

## Dumped

*Catch a wave*  
they said.

*Wait for a big one*  
*then swim like mad.*

*You'll surf in*  
*like a pro.*

So I tried.

But instead  
of catching that wave  
the wave caught me.

SALLY MURPHY



## Cooking Up a Storm

'Breakfast time,' called Mum.  
'Dad's cooking up a storm.'  
Interesting choice, I thought.  
A storm was not the norm.  
I usually have cornflakes.  
Sometimes eggs on toast.  
On my birthday I get cake.  
I like that the most.  
I sat down in excitement  
as Dad put down my plate.  
'Pancakes? Where's the storm?' I said.  
I felt myself deflate.  
No wind or rain or lightning.  
No thunderclouds in sight.  
This was nothing like a storm  
but I still ate every bite.

REBECCA GRANT



## Sick

Morning, Mum. I'm glad you're here.  
Take a look at my left ear.  
It's been throbbing all night long –  
No, look again! I think you're wrong!

I'm sure I've got a fever too –  
Honest, Mum, I really do!  
Feel my forehead, touch my cheeks!  
It's been coming on for weeks.

First, I got this funny wheeze,  
Then a cough, and next a sneeze.  
I'm pretty sure it's safe to say  
That I'm too sick for school today.

No one else would want this flu,  
So I'll stay home, that's what I'll do.  
Better yet, I'll stay in bed.  
Hang on a sec – what's that you said?

Oh ...

Well, I guess I'm not *that* sick.  
I always do recover quick.  
In fact, I think I'm on the mend –  
A cold won't mess with my weekend!

RENAE HAYWARD



## Here

*for Max*

On my bed's edge  
beneath the glow  
of the ancient moon  
she sleeps  
curled and warm  
snoring softly  
dreaming of fish  
and grey mice  
recalling my face  
at the shop window  
(younger, and pressed  
against glass)  
tapping, calling  
until she runs towards me  
pawing my face  
with her brown foot.  
Slowly now  
in the smudging light  
of this shadowy room  
I brush against  
grey whiskers  
and bend to kiss  
her pink wet nose  
as she awakens.

JAKE DENNIS





## Rapunzel's Daughter

Our house is the best! It has eighty-eight stairs  
circling around and around  
which we go running up to drop  
water bombs down through the middle.

It'd be great for a party.

I have the nicest room 'cos I'm the oldest  
(by ten minutes) but also because  
I'm the girl. From my window  
I can see the whole world: every leaf  
of every shimmering tree in the forest.

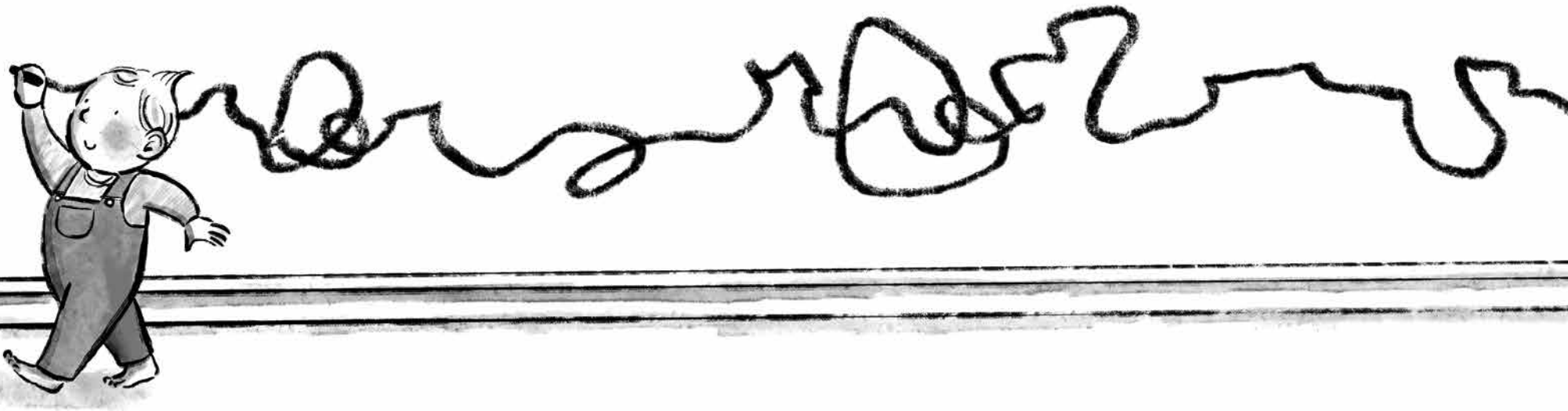
The window's where I stand and listen  
to the birds with songs as sweet (so my father  
often tells me) as my mother's had been  
before she left. My brother shouts for me  
to play, but I stand here and listen and watch  
and wonder what those trees and leaves  
must feel like.

