

LIZARDS

Down by the river's edge, there's a little lizard I like to call Lizzie

She's such a quiet little thing.

She scampers up the tall tree.

She sunbakes on the hot summer rocks.

She even lets me hold her in the palm of my hand.

We sit there quite peacefully, her and I watching the speeding boat go by.

But when the birds squawk and soar above my head, her sticky feet run up my arm and Lizzie hid under my hair.

I say goodbye to my little friend as Dad calls from the car.

I hope I see her again one day.

Ellie Scott

Years 3 and 4

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