and on top it smells of the sea and at the edge it has lines. On the bottom of the shell it is white and on the top of the shell it is pink and brown.

Maria Butler (age 6yrs. 5mths.)
St. Andrew's C.E. Primary.

JACK FROST PAINTS THE LEAVES

Jack Frost climbs the trees and paints the leaves. He paints the grass; he has frozen the pond all over his enemy the sun. When the night comes he freezes the lake and the window-pane. But in the day, in the day-time, the sun melts him away. Then Jack finds to his dismay that he has done all his work for nothing.

David J. Green (age 7yrs. 11mths.)
Worsley Mesnes Primary.

I hate to see the hailstone.
My flower seeds will not have grown.
I'm sure the seeds will not show—
Let's not talk about grow.

Judith Stow (age 8)
St. Mary's R.C. Primary.

S M O K E

Smoke is dark and mysterious in the night. It goes up in the air, and goes round towns. It comes out of my dad's cigarettes, from chimneys and fires. You suddenly find yourself running from it. You think you are imprisoned in a cold, grey world.

Kevin Howard (age 9)
Worsley Mesnes Primary.

I LIKE . . .

I like the smell of pudding and I like tar—what a lovely smell, and roads that have just been made, and roses red. I like the the smell of sweets and fruit and the smell of orange juice. I like the smell of fields in the country and the fresh air.

Jeremy Boardman (age 7)
St. Michael's C.E. Primary.

S M E L L S

Smells, smells.

I love smells,

Smells like fish

Cooking in a dish.

I like honey

Oozing from a jar.

I don't like

The smell of tar.

I like the smell of apples

Newly ripe.

I like the smell of tobacco

Curling from a pipe.

Jonathan Crank (age 10yrs. 8mths.)
St. Cuthbert's R.C. Primary.

MY SENSES

Have you seen the sunset
Throwing its red-golden light everywhere,
The twinkling stars
Hanging in the velvet sky?

Have you heard the screech of a barn-owl
And the scream of a rat as the owl swoops and kills it?

I once touched a daffodill's trumpet,
That had fallen from its green-stalk perch,
And the softness filled me with tenderness.

Have you touched
The rough surface of a plank ?
You get splinters in your hands.
Some wood is smooth
Like the top of a desk.
A bottle is smooth too.

Taste the fizzy lemonade
It comes back up my nose.

Then there are smells—
The good smell of cooking,
The bad smell of decaying fish.

We take advantage of our senses;
We could not live without them.

Adrienne Atherton (age 10yrs. 6mths.)
St. John's R.C. Primary.

BLUE BELLS

Blue bells, blue bells,
Darking blue bells,
Light blue, dark blue
All shades too.
Dinging, donging,
All day longing,
All night longing too.

Juliette Sweeney (age 10)
Whelley Middle School.

FIRELIGHT

I like to sit by the fire and stare
At the curious things I can see there.
It's better than pictures in a picture book
To sit by the fire and look and look.

I can't see the things that Anne can see,
Anne she's seven but I'm just three.
Faces and rivers and forest and all,
Anne's enormous but I'm quite small.

But the fire makes a nice sort of creaky song
It popples as if it were running along.
It talks quite soft and it means to say
'I know a nice quiet game to play'.

I don't want to jump and I don't want to shout,
Mummy says, 'What are you thinking about?'
But I'm not thinking. I just like to sit
Quite still by the fire and stare at it.

Denise Campbell (age 11yrs. 11mths.)
Pemberton Middle School.

SILENT AND STILL

Silent and still,
No-one, no thrill.
Softly blowing wind,
No-one sinned.
Rippling stream
Like a midsummer dream.
No birds to see,
They flew away,
Never to come back,
Never to stay.
Yes, beautiful and bright
But alas—no-one in sight.

Linda Hargreaves (age 11yrs. 11mths.)
Pemberton Middle School.

A PAGE OF HAIKU BY GIDLOW MIDDLE SCHOOL

As the dam broke,
The cuckoo called the first sign of spring.
Then all was silent again.

Angela Moore.

The wind blows through the trees.
The leaves rustle.
A starling cries.

Christopher Green.

Standing in the dark
A shadow of death
Waiting there.

Patricia Griffin.

The scarlet bee
Came flying past
The eye.

Gary Southam.

A tree
Standing alone
Its blossom swaying in the breeze.

Louise Parkinson.

The startled bird
Flutters from the ground
Flying quickly away.

Lesley Sherrington.

It sways a tree
It flutters a leaf
It is the wind.

Claire Formby

SECOND YEAR PUPILS (age 11-12)

I saw a bird
Fly through the sky
With wings spread.

Jill Roby.

A leaf came rippling
Down onto the wet
Green cold grass.

Dennis Fancett.

An old man stared,
Not knowing what to make
Of the falling dead leaves.

Stewart Grant

The apple balances on the tree.
Then splat it fell,
Badly bruised.

Stephen Gore.

In the cold windy morning mist
A sparrow flutters swiftly across the morning sky,
As if it has all the time in the world.

Michael Cookson.

On an autumn morning
All is quiet.
A ripple of water.

Joe Seddon

The air is still and silent.
People walk out talking.
The beauty has gone.

White snow glinting on frozen grass
Just a solitary green blade
Now out of sight.

Susan Ainscough.

A LEAF

A leaf is smooth
when you touch it.
It feels
very smooth.
And when it grows
it is very
hard
and when
you squeeze
it
it
crunches and
breaks.

Rita Browitt (age 9)
St. Patrick's R.C. Primary.

THE TREE

He stands all alone in our back garden,
With his head swaying from side to side.
For he has nothing else to do.
I do not know what sort of tree he is,
So I call him the "all kinds of everything tree."
It looks to me as if he wants to play,
With his branches outstretched and his roots
Slowly tearing out of the ground.
He makes me feel very sad when I look
Out of the window and it is raining.
His leaves, which I call his hair;
Huddle together to keep warm.
Then the sun comes out and reflects on
The raindrops slowly dripping off his head.
And his bark turns to a dark red.
That makes me feel very happy.

