

Poetry Series

Pamela Iutwyche
- poems -

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Pamela Iutwyche(30.01.1953)

I am a 57 year old mother of two young men. I have two beautiful grandchildren, Max six and Jay three, whom I love dearly. I work for a department store. I have worked there for eight years; it's a good company to work for. I have been writing children's stories/ poems for a very long time. If I ever win any money, I would love to get some of the poems on this site into print, as I think there are some fantastic poems by some good poets. I like funny poems I'm not too fond of poems that make me feel sad.

"William Can Not Go To School Today"

William can not go to school today, he is not feeling very well. He says he has a headache so he is staying in bed for the rest of the day. Mum has given him a hot water bottle and put some tissues by his side because he can not stop sneezing and his bones ache as well.

Poor William no football for him today; he can't even go out to play. He can not go on his bike, until he is feeling all right and that might take a day or two, mum as phoned the doctor and thinks its flu;

Mum

Our poor William

What a to do

I think he has come down with flu

Not like him to stay in bed

But he will have too

No more to be said! !

William

I can't go to school today

I can't even go out to play

I have got something wrong with me

Something in side you can not see

I have got to stay here in bed

Until all this pain has gone

Out of my head

The doctor coming in a minuet or two

My mum said she thinks its flu

Doctor

Plenty to drink

Plenty of rest

Before you feel

Very you're best

Eat an apple every day

Too try to keep me away...

Pamela lutwyche

A Feather Fight Tournament

When I found out about the feather fight,
I was very excited! You see.
I have always wanted a feather fight.
I really hope they pick me.

I was given a lovely feather.
one I will never give away.
I will always keep that feather,
for ever and a day.

My opponent had a blue feather
mine was dashing pink.
But, he turned out to be a cheater,
because his was dipped in ink.

I was ready with my feather,
I held it in my hand.
But then, I was distracted, by a great, big, brass band.

He knocked me down with his feather.
I never thought he would do that to me.
The feather was as strong as lead,
I thought I had a stronger head.
But, how wrong could I be.

I tickled him with my feather.
I tickled him until he cried.
I tickled him until he yelled "stop".
Then I ran away to hide.

I saw him through the window,
he knew that I was there.
He charged at the window,
feathers every where.

I ran out side to tickle him,
feather at arm's length.
But, I missed him by half a mile
I hit a wooden bench.

He came at me from around the side,
and tickled me on my back

I turned to look at him and then he gave me such a whack.
We are teddy bears from the teddy bear race
we wear our feathers with pride.

We wear our feathers attached to our face,
we definitely don't want them to hide.

The ones we use for fighting are much larger in every way.
There is always a feather tournament held once a year on this day.
Face to face now, feathers poised and at the ready. After the count of three are
you ready, steady, teddies, Go

Pamela lutwyche

A Congregation Of Angels, Harmonizing With The Daffodils

As I was walking through a wood, I came across a clearing, there on a hillside my eyes met a vision. There were thousands of golden daffodils. Each flower had an angel sitting by its side and they were softly blowing into the trumpet of the bloom. Their wings were fluttering with the sway of the breeze and they were wearing colourful delicate silks, which enhanced the different golden heads of the flowers. The gentle music caressed my ears.

I stood in wonderment listening to a sound I had never heard before. A congregation of angels harmonized with the trumpets of the daffodils.

I watched as one by one the angels slowly ascended towards heaven. The music slowly getting softer until the very last angel was left standing there. She looked at me and with a sparkle and a twinkle she was gone...

What beautiful flowers the daffodils are,
with trumpets for a heart.

The angels knew how to harmonize,
with those blooms,
Right from the very start.

They did not have to learn,
that was plain to see,
I am really glad I heard it all.
I am glad they played for me.

Pamela lutwyche

A Witch Sat In Her Rocking Chair! !

CHRISSAM WITCH
SAT IN HER ROCKING CHAIR
WITH A SNAKE IN HER HAND
SHE WAS GOING NO WHERE

HER BROOM SWEEP, WALKED OUT
HE'D HAD ENOUGH
HE GOT TIRED OF FLYING
HE WENT AND STOOD IN THE CORNER
IN A HUFF.

SHE GETS READY NOW
TO MAKE HER SPELL
SHE WANTS TO MAKE
HER BROOM FEEL WELL.

IN THE CAULDREN SHE DOES PUT
A SNAKE, A SNAIL,
HALF AN OUNCE OF SOOT.

SHE GAVE IT A STIR AND SHE LET IT BUBBLE
AND THEN SHE'LL HAVE
NO MORE TROUBLE.

CHRISSAM

Chrissam the witch was sitting in her rocking chair, with a snake in her hand, wondering what to do! Her broom, Sweep had gone on strike. She could hear Sweep who was standing in the corner muttering to himself, about how fed up he was.

He was saying, "Flying here, flying there, carrying this and carrying that, on long cold nights, what a job to have! Well I am not going to fly any where, any more, any time, I will not."

Chrissam did not know why Sweep was acting this way; he had been fine up until two days ago. The two of them had just come back from a flying trip and that's when Sweep had started getting bad tempered.

"What is the matter with you Sweep?" Chrissam asked.

"I am tired of flying; it is always cold when we go out at night. Stui warlock's broom, Brush, has a lovely new coat to keep him warm, a brown one to match his bristles, for night time flying. Stui was saying he is going to get Brush a new scarf as well, a striped one, so when Brush goes flying he will look very smart indeed. All the other brooms want coats and I want one as well."

"Oh, so, that's what wrong with you," said Chrissam in a surprised voice. "Why didn't you just ask me for one?"

"Well, I wanted to wait until the right time and the right time is now."

"If a new coat will help you fly again, then a new coat you shall have." She said

Chrissam would conjure up a spell for a new coat and scarf for Sweep and a little something for herself! You see Chrissam was a very pretty little witch, with a straight nose, a curvy chin and the bluest eyes you ever did see, but, for witches that's not really very good. What she really wanted to have was a crooked nose, a big hairy wart, green eyes, green teeth to match her eyes, maybe a shade lighter than her eyes, a pointed chin and greying skin, then all the other witches would truly believe she was one of the ugliest witches that they ever did see. How wonderful!

She got ready to make her spell, but just at that moment she caught sight of a spider, she loved spiders there were already two living in her hat. They had made a web from the brim of her hat to the top of her hat and very nice it looked too. She changed the colour of the web with a spell each day, to match the clothes she was wearing. Today she was wearing a long purple skirt, purple top, black shawl, bright yellow boots and green a hat, so today's colour for the web was blue. Chrissam picked up the spider and put it with the other two in her hat.

Now she was ready to make her spell.

When she made her spell, Sweep was quite well!

Pamela lutwyche

Airborn The Train

I have adventures to tell you read on please do you will smile as you read the story that I am telling you. It's full of fun and laughs too. It's my story and it's all quite true.

Airborne that's my name I dream of being an aerotrain.

I long to be- I want to be- I will be an aerotrain.

One day I will make it, I really know I will and when that day comes it will give me such a thrill. I will toot my horn and sound my bell and my passengers will know all is well. If something happens and a tree should fall on the track I will just take to the sky. What do you think of that? You will see me way up high flying with the birds in the clear blue sky

My name is Airborne. I will be flying in the clouds
Smiling wide and looking so proud

I long to be- I want to be- I will be an aerotrain.

Come on people come aboard take a seat please do please, don't worry if we are on a track or way up in the in the sunny blue. I am a train plane. I am something you have never seen before, but once you have ridden in me, you will come back for some more.

I long to be- I want to be- I will be an aerotrain.

Pamela lutwyche

Amo's Surprise Party

Put a picture in your mind of a rabbit's birthday party, this happened two weeks ago, hold that picture.

Two weeks ago, Amo's friends got together and gave him a birthday surprise party. Amo is the rabbit in the picture. Clarabelle, the pixie, thought his ears were so soft that she kept stroking them all the time. Everyone thought his ears were just beautiful, look at how big they are.

There was dancing and singing at the party, such happiness all around, it was a hot summer's day and it was very enjoyable. As the sun went down we lit the lanterns and the party carried on. All of us put together and bought Amo a shooting star, we wrapped it up and it did look very grand. We put it in a big glass jar and tied it with a red bow. The instructions on the tag said you must keep me for one week, then you must let me go, just remember to make a wish, it might come true, you know!

Amo "What a wonderful rabbit you are! "

Amo's friends came from near and far,
to give him lots of birthday treats,
Amo is the rabbit in the picture of course,
and I think his ears reach, nine feet.

Clarabelle kept stroking him,
she would not leave him alone,
Clarabelle said to me!
"I would Love to take Amo home".

As the sun went down,
we lit the lanterns there.
The lanterns were in the shapes,
of owls and teddy bears,

We were drinking and feasting, having a little chat.
We fairies love to party,
We just love - having fun,
We love to dress in our finest
and put tiaras on,

We all put together and bought Amo
a shooting star.

we wrapped it up; it looked, very grand,
we put it in a, big, glass jar.

Amo, you kept it for one week,
then, you had to let it go,
and we really hope you're special Wish comes true,
I think you know; we really do;
hope your wish comes true.

Pamela lutwyche

Are You A Millionaire Yet! !

"Are you a millionaire yet, " He said to me,
with a smirk on his face, that I could defiantly see

"No not yet, but one day I will be,
I don't know quite when,
I don't know when it will happen,
But, I can feel it in my bones.
That one day, I will have a lot of dough,
maybe tomorrow, I don't quite know,

And when will you, be a millionaire, "
I said, to him with a glare,

"Maybe never, or who knows I may be,
maybe my numbers will come up, we have yet to see."
Until that day I become a millionaire
I will give my money away

To the national lottery oh yeah! ! ! !

Pamela lutwyche

As The Clock Struck Midnight

As the clock struck midnight,
the parcel did arrive,
It was the size of a coffin,
It took me by surprise!

I never knew the post office,
delivered things that late,
but, being a polite person,
I signed for it and said, 'thank you mate'.

They put it in the hall way,
I went off the bed, and then
I heard this screaming,
Which at first, I thought was in my head.

I crept down the stairs,
just in time to see,
the lid of the parcel, opening,
it scared the day lights out of me.

This thing sat up, and then, I could see,
it had come to sink its teeth in me,
but, it was handsome; it put me in its spell,
Now I live with it and its pure HELL.

So, if you get a delivery at midnight,
What are you going to do?

Pamela lutwyche

Balloon Lady

There was an old lady
She went up in a balloon,
She went to have a dance
With the man from the moon,
When she got there
Oh what a surprise,
An orchestra
Of a massive size!
When she came back
She told everyone
Oh, how they laughed
And sniggered, and said
"Oh, you are a one! "
So, next year she is going once more
And she will make sure she takes a
CAMERA

Balloon Lady

There was once a lady, her name was Ivy and all her life she imagined going to the moon and having a dance with the man from the moon, except she did not quite know how she would travel there.

She had a map that belonged to her grandpa. The map showed the way through the stars going right to the moon. Grandpa was once a pirate of the stars and he used to tell Ivy of his adventures and his friend from the moon. His stories sounded so good that Ivy just had to go and visit and see for herself.

So, one afternoon she sat down and thought how she could get there. She thought about a big balloon sailing up towards the moon. With the help of her friends they could sew the biggest balloon anyone had ever seen in their lives. The colour would have to be pink as this was Ivy's favourite colour.

She went to ask her friends if they would all help her and they said they would.

The very next day they all started sewing and it took a very long time to make indeed. When the balloon was finished it was huge.

