

I've Got e-m@il

The postman doesn't knock at my door,

Yet I have mail of that I'm sure,

I don't know my pincode,

That, anyway is a fashion out of mode.

I haven't sent a letter by post in one year,

Yet I communicate with, all those who are dear.

Outside my house you won't find a mail box anywhere,

But does it matter? And do I care?

My letters are on my computer screen,

Getting messages is my cherished dream.

With the click of a mouse, I talk to my brother in Florida,

Or a battalion of long lost friends, one even in Costa Rica,

But there are times I sigh and go pale,

When I have to sift through countless e-mails.

A wrong address could mess up one's life,

One may get queries on beauty, when science is the line.

Woe betide you if a virus you release,

Your mail inside the computer will freeze.

I can't figure out if e-mail is a boon or a bane,

But without it life would never be the same.

About this dotty dot com, I confess, I'm crazy,

Though mom screams, 'Oh! It's made you lazy.'

'Mouse Potato,' Dad will often say,

But getting e-mail is the best part of my day.

Dear God! It's neither the male nor the female,

The best thing you gave us is the e-mail.

English Choral Recitation class VB

“STAND BACK,” SAID THE ELEPHANT, “I’M GOING TO
SNEEZE!”

By Patricia Thomas

“Stand back,” said the elephant,
“I’m going to sneeze!
I hate to alarm you,
But I don’t wish to harm you.
My friends, I fear
It’s clear
Oh, dear,
You’d better stand back, I’m going to sneeze.”

“Oh no, oh no!”
Cried the buffalo.
“You’re so big and strong
And your trunk is so long,
Your sneezes send everyone flying along,
Bumping and thumping down pathway and trail,
Bouncing and jouncing head over tail,
Tumbling and bumping
Your sneeze is a gale ...
Or a hurricane!
I hate to complain,
But please,
Don’t sneeze!”

“No, no, please,
Don’t sneeze,”
Cried the monkeys in the trees.
“You make such a breeze
When you sneeze.
The last time you blew us right out of the trees.
The branches began to bend and to sway
And some of us landed so far away
We didn’t get back until the next day.
The leaves all went whirling
And tumbling and swirling,
And the flowers
Shook for hours
The last time you sneezed.
Even a cough
Would knock some of us off.
Oh, *please*,
Don’t sneeze!”

With a shriek
The parrot opened his beak.

Daly College, Jr School
English Choral Recitation – Class V C

The Story of Johnny Head -in-Air by Heinrich Hoffmann

As he trudged along to school,
It was always Johnny's rule
To be looking at the sky
And the clouds that floated by;
But what just before him lay,
In his way,
Johnny never thought about;
So that everyone cried out,
'Look at little Johnny there,
Little Johnny Head-in-Air!'

Running just in Johnny's way
Came a little dog one day;
Johnny's eyes were still astray
Up on high,
In the sky;
And he never heard them cry
'Johnny, mind, the dog is nigh!'
Bump! Dump!
Down they fell, with such a thump,
Dog and Johnny in a lump!

As he strode on, only think!
To the rivers very brink,
Where the bank was and steep,
And the water very deep;
And the fishes, in a row,
Stared to see him coming so.

There lay Johnny on his face,
With his nice red writing case;
But, as they were passing by,
Two strong men had heard him cry;
And, with sticks, these two strong men
Hooked poor Johnny out again.

Oh! You should have seen him shiver
When they pulled him from the river.
He was in a sorry plight,
Dripping wet, and such a fright!
Clothes, and arms, and face, and hair:
Johnny never will forget
What it is to be so wet.

English Choral Recitation - Poem of class VD

Daddy Fell into the Pond

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,

THEN

Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew merry and bright,
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.
"Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!
He's crawling out of the duckweed."

Click!

Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee,
And doubled up, shaking silently,
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.
O, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond

WHEN

Daddy fell into the pond!

BY ALFRED NOYES