My mother and father moved into this house six years ago.
The tree was there then, so I expect he is a very old man. He
must get very tired standing on the same spot for six years.
I know I would.

Linda Wilkinson (age 10yrs. 4mths.)
St. John's R.C. Primary.

THE HOLLOW TREE

The hollow tree is long and tall,
I bet little field mice go in at night.
Insects might go in too.
How big and straight it looks, and crinkly
Grass stands all around it.

Stephen Fairhurst (age 9)
St. James C.E. Primary.

A WILLOW

The weeping willow bends its head,
It sways with the music of the wind.
Its chanting hair, full of flowers,
Covers its face with its long branches.

The dark, black blankets of clouds,
Come hovering, hovering overhead,
The weeping willow is fast asleep,
While the flowers are dying.

The willow rustles. It creaks with
The weight of its hair falling,
The tree stands with wavy hair.
It's like a lovely princess.

Frances Doran (age 12yrs. 6mths.)
St. Thomas More High School.

TANTALISING!

It was a mellow day in autumn and a holiday. We were looking for adventure. Over a fence the apple trees grew heavy with lush green apples. Some children were gathering the windfalls which lay on the ground. In one corner sprawled a farm dog. He had one wary eye open and seemed to be watching over the apples and the children. The smell of ripening fruit was very tempting. For the pear trees too were drooping with large green and russet blobs. Beyond this orchard stood an old house. Through the open kitchen window came the gorgeous smell of bramble and apple jam being made.

But alas, the apple trees had wire netting around their bases to stop any would-be thieves from climbing them. Sadly we moved on.

Malcolm Bannister (age 14)
St. John Fisher R.C. High School.

THE EARTHQUAKE

The earth is shaking terribly.
People are running into the streets.
The buildings begin to fall.
The women are screaming.
Fires break out in the streets.
San Francisco has an earthquake.

The ground begins to crack,
People fall down it, never to come back.
Water pipes burst,
In the air the water goes.
Houses fall on people.
The call for help . . . no-one goes.
The water beings to overflow.

The lights go out,
No-one can see.
It is 2-15 p.m.
The shaking stops.
Then a man goes over to a person
Still calling out.
With his hands he digs the woman out.
His hands are bleeding.

A fire engine comes
To put the fires out.
They use dynamite.
There is no water.
Hundreds die and call out.
It looks terrifying.
It is all over.
The people still cry.

Peter Doherty (age 14)
St. Thomas More High School.

NEWS

The worst news of all
Is that which brings a sudden shock,
Turns a hand clammy,
Brings forth a sudden sweat.
The feelings swell up inside,
Hands, legs, whole body quivering,
Steadiness gone, composure non-existent.
Whole mind berserk, madly recalling past events—
Seeing things as they were,
Re-living the good moments.
It is like a bad dream,
Something which cannot be believed
But it is real.
It exists. It cannot be erased.
Whatever has happened can never be changed.
Once there was something—now, nothing,
Just a lingering feeling that the day will never end,
That the disappointment, the heartbreak will disappear
with the night.
That in the morning all will be well,
The way ahead clear, unclouded.

Elaine Hyland (age 17)
Whitley High School.

THE QUIET WATERS

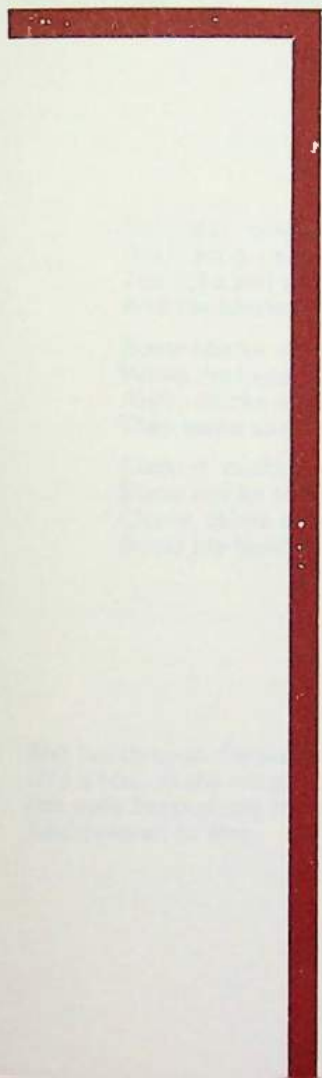
Gently flows the river,
Lapping on the banks.
My reel hums lazily
As I cast my line into shallow waters.
Plop! there is a gentle splash,
And a heedless carp rises to attack the bait.

Tense silence reigns.
I concentrate, then strike.
The quill slopes gently down.
My helpless victim barely struggles,
He meekly submits in a flurry of bubbles.

His fate accepted,
A ripple spreads across the water.
I draw in my catch
Triumphant yet somehow regretful.
The surface resumes its customary calm.

Luigi Vernazza (age 15)
St. John Fisher R.C. High School.

MAN



MADE

I like sounds. I like the sound of a train because it starts off quiet and then loud and then it fades away.

Paul Adamson (age 6yrs.)
St. Andrew's C.E. Primary.

A megaphone makes people's voices funny. I like the noise because when people have escaped from jail and they are climbing a mountain, they say, 'Come down here. We will give you ten seconds to come down from there or else we will come up there for you'.

I like a megaphone. I have heard a megaphone at the Latics' ground. That's where I hear them.

John Taylor (age 7yrs. 3mths.)
St. Andrew's C.E. Primary.

CLOCKS

Tick, tock, goes the clock,
Ding, dong, goes the gong.
The ticks and tocks rhyme
And the hands move in time.

