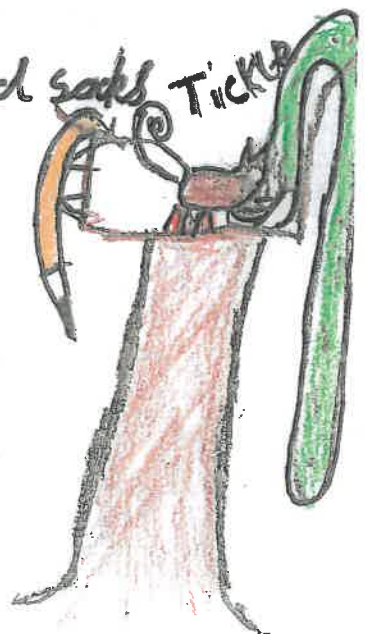


The Nonsense Tree poems

There was a lamb called Lee
Who tried to climb a tree
But he was too small
And the tree was too tall
And he got stung on his bum by a bee.

The baby lion climbed a tree
When he got to the top he said
Oh, Dearie Me!
The tree was too high
It was touching the sky
It made him feel the size of a pea.

Rick the squirrel wore his favorite red socks
And was sitting in his tree house
(Which was a box)!
He was eating a giant pickle
When he felt a big tickle
It was his friend. Henry the fox.



by Mo Mo age 10 years year 5

The Ballad of Steve

(The squirrel from the wrong side of the tree)

Steve the squirrel was sat in his tree
Looking after favourite prized pea
When he looked down and saw
A buzzing of bees
Who were planing to steal his prized pea.

Suddenly, Steve was surrounded by bees
And they pushed him onto his squirrel knees
They stole his prized pea and flew away
Steve heard the bees buzz "YAY!"

Steve climbed back up his tree and had a weep
Lay on his branch and went to sleep
and in his dreams he thought of a plan
to steal back his pea (but he needed a pan)

The next day, Steve went with a pan in his hand
To the beehive which was on the land
With his pan, he gave the hive a big WHACK
And suddenly its started to crack
out the bees started to come
And they stung Steve on his BUM
He looked around he had a big hum p



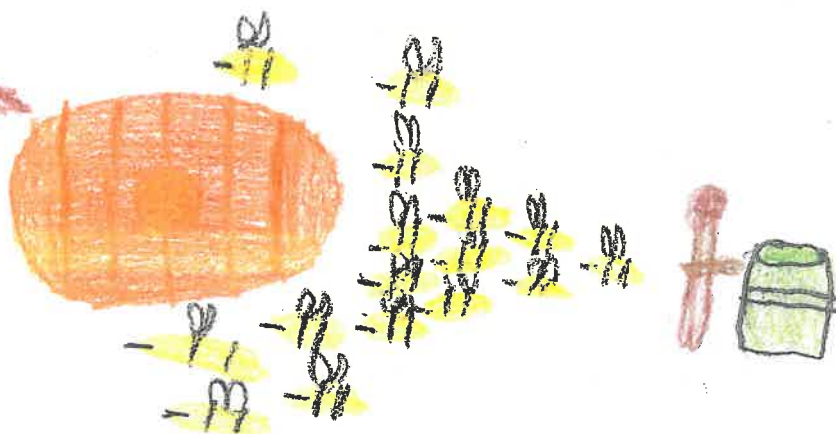
Stere climbed back up his tree and had a wrap
lay on his branch and went to sleep
and in his dreams and thought of a plan
to steal back his pea (but he needed a can)

Inside the can, he put a fake pea
"That will trick the bees" said he
He took the can to the bees and said
"Hey, come and take this prized pea instead."

The bees came buzzing to the can
They took the pea and ran
(bees DO NOT run)
The squirrel took back his prized pea
And he shouted "VICTORY."

Stere the Squirrel was sat in his tree
Looking after his favourite prized pea.

by Burhan Rana age 10
year 6



body straight
My body is straight.
Like a tall stick.