Now, she had to have something made for twelve elephants and her to travel in underneath the balloon. She needed the elephants to blow into the balloon so they could float away into the sky. Again, with the help of her friends, they made out of brick and cement, a big dwelling and when this was finished it looked like a little house.

The little house was attached below the balloon, so they would be safe inside while travelling through space.

They made twelve holes in the roof, so the elephants could put their trunks through and blow into the balloon, for their journey to reach the moon.

For light, she would take fireflies and glow worms, as it would be very dark in outer space and they would need light on their journey. Finally, the day came for her to go.

All was ready and the sandwiches were packed. Her friends were waving goodbye.

The elephants started blowing into the balloon, up and away they floated. They were as light as a feather, floating high over the trees, over the houses, over the mountains, up and away nearer to the moon. They left the earth and it went dark. She took out the fireflies and the glow worms and the light from those magnificent insects made it look very pretty indeed. They were on the right course to reach the moon.

The moon was not far now, a little further and they would be there.

Ivy thought she heard soft, gentle, music coming out of the dark. As they got nearer the music got louder it was amazing music. She felt all tingly inside, she was so happy to be there.

Ivy saw an orchestra just up in the distance it was gigantic. She rubbed her eyes and looked again and it was still there! The balloon floated over to the orchestra and as it floated nearer there were big giant bubbles floating all around them. The bubbles burst making little, tiny, petite, bubbles. The bubbles had different colours shining through them, every colour you can imagine and some colours never seen any where on earth, there were thousands of bubbles all around them. Ivy was tingling with excitement as this was her dream coming true.

One more blow from the elephants and they were there by the side of the orchestra.

Ivy could now see where the bubbles were coming from. They were coming from a moon man with a bubble pipe and sitting by his side was a being with ten very long arms. Ivy noticed there were these beings dotted about in the orchestra and she later found out they were called candoits, as they can do anything. They were there to help the moon men play the instruments, so if a moon man wanted to stop playing, a conduit would reach over and carry on playing for him.

The conductor turned to greet them, by magic he knew why they were there. With a wave of his hand, Ivy floated out of the little house and the man from the moon floated towards her. They danced and they talked about the things they had done, until it was time for her to go home. They said goodbye. She told the moon man she would return another day.

Ivy got back into the little house and the elephants started blowing this time for home. When they got home she told all her friends about the orchestra being there and what had happened.

Her friends all laughed and said

Oh, you are a one!

So next year she will go once more

And make sure she takes a camera...

Pamela lutwyche

Bits And Pieces Shop

There is a man, whose name is Phillip and he owns a shop. In his shop he has lots of carvings of heads, hands, feet, animals, manikins and various other things, which he sells. The shop is called bits and pieces. One night when Phillip had locked the shop and gone home, things began to happen, things started to come alive, the wood started to breath. Heads went to bodies, arm's come as well and feet were on the move. They all come together. What strange things they did look. They were walking about talking too. There was such a noise in the shop, Singing, dancing a piano was being played. Now since that night a long time ago, they no longer look strange any more to me. I have become used to them and there is no doubt in my mind, if you saw them too, you would smile at the things that they get up too...

What am I?
I hear you ask,
I am a grey mouse.
I live in the shop.
The shop is my home.
The bits and pieces men
are my friends.

They were funny thing to see.
They were strange at first to me,
but they do all they can,
to make me laugh,
they are a good bunch.

I know this to be true,
for I know everyone,
and they all know me too.
They laugh dance and sing,
one even plays the piano.

What strange magic is this?
Who made them come to life?
And will the bits and pieces men,
one day need, a bits and pieces wife...

Pamela lutwyche

Broom In The Corner

At work there lives a broom in the corner,
It seems he only has eyes for a few.
one of them is Pam and another one, is Sue.

He likes to dance and to be led around the room,
he likes the feel of the dirt and the fluff.
He loves to be banged on the floor,
just so he can make little dust puffs.

The sweeping motion he does love,
He loves being swung to and fro.
He likes to sweep under the table,
or by the window where we keep, the radio.

He only comes out once a day,
and he does keep the place spick and spam.
He does all this out of love,
and he seems to be Pam's young man.

Pamela lutwyche

Chrissam The Witch Has A Little Trouble With A Spell

Chrissam the Witch Has a Little Trouble with a Spell

Chrissam is trying to make a spell, but it is not going very well at all. She is putting everything into her cauldron that is on one of her recipes out of her spell book and she is putting the right amounts in too. Some of the ingredients are live creatures, they have to be for this particular spell to work, but things keep jumping out and Chrissam does not know why this is happening!

There was a rat in the cauldron, but that jumped out a minute ago. The frog is getting out as well.

("Can you see him jumping out of the cauldron? ")

"I am not staying in there, it's just too hot! " the frog exclaimed.

As you can see, the worm is making his escape as well.

Poor Chrissam, all she wants is to make a little magic, but this spell is giving her a problem. She called her broom Sweep and said to him:

"Did you clean my cauldron when I last used it?"

Do you remember, I asked you to do it and you said you would? "

Chrissam hoped Sweep had cleaned it and she hoped he had done it properly, with the right fluid and the right amount of fluid.

"Oh yes, yes mm- I did- yes, " muffled Sweep.

"When Sweep? When did you clean it? "

Chrissam stopped and thought for a minute and then she asked.

"Was your friend Brush with you? " she sounded nervous "was Brush helping you? " she looked very worried indeed! "Did the two of you clean it together? "

"Oh, you did use the proper cleaning fluid I asked you to use, didn't you? "

Chrissam asked so many questions, that Sweep didn't know which one to answer first.

Oh dear, Chrissam started to realize now why her spell was not working.

You see, when Sweep and Brush get together they can do silly little things and their minds are not on what they are supposed to have their minds on at all. You see, with the making of spells in any cauldron, the first thing you have to do is make sure that the cauldron is completely clean and there are no traces of any spells left over from the last time it was used, because if there are, the spell that you are working on will not turn out properly. If Chrissam had known Brush was coming over on that particular day, she would not have asked Sweep in the first place to clean the cauldron.

Sweep looked confused - he shuffled about a bit and then he answered "Yes, Brush was with me and yes, we did clean the cauldron and the fluid was out of the red bottle with the yellow stripes."

"Oh no, Chrissam groaned, I said the yellow bottle with the blue dots. Never

mind, at least now I know why my spell is not working, " she said.

There is one way we can all help Chrissam with this spell, if we all say together the magic words!

"Cauldron hot

Cauldron bubble,

Cauldron please

Don't give us

Any trouble,

Just do all we ask

When we want a little task

Can't you see this spell

Was meant to be,

Made by

Chrissam witch he he."

Now all should be o.k.

Chrissam has made her spell

TODAY - Hooray

Pamela lutwyche

Chrissam's House Warming

Chrissam
Is in her new house
She is going to have a house warming party
This is an invitation to all her friends.

If you would like to come
Please bring your own cup and saucer
Oh, and a cream bun
There will be tea
and chocolate biscuits too
we will have a nice evening
casting spells on you
you may come just being a man
you may go being turned
into a frying pan
but, there is one thing for sure
you won't be going out the same
as when you came, in through the door

Pamela lutwyche

Christmas Present Exchange

Please get yourself comfortable and I shall begin.

Altogether there were ten fairies and ten pixies that lived in Stanley cave.

Last night was Christmas Eve and everyone went to bed early in the hope that Santa would come and leave them their presents, because they had all been very good all through the year.

The fairies and pixies woke up very early and found Santa had been and left the presents by their beds. He also had left a note with the presents. The note said. These presents are not for you, these presents belong to the fairies and pixies that live in Matthew cave and they live in the next village. The fairies and pixies that live in that cave have your presents. You must go and exchange presents with them at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Don't worry just stay where you are and wait. Well, this had not happened before. Santa had always given the right present to the right fairy or pixie right on time.

"WHAT IS GOING ON!" exclaimed Pat the fairy, "we can't open these presents, we have to wait. Oh dear me and how will we get to the next village in all this snow!"

There were a lot of sad faces in the cave as you can well imagine! So, Teddy bears, boats, dolls and planes, which were last year's Christmas Presents off Santa all came out again this year and they all played with those.

They all had their breakfast and continued to play. They were enjoying themselves so much that nobody thought about dinner at all. The same thing happened last year, they completely forgot about dinner. They were too interested by the presents they received from Santa. By the time they did eat their dinner, it was quite late and some of them fell to sleep while they were eating. Pat the fairy was asleep in her dinner and she was snoring her head off. Santa knew this had happened and he was determined it would not happen again this year. Santa wanted them to eat their dinner on time, so he thought of a plan for this Christmas day.

Pat was standing looking through the window, just staring into the sky watching the snow falling down. In the garden there was a snowman which had been built the day before by everyone in the cave. Pat gave the snowman a wave and he winked an eye back at her. In the distance she saw a red blur in the sky and it was coming towards her, as it got nearer she could see it was Santa's sleigh and she could hear the sound of sleigh bells. Pat started to jump up and down with excitement.

She called to the others to come and look "Santa look it's Santa!" she shouted, "everybody quick, quickly come and look." They all came flying in. They gathered around the window and watched as Santa landed right next to the snowman. The snowman had a carrot for his nose and one of Santa's reindeer, Dancer, was

looking at his nose with a hungry face. The snowman quickly told the reindeer that his carrot was only pretend and it was not for eating. "Never thought it was," said Dancer, "I was just admiring it, thinking what a delicious looking nose. I would like a nose like yours."

"Well, you're not having mine." Replied the snowman

"Now, now, you two," Said Santa as he climbed out of his sleigh and headed towards Stanley cave up to his knees in snow. "No arguing, all you reindeers will get fed when we get to the Matthew cave in the next village."

The door opened for Santa just as he was walking up the path and all the fairies and pixies were there just floating in mid air. They all had beaming faces. They were so pleased to see Santa. Santa had always been when they were asleep and not in the afternoon on Christmas day. "Now, listen to me," Santa stood in the doorway he continued. "Put all your toys away nice and neat and go and put your warmest coats on, because we are all going to Matthew cave for our dinner and to exchange your Christmas presents." The fairies and pixies were thrilled with the idea. "What a brilliant way to spend Christmas afternoon," Shouted Ant the pixie!

There was lots of dashing around. Toys being put away, cupboards opening, coats being taken out and laughter ringing out. The big grandfather clock chimed its chime and struck 1'oclock. Santa sat in a big chair waiting by the fireplace. He looked very cosy indeed. When everyone was ready they came and sat with Santa. All of them had put their coats on and each one had a bag with the present that Santa had left them for the Christmas present exchange.

"Are we all ready now?" Asked Santa

"Yes we are," they all replied.

"Right, let's go to my sleigh."

The grandfather clock chimed on the quarter of the hour just as they were leaving.

They all made their way to Santa's sleigh in the snow.

They looked so happy and they looked so tiny. It looked like the coats were flying by themselves. But of course they were not, there were little wings poking out of the back of the coats fluttering.

The reindeers looked up when they saw Santa coming and shook the snow off their antlers and the sleigh bells rang. Santa climbed on the sleigh and brushed the snow away from the seat, he then opened a little compartment and took out a blanket and covered himself. On the seat next to him was a big glass jar, the jar had a door, Santa opened the jar and inside were little seats, where all the fairies and pixies sat for their journey to the next village. When the last one was safely in, Santa winked at the snowman jerked on the reins and they all took to the sky. It was down to the reindeer's now, to do their job. These fairies and pixies needed their presents and the reindeer were determined to get there right on the dot of two o'clock. Nothing was going to stop them in their mission. The

reindeer's legs were running so fast though the sky they looked like a streak of lightning.