Some clocks make a funny sound
While the hands go round and round.
Alarm clocks wake us in the morning,
They wake us up while the day is dawning.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, ding-a-ling-a-ling,
Some clocks sometimes even sing.
Clocks chime every hour,
Some are fixed up in a tower.

Pauline Melia (age 9yrs. 6mths.)
St. Patrick's R.C. Primary.

THE SHIP

She cut through the water
Like a bird on the wing.
Her sails flapped and shook
And seemed to sing.

Her bows parted the waves
That were crested with foam
She cut through the waves
To take her crew home.

Juliette Sweeney (age 10)
Whelley Middle School.

INDIA

In India long ago, four centuries ago, there lived a king. His name was King Acber the first, he was the grandfather of Sha Jain and his son was Jainger.

Delhi is the capital of India and Agra is 200 kilometres away and in Agra there is the Taj Mahal made for Sha Jain's wife when she died. Her name was Mumtaj Mahal and behind it there's the Jamana river. If you follow it there's a palace, four centuries old, made by the first king, called Agra Fort.

In India, in Delhi, we climbed a building, about 500 to 600 feet it is, and the Taj Mahal is bigger than that. We call that building Kutub Mindr. There was a king called Kutub. He made it—he wasn't so famous like Jain, Sha Jain and Acber. Acber only was king for four years. Sha Jain was good too, Jainger was good too, but Acber was very good. He was better than any one. There were about 56 kings and queens and they called it Taj Mahal from Mumtaj's name. Remember, Taj Mahal is famous throughout the world.

Shishir Lal (age 7yrs.)
Woodfield Primary.

BALLOONS

Balloons smell like smoke, some smell like glue, some smell nasty. That's what balloons smell like.

Balloons are very gay colours. The balloons are all different shapes. Some are shaped like pears and some are shaped like sausages. That's what they are shaped like.

Balloons make noises. They sound like a mouse squeaking, some sound like crisps crackling. That's what balloons sound like.

When you touch a balloon it feels very smooth and it feels very springy. That's what it feels like.

When you let go of a balloon it flies very fast and it makes a noise like a bee.

When you blow up a balloon and tie a knot in it and push it, it will float in the air.

Pamela Gee (age 7yrs. 10mths.)
Marus Bridge Primary.

TOFFEE

I like toffee. Do you?
Rock and mint and bubbles to chew,
Butterkist, crisps and aniseed curls,
Galaxy chocolate and walnut whirls.

Karen Roberts (age 12)
Whelley Middle School.

BALLOONS

The balloon floats,
It bounces on chairs and desks,
And on the back of my hand.
I flick it with my finger and thumb.
The balloon comes twizzling down.
I pop it. There's a bang,
And a piece of crumpled rubber on my hand.

There are pear shapes, orange shapes,
And sausage shapes.
There are green ones and blue ones,
And red ones and yellow.
I can see through them,
And reflections in them.
They hover and glide,
They curl and twirl.

I rub one on my hair,
And stick it on the wall.
It will stick on any sort of flat surface.
I rub it on my hair again,
And my hair stands on end
As if I was scared stiff.
There are all sorts of shapes and colours.

Anthony Byrom (age 9)
Poolstock C.E. Primary.

ELECTRICITY

Like a ring of white hot fire
Gleaming in the dark night
Shining in the sun.
Then with a touch of a hand
Darkness has begun.

Stephen Galvin (age 10)
Whelley Middle School.

The printed paper
Lay on his master giant hand,
When suddenly a match came out
And rubbed itself to the sandy weapon.
Then the excited paper came alive,
But not for long,
After a while all that was left was
A black burnt body.

Linda Holland (age 12)
Whelley Middle School.

THE FIRE

Deafening sirens blared out, two big, shiny fire engines hurled themselves down the streets. Screams of terror floated out from the flames and thick smoke wrapped itself round the six-storey building.

The crowds came in from nowhere, pouring out of stores nearby. Traffic piled up quickly, the television crew, with their cameras whirring, watched the fire with extreme intensity.

The fire spread. More fire engines were called. Again more ambulances came. Police were keeping the crowds back. The flames were roaring and the black smoke was thicker than ever. The fifteen foot flames were battling against the water. Then it died down slowly, fighting all the way.

Then everything returned to normal again and all that was left to tell the tale were two blackened shells of buildings.

Juliette Sweeney (age 10)
Whelley Middle School.

I LIKE

Supermarkets, especially the spacy ones,
I love to walk past the shelves,
Wheeling a trolley,
Seeing the lady making the numbers go on the tickets.
I think how fantastic it is to work a till,
To get the right total every time.
I also love looking about the toy section.
It is nice to see all the games,
To look upon the soldiers,
To see a lady wrap a parcel
Just for you.
The gardening section
Is my favourite section.
They have all sorts
Of tools and equipment.
They have killers and revivers,
They have tools for hoeing and tools for mowing.
There is a spade, a fork and even some chalk.
There is a man for this and a woman for that.
They have packets of seeds.
They have little ones, tall ones, gigantic ones,
They have places for this and places for that.
That's why I like a supermarket.

Michael Gaskell (age 10yrs. 2mths.)
St. John's R.C. Primary.

FROM OUR WINDOWS

Outside the classroom window
The sky is dull and grey,
And mist hangs on the hillside.
In the distance far away.

Across the street some workmen stand,
Their clothes are dry and dusty;
They carry bricks in heavy loads
Up scaffolds wet and rusty.

Nearby the trees stand still and straight,
Their branches bare and black.
And swirling smoke pours thick and grey
From every chimney stack.

Susan Darbyshire (age 12)
Whitley High School.

FORMBY BEACH

Dirty, filthy Formby sand,
I nearly cut my rotten hand.
It's very full of broken glass,
It's spread all over—what a mess.