My arms are long like a stick.

My legs are like
like a stick.

My feet are standing like roots.

My body is straight.

My arms are white.

My fingers are like a stick.

My feet are hurting.

I want the snow to go.

I want a big blanket.

I want my ^{feet} slippers.

I want a warm juice.

Dr. Anayia Khan
age 6

Anayia Khan
age 6



What would happen
if a hole formed
in the cell?

It would ooze

CYTOPLASM

By Hinaid Reception aged 5

" Why I love trees"

Trees always have a beautiful scenery
Whenever are broken, sideways, falling down.
When spring is begin trees are growing new
Leaves and some of them grows flowers
(white ,yellow, pink ...ect) My favourite color is pink
Whenever I see trees in the spring that covered
With pink flowers it makes my feeling
So exciting and it make me happy
More and more

In the summer time
the leaves are shining under the sun,
It makes the green color of leaf's
Shinning on the ground , that's the
Most beautiful scene for me .



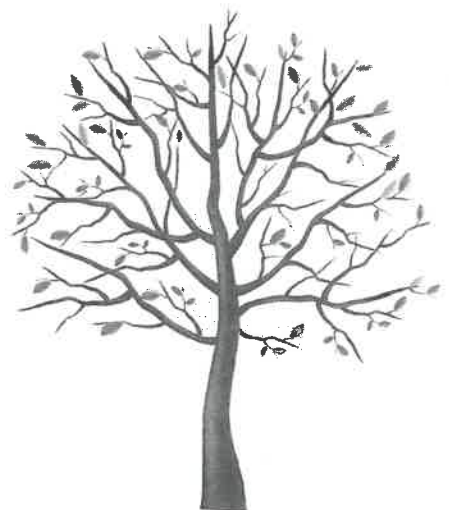
When it's winter the most beautiful
Views are could see because it's
covered with snow.

and when it's raining all the trees are
washing up under the rain and after
the rain there are couple of drop on
every leafs.

and in autumn all the leafs are
changed to color (red, orange, yellow, brown)
fall off the ground and cover the floor
with leaf's

It always gives me a good mood every
morning ,when I wake up I see birds
on the trees some of them
are singing together and playing
around .

reasons why I love trees
they gives us clean air to breath it
helps us to breath and live
It makes the world beautiful.



by Kany Jaf year 10

Why I love trees



In spring, my blossom tree
Grows fast as if in a hurry.
Every branch seems to be crowned
with beautiful pink blossoms.
I love the reflections of these beauties
In Japan's canals. I am so delighted!

In summer, my palm tree
Overlooks the city like a curious passenger.
There it stands in front of
a never-ending beach in California
admiring those blue, pink and orange paints
the sunset mixed together.

In autumn, my willow tree
Puts on a yellow gown
It bends over the water
As if it's asking how beautiful it looks.
The sunbeams going through the long hair
Fill my soul with happiness.

In winter, my spruce stands
tall and proud in the forest.

The white crispy snow is sleeping now

On the wide branches.

Snowflakes are all around me.

I watch them falling peacefully

As I drink my hot chocolate.

Andreea

My tree and my dream

I love my apple tree.

I like feeling the texture of the trunk

When I am into the woods.

I like listening to the birds chirping around the twigs

When I climb to see their nests.

I always reach out for apples hanging above my head

When I get hungry.

And when it is hot, bright and sunny

I love laying down under the branches.

This is where I open my book and I feel

As peaceful as the breeze that cools me down.

I have a dream though.

This is to search for those beautiful bonsai trees

Even if I have to travel far away to Japan.

I definitely need to go the Amazon rainforest
to admire the canopies and sail through the river.

I wish I could take pictures of the Californian palm trees

Standing in front of a pink and splendid sunset.

And I can't miss out the beautiful baobabs in Africa,

Stretch my back in the wide trunk of these giant mushrooms.

