

DUNNY BRUSH by Archie Bigg)

Some dogs seem to have good names
Like Tiger, Pal or Spot,
But I've yet to meet an animal
With a name like our dogs got.

As a pup she came to live with us
And we all thought she was cute;
So, the family called her "Gemmy",
But the name just didn't suit.

For a while I called her "Get Outside",
But that's too much to say;
And the more I called her "Get Outside"
The more inside she'd stay.

She likes the television set
And curls up like a calf,
And then she makes an awful smell
Then runs outside to laugh.

When her coat gets rough and tangled
She'd make a poodle blush,
And a friend of ours said "Hey you dog
Looks like a dunny brush".

The name just stuck and suits her well,
Though some may say think it funny
To be the namesake of a brush
That's used to scrub the dunny.

- 2 -

I think she gets self-conscious though
When she goes through her tricks,
As the one thing she just will not do
Is run to fetch a stick.

However well it suits her,
We all love her just the same,
And we wouldn't change the way she is
And we'd never change her name.

OR

LITTLE ANGELS by Lee-Ann Holmes

The world is full of angels found in each and every kid,
And they are all forgiven for the things they said and did.
Their honesty and openness are such we can't deny,
But if you want a compliment, on them you can't rely.

Take yesterday for instance, an example that is true,
When I've a zit upon my chin there's not much I can do.
But Master Ten had a solution for his mum to try.
"Ma, what you need is 'Youthful Solace' that's what you should buy.

*It fills fine lines and wrinkles and it's good for pimples too,
And judging by your chin I think this treatments overdue.
Or you could try, from 'Nature's Girl' a treatment for your pores,
Though on TV the ladies don't have zits as big as yours."*

Insulted to the core, I spun, but he looked so sincere,
He's only tryin' to help, I realised. What a dear.
So, I went out and bought the cream that he'd seen on TV,
At fifty dollars for a jar, I hope it works for me!

AND THEN THE BELL RANG by Linnie the Lip

I'd drawn the famous Chainsaw
That put all riders on the floor.
He was renowned for bucking
Making all your privates sore.

I knew his reputation,
This bull needed to be licked.
I'd have to play my cards right
Or I'd end up getting kicked.
I looked like a stunned mullet;
The rope tight 'round my glove,
If I was going to lick him,
I'd need guidance from above.

As the chute was opening,
I saw steam come from his ear,
And before I knew what happened
I was paralysed with fear.

The dollars flashed before my eyes,
I'd have to hold on tight,
Six seconds down and to go,
Fame and fortune in my sight.

The crowd was all behind me,
As they were with all the rides,
And then the bell rang, saving me,
Thank gawd I wore brown strides.

OR

PYTHONS IN THE PARK by Heather Searles

The latest news that caught my eyes,
Was met with wonder and surprise.
This great idea from some bright spark
To place some pythons in the park.

I feel this could be quite a lark.
Imagine pythons in the park!
Bats for brecky, bats for lunch,
Swallowed in one mighty munch.

Biting off each furry head,
Oh, what joy! A bat is dead.
But what if somehow, after dark,
The pythons should escape the park!!

They'd slither in and slither out,
Causing havoc all about.
Hiding in each nook and cranny,
"Oh, Dear Me, they've eaten Granny!"

They'd lurk inside your swimming pool,
Or follow little kids to school;
And then attend each council meeting,
To report on all they're eating.

So perhaps it's not a great idea,
And really will not work, I fear.
Our town is doomed: it's such a pity:
Let's change its name to Gotham City

ROAD TRAINS (by John Lloyd)

As you travel down this lonely road
You know a time is over,
These plains will never see again
That good old cattle drover.

You'll never hear those bells again
As the horses go to feed.
You'll never see the stockman
As he gallops for the lead.

No south bound mobs will plod this way
That time has gone asunder,
Road trains run this lonely track,
You hear their horses thunder.

Yes, trucks have taken charge out here,
A road train roars on by;
Then all that's left is loneliness
And the kite hawks in the sky.

OR

MY GRANDMA'S HANDKERCHIEF (by Marion Fitzgerald)

I found my Grandma's handkerchief
Where last night she laid her head,
I felt it warm and moist
From tears that she had shed.

I smelt sweet scented lavender
She had dabbed upon her face,
Which lingered with the sadness
On this handkerchief of lace.

And I found there in one corner
Her wedding band of gold,
Where she had tied a love knot
Safe within its fold.

A pale, fragile handkerchief
Of woven memories,
A handkerchief of heritage
My Grandma left for me.

Age 10 & Under (For age 7 & Under)

MAX THE ALIEN (by Marco Gliori – pronounced glee- o-r ee)

In his rocket flying fast
Max the Alien shoots past.
Past the planets, past the stars,
Here he comes – Max from Mars.

Wiggly arms and wobbly legs,
Googly eyes and two small heads.
A real cool dude! There he goes
With warts upon his big long nose!

He heard that when on holiday
Australia is the place to stay.
The fishing's great, the beach is near,
And **ALL** the cool dudes live down here!

OR

ULYSSES by Estelle Wilson

I saw it again in the garden today,
A jewel in the sunlight; then up and away.
What colour, what magic, bright electric blue.
Nothing more lovely in the garden, 'tis true.

Where do you hide when you cannot be seen?
Among the trees, dark and green?
You rest and you wait, then in bright sunshine,
You flash past my window with beauty so fine.

Could you come one day and touch my arm?
I'll try not to keep you or do you harm.
For love should feel free, the way that you are,
As close as a whisper, as far as a star.