A. J. BETTS

## Off Air

Dad's got a book.  
It must be good  
'cos all round there are kids  
not doing what they should.

SALLY MURPHY



## Misty, the Rock Hunter

Some dogs like balls and sticks,  
But our Misty likes rocks.

At the beach, I throw her favourite rock into the water,  
Misty dives down.  
She ignores the fish and seaweed,  
She only has eyes for her rock.

Misty swims back to the beach with a rock in her mouth.  
I bury her rock deep in the sand.  
We play hide and seek –  
*Find it, Misty!*

Misty digs and digs,  
When Misty has unearthed her prize,  
I toss it back into the sea.

And off she goes,  
Our Misty,  
Swimming and diving for her rock.

Our Misty is a rock hunter.  
No balls or sticks for her.

NADIA L. KING

## Come On In!

Salty breeze on sandy skin  
I squint across the water.  
A splash! A voice calls,  
'Come on in, the water's lovely!'  
I dip a toe,  
feel the freeze.  
Nope, no way.

'Come *on!*'  
I try again,  
water up to my knees, it stings, biting and bitter.  
All around, immune to the cold,  
kids dip, dive, laugh.  
I retreat up damp sucking sand.

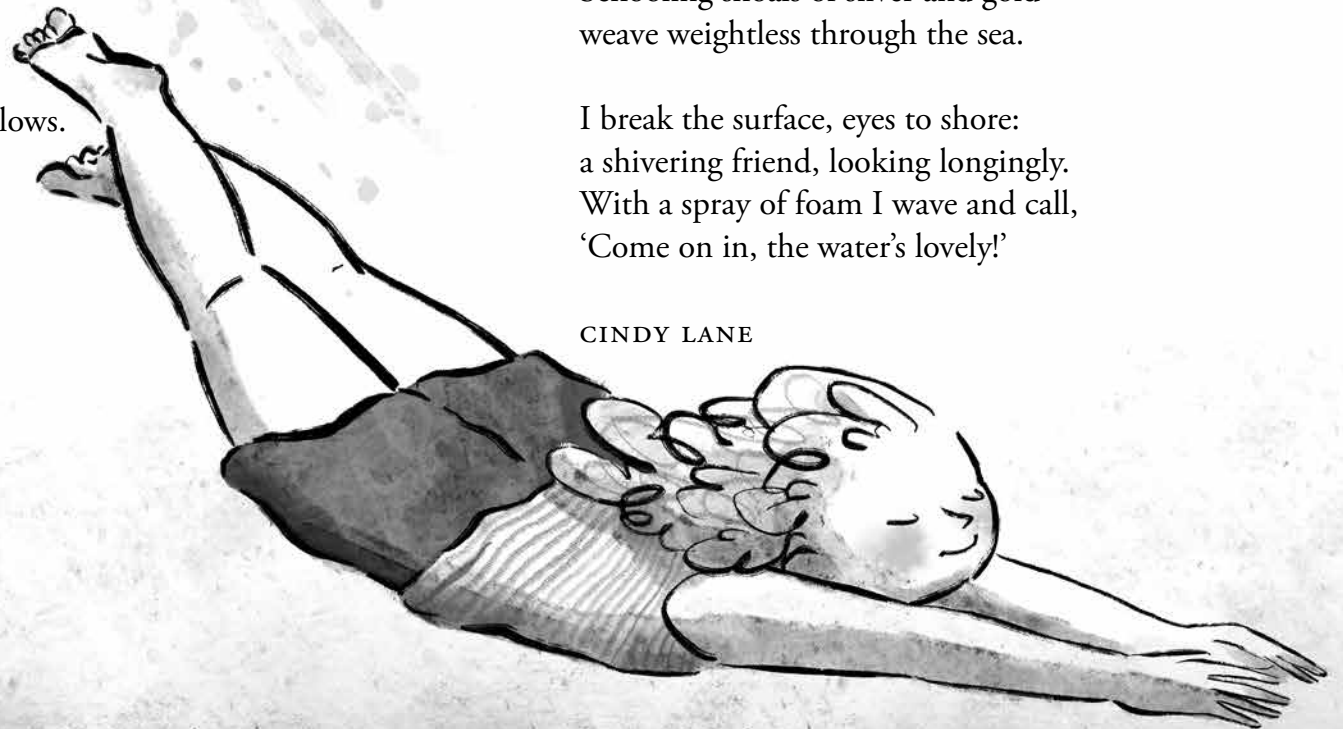
'Hurry – *fish!*'  
The excited cry just beyond the shallows.  
With breath sucked in I stride,  
elbows up, shoulders tight,  
gritted teeth a-chatter.  
Frosted, goosepimpled,  
I'm encircled by sea.  
'Look! Right here!'

