Junior set writing

My Farm

My farm to me is not just land

Where bare unpainted buildings stand

To me, my farm is nothing less

Than all created loveliness.

My farm is not where I must soil

My hands in endless dreary toil

But where through seed and swelling pod

I've learned to walk and talk with God.

My farm to me is not a place

Outmoded by the modern race

For here I think I just see less

Of evil, greed and selfishness.

My farm's a haven here dwells rest,

Security and happiness

Whate'er befalls the world outside

Here faith and hope and love abode.

And so my farm is not just land

Where bare unpainted buildings stand

To me my farm is nothing less

Than all God's hoarded loveliness.

Intermediate writing passage

Farms are dangerous places by Holly Atkinson

With all their stunning beauty,

Breathtaking outdoor spaces;

There's something to remember,

Farms are dangerous places.

When you have visitors,

And kids around the farm,

Be extra safety conscious,

So no one comes to harm.

Working with livestock,

Needs patience, skill and care,

Know of animal behaviour

And risks that maybe there.

Using heavy duty kit,

A powerful machine,

Please take note of dangers

That may have been unseen.

Fatigue and lonely work,

A lack of PPE,

Unfavourable conditions,

Avoiding these are key.

Farm safety is so crucial,

It's time for us to face,

That we must all remember,

The farms a dangerous place.

The Night Out Poet xxx

Senior set Writing

'PET LAMB'

He was born alone and friendless

on a wet'n windy night

and his mother died unaided,

apparently from fright --

so we brought him in half perished

and tried to set 'im on

to a mule who'd hanged a single

buried dead and gone

but the bitch was quite determined

that she would not be 'used'

and she kicked the little bugger

'til he failed to be amused --

so we fed him on the bottle

as he piddled on the mat,

which soon upset the labrador

and prop'ly huffed the cat --

but he lived somewhat reluctant

sucking everything in sight,

ate herbaceous borders

and bleated half the night --

we kicked him and we cursed him

always scratchin' at the door,

the postie ran him over twice,

he still came back for more --

pot-bellied and peculiar

he just refused to grow,

a hungry little nuisance

till the time he had to go --

by the winter he looked better

eating turnips, nuts and hay,

but he crept into the grain store

and blew up on Christmas Day!

-- Henry Brewis from Don't Laugh Till He's Out Of Sight,

Farming Press, 1984