"Come on you guys." Shouted Santa "run like the wind."

They had been in the sky for 40 minutes. The reindeer could now see Matthew cave in the distance. So, they started to descend their flight. Santa said. "Hold on tight we are going to land."

The reindeer were hungry and tired. Their legs were in the need of a rest. The thought of food was on their minds. They landed just outside the stable and the stable doors opened and in they all went.

Santa climbed down from the sleigh. He patted his reindeer and thanked them for the safe journey. There were a few elves waiting to feed the reindeer with their favourite food and to get them settled down. Santa opened the glass jar and everyone came out very excited. They stayed close to Santa as they went through the doors which lead into Matthew cave from the stable.

What a breathtaking sight that meet their eyes. A colossal table filled with so much food and right at the end of the table a giant Christmas tree with a star that shone its light over the table. The fire was crackling away. It was warm and cosy and the flames danced in time with music that was being played in the back ground.

The Matthew Grandfather clock chimed its chime and struck 2 o'clock. The reindeer had done it! Their mission was a success 2 o'clock on the dot. Santa felt very honored to have such outstanding and hard working reindeer' pulling his sleigh. I am very lucky he thought to himself.

Santa went to the head of the table and he took a knife and tapped a glass making a ringing sound. Everyone stopped and looked at him. "Here we all are what a beautiful sight I see before me, good company, good food and good presents too. We will exchange the presents after we have had our dinner. Please will you sit down at the table, you will be served by my elves to this delicious food."

Everyone sat down. They put their presents under their chair. There was tomato soup to start the meal, followed turkey with stuffing, roast potatoes, mashed potatoes, sprouts, carrots, cabbage, peas, broccoli, cauliflower, asparagus, sweet corn, and lashing of onion gravy. Yum, yum, fairies and pixies love lots of vegetables, because they knew this helps to keep them healthy. Pudding was just as good, lots of fruit salad there were apples, oranges, grapes, pears, apricots, pineapple, peaches, cherries and bananas and this was topped with custard or cream. There was fruit juice and pop to drink and there were crackers to pull. What a feast and what fun they all had. While everyone was eating their dinner in the dining room, the reindeer were having their dinner in the stable. They were being looked after very well by Santa's elves. The reindeers settled down for an afternoon nap, so, they would be well rested to take the Stanley cave fairies and pixies home this evening.

After the meal Santa stood up. "I can see you all have enjoyed yourselves, a round of applause for my elves please, what a brilliant job they have done." Everyone was cheering and clapping. They sang, for they are jolly good fellows. "Now, will the fairies and pixies from Stanley cave please go and wait by the Christmas tree. On your present you will find a number. Matthew cave, there is a number also on your presents. Please exchange your presents from the other cave with the same number on the present. You can do this now, thank you." Santa was smiling from ear to ear.

What a lot of noise there was, 20 fairies and 20 pixies all trying to exchange presents. Santa was just watching finding it very amusing. Pat and the others were flying around they could not find the right number at all.

Santa stood up. "Stop" he exclaimed, "Stanley cave fairies and pixies come over to me and sit in a line on my right side, I've an idea! Matthew fairies and pixies please sit in a circle in front of me. Right, now, let's see if we can work this out." Pat was the first in the line. She went up to Santa and he called out no 15 which she had on her present and the fairy from Matthew cave with that number came up and they exchanged their presents. This went on until all the present were exchanged.

They opened their presents and they were thrilled with what they received from Santa.

Santa always seems to know what they all want!

"It is time now to start the games." A voice over the loud speaker informed them all. "If you would like to take your place in the function room on your left we will play musical statues."

What fun they were all having. Santa was the judge. He walked around and tried to make them laugh. The last one on the floor got the prize, a bag of sweets.

"We will now play musical chairs." The voice said.

The time just flew by. The grandfather clock chimed its chimed and struck 8 o'clock

Santa called the Stanley fairies and pixies altogether. "My reindeers are waiting outside to take you home, please say your goodbyes."

They all said this was the best Christmas ever and thanked everyone for their hospitality and Santa was just the tops and as they got into the sleigh and left the ground hands were waving until Matthew cave was out of sight.

Merry Christmas.

Pamela lutwyche

Dad's Best Coat

As the pictures were being taken of the bride and groom, the bride's maids and pageboys were waiting for their turn to be on the photographs. The children were running around all excited about the day. There were people taking their own photographs and there were lots of big smiles all around. Some people were wearing big fancy hats. Everyone was in their best clothes and wearing nice shiny shoes.

There were people, who had not seen each other for a very long time and they were getting up to date about what had happened since the last time they had seen each other.

The weather started to turn cold, especially in the shade, so now one of the bride's maids needs Dad's coat to keep herself warm.

Give us your coat Dad
I'm are a bit shivery now,
I have not brought a coat myself'
It didn't seem right some how.

I had to look my best.
I had to be right smart.
If I'd had worn a big coat
I wouldn't have looked the part

So, Dad gave up his coat.
It's Dad that shivering now.
But, to see his angel all nice and warm
Made it right some how.

Pamela lutwyche

Dinner Tonight For Three

There is a flicking candle and you are all aglow.
A table for two set with love by your hand.
I can see you there,
eating and talking the night away.

I am sitting on the wall,
just waiting for you to go.
When you do it's my turn to eat,
for I am a fly.
Remember to wash your plates really good,
for if you don't you will be ill,
and I will be here still.

Pamela lutwyche

Easy It Was Not

Easy it was not,
but, I did it in the end,
with the help of my very good friend.

'will you help me' I said in a wiiery voice,
she looked at me, and said, 'do I have a choice? '

She is my friend and that's what true,
friends are for, to help each other.
Who could ask for any more! !

Pamela lutwyche

Fantastic, Unpleasant And Horrible.

I was a sleep and having a fantastic dream,
Where only I can go, there are no other people,
I must make them up you know,
Where do they come from?
Why are they in my head?
Why is there a strange storyline?
At night while I'm in bed,
My dreams are so vivid they seem so real,
Sometimes I wake delighted and sometime I could squeal,

I had one dream, where I was an angel,
dressed in pure white, doing summersaults,
that was a fantastic night,
I woke in a wonderful mood; it was a delicious, delightful day,

Then I have had a dream about Frankenstein,
And I felt down and tired all day,
He was trying to get to me through my window,
Why, I have no idea, but I woke up in a sweat
and a state of anger and fear.

On the whole my dreams are good,
Which is a good thing for me,
I'd hate to keep having bad dreams,
That would be unpleasant and horrible!
I'm sure you would guarantee.

Pamela lutwyche

Goal Post Moved

The goal post have been moved again,
What are they doing this for?
They are getting everyone's backs up,
Why do they always want more?

We have upped production since last year,
By doing things in a different way,
Now, they want to see if,
they can up it by another few, a day.

Pamela lutwyche

Grandma And Grandpa

Grandma and grandpa need an iron,
they're such a wrinkly pair.
I am sure they weren't that crumpled,
the last time I was there.

Grandpa is bold and grandma is grey,
grandpa, says grandma has chased his hair away,
grandpa has no teeth, grandma has a few,
grandpa can wiggle his false teeth,
When he looks at you.

Grandpa can't remember,
a lot of things that are said.
So, grandma has to shout,
to get it into his head,

I love them both, their very kind to me,
I wouldn't like to be with out,
grandpa and grandma you see.

Grandpa grows veg, in his vegetable patch,
grandma can freeze it, to make it last.
Grandpa, says grandma cooks such lovely grub,
grandma says to grandpa lets eat,
then go down to the pub.

Grandpa has a pint,
grandma has a sherry.
After a few grandma gets quite merry,
they talk about the olden days,
and the things they used to do.
That was before I was born,
and before my Mum was born too,

There was home made ginger beer,
not like what you get now.
In those days, they said,
it was taster some how.
There were coal men with horses,

rag and bone men too.
Coming down their road,
shouting things to you.

The children were playing ball,
playing cow boys and Indians,
or just sitting on a wall.

They made their own entertainment,
there was much more laughter too,
I love to listen about the things,
grandpa and grandma used to do.

Pamela lutwyche

Help The Earth

We all need to help and too recycle what we can,
We all need to do our bit,
The earth is such a pretty place
But, I fear, we are killing it.

We need to stop throwing things away
Acting like we don't care,
For when tomorrow comes,
It's our children that need their fair share.

We are draining the earth dry
Making it old before its time.
Taking all the oil, coal
and precious metal is not fine.
It's the inner of the earth,
It's the organs it may need.
What are we doing it for?
Oh yes, it's just for man's greed.

Let's find a better way
Let's help all we can.
Let's make wind power,
Water and sun power,
the energy of man.

Shall we stop all our wars?
Shall we stop the bombing too?
Shall we give the earth a chance?
We all know what, we should do! !

Pamela lutwyche

Henry Hanger

Henry is a coat hanger. He lives in Mr Holmes' wardrobe. Henry thinks he is king of all the coat hangers. When Mr Holmes opens the door of the wardrobe, Henry wiggles from side to side and says. "Oh look at me." Henry thinks himself to be beautiful. If Mr Holmes has something he wants to hang up, Henry always thinks it should be hung on him. Mr Holmes thinks Henry is so cute with his shimmering and shaking, that Mr Holmes does put lots of things on Henry, which means Henry is getting rather heavy. Henry has two pairs of trousers over his bar and three ties. On his shoulders is a shirt, jumper and a jacket.

Now, you would think Henry would be satisfied with the amount of clothes he is taking care of for Mr Holmes. No he is not. Henry wants to look after more and some of the other hangers do not have anything to look after at all.

The other hangers are getting fed up with Henry not sharing. Harry hanger shouts to Henry, "You are greedy with all those clothes on and you look ridiculous, you should learn to share, you can't take any more weight!" Henry just waggles his hook back at Harry and says, "Mind your own business."

Harry replies, "I am only trying to help you."

Soon, the wardrobe door opens. There stands Mr Holmes with a big long coat in his hand. Henry starts shaking. The coat looks so elegant. Henry wants that coat; he has to wear that coat.

"PLEASE PUT THAT COAT ON ME, PUT THAT COAT ON ME, PLEASE, "
HE PLEADS.

So, Mr Holmes put the coat on Henry.

"I must really look lovely, " he mutters.

Well, Harry shouts, "No I don't think you do."

Henry pushes open the door of the wardrobe, heavy now with all the clothes, he struggles out and goes to look in the mirror.

"Well, " he exclaims, "I am beautiful, I look so handsome."

And then he does a slow twirl. If he goes too fast he will fall over from the weight he is carrying. Henry bounces back into the wardrobe and he hangs himself back on the rail, but with the weight of him now, Henry feels a crack in his hook. It is only a small crack, but Henry panics. He starts to get the clothes off as fast as he can. Henry gives away all his clothes to the other hangers, except for one pair of trousers which was not that heavy to do him any harm.

From here on after, when Mr Holmes opens the door of the wardrobe, Henry will not wiggle about, shimmer or shake. Henry will stay quite still.

Henry has now learned to share.

Henry, Henry, Henry
Don't be silly now,
You can't take all that weight
You certainly can't, no how
Learn to give and share
Just hold a little bit
Learn to know
When to stop
Just learn, when to quit.
Henry Hanger

Pamela lutwyche

I Learn From You

This is not my poem. This poem belongs to my good friend, Valentino.

