**What to do today**

*IMPORTANT Parent or Carer – Read this page with your child and check that you are happy with what they have to do and any weblinks or use of internet.*

**1. Think about a picture**

* Look at the picture: *My Pet*. What do you think has happened just before this picture was taken? What might happen next? What names would you give these dogs? Who might own them?
* Can you think of three reasons why people like to keep pets?
* Make notes about your answers or tell someone about them.

**2. Read a poem**

* Read the poem: *My Dog.* Read it two times, once in your head once out loud.
* Read and think about the *Poetry Questions*. Write some of your answers as clear sentences.

**3. Read a poetry collection**

* Read the poems in *Animal Poetry Collection***.**
* Read at least three of the poems. Challenge yourself to read them all.
* Complete *Poetry Notes* and write about your favourite poem.

Well done. Share the poems with a grown-up. Do they have the same favourite as you?

**Try these Fun-Time Extras**

* Can you practise reading your favourite animal poem, then record it and share your recording with someone else?
* Can you make an illustration for your favourite animal poem?

**My Pet**



**My Dog** by Vernon Scannell



My dog belongs to no known breed,

A bit of this and that,

His head looks like a small haystack,

He’s lazy, smelly, fat.

If I say, ‘Sit!’ he walks away,

When I throw stick or ball

He flops down in the grass as if

He had no legs at all.

Then looks at me with eyes that say,

‘You threw the thing, not me,

You want it back? Then get it back,

Fair’s fair, you must agree.’

He is a thief. Last week but one

He stole the Sunday roast

And showed no guilt at all as we

Sat down to beans on toast.

The only time I saw him run –

And he went like a flash –

Was when a mugger in the park

Tried to steal my cash.

My loyal brave companion flew

Like a missile to the gate

And didn’t stop till safely home,

He left me to my fate.

And would I swap him for a dog

Obedient, clean and good,

An honest, faithful, lively chap?

Oh boy, I would, I would!

*(Read Me Out Loud p310)*

**Poetry Questions**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **What do you like about the poem? Is there anything that you dislike about it?** | **Does the poem remind you of anything that you have ever read? Does it remind you of any person you know? Does it remind you of anything that has happened to you?** |
| **What patterns can you find in the poem? Are any of the words or phrases linked with other words or phrases? How?** | **What puzzles does the poem leave? What questions does it make you want to ask?** |

**Animal Poetry Collection**

Page 1

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Mother doesn’t want a dog Mother doesn't want a dog.Mother says they smell,And never sit when you say sit,Or even when you yell.And when you come home late at nightAnd there is ice and snow,You have to go back out becauseThe dumb dog has to go.Mother doesn't want a dog.Mother says they shed,And always let the strangers inAnd bark at friends instead,And do disgraceful things on rugs,And track mud on the floor,And flop upon your bed at nightAnd snore their doggy snore.Mother doesn't want a dog.She's making a mistake.Because, more than a dog, I thinkShe will not want this snake.  by Judith Viorst | The Dog Lovers  So they bought youAnd kept you in aVery good homeCentral heatingTVA deep freezeA very good home-No one to take youFor that lovely long run-But otherwise'A very good home'They fed you Pal and ChunBut not that lovely long run,Until, mad with energy and boredomYou escaped- and ran and ran and ranUnder a car.Today they will cry for you-Tomorrow they will buy another dog.  by Spike Milligan |

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| Black Cat Sleepy-purred cat peers outfrom the nest of my duveteyes glinting green gold blackHe yawnsmouth prawn-pink. Settles.Sleek black pawover coal black noseand sleeps.    by Suzanne ElvidgeThe Dog The truth I do not stretch or shoveWhen I state that the dog is full of love.I've also found, by actual test,A wet dog is the lovingest. By Ogden Nash | Barry’s Budgie… Beware!  Dave’s got a dog the size of a lionHalf-wolf, half-mad, frothing with venomIt chews up policemen and then spits them outBut it’s nothing to the bird I’m talking about.Claire’s got a cat as wild as a cheetahScratching and hissing, draws blood by the litreJumps high walls and hedges, fights wolves on its ownBut there’s one tough budgie it leaves well alone.Murray my eel has teeth like a sharkDon’t mess with Murray, he’ll zap out a sparkBut when Barry’s budgie flies over the housesMurray dims down his lights, blows his own fuses.This budgie’s fierce, a scar down its cheekTattoos on its wings, a knife in its beakSquawks wicked words, does things scarcely legalSomeone should tell Barry it’s really an eagle.  by David Harmer |

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| My Praying MantisI once had a mantis as a petA praying mantis, you must not forget,is the tiger of the insect world,hungry, fierce and extremely bold,and if you are an insect, keep awayshould a mantis be lurking where you play.Anyway my mantis was my very best friend.He sat on my shoulder and I did defend his insect’s right to stay with me,protect him from people’s curiosity; | for they thought it very strangethe way his body was arranged.For a start his neck was very long,and his heart-shaped head did not belong to that thin neck and bulbous abdomenor toothed arms as strong as ten,wings which gave him speed in flightwhen he attacked and with delightgrabbed a cockroach for his supper,tore and ate it with his choppers.However, one day, Phoebe, the neighbour’s cat,gobbled up my mantis and that was that. Phoebe licked her lips, seemed satisfiedwith a chewed up mantis in her inside.I suppose, for a mantis, the moral to this storyIs, look out for cats or you’ll be sorry.   by John Lyons |

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| The Gerbil“Can we have a gerbil, Mum?”“We can’t,” is what Mum said.“I’m sorry, love,” she added.“I’m having a baby, instead.” “I’d rather have a gerbil, MumI’d like a pet,” I said,But what I’ll get is a baby,With a face all screaming and red. “I’ll tell you what,” said Mother,“I’ll tell you what we’ll do.If you help me with the baby,You can have a gerbil, too.”I got the gerbil I wanted,And I help Mum every day.The baby isn’t too bad – But the gerbil’s quieter, I’d say.   by Tony Bradman | Rabbit Poem To keepa rabbitis a goodhabit. A rabbit is truly curious:his eyes are softbut his whiskers wiggleand his nose twitchesand his ears jiggleand his tailis a bumponhis rump. | A rabbit Is cheerfulbut not especially carefulabout multiplying: the answershe getsto the simplesumof one and oneare mystifying… A rabbit Is easyto care for:to munch on grassis what he’s hare for.So if you get the chanceto have a rabbitgrab it! by Pamela Mordecai |

**Feedback on poems**

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| Poem | Like or not?(Give a score) | Patterns I noticed. | Questions I have. |
| Mother doesn’t want a dog |  |  |  |
| The Dog Lovers |  |  |  |
| Black Cat |  |  |  |
| The Dog |  |  |  |
| Barry’s Budgie… Beware!  |  |  |  |
| My Praying Mantis |  |  |  |
| The Gerbil |  |  |  |
| Rabbit Poem  |  |  |  |
| My favourite poem is… \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_My reasons are….  |