

Class No: 61

S1 Boys

Homework by Russell Hoban

Homework sits on top of Sunday, squashing Sunday flat.
Homework has the smell of Monday, homework's very fat.
Heavy books and piles of paper, answers I don't know.
Sunday evening's almost finished, now I'm going to go

Do my homework in the kitchen. Maybe just a snack,
Then I'll sit right down and start as soon as I run back
For some chocolate sandwich cookies. Then I'll really do
All that homework in a minute. First I'll see what new

Show they've got on television in the living room.
Everybody's laughing there, but misery and gloom
And a full refrigerator is where I am at.
I'll just have to have another sandwich. Homework's very fat.

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S2 Boys

An Alien Ate My Homework By Kaye Umansky

An Alien ate my homework.
I assure you, Miss, it's true.
I know you think I'm fibbing, Miss,
But would I lie to you?

I'll tell you how it happened, Miss,
I was alone last night.
I'd finished all my sums, Miss.
Yes, I know I got them right.

I was writing up my science
Which, quite frankly, Miss, was hard –
When a spaceship came and hovered
In the air above my yard!

A door slid slowly open, Miss,
And to my great surprise
I found myself regarded
By a pair of purple eyes.

The thing was green, with tentacles.
My heart was filled with fear.
I knew it wanted something,
But quite what, I wasn't clear.

Until it ate my homework, Miss!
Just snatched it clean away!
And then – what's that you're saying, Miss?
Detention, Miss? OK

Class No: 67

S4 Boys

Our Ditch by Brian Moses

I sat and thought one day
of all the things we'd done
with our ditch; how we'd jumped across
at its tightest point, till I slipped
and fell, came out smelling,
then laid a pole from side to side,
dared each other to slide along it.
We fetched out things that others threw in,
lobbed bricks at tins, played Pooh sticks.
We buried stuff in the mud and the gunge
then threatened two girls with a ducking.
We floated boats and bombed them,
tiptoed along when the water was ice
till something began to crack, and we scuttled back.
We borrowed mum's sieve from the baking draw,
scooped out tadpoles into a jar
then simply forgot to put them back.
(We buried them next to the cat).
Then one slow day in summer heat
we followed our ditch to where it began,
till ditch became stream, and stream
fed river, and river sloped off to the sea.
Strange, we thought, our scrap of water
growing up and leaving home,
roaming the world and lapping
at distant lands.

Kenneth by Wendy Cope

The chief defect of Kenneth Plumb
Was chewing too much bubble-gum.
He chewed away with all his might,
Morning, evening, noon and night.
Even (oh, it makes you weep)
Blowing bubbles in his sleep.
He simply couldn't get enough!
His face was covered with the stuff.
As for his teeth — oh, what a sight!
It was a wonder he could bite.
His loving mother and his dad
Both remonstrated with the lad.
Ken repaid them for the trouble
By blowing yet another bubble.
Twas no joke. It isn't funny
Spending all your pocket money
On the day's supply of gum —
Sometimes Kenny felt quite glum.
As he grew, so did his need —
There seemed no limit to his greed:
At ten he often put away
Ninety seven packs a day.
Then at last he went too far
Sitting in his father's car,
Stuffing gum without a pause,
Found that he had jammed his jaws.
He nudged his dad and pointed to
The mouthful that he couldn't chew.
 'Well, spit it out if you can't chew it!'
Ken shook his head. He couldn't do it.
Before long he began to groan —
The gum was solid as a stone.
Dad took him to a builder's yard;
They couldn't help. It was too hard.
They called a doctor and he said,
 'This silly boy will soon be dead.
His mouth's so full of bubble-gum
No nourishment can reach his tum.'
Remember Ken and please do not
Go buying too much you-know-what.