



The magic box

I will put in my box:

The call of an owl hooting in the night,
Beams of sunlight peeping through the trees,
The distant smell of sausages cooking.

I will put in my box:

Layers of mist covering a valley,
The softness of a chinchilla's fur,
The beautiful song of a faraway mermaid.

I will put in my box:

Three little pigs climbing up high on a beanstalk,
An old granny duck in soft purple slippers,
Dreams of holidays to come and things to remember,



My box is fashioned from:

Scaly dragon skin and the feathers of a winged horse,
With stars on the lid and secrets and sapphires in the corners,
Its hinges are made from the teeth of an eel,
And diamonds galore!

I shall play my flute in my box under woodland trees,
And sit to read on a fairytale toadstool.

The End.

By: Zoe Hiddowson