

A Classroom Speaks

The window says '**welcome**',
the door says '**come in**'.
The whistle says '**quiet**',
the book says '**begin**'.

The paper says '**write**'
and the snack says '**yum yum**'.
The carpet is sighing
'**please sit on your bum**'.

The test says '**no way**'
but the sticker says '**try**'.
The pencil says '**greetings**',
the rubber '**goodbye**'.

The paint says '**clear up**'
and the sink says '**splish splosh**'.
The glue yells '**yahoo!**'
but the apron shouts '**wash!**'.

The clock says '**it's over**',
the bell bellows '**dash!**'
and that is the end of

the big classroom bash



Magic!



A newborn baby in a cot:
that's magic.

A baked potato, piping hot:
that's magic.

A cartoon on a Saturday,
a muffin on a baker's tray,
a tabby cat that wants to play:
that's magic.

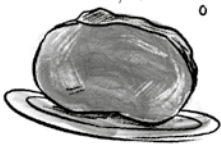


A rainbow peeking through the rain:
that's magic.



A multicoloured candy cane:
that's magic.

A puppy learning how to bark,
a chocolate eaten in the dark,
a game of football in the park:
that's magic.



A lion waking from a nap:
that's magic.

Your uncle doing his 'cool rap':
that's... tragic.

The engine in a motor boat,
the buttons on your winter coat,
the beard on a billy goat:
that's magic.



A dolphin diving in the deep:
that's magic.

A brand-new watch that's yours to keep:
that's magic.

Just have a look round where you dwell,
the sea, the sky, the land as well –
you don't need wands or magic spells
for magic.



I Wanna be a Bear

I wanna be big
and bad and brave
wanna live in a forest
wanna lurk in a cave
wanna have sharp teeth
and lots of hair

*I said yeah, yeah, yeah
I wanna be a bear.*

I wanna be bad
and brave and bold
wanna curl in a ball
when it gets very cold
wanna lick my lips
and give you a scare

*I said yeah, yeah, yeah
I wanna be a bear.*

I wanna be furry
I wanna be funny
wanna prow! wanna growl
wanna guzzle that honey
wanna snooze all winter
in a cosy little lair

*I said yeah, yeah, yeah
I wanna be a bear.*

I wanna be polar
or grizzly or sun
wanna dance, wanna prance
wanna have a little fun
I might look cute
but please **BEWARE**
because

*yeah, yeah, yeah
I wanna be a BEAR!*



Ooshus Magooshus

Ooshus Magooshus
Lives under the stairs
You shouldn't disturb him
You wouldn't dare –
He'll claw at your face
And he'll tear at your hair,
For this is Ooshus
Magooshus's lair.

Ooshus Magooshus
Lives out in the shed
You shouldn't disturb him
He'll have you for dead,
But he comes out at night
(I've heard it said)
To feast on children
In their beds.

Ooshus Magooshus
Lives up in the loft
He likes his bones crunchy
He likes his flesh soft,
He feasted last week
He scoffed and scoffed

And he let out a **burp** –
You can still smell the waft.

Now Ooshus Magooshus,
He sometimes goes out
He wanders the street
He wanders about
So if you pass a stranger
And you are in doubt
Scream **'OOSHUS MAGOOSHUS!'**
With a big, hefty shout!