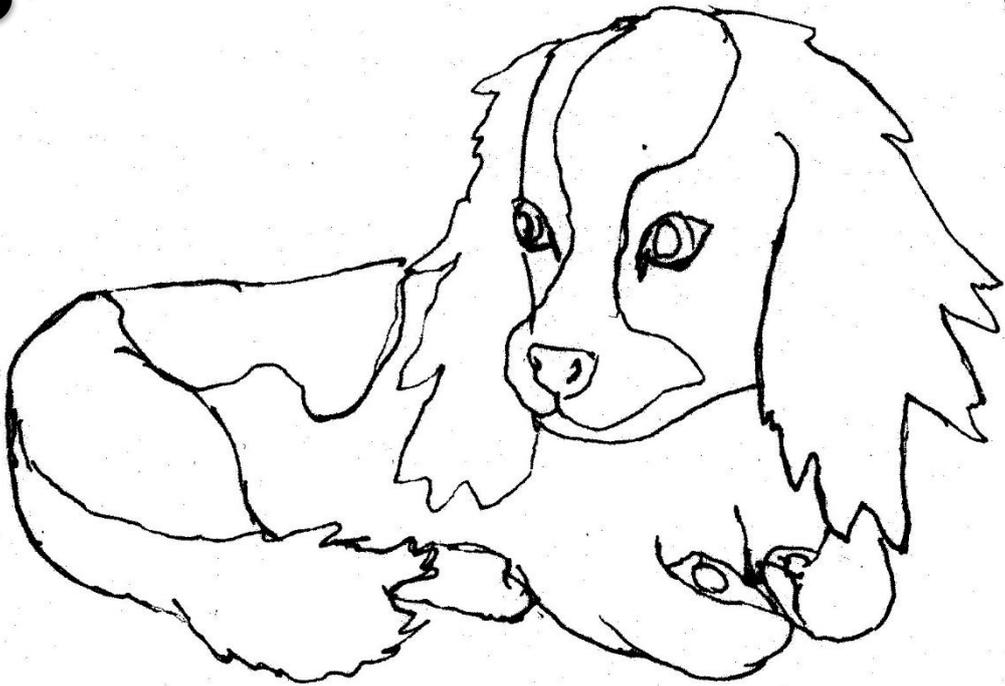


**A
Picture of Poetry
for Children.**

Please take me home with you.



by

Linda Knight

I hope you enjoy reading the poems and colouring the pictures.

I started writing children's stories some years ago and really enjoy creating different characters in the world of make believe. I also write poetry in many different forms. I live in Belper, Derbyshire and get my inspiration from roaming the countryside and seeing the wildlife that lives in the trees, hedgerows, and stone walls.