Dirty, filthy Formby hills,
They look just like dad's cotton mills,
They are so full of bottles and cans,
They can hurt your feet and hands.

Dirty, filthy Formby beach.
Do the trainers ever teach
That sailors always must be clean?
Because it is so very mean
To pollute the sea and beach.

Dirty, filthy Formby sea,
Nobody understands that we
Must keep the sea clean, and then maybe
It will stay clean for ever to be.

Simon Ford-Powell (age 10)
Scot Lane Primary.

FORMBY BEACH

Dirty, filthy Formby beach,
Broken bottles, rusty cans,
Things that hurt your feet and hands.

Sailors throw their rubbish over
So their ships are clean and neat,
But they never stop to think
What it does to Formby beach.

There's carrot tops and cabbages,
And rusty iron too,
I wouldn't go to Formby beach
If I were you.

But besides all the rubbish,
There's lots of nice things too.
There's sand dunes and coloured rocks
And plenty of sea shells too.

Karen Porter (age 10)
Scot Lane Primary.

POLLUTED BROOK

Once fresh and clean
Now full of mud,
Now nasty and filthy
And all is polluted
Instead of good.

Mud and iron
Is stuck to the bottom
And logs and sticks
Float under the bridge
And down to the marsh.

Adrian L. Hall (age 9)
St. James C.E. Primary

THE FAIRGROUND

The different coloured dodgem cars flew around the arena, crashing into each other. People standing around shouting to the people inside. Whirling round on the car I found it very difficult to steer.

The people crushed round the coconut shy, shouting for a turn. "3 balls for 10p" shouted the owner. Although many people tried, not many prizes were won.

From the many food stalls, rose a smell of candy floss, hot-dogs, toffee apples, hamburgers and everything that makes you hungry.

The helter-skelter made you feel funny as you went round and round and down and down. The long climb to the top was worth it when you slithered down and landed with a bump at the bottom.

The ghost ride was very scary. Skeletons and cobwebs brushed past you and eerie noises kept sounding. There were doors that opened suddenly and I was glad to get out again.

The big wheel went round and round and up and down. When I was on top I thought I was going to fall off and then it swooped down again.

Timothy Peacock (age 12)
Gidlow Middle School.

THE FAIR

I like to go round the fair,
On the roundabouts and everywhere.
I fly in the aeroplanes
Up high in the air.
I ride the horses clutching their manes
High and low on golden chains.
Red horses, yellow horses, blue and cream.
Then on to the waltzer to laugh and scream.
Music is playing
Lights are blazing
My father is paying
Whilst I am playing.

Fiona Tate (age 9yrs. 6mths.)
St. Cuthbert's R.C. Primary.

THE EMPTY STADIUM

The echoing sound of past cheers from hysterical fans roams round the stadium like a lonely ghost. The light breeze disturbs odd scraps of waste paper; the iron girders stand like giants overlooking the dismal pitch. They seem to rule the whole scene. The pitch is worn and trampled. Lumps of turf stick up in the air; the grass looks dead as if it's sick of iron studs and sweat and blood. All the pressures of a match have recently been turned on, but now is the time to rest.

As I look more closely the scene is vague with mist, the darkness is coming on. No point in just watching what looked like a stadium, but the mist seeps through everything, so I decide to leave the stadium for another day.

Paul Gavaghan (age 14yrs. 4mths.)
St. Thomas More R.C. High School.

SECRET SERVICE

I got up the endless steps leading to the place above. I ran to the very end, but alas, I was seen through the tell-tale mirror. The man in the blue clothes had a secret number on his lapel and a strange, dangerous machine at his waist. I also saw a cap on his head with that same secret number.

He gave me a green card, and suprisingly, left me. I stared at the ground slowly moving away from me through the window.

Then I went down, very suspiciously.

That agent was still there. Then everything stopped. The glass-rimmed doors slid open and I gave the ticket to the bus conductor and waved goodbye.

Mahboob Mohamed (age 13)
Whelley Middle School.

FISH & CHIPS

I would like to state categorically that I'm dead against the plot to wipe Fish & Chip shops off the map.

Of course, I could be wrong, but when people on the radio say things like, 'Now that Chow Mein has more or less taken over from Fish & Chips . . . (or) . . . Frogs Legs and Chips because of the Common Market'. Well, you've really got to protest.

Nowadays my idea of the perfect evening is to put on my best shirt, borrow a couple of Woodbines from my mother's packet on the mantelpiece and get myself off to the pictures.

Afterwards, and best of all, I'd call in for some fish and chips on the way home. Walking along the High Street, on a miserable night, all the other shops would be in darkness, but the bright lights from the 'Chippy' and the warm smell—it was like an oasis in the desert. With supper wrapped in last week's 'Sun', I would hang around the outside until the last greasy chip has gone and then, and only then, would I get myself home to bed.

Jeffrey Lea (age 15)
Mesnes High School.

HAVING A GO

One day during the holidays. I lay in bed convincing myself very successfully that it wasn't time to get up. Then 'Knock, Knock'. I listened intently trying to recognise the voice. My mother answered the door. I heard someone say breathlessly, 'Is David in?' and before she could shame me by saying, 'He's still in bed.' I hastened to yell out, 'Hang on John, I won't be a minute'.

I quickly threw on my clothes and practically tumbled downstairs. My mother had left the front door open and I saw John standing there, obviously impatient. Before I could ask him what he wanted, he blurted out, 'Hurry up, we've got something to show you. The rest of the lads are doing it up now.' I told him to come in and wait while I had breakfast. As I stuffed down my toast he explained what 'it' was. I nearly choked with excitement as we tore down to the garages.

There it stood—a rusty old wreck—but to me and the lads it was as good as brand new. A motor bike! They explained where they had got it from, but I was only interested in trying it out. Everyone was eager to have first ride. Carl was the oldest so he got the privilege.

