



# English



Vinehall School

2002-2003

## The Magic Box

A box so small and magical  
Decorated with shells and stars  
I've never opened it yet,  
But I'm waiting for the moment to come.

Some slithery snakes,  
A frightening, fidgeting frog  
And scary spiders.

I will put in my box  
The first drop of honey from a busy bee  
The last word of a dying poem  
The first earring from a princess.

A mouse in a jungle  
And an elephant in a hole,  
A witch on a horse  
And a cowboy on a broomstick.

I shall play in my box  
On a bouncy trampoline  
I will fly in the air like an elegant eagle.

*Marie Cotton Rhein 3G*

## My Magic Box

My box is fashioned from the fishing net of old fishermen  
from the sea,  
With gold tassels hanging from each corner,  
It's inside is lined with the robes of the Queen.

I will put in my box

The white water rafts gliding along the river  
The big monster from the Loch Ness  
And amazing animals of African wildlife.

I will put in my box

The first step of a baby's shoe,  
The last song of a declining nightingale,  
The first flower in a glowing meadow.

I will put in my box

A thirteenth month and green snow  
A wizard clutching a handbag  
And a shopper waving a wand.

I shall sail in my box  
In the great seas of the Atlantic Ocean  
Then anchor in a wide blue bay  
The colour of the sky.

*Rosie Nicolson 3G*

## My Magic Box

My box is wrought of golden leaves,  
Raindrops and rainbows.  
It's base is of matted grass.

I will put in my box  
The purple pointed pebble of Peru,  
Some shining snow from the Himalayas  
A shining silver sword from Singapore.

I will put in my box  
The last sail of the king's ship,  
The brightest topaz of the queen's crown,  
The first feather of a rascal robin.

I will put in my box  
A four hundredth day and a fifty-third  
week,  
A knight on a daisy  
And a fairy with a lance.

I will fly in my box  
In an old world war biplane  
Then parachute out on to  
A warm Hawaiian beach.

*Joshua Powell 3G*



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### The Birthday party

I look in the room, nobody's there  
Coloured balloons hang silently in the air  
The cake's on the table and lots of sweets  
But nobody's there, have nobody to meet.  
The door is open,  
People pile in  
Carrying presents,  
Waiting for the wrapping paper to fill up  
the bin.  
Then it's started the party's on,  
I know this time it's going to be fun!  
Now it's time for the cake to be cut,  
Toffee ion the table ,  
Chocolate on the chair,  
Rubbish on the floor as if they don't care.  
Now it's time to go home, back to my  
house,  
No sounds in the room except the squeak  
of a mouse.

*Beetle Gage 3F*

### Exams

You wait outside the door,  
Are you sure you've revised?  
As you step into the classroom your  
mouth is dry.  
You see the paper leering up at you,  
Taste its stale smell on the tip of your  
tongue,  
Lift your pencil, begin to write,  
You keep on telling yourself it will be  
alright.  
Get to a question that you can't  
understand,  
You look at the clock;  
Your time is running out.  
The exam is over and you let out a sigh,  
Relieved, exhausted, how time flies!

*Toby Crisford 3F*

### Moving House

My room is empty as well as the floor.  
Sadly and slowly I get nearer the door.  
Dust and fluff travels round the house,  
Everyone's going except the mouse!  
We're all prepared and ready to go,  
Everything's going with an easy flow.  
The lorry is packed and slowly leaves,  
Mummy and Daddy clutch the keys.

At last our new home is in sight,  
And everyone watches with great excite.  
We open the door and what do we see?  
It's a new home again. Yippee!!

Harriette Blackstone 3F

### The Exam Room

Silent quiet  
Paper crackling,  
Pens scratching  
Scraping chairs  
Clocks ticking,  
Tension mounting,  
People sighing  
Aching wrists,  
Invigilator marching  
Students thinking  
Time is up!  
Relief all round.

*Scott Collier 3F*