Poems

Written & Illustrated by

Linda Knight

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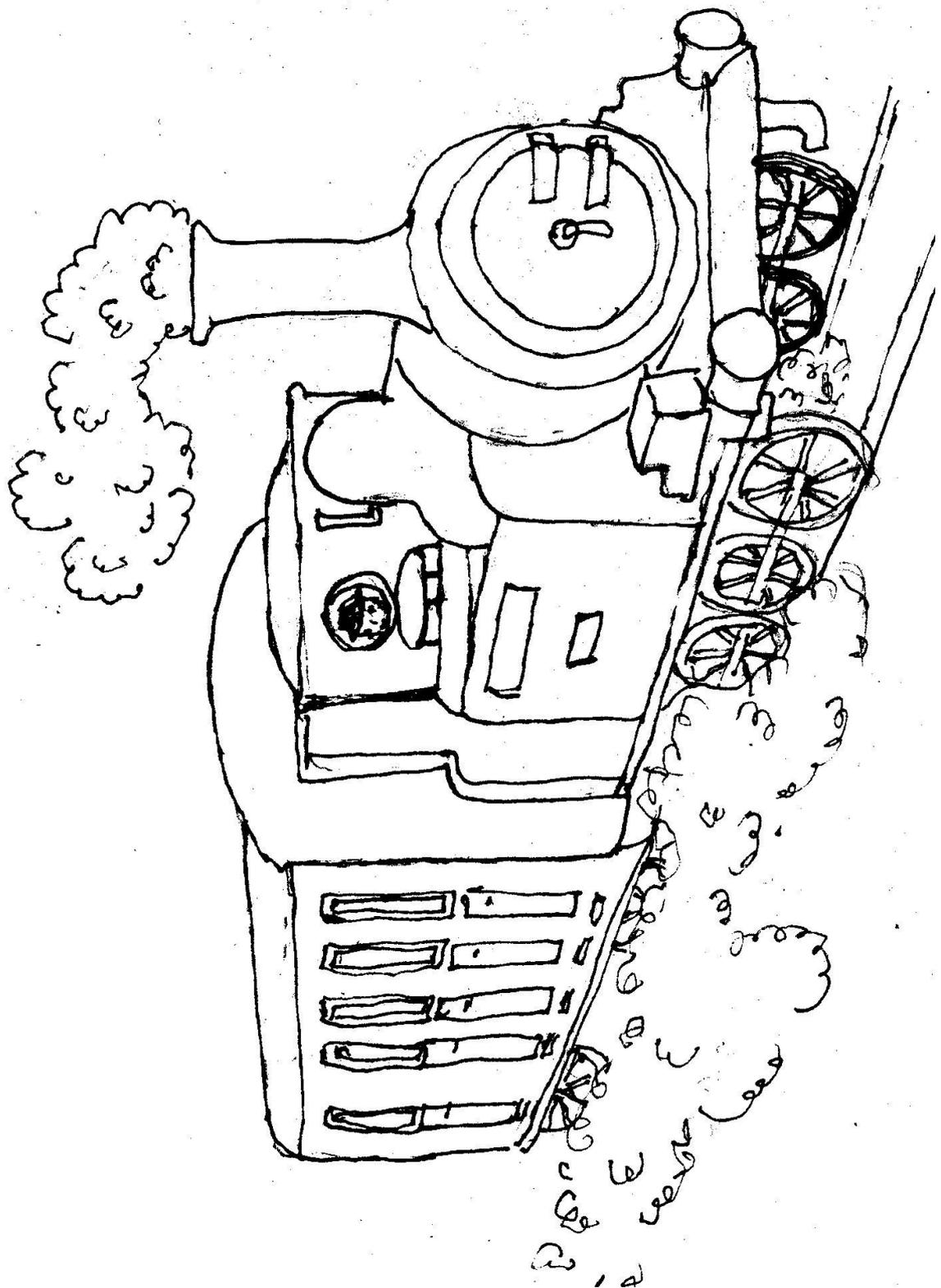
The Adoption.

It was a very special day,
John was very glad,
He was off to find a friend
With his mum and dad.
His dad drove to the countryside,
And stopped at a place,
Where John could hear some barking,
His heart began to race.
It was a rescue centre,
John found one dog, just right.
A young Spaniel, so full of fun,
Gingery and white.
The family adopted him,
and taught him lots of tricks.
John gave him treats when he did well,
And received lots of licks.
The Spaniel's name was Ginger,
John walked him every day,
And when John had his friends round,
Ginger just loved to play.



The Steam Train.