He kicked the bike into life. It whined as though it was in pain and the shrill scream of the exhaust pierced my eardrums. Carl put the bike into gear. The engine spluttered and the decrepit machine reluctantly moved forward. Three laps round the block was our ration. It was my turn next. I know how to handle a motor bike in theory, but I had never actually ridden one. I kicked it up again. It groaned, perhaps with anger and resentment at being so roughly treated. 'Why can't you leave me in peace?' it seemed to say. Nevertheless I punched it into gear as there was no clutch on the bike. Slowly I let out the throttle, put my foot down, and we were away.

I immediately felt the wind lashing my face and rushing through my hair. The bike must have been going fairly fast because my foot was right down on the accelerator. Soon I began to feel a tingling sensation running in spasms up my arms. My feet were vibrating.

Even though it was a thrilling experience, and I was loving every minute of it, I still had a nagging doubt at the back of my mind. Supposing the police should stop me? I was imagining myself a speed-king. It was all so fantastic. Then my dreams were shattered when my first ride on a motor bike came to an unexpected and rather ignominious end.

The petrol ran out! In our excitement and eagerness to have a go we'd forgotten to fill her up. The bike came to a standstill outside the local police station.

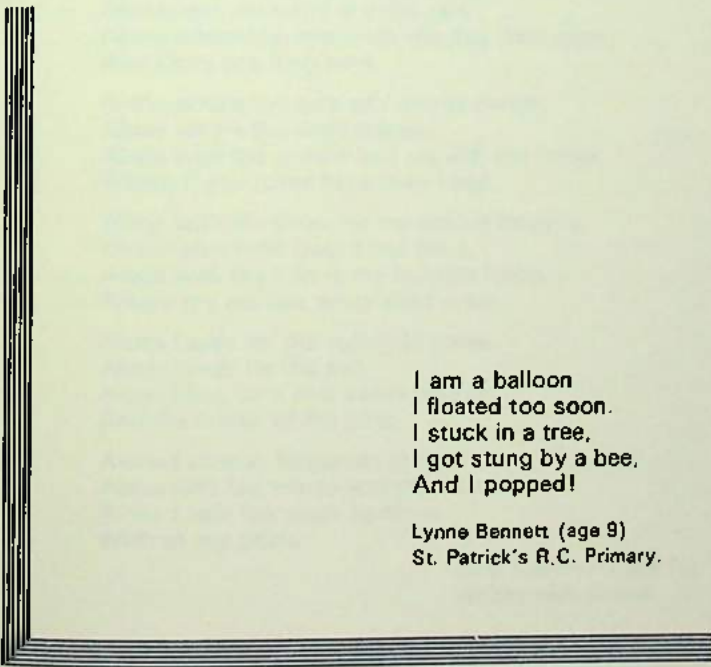
David Sullivan (age 14)
St. John Fisher R.C. High

TAKING A CHANCE

We left our house at nine o'clock
For a dare-devil outing in an old crock.
Our driver, a guy by name Harry Monk,
Whose latest jalopy's a pile of junk,
Lurched out of his gate with a confident grin
As he put into gear his good old 'has-been'.
The engine started to splutter and cough,
Half-a-mile up the road the fan belt flew off.
We tied it on with a piece of string
For we'd lost the nut and the piston ring.
The neighbours all began to stare,
But none offered help. Why should they care?
For the next two hours we tied up the wires,
Fixed the clutch and checked the tyres.
At last with a cheer we zoomed away
And managed to get to Morecambe Bay.
In vain did we search for lunch in the boot—
Roast ham and cold sausage were covered in soot!
At 6-0 p.m. we settled for tea
And decided to picnic by the sea.
But Harry said grimly, "We'll have to make tracks."
Our contraption we'd parked, out of sight, in the backs.
So, crossing our fingers we all piled in,
And rumbled away. What a terrible din.
The doors and the windows they rattled like mad,
I thought of the warnings predicted by dad.
At long last we turned into Wigan Lane,
A place which we thought we'd ne'er see again.
While bumping and jogging, "Thank heavens," I said,
"There's home sweet home, and old Harry's shed."

James Duffy (age 15)
St. John Fisher R.C. High School.

IN THE MIND'S EYE



I am a balloon
I floated too soon.
I stuck in a tree,
I got stung by a bee,
And I popped!

Lynne Bennett (age 9)
St. Patrick's R.C. Primary.

PRAYER BEFORE BIRTH

I am not yet born.
Do not let me kill or be killed.
Oh! do not unwind me nor confine me to death.
God hear me.

I am not yet born.
Let me live a long life,
Let me be patient, joyous and good,
Please Lord do, there is only you,
Please Lord do.

I am not yet born.
Don't let me live a living death,
By the light of life and death,
Don't, please don't.

Alan Piper (age 10)
Whelley Middle School.

THE TREE

Alone I stand in the barren waste,
Alone with the wind and the rain,
Alone where the man with the dog doth roam,
And life is one long pain.

Alone where the ants and lizards dance,
Alone where the devil sleeps,
Alone with the gnome and the old, old crone,
Where the witches have their keep.

Alone with the snow on my aching boughs,
Alone where the frost bites deep,
Alone with the pain in my twisted limbs,
Where my old oak wood doth creak.

Alone I wait for the spring to come,
Alone I wait for the sun,
Alone I beg for a soft warm breeze,
And the colour of the birds.

Alone I cherish forgotten things,
Alone with the winds and the rains,
Alone I face the years to come,
With all my pains.

Janet Boardman (age 14)
Whitley High School.

A WINDY DAY

I was on a boat one day
When the wind blew me far away,
Then we stuck sand
And a few miles away I sighted land.

I was on the shore one day
When a seagull was washed up in the bay
With oil on its wing,
And all of a sudden it flew away with the wind.