I Learn from You

There's a light,
A light that shine so bright,
It brightens up my life,
I am happy it blinds my sight.
There is heat,
A warm and soothing heat
It burns within your heart,
From your head down to your feet
There is air,
An aura in the air
It surrounds me when your here,
But disappears when you're not there

There's a mind,
A strong and powerful mind
I am learning from this mind
It's beautiful and its kind.

The light is your life, the heat comes from your heart, the air is filled by your soul, your mind is deep within mine.

Pamela lutwyche

I Went To A Ball

I went to a ball the other day,
We had such a feast!
There was Caterpillar pie, butterfly Wings
Bread and Butter Beasts, ants on sticks
earwig Cake,
Everything was fine
It tasted smashing and great
And of cause, not forgetting
The Centipede Jelly.
All that lovely food, felt rather good in my belly.

The sun was shinning, it was nice and hot
Then someone came around with a pot
Of Black Beetle Juice.

There was a curly worm on the side of the glass,
Just to give the drink a bit of class.
There were banners scattered around,
there were balloons blowing in the wind.
There were magpies sitting in the trees
and then they started to sneeze,
In time to the music,
There was dancing, laughter too
There were jokes, I told Quite a few,

Then the food came out again,
We had some Green Frog Spawn Mouse
With maggots on the side,

This was served on a bed of grass
everybody gobbled it down and eat it quite fast
because the maggots kept sliding off the leaf it was served upon
and landing on the floor.

I think, everyone there really did enjoy what they had
So,
They had a little bit more.

But, the end must always arrive

This was a sad time for all,
I really hope next year
I am invited again
to that Ball.

Pamela lutwyche

I'd Never Ridden A Motor Bike

I'd never ridden a motor bike,
So, I thought I'd have ago.
I was nearly reaching 93,
I thought, blow it,
I'll just try, you know.

So off I went,
zooming down the road,
then an angel passed me by.
How strange,
she grabbed me off my bike,
and we both started to fly.

I asked her, 'where we were going.'
She said. "You're coming with me, "
You didn't see that truck, did you?
Then she took me to heaven for tea.

She said, "You're staying with us now,
your time on earth is done! "
So, there are no more riding bikes for you,
You're riding days have gone.

Pamela lutwyche

I'm Buying Some Kangaroo Legs

I'm going to give up my car,
I don't want a bike,
I'm buying something,
that I'd really like.

Kangaroo legs, they are for me,
I've seen the advert that's on TV,
they bounce, they look terrific fun,
I can just imagine me,
running along in the sun.

I'd take big long hops,
I'd put my Joey pouch on,
and go to the shops.
I'd fill my pouch right to the brim,
I'd save on petrol and maybe, get slim.

Pamela lutwyche

If I Were A Tree

If I were a tree,
and someone made a swing on me,
I would enjoy their laughter.

I'd be big and strong
and help the day move along,
I would help the people breathe fresh air.

Birds could build their nests in my branches,
my leaves would be green and healthy.
Birds could lay their eggs
and new life would begin.

When the autumn came by
my leaves would turn to gold.

One by one my leaves,
would fall to the ground.
I would stand there bare,
fast asleep just waiting,
for spring to come and start again.
If I were a tree.

Pamela Lutwyche

I'M A Farter

I'm a farter,
I've been a farter all my life.
I try too keep it in, but,
it hurts and does not feel very nice.

when I release it,
it makes me feel just fine.
When some one says,
who done that?
I deny it's one of mine! !

Pamela lutwyche

I'M Not In With The In Crowd! ! !

I'm not in with the in crowd,
I don't know what the in crowd knows.

I'm not in with the in crowd,
I don't go where the in crowd goes.

I'm glad; I'm not in with the in crowd,
I've no intention to be.

If I was in with the in crowd,
That would really worry me! ! ! !

Pamela lutwyche

Imagination Of The Mind

Imagination of the mind it's infinity,
There's no stopping any thought.

Anything you think can come true,
in your minds eye it's just up to you.

Putting it down on paper,
now, there's the art.
You have to make it clear,
for what you are trying to say.

If you can do this my friend,
you will make some ones day.

a lovely poem, book or film,
Let your minds eye zoom,
Into infinity.

Pamela lutwyche

It's A Dogs Song

She lives on dingle lane,
she has music in her head.
When she walks down the road,
She sings aloud, So, Sid said.

She sings in a fantastic way,
her eyes are always shining bright.
She was with her owner,
going for a walk tonight.

She was howling and a singing,
showing a toothy grin.
The noise she was making
was a right old din.

Pamela lutwyche

Jackaroo We Call Him,

Jackaroo we all call him,
there is lots of swearing done,
by this handsome captain of the sea,
the name of his ship is the Banshee, Marie.

He wears a patch over one eye,
and a leg is missing to his knee,
he has a hook, where his hand should be,
there is parrot pooh all down his back.

One tooth is missing right at the front,
and the others are brown at the back,
there is this smell, strange smell,
pooh mixed in with sweat, but, the ladies love him.

He is, suave, sophisticated and debonair,
he wears an earring in one ear.
His voice is so sweet, you see,
he is just like honey to a bee.

Pamela lutwyche

Jay Is A Ray Of Sunshine

Jay is a ray of sunshine,
he always makes our day.
When he comes around to our house,
he always wants to play.

We play with the cars on the car mat,
we look at the aeroplane in the sky.
We watch the trains in the distant,
he says that train is Daisy just passing by

He would like to be a fireman,
just like fireman Sam.
When he has grown up,
and when he becomes a man.

Jay is a ray of sunshine,
We love him its true.
We would just like to say,
Thank you Jay for being you.

Nanny& granddad
xxxxxxx

Pamela lutwyche

Jump Frog

I've never seen a frog jump,
So far as him before,
He must have bionic legs,
He jumped right though,
The door

Pamela lutwyche

Keep It Under Your Hat.

If I tell you something
Will you keep it under your hat?
Yes, if it's not sticky
Or anything like that

We might be having a puppy
In a day or two
But, keep it under your hat
I am not supposed
To be telling you.

"Mum, what are you and dad going to give Brandon for his birthday? " Naomi wailed. "We might get him a puppy, but you must not, tell him, we want it to be a surprise, you must keep it under your hat." Mum replied in a very serious voice.

That morning

As Naomi was waving her jam sandwich about and shouting, "You must keep it under your hat, " Her brother Brandon thought he had to put the sandwich under his hat.

He tried to take the sandwich from her, but she ran around the table. Brandon ran after her, he grabbed the sandwich out of her hand and squished it in his hands.

He then put the sandwich under his hat.

There he stood with a big smiley face, his hands were on his hips and he then started walking slowly around the table.

"Mum, " shouted Naomi, Mum came rushing into the kitchen.

"What on earth is going on"? Mum Shouted, "What's all this noise about."

Now sobbing, Naomi cried, "I was going to tell Brandon about the puppy we are going to have."

Mum looked at Naomi and said. "I did tell you not to say anything to your brother didn't I, that's why I said keep it under your hat, "

"Puppy, are we going to have a puppy? ."

Brandon screeched, "can we call him Inky?"

Will he be black? will he be white or brown? can we buy him a red collar and a red lead? can I take him for walks in the park? Can I?

Can I?

He was so excited that he was jumping up and down and then his hat fell off. The jam sandwich fell onto the floor. His hair and his hands were all sticky. He stood there looking at his hands then at Mum and back at his hands again. Mum stood with her arm's folded just looking at the mess, "Well, you can clean that up for a start and then."

With a nod of her head

And an up turned eye,

Mum Yelled.

"BATH! "

Pamela lutwyche

Knock On Wood

knock on wood for luck
Cross your fingers too
I really hope you get what you want
I really hope you do
Wish on a star
Just north of the moon
In the month of May
Good luck and fortune
Will follow you May be to day
Jump in the rain at night
See the darken sky
Wish on those clouds
That are whizzing past
Whizzing way up high
Wish on a birthday cake
Blow the candles out
Make a wish three times
It might come true no doubt
See a wishing well
Throw a penny in
Make your wish with a great big smile
Wearing a great big grin
I hope you get what you wish for
I really hope you do
 There is nothing quite like having

A lovely wish come true

Pamela lutwyche

Lady Karen

TheLadyKaren

Night-time

Sir Neil, was once a knight, whom stood up on the ground
Looking up through a window,
At something wonderful
He had found.
For there in the window,
Combing her long golden hair,
Was the Lady Karen
Who,
He never knew lived there.
He had seen the castle many times before

When passing through this way.
He would come back tomorrow,
When night turned into day

Day-time

He came on his trusty steed,
He was a handsome beast,
When they arrived at the castle,
They found there was an almighty feast.
A tournament was being held,
Juggling, jousting too.

He would put down his name,
And maybe, win a few
He asked the Lady Karen
To marry him,
And they would go away,

"Sir,
I cannot do that
So, this is where
Will we stay, "

She hugs him everyday,
It makes her feel
Quite well,
And for the knight,
I dare say, It does as well.

The Lady Karen

Night-time

Many years ago, Sir Neil, used to be a knight. One day he went riding through the Wood of Touch, which he had ridden in many times before. He rode on his gallant steed, Pete, and they looked a handsome pair. They were in the land of Solihull. In the distance they saw the Jonelle Castle. Sir Neil always knew the castle was there but he had never been close enough, or indeed had the time to stop and look and admire the castle. This time he was going to stop and make time, as he had a feeling something was going to happen! This was no ordinary night, the moon was too big and the stars were too bright.

As they rode closer admiring the castle, there in the window in lamp light stood a lady. She was combing her long golden hair and at once Sir Neil knew he was in love with her. Sir Neil's heart was racing and he could not take his eyes from the lady. He stood watching her wondering what he should do! Never had he seen a vision like this before, her face was fair and she looked so angelic, it could have been an angel standing there. Sir Neil spoke in a whisper to Pete, his trusted steed, "We must come back tomorrow Pete, when night has turned into day, because I must meet this lady and talk to her."

Day time

As Sir Neil and Pete rode through the wood of Touch, there pinned to the trees were posters telling of a jousting tournament to be held that day. Sir Neil and Pete had won many trophies in jousting, so they entered their names on the jousting form and then they carried on towards the castle. When they reached the castle there was a gigantic banquet and jugglers too. People were making merry. There were harlequins with bells on hats, people on stilts, archery and even dancing bears. Pig roasts and other food were being sold; wine, beer and mead were in plenty. The sun was shining and laughter was all around. Sir Neil rode to the window where the lady stood the night before and to his joy, there looking out at the merriment below was the lady. She looked at Sir Neil and she smiled at him, his heart just melted.

"Fair lady tell me do, what I may be calling you? "

"My name Sir Knight is the Lady Karen and you are? "□

"I am Sir Neil, and this is my steed, Pete, we will joust in your honour and win your love."

There was no need for jousting, for the Lady Karen was already in love, from just one look, at her knight in shining armour.

Later that day

Every joust Sir Neil and Pete entered they did win.

"Let us take our trophies to show the Lady Karen, Pete, " said Sir Neil.

On finding the lady, Sir Neil asked her for her hand in marriage,

"Yes, yes, and yes again, came the reply! "

"We must go and live in my land, " laughed Sir Neil.

"And where would that be? " the Lady Karen asked."

"It is in the Path of Monks, " replied Sir Neil.

"No sir, I cannot leave my land! So here is where we will stay, " said Lady Karen.