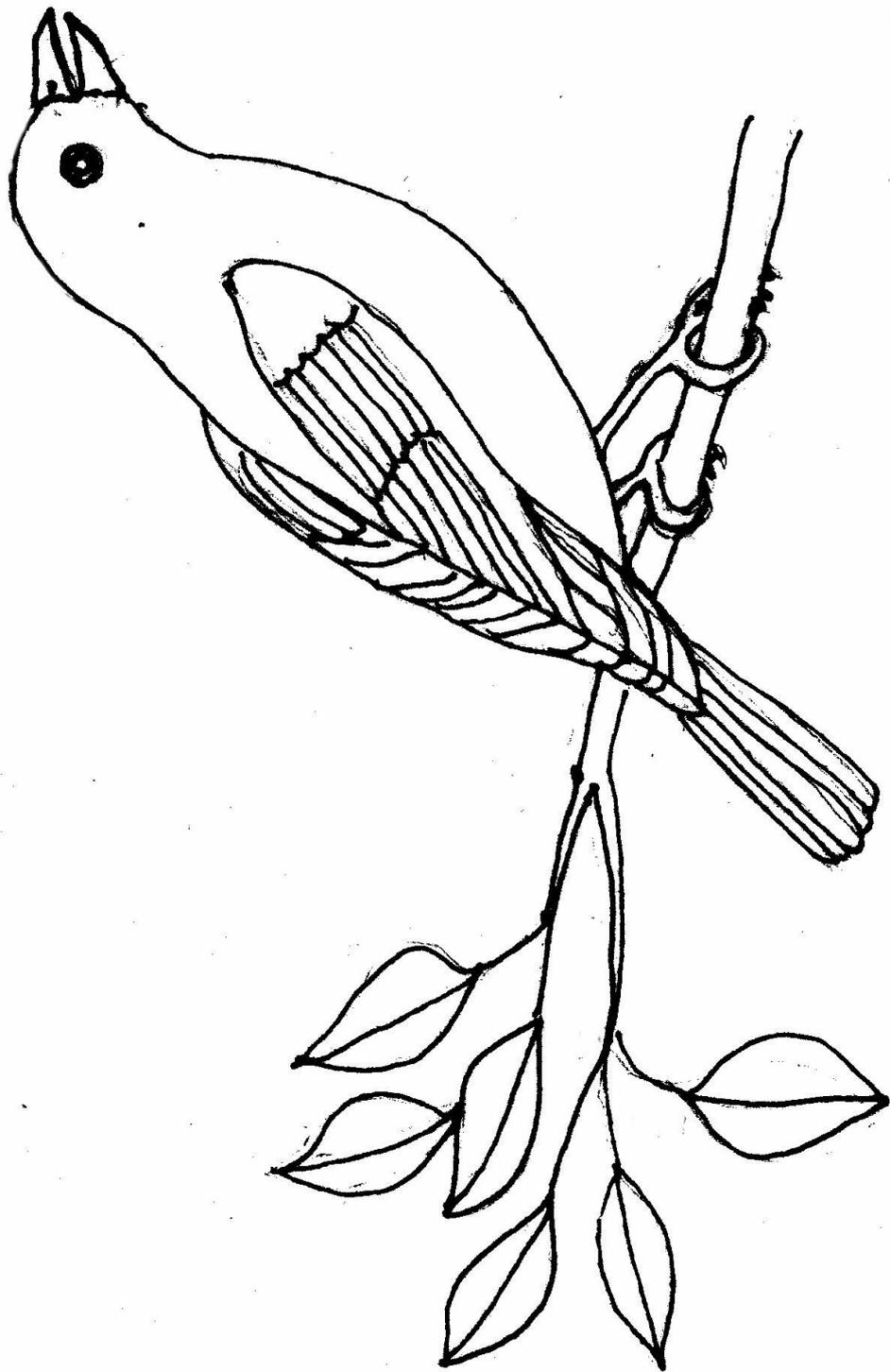
I'm a steam train
I run along a track,
My wheels turn around
With a clickety-clack.
I pull along carriages
Full of folk,
From station to station,
I puff out smoke.
Stoking the boiler
Creates hot steam
From my water tank.
I'm a great machine.



The Sparrow Tweets.

There was a little Sparrow
Who sat on a wheelbarrow,
