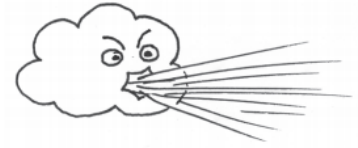


Days Fly By



January begins the year,
With fireworks and lots of cheer.



February – the North wind does blow,
The ground now wears a coat of snow.



Marching on we soon hit spring,
With daffodils and chicks that sing.



The next month brings a bunch of flowers,
Baby lambs and April showers.



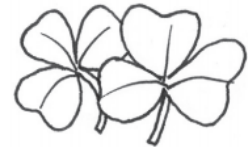
May I say that spring soon ends,
As summer's sun walks round the bend?



Fizzy drinks and swimming pools,
In June we laugh and play the fool.



July we buy ice-creams and peaches,
Have donkey rides on sandy beaches.



In August dance in fields of clover,
Summer waves, the party's over.



September shirts, the old school tie,
'It's school again' I hear you cry.



October leaves and conker fights,
Ghosts and witches, darker nights.



November crackles, rockets fly,
The fireworks they paint the sky.



December wrapped in winter ice,
The past twelve months, I hope, were nice.

**By Sarah Louise
Aged 9 years**