**Turvy-Topsy**

‘Gentlemen and Ladies, all and one,

Let’s have a little games and fun.

I’ve noticed that the things we say,

Sound wrong if said a different way.

I’ve never wandered forth and back,

Never been beaten blue and black.

And through my life, large and by,

I’ve yet to be left dry and high.

Error and trial, punishment and crime,

It’s go and touch, again and time.

My fortunes are not down and up.

I never drink from a saucer and cup.

No pepper and salt upon my dish

Of bacon and liver or chips and fish . . .

Under key and lock . . . Order and law . . .

All bothered and hot . . . Peace and war . . .

Simple and pure, though it may sound dull,

It’s how it sounds makes it void and null

You shouldn’t mix pleasure with business:

The bees and the birds with the m & s.

Mind your qs and ps come shine or rain,

And try not to get it wrong again.

Cos, wrong or right, to return to food;

‘Where’s the fork ’n knife?’ just sounds kind of rude.’

**‘A small dragon’ by Brian Patten**

A small dragon

I’ve found a small dragon in the woodshed.

Think it must have come from deep inside a forest

because it’s damp and green and leaves

are still reflecting in its eyes.

**‘Puzzle’ by Matt Goodfellow**

Puzzle

we are

all

jigsaw pieces

before

we

are gone

we

must

find

a

way

to

fit

together

as

one

**‘The Laughter Forecast’ by Sue Cowling**

The Laughter Forecast

Today will be humorous

With some giggly patches,

Scattered outbreaks of chuckling in the south

And smiles spreading from the east later,

Widespread chortling

Increasing to gale-force guffaws towards evening.

The outlook for tomorrow

Is hysterical.

**‘Give Yourself A Hug’ by Grace Nichols**

An extract from ‘Give Yourself A Hug’

Give yourself a hug

when you feel unloved

Give yourself a hug

when people put on airs

to make you feel a bug

**‘Uses’ by Rachel Rooney**

An extract from ‘Uses’

They prop open windows; let butterflies in

and stop doors from slamming in sudden, cold wind.

They help with your balance and make you walk tall,

they’ll increase your height on a chair, if you’re small.

**‘My Mum’ by Evie Weston**

My Mum

Glasses wearer,

Great carer,

Wants it neater,

But so sweet-er,

Promise keeper,

Car-horn beeper,

Book maker,

Child creator.

**‘I Opened A Book’ by Julia Donaldson**

I Opened A Book

I opened a book and in I strode.

Now nobody can find me.

I’ve left my chair, my house, my road,

My town and my world behind me.

**‘Aliens Stole My Underpants’ by Brian Moses**

An extract from ‘Aliens Stole My Underpants’

To understand the ways

of alien beings is hard,

and I’ve never worked it out

why they landed in my backyard.

And I’ve always wondered why

on their journey from the stars,

these aliens stole my underpants

and took them back to Mars.