And tweeted to all her friends around.
A cat with open jaws
And very pointed claws,
Spied her as he raced along the ground.

She flew up to the tree,
And said, "You can't catch me."
Her friends all gathered round her and looked down.
The cat glared up at them,
Then caused some real mayhem.
He pounced, they flew, as he fell to the ground.



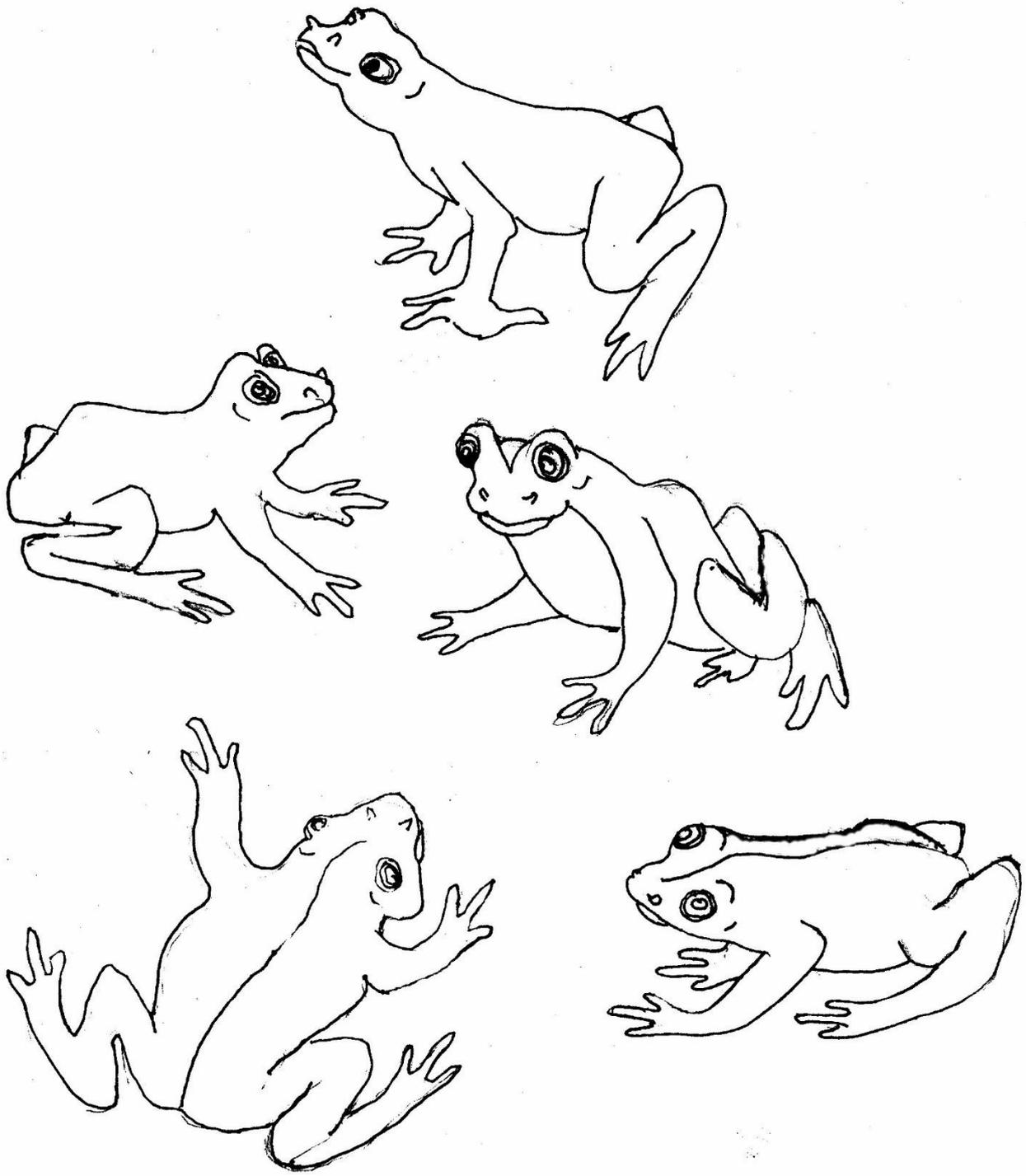
Leap Frog.