Adrian Burns (age 8)
St. Mary's R.C. Primary.

THE MIDNIGHT HUNT

One night when the moon was out I went hunting. Leaving the village behind, I made for the jungle. As I left the clearing where the village stood, I left the moonlight behind me.

It was dark and I was a little frightened, but, as my wife and children were hungry, I walked quietly on. I had not seen or found anything and I was disappointed so I climbed up a palm tree. I found a comfortable position and waited to see if I could see anything. I did.

Stalking along in the shadows, I saw a tiger, she was very beautiful; even though she was pretty I was frightened when I saw those muscles on her shoulders and her great jaws and legs which could tear a man apart. I watched her walk along so quietly that for a moment I forgot I had come hunting.

After a few moments I remembered my purpose, so I followed her. 'She will surely find something', I thought. I wet my finger and held it up to find which way the wind was blowing. I eagerly but carefully followed her and after about ten minutes she scented something. Cautiously she went nearer. Then she reared up. My chance! I shot the deer with my bow and arrow. The tiger was angry but she was also afraid. She gave a double backward somersault in the air and ran back into the jungle.

I triumphantly returned home with the deer.

Cheryl McNamee (age 10)
Whelley Middle School.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

On the rocky ground Goliath stood,
With a big sword in his hand,
He looked as fierce as he could,
And David there with his sling,
Looking up at the fierce, ugly thing.
Goliath wore a smile on his face,
He didn't show any sign of grace,
I don't think Goliath believed in love
And in the Lord up above.

They were both stood face to face,
Then Goliath took a pace,
Suddenly he threw his spear,
But David showed no sign of fear.
He picked up a rock from the river bed
And slung it at Goliath's head.
And then Goliath fell down dead.

Kim West (age 10yrs. 8mths.)
Marsh Green Primary.

MY ADVENTURE

It was a Tuesday night and I listened to the church bells in the distance. Eventually I went to sleep. At about 12 o'clock I woke up. I was always a bit scared at night to get out of bed and walk about on the landing, but it happened that I had the courage that time. I went out on the landing and paced about and then back to my room. Just as I got in, I heard footsteps on the stairs. I got into bed and the footsteps stopped outside the bedroom. I turned over and the door creaked. A few minutes later the footsteps went on. I got out of bed and just saw a figure, a shadowy figure going round the corner. Then I heard it going back down the stairs and I heard the click of a door. My father and mother next morning said it wasn't them.

Jonathan Grieves-Smith (age 11)
Blue Coat C.E. Primary.

REVELS IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

It was midnight, October 31st, the night of Hallowe'en, a night of mist and drizzle. The resonant boom of the village clock echoed amongst the tombstones. The black lamenting sky was waiting for the bell's bronze blood to be flung over the silent countryside. This ancient clock had proclaimed the time on the village green for hundreds of years. Strike by strike it ponderously pealed out eleven solemn notes. On this particular night there seemed to be a dramatic pause before the twelfth. In the next moment all Hell was let loose.

Shrieks and howls and piercing laughter filled the air. The weirdest sight you ever imagined took place. Ghostly bodies rose from the graves. Witches swooped from the sky, toothless old hags on broomsticks. Cackling and croaking, they settled in a circle and muttered amongst themselves, heads bent close together. One enormous black tom-cat, spitting and hissing, with arched back and curling tail prowled around the circle. A flurry of bats zoomed overhead, whistling and squeaking as they swooped low between the trees.

A travelling tinker, an eccentric character, well-known in those parts, hobbled into the churchyard. On the road to the next fair, he had heard the commotion and decided to investigate. His eyes opened and he gasped in horror. Rigid and petrified he watched the spine-chilling scene until he recognised a soul he knew, the ghost of the village blacksmith who had died the previous year. The tinker tried to speak to him, but the words wouldn't come. The witches, sensing an intruder, turned and cackled at him. One pointed a skinny finger and another shook her broomstick. The tinker made for his horse and cart, cracked his whip and started up as fast as his sleepy horse would move.

The witches jumped on their broomsticks and flew after him. The tinker did his best to beat them off. One of them pulled at his horse's tail. The horse whinnyed loudly and reared. Another stabbed at its flank with a knitting needle. A third one pulled its ears. The tinker passed out in sheer fright as a fourth witch flapped around his face, murderously poking at his eyes with the handle of her broom.

The tinker tells me he has no recollection of what happened next or how he got home that night. The next morning when he woke up, he thought he must have had a bad dream, but when he went to feed his horse, he found that it had no tail. No tail? Its flank was torn and bleeding. Its ears were out of shape. The poor old thing looked badly knocked about..

Next time he passed the graveyard, both he and his horse shivered as they noticed a few old grave-stones leaning drunkenly.

John Andrews (age 14)
St. John Fisher R.C. High School.

FOG IS THE KILLER

The bus stopped with a screech of brakes, "I'm not going any further in this fog," said the bus driver, "I can't see a thing."

"Huh," said a grumpy business man impatiently, "If we're going to be here till this fog lifts, I'm going to see if I can find a toilet," and he jumped off the bus into the grey darkness and began to grope about for a toilet.

Ten minutes went by and the man still had not come back. Half-an-hour went by; the fog was lifting now and the driver, thinking that the man had found a lift, drove the bus to its destination.

But that was not the story, for the man, unable to find a toilet had climbed over what he thought was a gate leading to a field, but found out only too late that it was a bridge over the M.1.

Richard Cuddings (age 10yrs. 9mths.)
Sacred Heart R.C. Primary.

MY FUNNY STORY

Once upon a time there was a man who ate his meals on a chair and sat on a table. He slept under the bed. His name was McJonah McBean McHarry Balloon Face, and he ate from a cup and drank from a plate. His pet was an elephant. He had his chimney on the floor and the carpet on the ceiling. His friend was a lion. His elephant was called Hot Cocoa and his friend was called Porridge Face and they lived in the lion's cage.

