

My Grannies

by June Crebbin

I hate it, in the holiday,

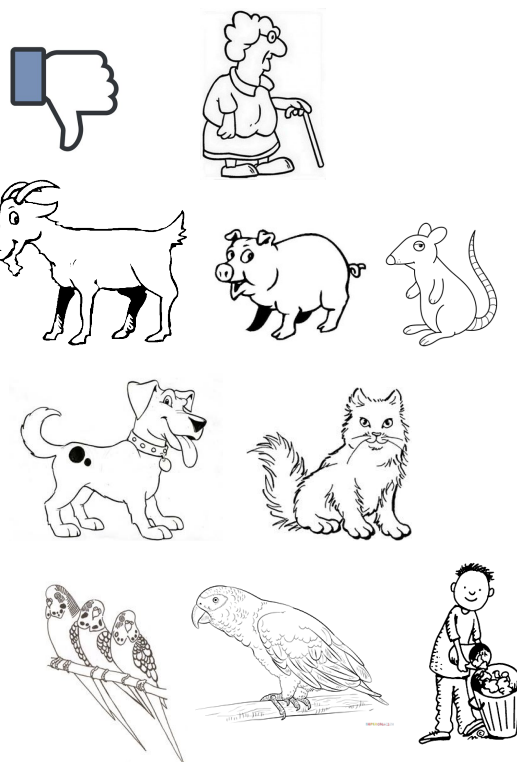
When Grandma brings her pets to stay -

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!