Five little frogs went out to play
Across the fields on a sunny day.
They jumped like athletes, leaping high,
Almost flying in the sky.

Five little frogs got very hot,
Playing leap frog quite a lot.
Spiders saw them jumping round,
Over each other on the ground.

Five little frogs jumped into a pool,
With a splash, it was so cool.
Their webbed feet went with a swish,
As they swam around with fish.

Five little frogs hid in weed frond,
Then crawled out of the small pond.
They all hopped back to their home,
Where they slept under a stone.



A Tree

A
Tree
Can be
An Elm or Oak
An Apple or a Pear
There are lots of different trees
And some have acorns conkers fruits
They all take nutrients through their roots
And from their sturdy trunks branches reach across
Where wildlife hides in the different green shaped canopies
And the leaves change colour and fall off in the Autumn breeze
The trunk
Can be so
Smooth or
Very rough

Boots.

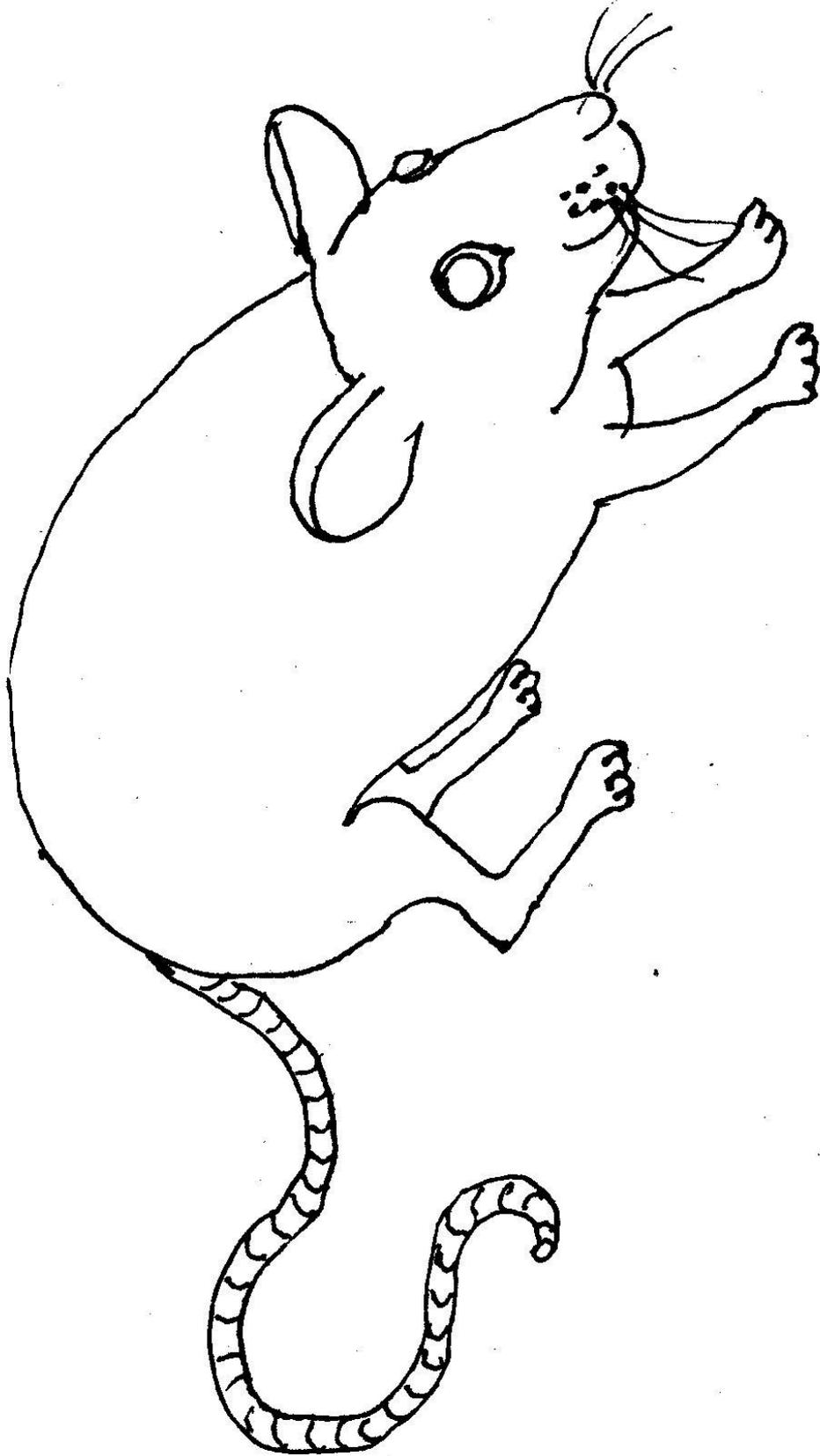
When you go walking in the rain,
Wellington's keep your feet dry.
You can jump in the puddles
And make a big splash,
And send all the droplets up high.

When you go walking in the snow,
You want some warm boots on your feet.
You can slide on the ice,
And scuff at the snow,
And leave footprints along the street.

When you go riding a pony or horse,
Riding boots are good to wear.
With your feet in the stirrups,
Hands holding the reins,
You can walk, trot and canter with care.

The Rat's Tale.