Why I Love Trees

Where do I start from?

How mesmerising are they!

You can't stop admiring them...

I feel delightful when I am into the forest!

Love the aroma of blossoms...

Out there, you will find the fairy-tale world of nature...

Vigorous colours of the fruits and petals...

Endless beauty of the trees!

Tasteful berries on your pancakes...

Relaxation is the gift that you will be given...

Every time I need a break from the busy world...

Evergreen spruces remind me of resilience...

Serenity is what we all deserve...

Awais

The mother of trees

The leaves are wet and
green and smooth.

They smell rainy.

The branches are hard.

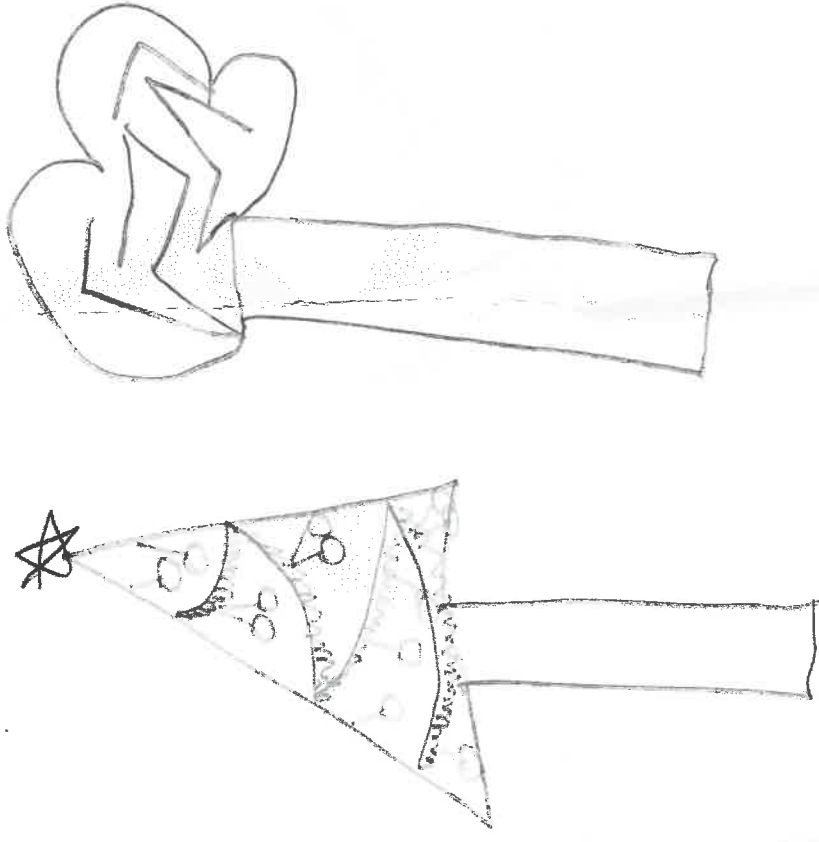
The branches a heavy
door to the sun.

The magical trees provide
air and flowers to
decorate my hair.

Nafessa

Ali Y4

trees are short, and
 trees are tall, and
 trees are leaves
 in fall, and
 trees are fat, and
 trees are thin,
 trees are windows
 with sun looks in
 trees are big, and
 trees are small, trees are
 trees are christmas
 trees are all.



Khadijah Ali
 Oasis Temple P.S.
 Margarette
 support staff
 Miss support
 staff

Trees

Trees are amazing,

We shouldn't chop them down.

They're lovely in the autumn,

When the leaves are all around.

The blossom is wonderful too,

When all the buds come through.

It's why their roots grow very long,

To help them grow so strong.

We should let them grow and be,

So they give us fruit and energy.



by GABI Age: 10

St Aidans catholic primary school



in the forest, behind my school
playing hide and seek, running
through the trees. I feel happy.

Imogen