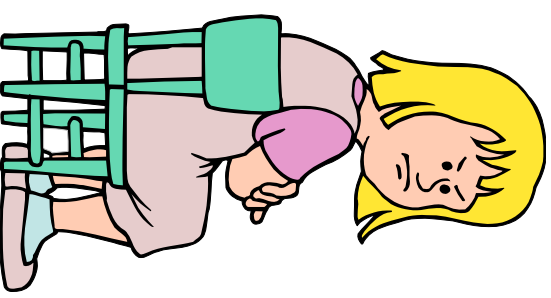


Runaway

I've quarrelled with Laura
And upset Dad,
I've torn my jeans
And made Mum mad.
I'm in trouble at school
It's been a bad day,
And so I've decided
TO RUN AWAY.

I'll make sure they miss me
I'll shout and I'll scream,
Then bang a few doors
And make a scene.
I can just hear them
Down on their knees,
Mum, Dad and Laura
Begging
"COME BACK PLEASE."

Out in the street
It's cold and dark,
Rain pours down
As I run through the park,
Soaked to the skin
I hurry along
Wondering where
My bad temper has gone.



Where am I going?
Where can I hide?
I need a new skin
To climb inside.
With different hair,
And different eyes,
A different shape,
The perfect disguise.

But if I got one
What use would it be?
Because I could never
Run away from ME.

By Ian Addis



The New Lad

There's a new lad in our class,
all the way from China.
His dad's in the army base,
His mum runs the Hongkiang Diner.



He seems a little different to us,
his skin is a yellowy brown.
He doesn't understand much,
his face wears a constant frown.



He draws red fiery dragons
when he's meant to be reading his book.
Our teacher keeps on giving him
her sympathetic look.

Then out today at playtime
he joined in our game with a ball.
He scored two brilliant goals,
Now we don't think he's different at all.

By Brian Moses