So, Sir Neil stayed in the land of Solihull and they married in the spring. They lived in the castle and hug each other every day. And they are so happy in everyway.

Pete

Lady Karen asked Sir Neil, "Tell me why you call your horse, Pete? It is a strange name for a horse." "Ah, I will tell you, "

"Pete was once a dragon and he was born on the same day as me. I was born in a castle and Pete was born in a cave. When my father was coming home from the crusades with his soldiers, from a battle far away, they made camp in a cave and that's where my father found Pete. His mother had lost the fire in her breath, so she could not keep her and her baby warm and both of them were very ill. She asked my father to take Pete with him and look after him, as she knew she was dying and the baby would die too if he stayed with her. My father agreed and brought Pete home in a basket lined with Peat. My mother uncovered the basket and there, looking up at her, was a little face, which she thought he was so cute that she cared and nursed him back to full health. Pete and I grew up together. Pete soon learned how to fly. I would sit on his back and we would fly right past the moon, around the stars and home again. Pete is not only my best friend, he is like my brother.

As Pete started to grow, the fire in his breath also became stronger and sometimes when he breathed on things they would start to burn. This happened especially when he laughed and this saddened Pete, as things in the castle were getting burned. Also Pete was getting too big to come inside the castle, so he had to stay outside in the courtyard, or go and find a big cave to sleep in for the night, which Pete did not want to do. He had been around people too long to go

to sleep in a cave on his own. I did not want him to do that and he did not want to do it either.

My father knew of a wizard, who might be able to help Pete change into something smaller. He had heard many stories of this great wizard who could do lots of magnificent things, but he lived in a far away land. So my father and I got on Pete's back and flew soaring high through the sky heading for the land of Brum. We were in search of the wizard Zanu. After a long journey asking a lot of people where we might find this great Zanu, we found him living in the tower of Rotunda, where many magnificent miracles were being created. As we were approaching the tower we saw sparks coming out from the top and the sparks turned to fire heading for the sky. They must have been going far beyond the sun; the colours in the fire were purples, reds, blues, all sorts of colours. I have never seen such a magnificent sight in my life before and I never will see anything like that again. We had to wait for one month to have a meeting with Zanu and he agreed to change Pete into a different form. Pete had the choice of three things that Zanu could change him into. He could have been a mouse, an elephant or a horse. He did not want to be a mouse as this was too small. He had never seen an elephant, so he chose to be a horse. This way he could get through the door of the castle and come inside. Zanu left two things to remind Pete of once being a dragon; an image on Pete's front leg of a dragon and smoke coming through his nostrils when he laughs. This, Lady Karen, is why my horse is called Pete." replied Sir Neil.

Pamela lutwyche

Let Me Tell You A Secret

Let me tell you a secret,
one, which is quite true.

I am from another planet,
that is red, where this one is blue.

I saw your planet from way out in space,
when standing there one day.

I thought that's where I will head,
so, I did and at first it seemed o.k.

I've been here now for many a year,
the violence is really bad.

And some of your people,
Are rather quite mad.

So, I'm heading home now,
home is where I will go.
I've stopped my roaming,
through the universe.
So' it's goodbye,
good luck cheery oh.

Pamela lutwyche

Let's Dance, Let's Sing,

Let's dance, let's sing,
Let's throw caution, to the wind,
Let's enjoy ourselves, let's be free,
Let's laugh you and me.

Don't worry, don't frown,
Don't cry, don't be down,
Don't yell, don't shout,
You and me, let's chill out.

Shall we go on holiday, by the sea?
Shall we go sightseeing, you and me?
Shall we have a picnic, at this beautiful place?
Shall we have a romantic, tender, embrace?

Pamela lutwyche

Let's Play It By The Book

Let's play it by the book,
let's get it out and see,
what we should be doing,
and see if we agree.

I'm telling you that book is wrong,
it must be way out of date,
the rules in that book,
somehow, don't seem right, mate.

Put the book away,
I'm not following those rules,
they're crazy, stupid, and dumb,
let's follow my rules and just carry on! ! !

Pamela lutwyche

Max The Sausage King

He has a sausage crown,
A sausage for a nose.
He has a sausage frown,
a smile that's upside down.

He is known as the sausage king,
for sausage, he does love.
He eats no other food,
oh my, heavens above.

He lives in a sausage castle,
In a sausage land that's far away.
With his sausage wife,
I think her name is, Sausage May.

They have five sausage children,
and of course, they have a dog.
The dog answers to the name of Sausage,
even though he looks like a frog.

Pamela lutwyche

Moaning

It would be nice to stay young at heart.
Moaning is such a pain.

But getting older seems to bring
Moaning to life again

I know a lady, she is very nice
Very nice is she,

But her constant moaning
Is causing grief, to her family

Moaning about things all the time
Is not a good thing to do.

So, I will stop my moaning
please, have a nice day won't you

But, the world is not the same

Pamela lutwyche

Mutton Dressed As Lamb

She looks like mutton dressed as lamb
Who does she think she is?

She must be 60 or there about
She is wearing a skirt
That is above her knee,
People are laughing
Why can't she see?

Her top is far too low
And I will have to tell her so,

I looked in the mirror
I told her to her face
You look like an, absolute, disgrace

I listened and yes,
I did agree
The mutton dressed as lamb
Is me! ! !

Pamela lutwyche

My Bubble Wish

My wishes are like bubbles,
they rise very high in the sky.

They are full of pretty colours
that glisten sparkle and fly.

My wishes are so full of want,
I want them all to come true.

My biggest wish is,
to always, have you.

Pamela lutwyche

My Hat Is Too Big

My hat is far too big,
I don't know what to do!

It keeps slipping over my eyes,
And now I can't see you.

My coat is far too small,
The wind, it goes right through,

I can't do the buttons up
oh, what, is a girl to do! ! ! !

Pamela lutwyche

My Redundancy Day / Retirement

The day I retired
I breathed a deep sigh
Knowing all the early morning
were in the past
A memory gone by

Saying goodbye to the people
I may no longer see
some of them hold fond memories
and treasures locked in my head
they will be

someone said
lets all meet in six months time
to see how everyone is doing
I hope their all doing fine

Me and my spouse have bought a caraven
in Brean by the sea
oh, and now that I have retired we have a dog
his name is Charlie.

Pamela lutwyche

My Wonky Donkey

My donkey is very wonky
He has a wooden leg
He hangs it up at night
When he goes off to bed
In the morning he puts it on
And waddles around, you see
He has three good legs
But, the other one is won-ky

Pamela lutwyche

Nancy The Ostrich

Nancy, the ostrich is bright yellow. She is not black and white as you think her maybe. She has dyed her feathers to an incredible yellow. She is a golden girl with a bounce in her step. She is young and pretty and full of happiness. She is running around on a bright summer's day. All she wants to do is play and dream dream's that young bird's dream on this summer's day. The other ostriches have their heads stuck in the sand and they have no interest in a silly Nancy running around. They think she is quite silly, so they do not look at her at all. They cannot see what fun Nancy is having. They do not want to know, but Nancy does not care what they think. She is having fun. She is pretending to be a big chicken and very convincing she is too. She is clucking and dancing. She is having a great time. She does not want to put her head in the sand and miss all this fun. She can see the fresh flowers with the sway of trees and the humming of the little bumble bees. She is clucking in time with the beat, to the thump, thump, of her feet. Now, you can join Nancy and be a big chicken too. Just follow Nancy, she will show you what to do! Look, Nancy the ostrich is bright yellow
She is having fun playing in the sun
She is definitely not hurting anyone.

She has to do what a girl wants to do!
She can't put her head in the sand
Like those silly other ostrich's
They don't look all that grand

Infact what is the matter with them
Hiding their heads away
Don't they want to see the sun?
That's shining brightly here today

Do you think we could persuade them?
To come out and play
Do you think we could make them pretend to be
big chickens for just one day?

Pamela lutwyche

New Teeth

Before you had your new teeth,
you had Delicate brown teeth,
with a greenish sort of grin.
You paid £400 pounds,
to have some new ones fitted in.

When I first saw you
I thought it was Mr Ed,
standing there.
I had to put my hand to my eyes,
the gnashers,
was giving off so much glare,

The teeth look like real pearls,
all sparkly and brand new.
It's a shame they are in,
a dirty dog like you.

They do suit you though,
you have the whitest of any smile.
Gust Give up the fags,
and let them last, for a while.

Pamela lutwyche

No One Can Take Your Dream Away

There is one thing everyone can afford
No one can take it away,
It's your own personal dream,
That might, just happened one day

It may be that you want to drive a racing car,
and to be able to race at full speed around a track,
Or maybe, you would like to buy a big house,
With a swimming pool attached to the back.

Maybe, you would like to be an astronaut,
and to land upon the moon.
or to become an expert,
on the wild monkey, like, the wild baboon

You may, want to become a doctor,
and to help with people's health,
or, to become a banker and look after people's wealth.

What ever your personal dream,
I hope it will come true,
Because, everyone has a dream
and you will have one too.

Pamela lutwyche

Nonsense Story

Bath night, was a Saturday morning,
as we stayed in bed.
We should have gone to school in the evening,
But, we watched the radio instead

The moon was out, it was bright as day,
the birds were barking, so, the cat ran away.
The frog went gallivanting up the road,
he was followed close, by a big fat toad.

The Fly wore pink, the bee wore blue
and the mouse wore a bright tattoo.
The sun came and out darkness fell
all seemed happy and well.

The clock struck three,
It said to me get up and start your day,
In an instance I was on my bike,
went up the road and well away.

My boots were on my hands
and my gloves were on my feet.
Every one was watching me,
as I danced up the street.

I knew where I was going
I got truly lost,
But never mind ah
I learned at my cost.

The sea came in and it dried the sand,
All the fish swam in the sky.
The robin's built their nests,
in a grate big apple pie.

In six months time it's my birthday,
so we had a party yesterday.
They wished me Merry Christmas,
and then sent me on my way.

There were lots of people behind the bar
It was a skeleton staff.
The chief bar man was a dog,
his name was riffy raffy raff.

It started to snow it made us hot
so, we all sat by the fire.
We started to shiver,
as the flames grow higher and higher.

I had my eyes wide open,
But, I could not see a thing,
Was it because of this banana?
That was attached to a piece of string,

My brother came in shouting
In a whispery voice,
he put the kettle on
But, that soon turned to ice.

The time was moving backwards
Up side down and inside out,
So, tomorrow somehow became today.

Now I have missed my appointment
To make me a millionaire,
Hooray!
The time as come to start to begin
and all I'd like to say is.

good night

good morning

hello

Pamela lutwyche

Off To See The Queen

It was Kirstys birthday, so mum and dad took Kirsty, her brothers and her sisters to the zoo for a day. They had a great time, they saw all the animals; there were elephants, tigers, giraffes, bears, monkeys, and sea lions they went to see the crocodiles, snakes, spiders, they saw everything that could be seen.

They walked for miles around the zoo.

They all went for a meal just to finish the day off nice.

When they got home Kirstys brothers and sisters wanted to play at being wild animals, but Kirsty was getting very tired, she needed to go to sleep.

She said she would play one more game of being a tiger and then she was going to bed, never mind what her brothers and sisters said.

Kirsty was going to bed.

She told her brothers and sisters, she was off to see the queen.

"she lives in dream land my eyes are getting tired now and my legs will not stand.

I will put my head on my pillow because it's all nice and soft. I will have a cuddle with my rabbit hot water bok.