My friend slips beneath the surface.  
I fill my lungs, grab my nose,  
and plunge  
D  
o  
w  
n  
into the blue  
silent  
slow-motion world.

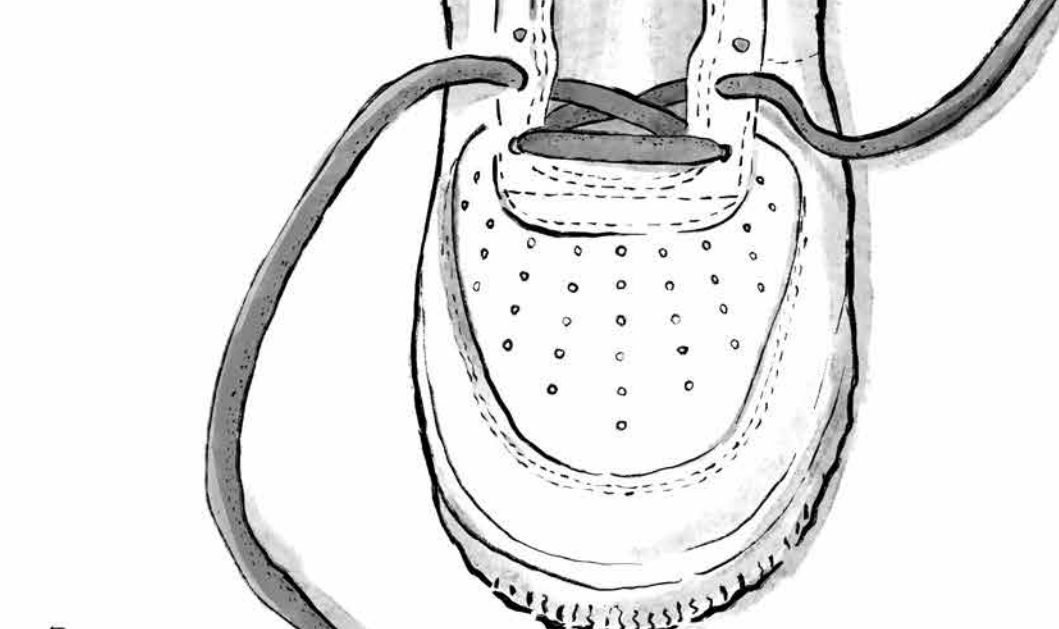
Flashing through sunlight shafts  
sparkling scales, glimmering swimmers  
glide, turn,  
dance in glittering sequins.  
Schooling shoals of silver and gold  
weave weightless through the sea.

I break the surface, eyes to shore:  
a shivering friend, looking longingly.  
With a spray of foam I wave and call,  
'Come on in, the water's lovely!'

