

'The Sublime number 9' by Sebastian

He shoots, he scores,

What a goal!

The shot was blaxing with fire,

Noe the goalie's face looks like coal.

He's only nine and oh so fine,

His skill and technique,

Are so sublime.

He's got signed up for England,

His first game is against France.

He shimmies and turns and does a little dance,

Leaving the defenders not much of a chance.

He passes it past the goalie

And the crowd chants his name:

"We know this boy,

And he knows this game!"

Mr Balloon by Cara

Higher and higher, I get in the sky,

Harder and harder it is to fly.

In the dead of the night, I see your face,

Flying around at quick-like pace.

In the moonlight hour, we stare and stare,

Breathing in and out the midnight air.

Faster and faster, time goes by,

We receive nothing... not even a dime.

We watch all the little lights,

Without another tiny fright.

We both look down at the world,

As I watched your strings twirled and twirled.

You're my best friend, Mr Balloon,

Higher and higher you get... KABOOM!