When I arrive, I will say hello to her, I will smile and wave too.

She will ask me where I have been to day,

I will tell her I have been to the zoo.

I have seen the bears, giraffes, seals, the big lions roar, I have seen the monkeys and elephants and even the wild boar.

I have had a big hard day to day walking around the zoo.

I am glad I am going to see the queen, come on; do you want to come too?

There is plenty of room in dream land enough for everyone.

So, come along let us all go and we can have some fun.

The best way to get there is just close your eyes and dream.

And before you know where you are, you will be standing by the queen.

Pamela lutwyche

Old Age

Who is that in the mirror?
Surely, that's not me,
I'm not seeing my own reflection,
Oh no, this can not be.

Age has come all of a sudden,
It has taken me by surprise.
I always thought I'd be young
good looking with clear beautiful eyes.

Now, time as taken its toll,
and I can plainly see.
That I'm no longer young,
Well, the person isn't,
Who's looking back at me.

Pamela lutwyche

Pierre The Penguin

'I have just been swimming to catch my fish. I have 3, I love fish it is absolutely delicious, I don't want them cooked, I can't see the sense in that, I will eat them raw one by one and savor every bite. They are cold and slippery to slide down my throat. I will eat my fish first, then I might go for another swim, or I might go for a snooze for a while.'

Who knows?

Pierre the penguin has just been swimming,
to catch his evening meal.
He does not need a boat for this,
or a rod or reel.
He can swim very fast,
and catch his fish quite easily.
Pierre is well equipped for this,
has you all can see.

He has a flipper on each leg,
that makes him very strong.
So, when he goes swimming,
he can stay out there quite long.
The fish are cold and slippery,
to slide down Pierre's throat.

The oil in the fish,
gives Pierre his lovely coat.
After his meal,
he might go for another swim,
or he might go for a snooze.
Which one do you think,
Pierre, should really choose?

Pamela lutwyche

Please Exuse Me Do! !

Please excuse me do,
But, don't I know you.

Aren't you from my past?
From my school days,
From many moons ago?

Did you go to Camden school?
Is your name Jo?

Do you remember me?
I'm the one that used to wear,
The big woolly jumpers,
and have big frizzy hair.

I was a rocker and wasn't
you a mod.
Oh, I'm sorry, I have it wrong
I'm such a silly sod! ! !

Pamela lutwyche

Road Rage Is Bad

People change when they are behind a wheel.
They change from being polite into animals
it makes me want to squeal.

When they pull out or don't indicate at all
It makes me so annoyed and I have to blow my horn.
I swear and curse and blow my top.

Oh, sorry, I think it's me, so,
I better stop

Pamela lutwyche

Rudolph Santa's Head Reindeer

This is how it all began.
Why reindeers are pulling Santa's sleigh.
There are nine little reindeers
and Rudolph has always lit the way.

A long time ago, on a starlit night,
So Santa claus has said.
There was a baby reindeer born,
it was on Christmas Eve,
and his nose was a magnificent bright red
An angel was standing near by,
she was looking down on the birth.
She exclaimed with a flutter of her wings
"This is a wonderful event for the earth.
This baby, when he has grown,
Will help pull Santa's sleigh".
That baby's name was Rudolph and he still,
Pulls the sleigh today.

Now, let me tell you a tale.
One that is quite true.
Rudolph tried to pull that sleigh
on his own, but this, he could not do.
His nose started to tingle.
He had dizziness in his head.
His nose turned black
and he fell on his back and
he spent a week in bed.

Santa told him.
"I'm not letting you pull my sleigh,
all on your own, no way.
We will get some help.
we will send a message out".
So, that's what they did.
"Hooray"

A message was sent out through the universe.
It went chiming out with delight.

The message said eight reindeer are needed,
for a long hauling flight.
To go around the world
and it must be done, in one night.

Lots of reindeer were interested.
Santa saw, quite a few.
But, when they found, they had to leave the ground,
they were afraid and did not want too.

Santa was in a pickle.
He did not know what to do!
He asked his friend Jmax, if he knew,
but Jmax had not, got a clue.

Santa started to hear sleigh bells.
They were ringing in his ear
and when he looked up, suddenly,
from out of the snow,
eight reindeer did appear.

Now, a gentleman was walking with the reindeer
and when he saw Santa there,
He said.
"We have received your message, Santa,
it seemed to come out of the thin air".

The man introduced himself.
"I am Randolph from reindeer farm.
I have brought these ones,
for you to view and I am sure,
you will see their charm".

Santa was over the moon.
He was in such a joyous state.
His belly became a wobble
and a ho, ho, came out of his mouth.

Randolph continued.
"Let me tell you, these reindeer are special.
They will never moan or complain.
They already know how to fly.

I'm telling you, they are top, of their game".

Randolph then introduced the reindeer
and pointing a finger to each, he whispered
"That is Dasher with Dancer by her side,
then comes prancer and vixen,
right behind them are comet and cupid
and those on the end
are Donner and Blitzen".

Randolph walked away,
he was waving his hand in farewell.
The reindeer and Santa, gently bowed their heads
And they all wished him well.

My tale is now over.
I have finely come to an end.
All I have left to say is,
A merry Christmas,
My good dear friends.

Pamela lutwyche

Santa's Elves

Santa's elves were once very tiny, I'm telling you they were once very small. If you were not looking for them, you would not know they were there at all. Their bodies were the size of ants with a human form and they were in need of somewhere else to live and today we associate these jolly little chaps around the Christmas festive.

Now, on with the story, their world, on which they were living, was melting. It was fading away; it was getting smaller, every single day.

Three elves, Jmax, Blizzard, and Anto were asked to go and find a brand new world, one where they could bring all their elves to live, one where they would be very happy every day. One which had the same atmosphere too, what a big task, for such a little crew.

Well, they were fired into space, in a rocket ship; this little crew of three, it was no bigger than a leaf, in this world, to you and me.

They were very brave little elves, as I'm sure, you'd agree.

The three were in outer space, they were heading for a world which they knew would support their race, it is called planet, BeeZee where they knew the air was good and they could make a living

from the whittling of wood. They would sell their wares to the beings that lived on that planet. The elves were very good, at creating things from wood, keeping busy and playing games, making snowmen and building trains.

But, the rocket ship crashed landed, on the planet earth. They knew they were way off course but, it could have been worse.

Let's see how things turned out to be, for this little crew of three.

The controls of the ship were loose, wobbly and went all of a quiver so, they had no choice; they had to crash land and the elves were in a bit of a dither. It was winter when they arrived; the snow was thick on the ground. It was not a very bad crash, thankfully, they landed safe and sound.

They landed in the middle of a garden and when they climbed out to see where they had landed and

if the atmosphere was any good, well, they were over whelmed full of joy and very happy.

It was everything they'd hoped for, this new world they had found. It was just what they were looking for, very cold and snow was all around.

Jmax sent a message zooming through the sparkly sky. He said. "Everyone should come here and give this world a try. It's very beautiful to see, it's cold and full of snow, please come here and I think you will be pleased, you know."

The elves got into their rockets ships and travelled down to the earth. They praised the three little heroes' for finding such a world.

All the elves sang with delight and every little elf slept soundly in their bed that night.

If you, went into that garden, you would have not known at all, there were rockets ships standing on the floor. You see, their rockets were designed, in the shapes of leaves and bits of wood and then covered with, a little bit of mud. The elves soon fixed the broken ship; they knew just what to do, they are excellent engineers' and very hard working too. The winter continued and the elves were at

ease. No humans ever visited the garden just few birdies. Soon the winter turned into spring and out came the sun and I'm afraid this is no good for any elf, not a single one. Jmax, Blizzard and Anto,

were sent once again, in to the big blue sky, to try to find a place where they all could call home, to live in one place and no longer have to roam.

The rocket ship headed for the North Pole, where snow and ice are in abundance and Santa's house you can see, and yes, he does have a Christmas tree in his garden, with lights on, naturally.

Just at that moment when the rocket was going to land, a house they did see, but they'd never heard of Santa or a Christmas tree, there was just nothing like this where they used to live

there was no Christmas or Easter bunny. I am sure they would laughed and found it very funny.

Santa was talking to a robin, just outside his front door, when the strangest thing happened, a leaf landed in his hand, he looked at the leaf and said, "My this leaf looks very grand ". All of a sudden a

door on the rocket ship opened and out popped a head, "my name is Jmax" a little voice said.

"My name is Santa; can I help you in any way? " So, Jmax told their story and why they were there that day. And thinking hard and tapping his nose, Santa had an idea he did propose, you bring all

your elves here, where it's all snowy and cold and we can live together until we grow old and the elves can help with the making of toys for all the worlds good girls' and boys'.

However, you are too small, we will have to make you grow, at least a couple of feet or so

These little chaps had just arrived and Santa felt a warm glow. He knew they would become every

good friends and they really have you know.

The elves made one more journey, Santa is so glad that they did, because they are one big happy

Family and this is where they will always live.

The elves all love Christmas now, they are excellent in their work, they get the presents finished on time and Santa delivers them, around the earth. With the help of reindeer and when there is magic in the air, Santa can deliver every single present for everyone with care.

Pamela lutwyche

Scentepede

We were sitting on a bench down by the sea; just watching the waves rolling in on the shore and then out the corner of my eye, I saw a few centipedes. They must have had one hundred legs or even maybe more. They ran though some perfume, someone had spilt and left on the floor. The one that took my eye was very cute, he must have had a girlfriend he was going off to see. Then my imagination got the better of me! ! !

Mr Scentepede I saw you go, running at one hundred miles, well may be so. He was the fastest in the insect gang. He was the fastest in this part of the land,

Where did he go?

I do not know. I blinked and then he was gone, maybe to meet his girlfriend and to wipe his scented legs upon. They both will smell rather sweet, arm in arm strolling down the street.

They may stroll on the beach in the sun set and may go to have a paddle in the old briny.

They may have a glass of champagne on ice, which would be so very nice.

They would be served by a big white dove the two of them would so in love

And then they would go for a stroll down on the prom;

Maybe a band would be playing twiddle ohm pom, pom.

Do you think; they'll get wed them two?

I really, really hope they do.

Pamela lutwyche

Schani And Margaret's Garden

Pansies with faces of angels
Smiling at the sun
Sunflowers standing tall
Each and everyone

Margaret painting her gnomes
To make them all shiny and bright
Schani tending her flowers and veg
And she always gets it right

Schani and Margaret sipping summer wine
Wearing summer hats, which look lacy and divine
Butterfly's flying just in front of their eyes
Dancing like ballerina's, giving a ballet for free
And on a flower they can hear the hum
Of a little bumblebee

There are tomato's growing in the green house
And there are cucumbers too
If you listen every carefully
You can hear them saying, thank you

To the two gardeners
With their green fingers all aglow
Giving lots of love to every plant
Every plant; that they sow

Pamela lutwyche

Shopping

Shopping, cooking, cards to post, presents to buy and wrap
It is only January the 2nd, but the next one is on its way.

It will be here soon, so,
hurry up and buy all the stock from the shops
before its Christmas day.

I have started my cupboard is full.
I have bargains galore
I have Christmas presents I can give,
until I am 94.

Mind you the jumpers and sweets will be out of date,
but I don't care about that, oh no.
They can put them on eBay
and maybe make a bit of dough.
Antiques plenty of money

Pamela lutwyche

Sleep, Sleep

It's strange the things that come into your head,
when at night while lying in bed.

With all the things that's happened throughout the day,
sometimes it's hard to rest and drift away.