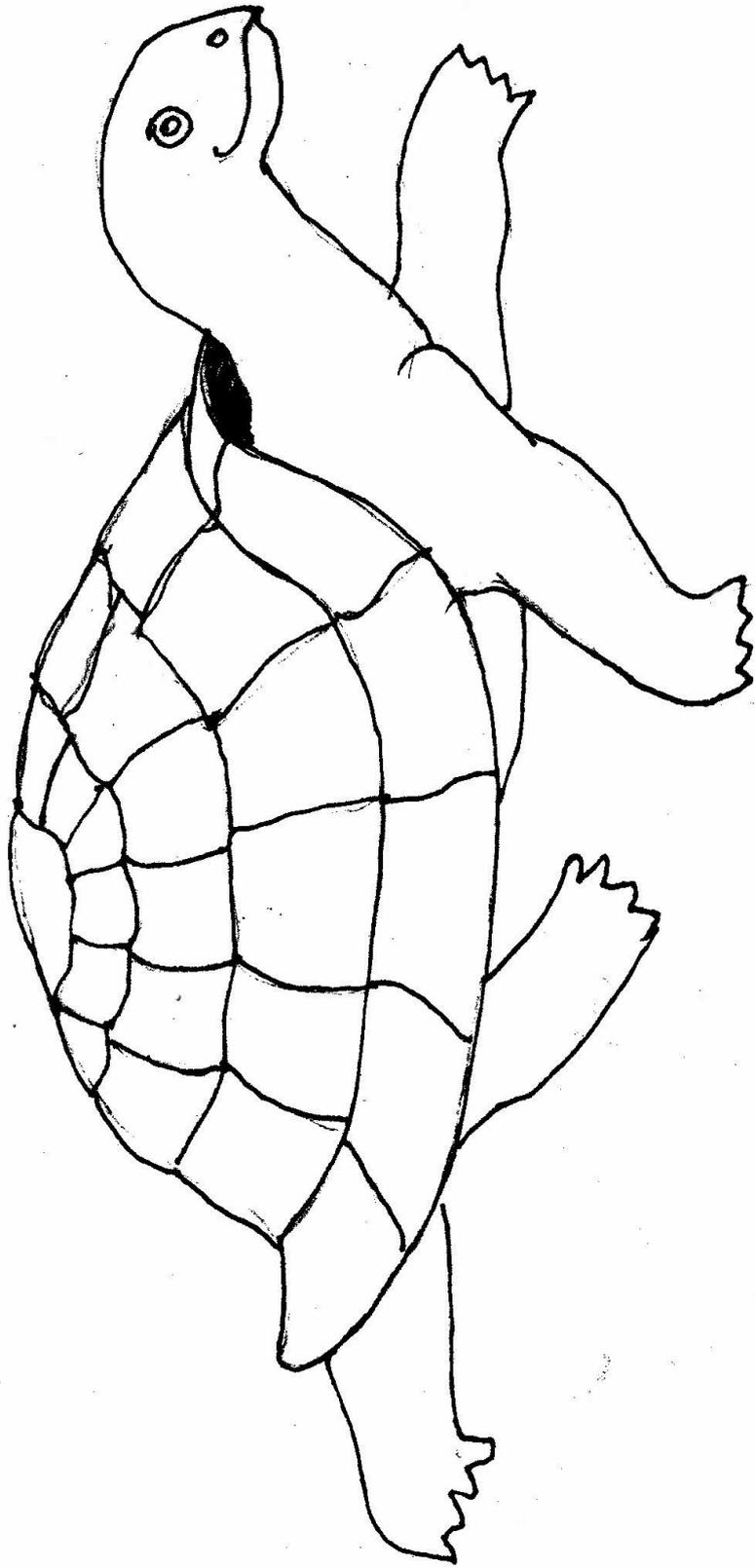
There once was a rat, a very large rat,
That was as big as a very small cat.
In the day he'd sleep in the shed,
And snore and dream in his warm bed.
When the moon shone in the sky,
He'd go and play and climb up high.
He ate any birdseed that he found,
And drunk from the birdbath on the ground.
A very big cat came out one night,
And gave the rat an awful fright.
The rat spun round, the cat leapt high,
They met in the middle of a moonlit sky.
The cat growled loud, the rat squealed out,
They really had a boxing bout.
Suddenly a dog joined in,
Barking loud he made a din.
They chased round and round and round,
Until they all fell on the ground.
The dog went this way, the rat went that,
And the cat left behind, told the tale of the rat.



Tommy the Tortoise.

He was very slow at moving,
But his speed was just improving,
When he went to the gym for exercise.
He wanted to compete,
And he only had slow feet,
But they got much faster, much to his surprise.

He kept on training madly,
And he wasn't doing badly,
So they placed him in a hundred metres race.
It started in bad weather,
The tortoises ran together,
And Tommy beat them all with his great pace.



Rosie's Birthday Present.

Rosie opened up her cards,
She had a Birthday treat,
Her dad bought her a pony,
A bay, with four white feet.

Rosie was so excited,
She hugged her mum and dad,
It was the nicest present,
That she had ever had.

“This is Smokey, Rosie.
Here, give him a treat.”
A carrot for her pony,
Her heart, it skipped a beat.

Her mum tacked up the pony,
Rosie patted his side,
Then she got up upon his back,
And went off for a ride.



A Bright Young Dragon.

There once was a Dragon,
A bright young Dragon,
Who painted great pictures for others.
He painted his mum,
His dad and his aunt,
And all of his sisters and brothers.

He painted the sky
And rainbows up high,
He painted the sheep in the fields.
He liked to paint horses
And birds on their courses,
He liked to paint Knights with their shields.

He painted King Dragon
With his golden flagon,
And painted the cavern walls too,
With brushstrokes slish-sloshy,
And rather wish-washy,
From red to an indigo blue.

