



New school

It all looks quite familiar
But it's different all the same.
I know that she's my teacher
But I still don't know her name.

I know I should remember
But I found it hard to say.
I hope I get my classmates'
Names correct another day.

Playtime's in the playground
But I don't know where that is.
And after that I've got PE
And then a science quiz.

I hope I packed my T-shirt
And my running shoes look cool.
There is so much to remember
When you start a different school.

My feet just are not used to
Walking round a different place.
And in English, maths and history
Yet another different face.

This new shirt feels so itchy
And my face feels really hot.
I wonder if they'll like me?
Of course they will, why not?

Poems





And that kid there looks friendly
That boy who's wearing red.
I think his name is Peter
That's what those girls just said.

I know I should go over
And say a shy hello.
And if I'm lucky he will smile
And show me where to go.

But look, he's coming over
With a big smile on his face.
It only takes one person
To help you find your place.

Gillian Craig