Peter Darbyshire (age 7)
St. Aidan's R.C. Primary.

*Dracula's Dwelling,
Graveyard Estate,
Fangfurlong,
Coffinsure.
Tel. 00000
23½-13-01*

Dear Werewolf,

Would you like to come to a Coffin Warming Party, because everybody will be there and we'll have a bloody good time.

We'll also have some games, for instance, Swallow My Leader and Pass the Dynamite. So are you coming? I would like your answer soon. Also bring your ghoul-friend if possible and a couple of friends.

*It is on Thursday the 29th at 12-00 p.m. in the castle.
(We're only here for the fear!)*

Yours horribly,

COUNT DRACULA.

*O Ghastly Grove,
Bloodshed Estate,
Fangfurlong,
Coffinsure.*

Dear Count,

I will gladly accept your invitation to your Coffin Warming Party and I will also bring my ghou-friend. I will bring Frankie Stein, Bartholomew Bones and Colin Coffin from Horronation Street. I hope you won't mind if I have a fit because too much blood and intestines turns me upside down. So you won't mind if you lose a couple of friends will you?

Well, I'll see you on Thursday.

Yours bloodthirstily,

W. WEREWOLF.

Keith Melling (age 13)
Whelley Middle School.

When I have a house of my own
I'll keep in it :
One obedient octopus,
Two tremendous tortoises,
Three talking toucans,
Four fierce frogs,
Five frightened foxes,
Six slippery seals,
Seven sobbing sheep,
Eight enormous eagles,
Nine naughty newts,
Ten tall tadpoles,
Eleven entertaining elephants
And twelve tame tigers.
That's what I'll keep in a house of my own.

Andrew Ellison.

One orange ostrich,
Two tatty teachers,
Three talking turnips,
Four fancy fantails,
Five fat flies,
Six smelling socks,
Seven silver stones,
Eight extra elephants,
Nine interesting insects,
Ten tiny tigers,
Eleven elderly eagles
And twelve trembling trifles

Karen Swash.

Class Junior Two (age 8-9)

When I have a house of my own
I'll keep in it :
One old oven,
Two thin toads,
Four fearsome rhinos,
Five fiddling foxes,
Six shivery shrimps,
Seven slippery seals,
Eight enormous earwigs,
Nine nervous caterpillars,
Ten tremendous televisions,
Eleven eager elves
And twelve tapdancing tadpoles.
That's what I'll keep in a house of my own.

Janet Sellars.

One hairy horrible horse,
Two daring, dashing dogs,
Three crying curly cats,
Four midget, magic mice,
Five pale, pecking parrots,
Six large, laughing lions,
Seven calm, cautious cocks,
Eight darling, dear ducks,
Nine grabbing, grunting gorillas,
Ten moaning, modest monkeys,
Eleven chewing, cheating camels
And twelve kicking, kissing kangaroos.

Anita Rylance.

NONSENSE

I am scrambling across the floor
With a dirty little boar,
And a brother like a spoon
On a Sunday afternoon,
And a teddy for the law
With a cat without a claw
And a dog without a paw.

I am standing in the tar
With a cabbage for a car
And a pub without a bar.
There's a bucket full of jam
And a lid without a pan.
There is nothing but a clam
In the stomach of a man.
There's a lake without a bank
And a soldier without rank,
Standing in a bank
Waiting for a taxi
To go and buy a maxi.

Gary Bromilow (age 9)
Beech Hill Primary.

WHITE HORSES

They galloped along the field free. They had escaped. The hay was swaying in the breeze of the night, and there, trees were creaking. Dark clouds overhung the sky and soon a clap of thunder, followed by a flash of lightning lit up the sky. The horses bucked and reared wildly, they were frightened.

They ran everywhere. Trees fell before them and soon the rain started. They were petrified and ran and ran, none stopping until they were in sight of the paddock.

The owners were distressed at the behaviour of the horses and were glad it was all over.

Julie McDonald (age 12yrs. 6mths.)
Pemberton Middle School.

THE POEM OF THE HILLS

On the hills at night, the moon shines bright.
I saw a lady dressed in white.
The night was dark, the moon was bright,
I saw that lady again tonight.

Tonight's the night when the moon shines bright,
To see that lady dressed in white.
Tonight I saw the lady twice,
But she was dressed in black and white.

Diane Rothwell (age 9yrs. 10 mths.)
St. Patrick's R.C. Primary.

THE THREE GOBLINS

Once upon a time there were three goblins and their names were Hop, Skip and Jump. There was a king and he had lost his daughter and he was looking for some people to go and find her, and the three goblins said that they would go out of the town of goblins and look for her. They went out of the town and they thought that witch Green-eyes had got her. And they had to go on a train.

The station was called Fiddle-sticks Station and they got on the train and when they got there they got such a fright when they saw the land because they saw a massive bird over them and it swooped down and it caught all three of them in its beak and it took them to a castle made of toffee, and they were so surprised at what they saw. The bird dropped them down into the castle where witch Green-eyes lived and they saw the daughter of the king scrubbing the floor. The witch took them prisoner and when it was night-time they escaped when the witch was asleep, and they freed the king's daughter and when they got back to town the king was very happy.

Stephen Graydon (age 7yrs. 6mths.)
Woodfield Primary.

WITCHY

Witchy, witchy, witchy whoo,
All the witches make their brew.
At twelve o'clock the witches sing,
Happiness they think they bring.

But as we all know,
They frighten us even more.

Deborah Wood (age 8)
St. Mary's R.C. Primary.

S L E E P

Sleep baby, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Here comes the dustman to peep, peep, peep.
In your eyes he will put dust,
I'm sure your eyes will not rust.
So sleep, baby, sleep.