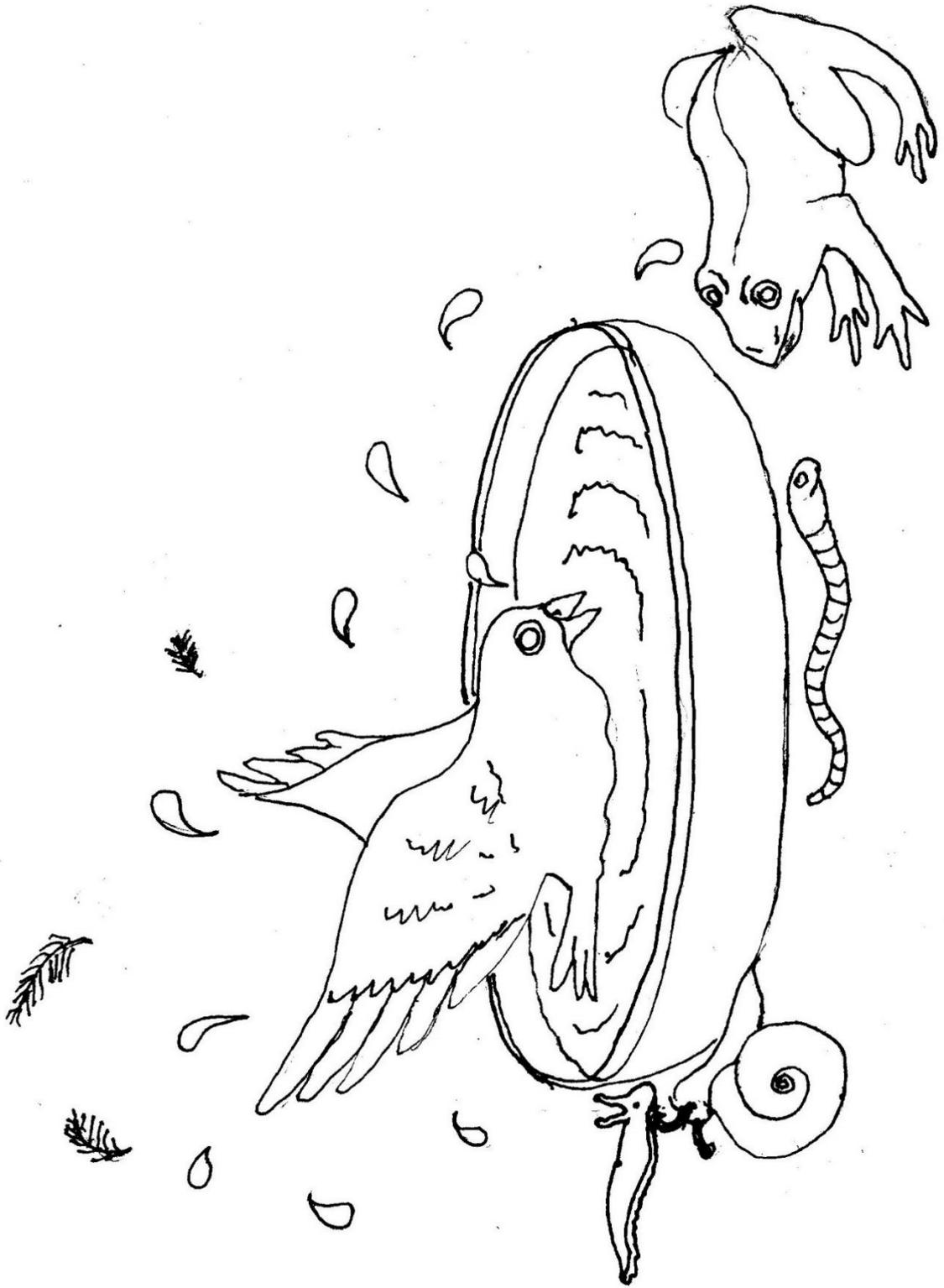


Splashing time.

Feathers flying here and there,
Water droplets in the air,
Little birds will bathe a lot,
Because the weather's very hot.
Splash and splosh, and splash and splish,
In the little bird bath dish.

Where it's damp and nice and cool,
Under stones and in the pool.
Little frogs will find a spot,
Because the weather's very hot.
Splash and splosh, and splash and splish,
In the little bird bath dish

Worms will rise to top of lawn,
Slugs and snails will crawl at dawn
When the raindrops start to fall,
As the weather's turning cool.
Splash and splosh, and splash and splish,
In the little bird bath dish.