We can lie there wide awake,
hoping to sleep, before day break.

Then at last sleep does arrive,
and it takes us away to a wonder land.

Where things are not the same,
and sometimes, I must be honest,
I wish I could remain.

Pamela lutwyche

Slow Down Then Speed Up

Where are you going in such a hurry?
Slow down now, don't you worry,
You will get there, right on time
Just stop and have a breather,
Rest your feet, wipe your brow,
Just go easy, you'll find how nice and relaxing it will be
If you just take the time to look around and see,
The beautiful things you have missed,
By going at such speed
See the flowers, see the trees, feel the sway of the breeze,
Hear the birds singing and flying in the sky,
Watch the shooting stars as they shoot by,
Hear the babbling of a brook,
Please take the time to stop and look,
Hear the croak of a frog,
Hear the bark of a dog,
Smell the sweet scent of the flowers,
While you wallow away the hours,
Read a book under a tree,
Look at the beautiful bumble bee,
Touch the bark of a tree, feel the texture it's all roughly,
Take the time to look and see what you have lost,
Then what you have found.
By just slowing down

Where are you going at such a slow pace?
Hurry up don't you know your in a race,
You'll never get there if you walk that slow,
Hurry up let's go let's go.
You have not got the time to smell the flowers,
You have not got the time to wallow away the hours.
You don't want to hear the babbling of a brook,
You have not got the time to stop and look,
Never mind the breeze swaying in trees
Or the birds singing weedy de de de.
The croaking of a frog and the barking of a dog,
You don't want to listen to that,
Read a book under a tree ho, no, no, no, not for me!
Feel the texture of a tree and look at the bumble bee,

No you have not got the time to stop and see
You will never get there if you walk that slow
Hurry up let's go, let's go, let's go.

Pamela lutwyche

Smiley Face

Lets all have a smiley face,
Not a down right gloomy face,
Let the yellow sun shine through,
Stop the grey sky's harming you,
If you see someone down and blue,
Give them a smile,
That's all you have to do,
That is the secret of
Lives success,
With out a smile,
There is no happiness.

Pamela lutwyche

Smiley The Toothbrush

Smiley, the toothbrush, lives in Miss Pea's bathroom. Miss Pea has a lovely set of teeth and this is all due to Smiley. When Miss Pea cleans her teeth she always looks in the mirror while doing it and Smiley can see himself in the mirror. Miss Pea tells Smiley what a good job he is doing every day.

Smiley wants to clean more than just one set of teeth, because he knows he can, so, he waits for the dog. The dog passes the bathroom. This is Smiley's moment, he pounces on the dog and before the dog knows what has hit him, Smiley has cleaned the dog's teeth; the dog now has lovely teeth.

Granddad, who lives with Miss Pea, keeps his false teeth in a glass by the side of the bed. Smiley jumps into the glass and cleans Granddad's teeth. Smiley looks around to see which other teeth need to be cleaned.

There are pictures on the wall of people smiling, Smiley jumps on the pictures and cleans their teeth. Then Smiley goes back to the bathroom and waits to be used again by Miss Pea.

Miss Pea goes to the bathroom to clean her teeth; she picks up Smiley and starts to clean them.

'Yak, ' says Miss Pea out loud, there is a nasty taste in her mouth.

So, Miss Pea throws Smiley outside in the dustbin, but, she does not put the lid back on properly.

Smiley climbs out of the bin and he goes and hides in the bushes. He waits there for any thing with a set of teeth to come in to the garden. A little time passes, then a fox comes into the garden. Smiley creeps up from behind the fox and the fox turns around and sees Smiley. The fox snarls, bearing his teeth, this is Smiley's chance. He jumps on the fox's teeth and cleans them and then runs back into the bushes. Mr Fox is stunned, but his teeth really do feel nice and clean. Mr Fox runs his tongue over his teeth.

'I like the feel of my teeth, ' he says.

Mr Fox looks for Smiley, but, of course, Smiley is hiding. Mr Fox leaves the garden.

A little later, a squirrel visits the garden. Smiley is watching him walking along the fence. The squirrel jumps off the fence and starts to dig for the nuts, that he had left the day before. Smiley is now behind him and he touches the squirrel's tail. The squirrel turns around, that's Smiley's opportunity. He jumps on the squirrel's teeth, but the squirrel catches Smiley.

'What are you doing with my teeth? ' he says in a very angry voice.

'I am only cleaning them for you.' said Smiley

'WELL DON'T, ' said the squirrel, 'I don't like it. Just a minute, I do like it, and my teeth feel lovely.'

Just then Mr Fox returns to the garden, he sees Smiley and the squirrel talking. He comes up to Smiley and says.

'Please will you clean my teeth again? My teeth feel very nice indeed.'

'Yes I will, any time.' Smiley said with a great, big, smiling, grin.

Smiley has lots of animals who now visit the garden to have their teeth cleaned. He is one very happy toothbrush.

Pamela lutwyche

Snowman

I am looking through my window,
Just at the break of day.
I have just yawned and rubbed my eyes.
Can you imagine my surprise?
When out of the corner of my eye,
I see, that magnificent snowman that's being made,
he's big and fat and looks so cold.

He stands under the lamp light,
for everyone to view and if you wanted to say.
"Hello Mr snowman."
I'm sure; when he is finished; he will say it back to you.
He's got his ears they were sculpted from snow,
But, there is still a long way to go
before he is finished
and he can wear a smile.
there he will stand in an elegant stile.

Let me tell you.
He was not there yesterday,
he was not there at all,
he just appeared over night,
and he must be 3ft tall.

However,
It did not snow heavily in the night,
but, it did snow a little,
but, there was not enough on the ground,
to make a snowman,
of this, I am quite certain.

So, I don't think, that snowman was made
by any living person.

Now, I see who is making him;
they must have worked all through the night.
Bringing the snow in containers
and hoping to finish before day light.

I think the snow came from
a far away fairy land,
because I've just caught sight
of lots of fairies,
carrying some in their hand.

Two others are coming.
They are transporting his eyes,
they have just placed them in.
A ray of light has come down,
and took the snowman by surprise.
He shuck and glistened and by magic,
a mouth did appear, he has the biggest smile,
he is grinning from ear to ear.

The fairies have not seen me,
looking through this glass,
just now; about twenty fairies
went flying passed.
In their hands they were carrying,
a big golden scarf,
they have put it around the neck of the snowman
I swear, this made the snowman laugh.

Here come four more fairies carrying a carrot
yes, you guessed it; the carrot is for his nose.
One more fairy is carrying a beautiful single rose.
She is giving it to the snowman,
where he will place it in his top hat.
The fairy stopped to say something
at present; they are having a little chat.

Here comes the top hat,
it looks like it's flying on its own,
but, there are fairies inside,
it's not coming by being blown
along on the wind.

It does look very strange to see,
but, everything is coming together
quite nicely.

The top hat is now in place,
the snowman looks very smart.

Wait a minute though,
I can see a fairy bringing a heart,
there it is, shining very brightly
it's lighting up the sky.
It looks like a shooting star,
pulsating as it passes by.

The heart has disappeared
Into the snowman's chest,
The fairies' have worked very hard
I think they will be glad of a rest.

I can see his buttons a coming,
they are marching in a line.
They look like little soldiers,
everything is coming together
Just fine.

The buttons are now in place.
He has his jacket on,
at last he is finished
now, the fairies job
has been done.

It is time now for them to go.
They are shouting to the snowman
Goodbye, good luck and cheerio.

Pamela lutwyche

Spiderman

You know, it has been said,
never trust a spider, if you are a fly,
But, I think everyone should be given a chance.

He seems fine to me and I'm sure,
I cannot see what all the fuss is about,
this spider he talks such sweet words,
his poetry is rather devine.

He has said, in a loving way,
one day I will make you mine.
Here comes the big spider now,
he has offered to build me a home.
Somewhere I can stay and yes,
I will take him up on his offer, if only for a day.

I've moved in now and I'm sure it will be o.k.
I can see him he's looking down at me,
giving me the wink with his eye.

I think he really does fancy me,
oh how lucky am I.
What's this, I cannot move!
I am stuck in his home,
now he is on his way.

oh, no I should have listened,
to everything that was said,
because In one minute,
I probably, will be dead.

Pamela lutwyche

Star And Sand

The mermaid's name was star. The sea horse was called sand and they were very good friends. Star would sit on sand's back. They would travel under the sea visiting places and sometimes they would travel on top of the sea too. I saw them one sun set evening they were a beautiful sight to see. The sun was hanging low in the sky. Star and sand riding the waves far out on the horizon. Sand was pure white his main was thick and when he shook his head the salty sea came off in big droplets rising in the sky, going so far up that you could watch them come down, it seemed the droplets were falling in slow motion. They hit the sea with a force that only he could achieve. He was as fast as the wind and with Star sitting on his back, his queen of the sea, he was defiantly king. Every now and then you could see Sand's legs coming out of the sea galloping along. The silver sparkle of his hooves were like fire crackers coming out of the water and Star holding on to his main, so gentle and graceful as one they rode. Star had every colour in her tail and she glistened with the last of the remaining light from the sun going down. She sparkled Like rubies and diamonds and I am sure if you were to touch her she would of felt of pure silk. Her hair flew as they rode, flying in all directions with sea creatures attached. She had the finest of pearls around her neck. They rode from one side of the horizon and disappeared on the other. A crowd gathered watching this spectacular sight. The sun going down in the salty sea shrinking away until no more could we see.

Star the mermaid and Sand the sea horse
Were riding like the wind
With his queen on his back
Sand was defiantly king
They looked a magnificent sight
In the sun set there
With rubies diamonds and droplets of water flying in the air
They rode from one side
And disappeared on the other
A crowd gathered when the sun was sinking low
Then we watched the two fade
Drift and go

Pamela lutwyche

That Ghost

That ghost, I don't know who he thinks he is,
Standing there at the bottom of my bed,
Saying spooky things and messing with my head,
Well, I'm not having it; he's not doing that to me.

The next time he comes,

I will have the ghost busters here you see,
Then we will see who is frightened,
we will watch him run away,
and hopefully, he will never come back,
that's all I have to say.

Pamela lutwyche

That's When I Understood

This is not my poem. This poem belongs to my good friend, Valentino.

Who is this woman?
This wonderful lady,
Who infected my heart
Love has no remedy.
She has special powers
I don't know why
She is the only person
To ever make me cry.
Ask yourself this,
Are we a perfect match?
If I threw you my heart
Would you drop it or would you catch?

To me you are a princess
A princess full of love
You must have come from heaven
Like an angel from up above.

I do not understand,
This loving way I feel,
I didn't come looking,
But it's here and it's real,

It's when I touch your hair
And when I hold your hand
And when we hold each other
That's when, I understand.

Never forget the moment,
Close your eyes and remember please,
That very special moment,
When the snow lay on the trees,

My heart it truly dies,
When the tears run down your face,
You are so very brave,
And you brave and you never leave a trace.

You sacrifice so much,
To do the things you do,
Because you know my darling,
I would sacrifice my life for you.

If you had the power,
To turn back the clock,
Would you ignore the door,
The first time I came to knock?

Would you bolt the door
And pretend loves not there?
Or would you welcome me in,
So that love can fill the air?

You do not really care,
About material things
Those things to us mean nothing,
Compared to what love brings.

You are one in a million,
So special to me, you are,
You are a clear cut diamond,
You shine the whole way through.