Judith Stowe (age 8)
St. Mary's R.C. Primary.

LAND OF THE GIANTS

If I were in the land of the giants, I would ask where the toyshop was then instead of opening the door, I would sneak under the door and climb on the shelf. First I would look for the toy cars. I would open the box and climb down and get inside the toy car and drive away. When I arrived home, my parents would say, "Where did you get that car from?" I would say, "Nowhere, mum."

John Ashcroft (age 8)
Worsley Mesnes Primary.

THE SPELL

Dubble, scrubble, long hair grown
Turn this girl into an ugly stone.
Gizzard, wizard, snow and blizzard
Two girls like tongue-tied lizards.
Snow fall, sun come out,
Make this stone roll round about,
Make the stone roll down the street,
Over the fields and into streams,
Girls, boys, they all will touch,
And turn them ugly—very much,
While I will dance round the fire flame
Singing 'I am witch
And called Shame, Shame, Shame'.

Pauline Ledwith (age 12yrs. 4mths.)
St. Thomas More R.C. High School.

HARRY'S BEE

Once there was a man called Harry. He grew the biggest roses in England. One was as big as a large cabbage. Harry heard a buzzing sound coming from the rose. He saw the biggest bee he had ever seen. It was almost as big as a cat.

The bee said to Harry, "My name is Buzzie," and with that he dived into the rose.

When the rose faded, Harry gave the bee some honey, he made a bee basket for Buzzie and they went on a journey by train. The ticket collector came, he turned pale when he saw Harry's bee. In fact, everybody went off the train in fear. Nobody was left on the train.

Buzzie the bee wanted to see the Prime Minister but the Prime Minister would not let them in. So they went to a park. They saw a little boy in the park. The boy said, "Why don't you go to the Natural History Museum? They did.

The man said, "You are not the biggest bee in England, you are the biggest bee in all the world."

Carl Hilton (age 9 yrs. 5mths.)
St. George's C.E. Primary School.

HOW THE SUN GOT INTO THE SKY

Long, long ago,
Up in the heavens,
There lived a hen,
Not an ordinary hen,
This hen was burning,
She laid hundreds of burning eggs,
Not one as hot as herself.
She and her chicks
Ruled the gods for millions of years.

The hen had many exciting adventures,
No gods dared come near her,
For fear of being burned to death.
Then one day she laid an egg,
Round instead of oval,
It was much better than the other eggs,
The ordinary eggs were just plain yellow,
Yet this one was brilliantly coloured,
With golds, reds and purples.

After a few weeks,
It had burned up all the other eggs,
And even the hen herself.
But with all its heat,
It could not hatch itself,
It went bobbing round the universe,
For a million years,
Then it suddenly stopped.
All the other planets were frightened,
They started circling and bowing to the sun
(Which was the name they gave it).
They have done so ever since.

Anthony Highton (age 10yrs. 7mths.)
St. John's R.C. Primary.

THE SEA

Once upon a time
I had a little boat,
I sold it for a thousand pounds
And a mountain goat.

I got a ship
With the goat and money,
And I got sixty thousand lemons
And a hundred jars of honey.

I set off for an island
Which no-one had explored.
To get off my ship
You go down the gangway board.

When I reached my island
I saw a winkle shell.
I saw a shiny star
In the shape of a bell.

I saw some men
I climbed up a tree.
They were funny looking men,
What a funny sight to see.

So I ran back to my ship
And I sailed far away.
I got home late that night.
What an adventurous day.

I told all my friends
What had happened to me.
I told them about the men
And what was in the tree.

I told them about my ship
And everything I heard.
When I finished my adventures
They didn't believe a word.

Simon Fullelove (age 8)
St. Mary's R.C. Primary.

WALK ON A STRANGE PLANET

I saw a tree
A tree with blue fruit.
There was a hole
The hole opened up further.
There were mountains
There were big mountains.
There was water
There was yellow water.
There were fish
There were fish like snakes.
There was an aircraft
Coming down to land.

Martin Colbenson (age 8)
St. Aidan's R.C. Primary.

THE PREHISTORIC MONSTER

The prehistoric monster has huge historic teeth,
They look like peaks from miles away and scales
are underneath.

It kills its prey with sudden might
And gorges in the misty night.

The prehistoric monster has huge historic teeth,
No person dare go near it, no person dare go there,
An animal of frightening view,
Don't let this beast come near to you.

John Maloney (age 10)
St. Jude's R.C. Primary.

ANIMAL

Here it comes with bottles clashing,
Making trees and rocks go crashing.
Red in colour with yellow spots,
Showing the fifty teeth it's got.
Chomping at the rocks in pain,
Fighting the torrential rain.
It tramps heavy on the ground,
Shaking rocks and trees all round.

Mary Wynne (age 12)
Whelley Middle School

IN THE FUTURE

It is the year 1989,
The world has changed
In very many ways.
No trees grow.
Roads melt.
Cascading sun shines.
The earth is dead.
Buildings crowd into the sky.
Transport has gone for eternity.
The moon will not be full.
Dogs howl all night long.
Bats screech.
The sky, sun and stars guard the day.
Fashions change,
Long dresses for ladies,
And even for men.

Flowers grow to great sizes.
Cocks crow not.
Tractors roar instead.
Elephants are dead.
The fox, lion, tiger, all are dead.
Things change so much,
Children have no parents,
They are all alone.

Christine Sharkey (age 10yrs. 9mths.)
St. John's R.C. Primary.

ANIMAL

All the items in this book were written by pupils in Wigan schools between September 1972 and May 1973 as part of their normal school work. The selection is my own personal choice—sometimes for the sake of one word, or one phrase which seemed to me exactly right.

This book is for those who made it possible, the pupils and staff of Wigan schools. Thank you.

BERYL WHYATT

Teacher/Adviser for English.

WIGAN, June, 1973.
