

# Y3 Mum, can I stay off school today?

My head is hurting. I've a terrible pain!  
I think an alien's attacking my brain!

My teeth are falling out all over the floor!  
And the pain's intense. I can't take it any more.

My muscles are throbbing. My skin's very hot!  
I think my bones are starting to rot.

My mouth's all dry. I can't even suck!  
My feet are webbed; I'm turning into a duck!

My back feels rough. My belly's falling out.  
So I'll have to whisper, I can't even shout!

My legs are killing. I can't even walk.  
And my tongue's all broken so it's difficult to talk.

My pulse isn't here. I've a broken heart!  
I'm on death's door and I'm falling apart.

My toes are numb. My legs are like jelly.  
I'm an embarrassing body on that show on the tele.

My lungs won't work. I'm under a curse.  
I urgently need a doctor or a nurse.

My fingers are broken. I can't hold a pen.  
I'm only aged nine. I won't make it to ten!

My brain's a bomb. It's about to explode...  
And my eyes are enormous, like an Amazon toad.

10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1

Arrgghh Mum! Dad! HELP ME!!!

*Georgina Grimshaw! Your complaints won't work!*

*It's Saturday today! You've forgotten, you berk!*

*Poem from 'Get lost!' launched at B.I.S. Prague, Czech Republic 29<sup>th</sup> May 2019*  
© Paul Delaney 2019

# Y2 Jingle, jangle, jungle walk!

We're going on a jingle jangle jungle walk!  
We're listening to the animals, chatter and talk.  
There's danger all around, I don't like this place!  
Of course I'm scared, just look at my face!

There's a lion over there!  
Roar, roar, roar!

There's a sloth in the air!  
Snore, snore, snore!

There's a slithering snake!  
Hiss, hiss, hiss!

There's two swans wide-awake!  
Kiss, kiss, kiss!

We're going on a jingle jangle jungle walk!  
We're listening to the animals, chatter and talk.  
There's danger all around, I don't like this place!  
Of course I'm scared, just look at my face!

There's a crocodile, fierce and free!  
Snap, snap, snap!

There's a koala in that tree!  
Nap! Nap! Nap!

There's a giraffe chewing a leaf.  
Tower! Tower! Tower!

There's a chimpanzee chief!  
Power! Power! Power!

We're going on a jingle jangle jungle walk!  
We're listening to the animals, chatter and talk.  
There's danger all around, I don't like this place!  
Of course I'm scared, just look at my face!

There's an elephant on the plain!  
Thud, thud, thud!

There's a hippo in the rain!  
Mud, mud, mud!

There's a giant anteater!  
Scratch, scratch, scratch!

There's a sprinting cheetah!  
Catch, catch, catch!

We're going on a jingle jangle jungle walk! (Repeat!) © Paul Delaney 2019

## Y5 I wonder... (New animal version)

I wonder what a goldfish thinks about,  
swimming in a bowl.

Is he dreaming of a bigger tank  
or a long lost family shoal?

Is he waiting for another fish  
to share his watery home?

Or is he happy all alone,  
the King of his own glass dome?

*I wonder...*

I wonder what a parrot thinks about,  
sitting in a cage?

Is she happy talking and squawking,  
a performer on a stage?

Is she dreaming of her jungle,  
longing to stretch her wings?

Or is her spirit fading,  
forgetting what freedom brings?

*I wonder...*

I wonder what a dog thinks about,  
abandoned by his owner?

Is he feeling rejected,  
like a long, lost loner?

Is he enjoying being a stray,  
newfound freedom to roam?

Or dreaming of a family  
and a warm, loving home?

*I wonder...*



I wonder what a brown bear thinks about,  
dancing in the street?

Is he happy on his chain,  
skipping to the beat?

Is he dreaming of a mountain,  
a forest or a meadow?

I wonder what an orang-utan thinks about,  
sitting in his tree?

Is he peering at bulldozers,  
just thinking 'why me?'

Is he dreaming of an invention,  
to destroy this machine?

Or worrying about captivity,  
for what could that mean?

*I wonder...*

I wonder what a pig thinks about  
on the road to be killed?

Is she imagining bacon and sausages,  
salted, smoked and grilled?

