

My Grannies

by June Crebbin

I hate it, in the holiday,
When Grandma brings her pets to stay
Her goat, her pig, her seven rats
Scare our dog and chase our cats.
Her budgies bite, her parrots shout
And guess who has to clean them out?

My other Gran, the one I like,
Always brings her motor-bike,
And when she takes me for a ride
To picnic in the countryside,
We zoom up hills and whiz round bends
I hate it when her visit ends!