

The Skeleton's Pets.

In the deep dark woods a skeleton stood with a pet baby
pumpkin,

he lived in a house with a friendly mouse
the house was covered in poison ivy.

He had lots of pets, but his favourite yet
was his tarantula spider.

The spider was quick, his name was slick!
He lived in the shed and came out when others were in bed.

But all these things are not real
i've only written this poem to make you feel a bit scared!

Cora Prosser

Friday 8th January

To write a poem

the listeners

"Is there anybody with me?"

Said the little girl

Knocking on the big brown door

And her little horse was trotting

around in the spooky wood.

The branches were cracking and

suddenly two bats flew out of the

chimney the little girl was frightened.

As she didn't know to do

"Is there anybody there she said under a tree

write.

Friday 8th January
L.O: To write a poem

The listeners

"Is there anybody there?" Said the young girl
Shouting in the dark night!

As her old, rusty, small boat was struggling through
the water.

All that could be heard was the odd fish
leaping out of the rough waves and the
crashing of the wild sea.

"Is anybody there?" Said the young girl.

Only a host of phantom listeners who were hiding
in the branches of the dark trees.

Of the deserted island.

Friday 8th January

L.O. To be able to write a poem:
The Listener.

'Is there anybody there?' said Luna
knocking on the old crooked door.
And Luna's motorbike was growling
in the moonlit night. All Luna could
hear was birds chirping in the
tree. And all she could see was
shadow on the floor.

'Is there anybody there?' she said.
Only a group of ghosts were in
the house!

They were floating up the stairs.