Is she hating her farmers,  
with a sad, subtle sigh.

Or dreaming of her heaven,  
green fields in the sky?

*I wonder...*

# Y4 Walking to school

I'm walking to school on a Monday morning,  
my head's full of dreams and I'm constantly yawning.  
What happened to the weekend? Where did it go?  
I'm going to 'google' it – I really want to know!

I'm walking to school on a Monday morning.  
My head's full of dreams and I'm constantly yawning.  
'You're gonna be late!' my mum's shouting out.  
She's kicking my bottom – what's that all about?

I'm walking to school on a Monday morning.  
My head's full of dreams and I'm constantly yawning.  
My first lesson's boring and my second and third.  
I complain to my mum but she doesn't say a word!

I'm walking to school on a Monday morning.  
My head's full of dreams and I'm constantly yawning.  
If I lived in the Arctic, where it freezes and snows,  
school would send a text saying 'Sorry, we're closed!'

I'm walking to school on a Monday morning.  
My head's full of dreams and I'm constantly yawning.  
I can see the school gates, in the distance, ahead.  
If I was in charge, I'd be back in my bed.

I'm walking to school on a Monday morning.  
My head's full of dreams and I'm constantly yawning.  
We need the British government to act really fast!  
Close all schools on Mondays, finally, at last!

I'm walking home from school on a Friday afternoon.  
My head's full of happiness - an astronaut on the moon.  
I'm staying up late tonight, I'm gonna watch a movie.  
If every day was Friday, wouldn't life be groovy!

Hooray! Hurrah!

(Make the loudest, silliest noise possible!)

© Paul Delaney 2019

## Y6 Henry VIII Rhapsody

(To the tune of Queen's famous 'Bohemian Rhapsody')

Is this my new wife? Is her name Anne Boleyn?  
Caught in a romance, I won't lose, 'cos I always win.

Open your eyes; young Anne is a beauty Queen.

I'm just a fat King, the fattest in history.  
Because I eat a lot of salty food.  
Fish and chips when I'm in the mood.

Any way the food's cooked,  
It doesn't really matter to me, to me.

Henry, just killed his wife!  
Put an axe against her head.  
Swung it, now she's dead.

Young Anne, her life had just begun!  
But now fat Henry's gone and got his way!

Henry, ooh, didn't mean to kill his wife  
but he'll just find somebody new tomorrow.  
He'll carry on, carry on,  
as if nothing really happened...



Too late, Anne's lost her head.  
Sends shivers down my spine,  
Catherine Howard's next in line!

Goodbye, cruel Henry, you've got to go!  
Just eat and eat and eat until you burst!

Poem from 'Get lost!'  
Launched at British International School  
Prague, Czech Republic, May 2019

© Paul Delaney

## Y1 Counting to ten in the jungle!

One muddy hippo, washing in dirt.

Two grey elephants, splashing a squirt.

Three red parrots, squawking a song.

Four wild boars, smelling, pong, pong.

Five black monkeys, showing their bums.

Six cute gorillas, cuddling their mums.

Seven hungry ants, crunching up a leaf.

Eight wild crocodiles, showing their teeth.

Nine tiger cubs, meowing as they play.

And ten screaming children, running away!

© Paul Delaney 2019



## Paul Delaney's cool new poetry book...

Here are the first verses of the classic 'Get lost!'  
Find out what happens to Seena in the book...

### Get lost!

A baby's first words are always the same,  
Regardless of race or individual name.  
Mamma, Dadda, gaga or wah.  
Ging gang, wee-wee or bliggerty blah.

Babies do nothing, they sleep all day long.  
They cry when they're hungry, they poo and they pong.  
But baby Seena had other ideas.  
She had words to say, unlike her peers.

When Seena's young mummy looked into her eyes,  
her daughter's first words took her by surprise:  
**'Get lost!'**

'Call an ambulance,' said Seena's mummy.  
'Her manners are awful; shut her up with a dummy!  
'She's super intelligent and clever and wise.  
Perhaps she's an alien, in disguise?'



For school visits, please look at [www.pdelaney.co.uk](http://www.pdelaney.co.uk)



info@pdelaney.co.uk