Pamela lutwyche

The Jumper

Some people have the knack, everything they seem to do just works out right,
other people sometimes have a little trouble doing things they would really like to do.

My mum was one of those people, she was brilliant at knitting squares, when these squares were sewn together they made a lovely blanket and it made the bedroom look all cosy and warm.

She really wanted to knit a jumper for me!

She said to me

"Let's go and pick the colour wool you would like."

So,

We went to the shop. I picked purple wool, she bought the wool and she bought a pattern too.

The lady said

"It's a popular pattern, Very easy to do! "

My Mum knitted me a jumper; I don't know what went wrong

Instead of two arms it had three

And the neck was just as long

The bottom came to my feet and it was dragging on the floor

I think I must of cleaned a dozen streets or even, maybe more

Soon a crowd gathered around me and then, they all started to cheer, they all loved my jumper

So, my Mums knitting another one,

Oh dear!

Pamela lutwyche

The Milk Float From Lutwyche Farm

We three cows, from Lutwyche Farm, are standing on a milk float which is heading down the road. My name is Dairy and the other two cows are Daisy and Maisie. There are three chickens on the float as well, their names are Patsy, Pamsy and Judie. We are all heading for our customers' breakfast time meal. This is the most important meal of the day. A breakfast from us will set you up for the whole day ahead. You could have fresh milk on cereal, or toast with butter and boiled eggs.

What a lovely breakfast to start your day.

BREAKFAST IS VERY IMPORTANT

We want to see that all our customers get the best that money can buy. Our customers bring their bottles and jugs out and we cows fill them, from the back of our milk float. All of our produce is fresh every time. I give full cream milk, Daisy gives semi skimmed milk, and Maisie gives fresh cream and this can be turned into butter if so desired. We are only fed the best of food ourselves and we are very well looked after by farmer Giles. We are in tiptop condition for the job we have to do. The chicken Patsy lays brown eggs, Pamsy the chicken lays white eggs, and Judie the chic lays eggs that are striped brown and white. The chicks all lay to order, so sometimes it can be a bit of a strain, but still they all manage. We all make a lot of noise, but it's o.k. because the people know it is time to get up and start their day.

AND BREAKFAST IS ON ITS WAY

Here comes the milk float
Can you hear the noise?
All that clucking and mooing
Is not a surprise!
We deliver breakfast
Fresh as can be
For we live on Lutwyche Farm
Where things are fresh
Daily

Pamela lutwyche

The Moon Was Bright

The moon was bright, on that warm summer night,
and abundance of stars was all around;
we were by a river, with a candle lit supper,
we put a blanket the ground.

Lying there just counting the stars,
and wishing this moment would never end.
A shooting star went shooting passed,
and our wants and future did expand.

We lay there till the early morn,
we saw the sunset rise,
we gathered our things together,
then said, our last goodbyes.

Pamela lutwyche

The Pain Of Love

The pain of love can be bad,
sometimes it can be very sad.

It can hurt and rip you inside
then you want to run away and hide
your friend says to you,
You will be fine, just give it time,
You are right, it does stabs like a knife

No one can take the hurt away
it's on your mind all the time,
and it stabs like a knife.

You see him, or her
and you feel twisted in side
and it stabs like a knife.

Then, one day the hurt will go away
and you will wonder,
what ever happened to the one,
that made you feel like,
You got stabbed by a knife.

Pamela lutwyche

The Reason I Breathe

This is not my poem. This poem belongs to my good friend, Valentino.

The reason I breathe
is because you fill the air
The reason I see
is because, I see you there.

The reason I touch
is because of the feel of your skin
The reason I love
Is because of the love that's within.

The reason I smell
Is because you smell so new,
The reason I live, is because of you.

The reason I am
is because of you sweetheart,
The reason your you
is because our hearts will never part.

Pamela lutwyche

The Runner

Make way for the winner,
I'm coming through.
It's such a good feeling,
to be winning you.

I never thought I'd do it,
I never thought I would.
But, indeed I did do it,
And it feels rather good.

My legs were a bit shaky,
after running that far,
I should have run for a mile,
then maybe got in to a car.

There were people there,
to help me on my way.
They were clapping, shouting
and cheering for me to day.

I would just like to thank them,
I would just like to say.
Thank you all for a wonderful day.

There were people dressed,
in fancy dress,
There were two tied together,
Bill and our Bess.

But I was the winner,
As everyone could see.

I was the winner
The one dressed as the bee.

Pamela lutwyche

The Top Banana

Mrs Asbury bought three bananas from the greengrocers. She took them home and put them in her fruit bowl, along with the other fruit that was already in there. Apples, oranges, pears and grapes. One by one the fruit started to be picked out of the bowl and eaten.

Well, Keith, one of the Bananas, did not want to be eaten by himself he wanted to be eaten in style. He squeaked, "I want to be eaten with cream and cherries or I am going to stay in this bowl." stay, he did. He thought he had been forgotten about, in fact he was quite wrong and then someone unzipped him.

He yelled, "You can't eat me on my own, I want more" and then, a magic thing happened. He shouted "FREEDOM" and sprouted legs and he ran through the door. He was half way through the door, but then, he was caught. He could now see there was cream on the table and there were cherries as well. He had such a lovely feeling inside and he was happy too. Now, his dream had all come true.

Keith the Banana was unzipped and on the run,
He had been watching the other fruit
Be eaten one by one!

Keith, wanted to go in style, he wanted more fun
He thought people had forgotten about him and he was prepared to run!
In fact he was quite wrong.

He was going to be turned into a banana boat,
but that's when it all went wrong.
He sprouted legs he was off,
running through the door.

He was going that fast,
that his feet came off the floor.
He was flying through the air,
gliding on his way.

Heading for freedom!
Well, that's what he did say.

But then, he got caught, but it all ended very well,
because not only was he eaten with cherries,
It made him feel rather swell.

HE WAS NOT EATEN ON HIS OWN,
HE HAD CHEERIES AND CREAM.
HE HAD IT ALL,
THIS WAS HIS DREAM,
HE DID NOT WANT, ANYTHING MORE.

Pamela lutwyche

There Is A Fork In The Road,

Which path shall I take?
Is the left the good and the right the bad,
Or the right the good and the left the bad,
I'm not sure, I don't know,
I wish someone could help me though.

If I go this way what will it bring?
Worry, lose and horrible things.
If I go that way will it be good?
Will it be pleasant, rewarding, and sisterhood?

I hope I take the right path,
In my mind I must be clear,
Because whatever path I take,
I must go without any fear.

Pamela lutwyche

There Is A Light

There is a light
That lights the night
When it's too dark to see
It's by my bed
For me and my Ted
My teddy bear and me
We like the light
That lights the night
On that we both agree
It feels soft and safe
Warm and nice
A lovely thing to see
When we awake
The light no longer do we need
Because it's too light for the light
That lights the night
But the light,
is still needed indeed.

Pamela lutwyche

To The Dentist

To the dentist I did go,
To have me teeth,
Seen to you know,

The dentist said,
By George they are white! !
And I said,
I should think so,
I clean them every night.

Pamela lutwyche

What Are The Clouds?

I was lying in the garden watching the clouds. I wondering if a giant was smoking a cigar to make the clouds way up high, or it might be the steam from his cup of tea. It may have been his very hot dinner; that his wife had just brought in or maybe he was taking a bath, the steam raising and swirling about to make the clouds.

I thought I saw a glimpse of him looking down at me,
but then again, I'm not to sure,
I didn't really see.

I thought I heard someone call my name,
but, not a sole was there.
I did look up and down,
in fact I looked everywhere.

I think he must have been playing a game,
may be hiding in the cloud,
because now, when I think back,
it did seem quite loud.

What are the clouds up so far?
Could it be smoke?
From a giants cigar,
or the steam
from his cup of tea?
I wonder what
the clouds could be.

Pamela lutwyche

What Lies On The Other Side Of A Mirror?

What lies on the other side of a mirror?
Could we make contact with the things in there?
Or is it a world that's far out of reach?
Or a world that goes somewhere.

Someone looking back at you,
Coping every move, is it you or another you,
Is it a world that you would choose?
To go to, maybe one day,
just to have a look and see,
what really looks from the other side,
looking back at you and me! ! !

Pamela lutwyche

What's The Meaning?

This is not my poem. This poem belongs to my good friend, Valentino.

Ask yourself a question,
What's the meaning of true love?
It's when two people fit together
Your hand in mine fits like a glove

It's a feeling like no other,
Affecting body mind and soul,
It makes us smile from deep inside,
Its true love that makes us whole.

Even though we were not looking,
Our soul mate we both found.
When I listen to you speak,
No one else has that same sound.

I worship every moment,
Of time I share with you.
Because those times they go so fast,
The rest of the time, I just miss you.

If this life of mine is short,
And you never see me again.
My true love for you lives forever,
My soul with yours will always remain.

Pamela lutwyche

When You Wed

When you wed,
may the sun smile down on you.

May your glass be full of champagne.
May the trees in the breeze sway,

Making the confetti fall all around you.
Making it look like different coloured snow,

Coming down to greet and to wish you well,
Making your best ever day.

Pamela lutwyche

Where Have You Been?

Where have you been my little man?
What did you see when you were there?
Did you see the big blue bird flying about in the air?
Was he nice?
Did you talk about things you have done?
Are you going back next week to talk on and on?
What did he say?
Did he make you laugh?
Did he bring a smile to your face?
Did he know you are part of the human race?
Tell me, tell me do what did he really say to you?

I was dreaming in the land of nod;
true I did see something there;
I don't know if it was the big blue bird flying in the air;
he was very nice and we did talk about the things we had done.
Yes, I am going back next week and will talk on and on.
He did make me laugh and bring a smile to my face and I am quite sure he
knew;
I was part of the human race.
But, to tell you and tell you true what he really said;
I can't really remember, it was just a dream, it all in my head.

Don't worry my little man; I'm sure you will go again;
just close your little eyes then maybe count to ten.
The land of nod it's a beautiful place its magic full of spells;
It's a lovely land where fairies roam and lots of wishing wells.
I am sure you will see the big blue bird again;
I am convinced you met him there before.
Next time go you might remember;
just a little bit more.

I hope I will remember just a little more;
then I can tell you what he has in store.
Maybe, he will take me for a fly upon his wing;
to show me the land of nod and all the wonderful things.
I would like to see the wishing wells and all the things that are there.

I would like to see the big blue bird flying in the air.

Shall we go together! Won't you come with me?
And then; we both shall see; what we shall see.

What a good idea; I did not think of that before.
The two of us with the big blue bird.
Who could want for more.
Close your eyes and dream! !

Pamela lutwyche

Work, Work, Work

Name and shame,
I'll point the finger and blame.

I'll throw my hands in the air
I'll act very mean with a nasty stare.

I'm not having all these mistakes
Too many are being made.

If you don't watch out
I will shoot you
and put you in your grave.

Pamela lutwyche

Worrying

Lots of things make us worry,
this is quite true.
People say don't worry- worry,
until worry—worry's you.

But that is a very hard thing to do,
It can get way out of hand,
It's like one of those egg timers,
That running out of sand.

Remember you are not alone,
when it comes to worry.
Worry is a nasty thing.
It can make you very ill,
and too much worry,
well it, probably will,

Just remember one thing,
The world is a mad place,
and there is always someone,
With a worse situation,
that can wipe the smile,
off any ones face.

There is no magic potion,
You can buy from anywhere.
But, I'm sure if you tell someone your worry,
You will find they really do care.

Pamela lutwyche