CINDY LANE







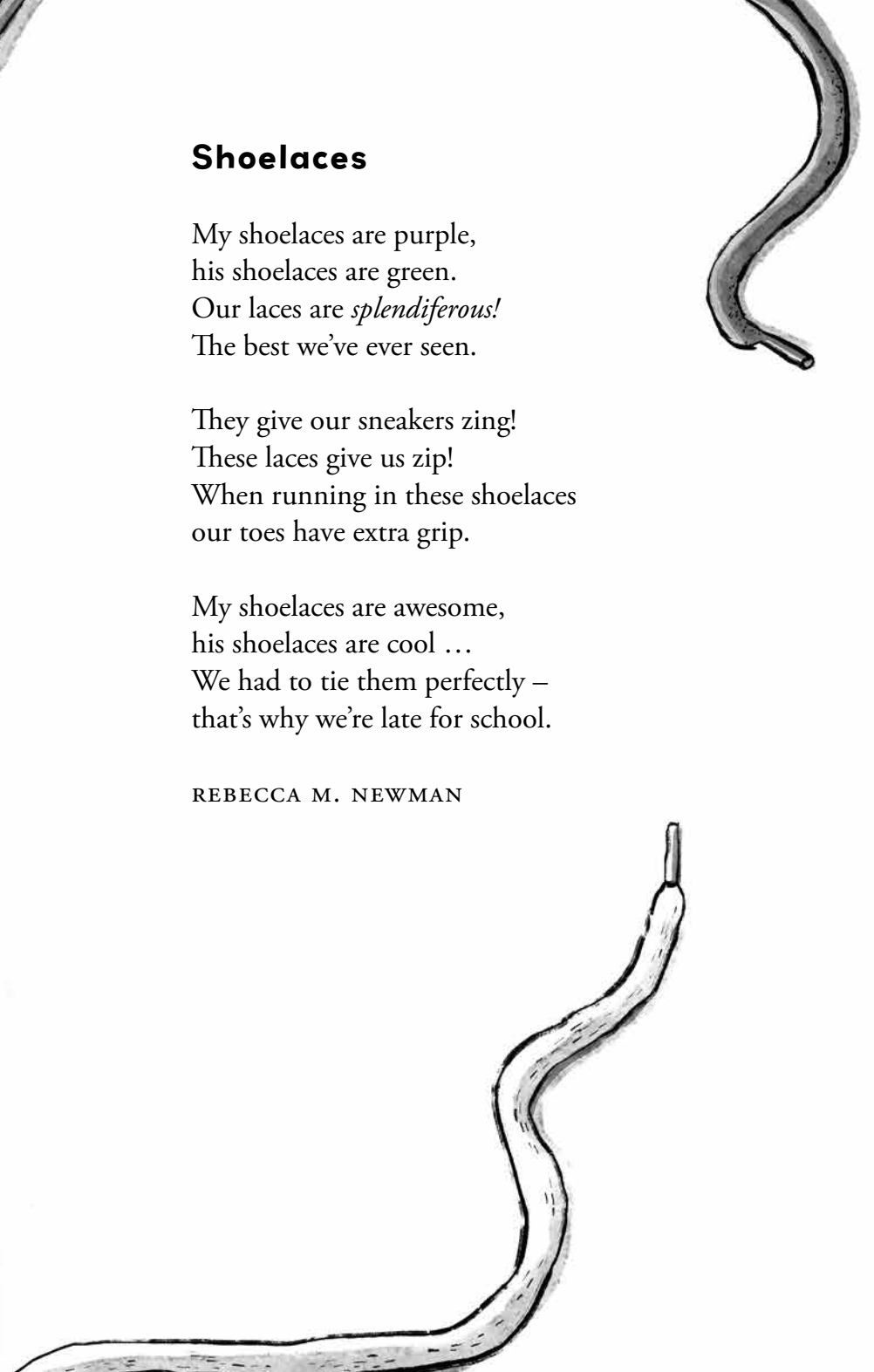
## Shoelaces

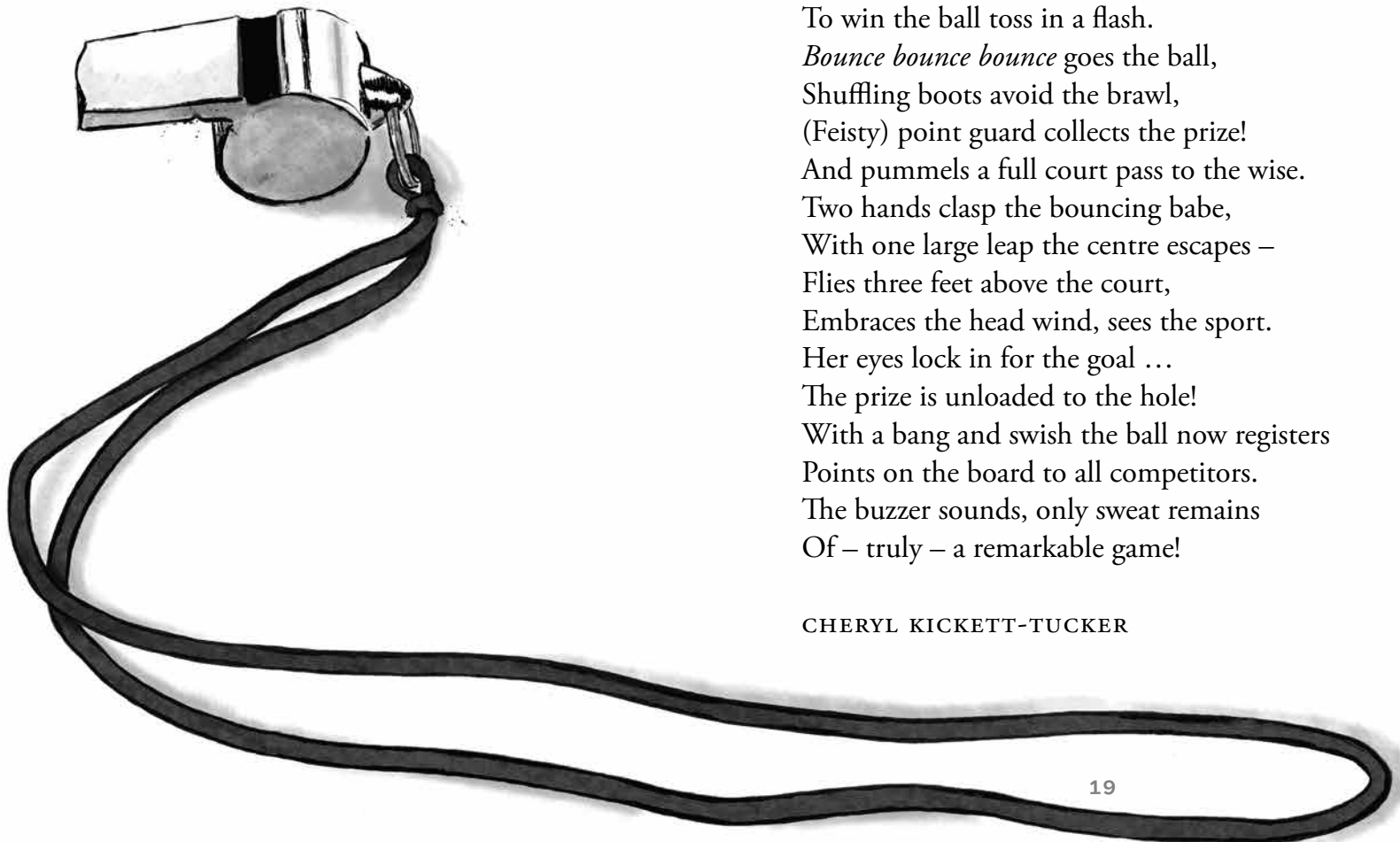
My shoelaces are purple,  
his shoelaces are green.  
Our laces are *splendiferous!*  
The best we've ever seen.

They give our sneakers zing!  
These laces give us zip!  
When running in these shoelaces  
our toes have extra grip.

My shoelaces are awesome,  
his shoelaces are cool ...  
We had to tie them perfectly –  
that's why we're late for school.

REBECCA M. NEWMAN





## **Lovin' Basketball**

*a rap*

A whistle from the ump heralds the call  
For two mighty teams and a bouncing ball.  
Point guard: small but fast and furious,  
And tall timbers – centre and curious,  
Fans on sidelines roped in colour,  
Bench warmers sit next to the buzzer.  
Ball goes up and the mighty will clash,  
To win the ball toss in a flash.  
*Bounce bounce bounce* goes the ball,  
Shuffling boots avoid the brawl,  
(Feisty) point guard collects the prize!  
And pummels a full court pass to the wise.  
Two hands clasp the bouncing babe,  
With one large leap the centre escapes –  
Flies three feet above the court,  
Embraces the head wind, sees the sport.  
Her eyes lock in for the goal ...  
The prize is unloaded to the hole!  
With a bang and swish the ball now registers  
Points on the board to all competitors.  
The buzzer sounds, only sweat remains  
Of – truly – a remarkable game!

CHERYL KICKETT-TUCKER



## Cricket

*a Fibonacci poem*

Bat  
taps.  
Run in.  
Bowler aims.  
It swings! It bounces!  
It hits the pad – *HOWZAT!?* You're out!

REBECCA M. NEWMAN