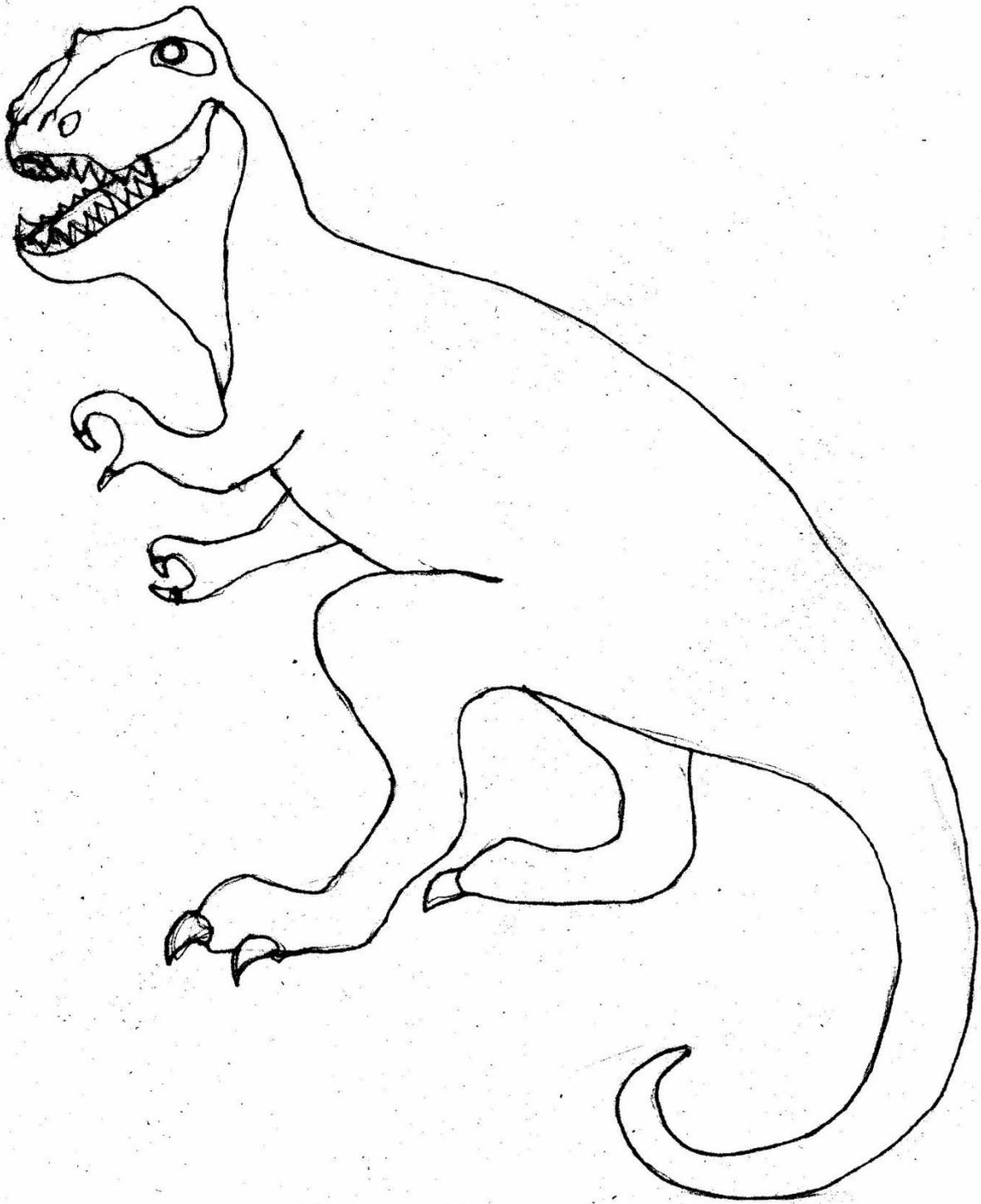


Donald the Dinosaur.

He was large and very scaly,
With a mighty swishy tail,
His feet were big with giant claws,
That matched his massive open jaws,
One of the towering dinosaurs,
Called Donald Muckypaws.

He slept inside a cavern,
Then worked during the day,
Surrounded by a thousand books,
Some with recipes from cooks,
Tales of scarecrows, scary spooks,
And books about Magpies and Rooks.

Donald had a telescope.
And one night in the dark,
He studied all the twinkling stars,
And saw the nearby planet Mars,
And far away the great pulsars,
With his friends the dinosaurs.



Find the answers.

What makes a slimy slippery trail,

One called a slug the other a _ _ _ _ _

What lives in the sea, a rather large mammal,

A hump on its back, just like a camel? A _ _ _ _ _

What little creatures wriggle and squirm

Under the soil, they're called a _ _ _ _ _

What creature makes a web reaching high

That catches the insects passing by? A _ _ _ _ _

What is a black and white bird on the ice,

That dives to catch fish, and swims very nice? A _ _ _ _ _

This creature's furry, he's big with a stare,

He lives in the forests a real teddy _ _ _ _ _

This creature's like a flying mouse,

He flies at night outside the house. A _ _ _ _

This hairy animal comes out at night,

he lives underground, and is black, grey and white. A _ _ _ _ _

This little creature lives in a hole,

He digs lots of tunnels and he is a _ _ _ _ _

This colourful insect just flutters by,

Sucks nectar from plants, and is a _ _ _ _ _



Linda left it until she was in her fifties to start serious writing. She had always enjoyed painting, but now, having had several stories published and many poems, she found she could illustrate them as well.

Her love of animals and gardening is reflected in her work.

www.knight-gkla.co.uk/lindas-page.htm

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