

## **JUNIOR INFANTS**

### **It's Only Simple Adding**

It's only simple adding,  
That's all you've got to do:  
Just write the sum and add it-  
It's just like  $2 + 2$ .

That's fine for you to say it,  
But you have no regard-  
I think that you've forgotten  
When  $2 + 2$  was hard.

By Gabriel Fitzmaurice

### **Inside, Outside**

When I'm sitting in class  
I can't wait to get out,  
To run and to chase  
And to scramble about.

When I'm out in the cold  
And the shivers begin  
And the wind and the rain-  
I can't wait to get in.

## **SENIOR INFANTS**

### **Get Wet? Who? Me?**

When I go walking in the rain,  
I wear a plastic coat.  
And gum boots that go slosh  
slosh slosh,  
Through puddles on the road.

I take my red umbrella  
Or  
Put on a plastic hat  
How could I possibly get wet  
When I'm dressed like that.

By Eva May

### **How Not to Have to Dry the Dishes**

If you have to dry the dishes  
(such an awful, boring chore)  
If you have to dry the dishes  
(Instead of going to the store)  
If you have to dry the dishes  
And you drop one on the floor.....

Maybe they won't let you  
Dry the dishes anymore!

**First Class**  
**Spiders**

When spiders go to bed  
at night  
They roll their webs up  
Nice and Tight.  
They pop them into little sacks  
To carry off upon their backs

But:  
Come the morning  
(if it's fine)  
They hang them out in spider lines  
To catch the bugs  
The bees and flies  
They need for making  
Into pies.

By Peter Dixon

**Late for Breakfast**

Who is it hides my sandals when  
I'm trying to get dressed?  
And takes away the hairbrush that  
was lying on the chest?  
I wanted to start breakfast before  
any of the others  
But something's always missing or  
been borrowed by my brother  
I think I'd better dress at night, and  
eat my breakfast too.  
Then when everybody's hurrying-  
I'll have nothing else to do.

By Mary Dawson

**2<sup>nd</sup> Class**  
**The Secret**

I heard two words of the sentence  
And then the silence fell;  
I tried to learn the secret  
But no-body would tell.  
I grew so rudely curious  
I felt I had to know  
I asked a lot of questions  
But they always answered – NO!  
At last I learned the secret  
It was lovely as can be  
It came upon my birthday  
A puppy just for me.

By Phyllis May Gill

**True Confession**

On my birthday I wrapped  
a big slice of chocolate cake  
in pink wrapper to give  
to Miss Twiglington.

But when I got to school  
she was horrible to me;  
“You haven't worked hard enough,  
You're spellings are bad

margin crooked,  
fingerprints all over”  
then she ripped out the page  
and made me start again. I thought  
“She's not getting that cake.”  
When break time came  
I ate it myself in the playground  
and I didn't care

By Irene Rawnsley

**SLIGO FEIS CEOIL 2018 - FEE €5 PER ENTRY**  
**EACH COMPETITOR WILL RECEIVE A BALLOT CARD WITH ALL DETAILS**

**3<sup>rd</sup> Class**

**What A Calamity!**

Little Harold, I'll be frank,  
Fell in a computer bank,  
No one knows how it occurred.  
Operators there conferred.  
No one laughed or even smiled.  
WHERE was little Harold filed?

It might take a day or even a week  
Electronic hide-and-peek,  
Keeping this poor boy in mind,  
Pressing buttons "Search" and "Find".

Then a friendly green light glowed,  
For at last, they'd found a code.  
A sudden clatter, then a shout  
And there was Harold.....printed out.

By Max Fatchen

**The Elf and the Snowman**

"It's Cold!" said the snowman, slapping  
himself  
"I'll build you a fire" said Tippy the elf  
He brought a few sticks down  
And set them alight  
And kept up the fire  
All through the night  
But alas in the morning  
No snowman was there  
"Now where can he be?"  
Cried the elf in despair  
But there wasn't an answer  
And nobody knew where the snowman had  
gone to  
I wonder.....do YOU?

**4<sup>th</sup> Class**

**Ears**

Have you thought to give three cheers  
For the usefulness of ears?  
Ears will often spring surprises  
Coming in such different sizes.  
Ears are crinkled, even folded.  
Ears turn pink when you are scolded.  
Ears can have the oddest habits  
Standing rather straight on rabbits  
Ears are little tape-recorders  
Catching all the family orders.  
Words, according to your mother,  
Go in one and out the other.  
Each side of your head you'll find them.  
Don't forget to wash behind them.  
Precious little thanks they'll earn you  
Hearing things that don't concern you.

By Max Fatchen

**The Black Pebble**

There went three children down to the shore  
Down to the shore and back;  
There was skipping Susan and bright-eyed  
Sam  
And little scowling Jack.

Susan found a white cockle-shell,  
The prettiest ever seen,  
And Sam picked up a piece of glass  
Rounded and smooth and green.

But Jack found only a plain black pebble  
That lay by the rolling sea,  
And that was all ever he found;  
So back they went all three.

The cockle-shell they put on the table,  
The green glass on the shelf,  
But the little black pebble that Jack had  
found  
He kept it for himself.

By James Reeves

**SLIGO FEIS CEOIL 2018 - FEE €5 PER ENTRY**  
**EACH COMPETITOR WILL RECEIVE A BALLOT CARD WITH ALL DETAILS**

**5<sup>th</sup> Class**

**Cobweb Morning** By June Crebbin

On a Monday morning  
We do spelling and maths.  
And silent reading

But on the Monday  
After the frost  
We went straight outside.

Cobwebs in the cold air,  
Everywhere.  
All around the playground,  
They clothed the trees,  
Dressed every bush  
In veils of fine white lace.

Each web,  
A wheel of patient spinning.  
Each spider,  
Hidden,  
Waiting.

Inside,  
We worked all morning  
To capture the outside.

Now  
In our patterns and poems  
We remember  
The cobweb morning.

**Magpies** By Judith Wright

Along the road the magpies walk  
with hands in pockets, left and right.  
They tilt their heads, and stroll and talk.  
In their well-fitted black and white

They look like certain gentlemen  
Who seem most nonchalant and wise  
Until their meal is served - and then  
What clashing beaks, what greedy eyes!

But not one man that I have heard  
throws back his head in such a song  
of grace and praise- no man nor bird.  
Their greed is brief; their joy is long.  
For each is born with such a throat  
as thanks his God with every note.

**6<sup>th</sup> Class**

**Smile** By Matthew Sweeney

Smile, go on, smile!  
Anyone would think, to look at you,  
That your cat was on the barbecue  
Or your best friend had died  
Go on, curve your mouth.  
Take a look at that beggar,  
Or that one-legged bus conductor.  
Where's your cross?  
Smile, slap your thigh.  
Hiccup, make a horse noise,  
Lollop through the house,  
fizz up your coffee.  
Take down your guitar  
From it's air-shelf and play  
Imaginary reggae  
Out through the open door.  
And smile, remember, smile  
Give those teeth some sun,  
Grin at everyone,  
Do it now, go on, SMILE!

**Yellow Cat** By Gregory Harrison

"There he is," yells father  
Grabbing lumps of soil,  
"That yellow tabby's on the fence.  
Drown him in boiling oil.  
He's scratching at my runner beans.  
Bang at the window, quick.  
Wait till I get my laces done  
I'll beat him with my stick."

"Too late," they shout, "he's on the fence.  
He's turning, father, wait."  
"I'll give him turning, I'll be there,  
I'll serve him on a plate."

They banged the window, father stormed  
And hopped with wild despair;  
The cat grew fat with insolence  
And froze into a stare.  
It's brazen glare stopped father  
With it's blazing yellow light;  
The silken shape turned slowly  
And dropped gently out of sight.