**Friday 18th may 2012**

**L:I Write a limerick Eve**

**The tunnel**

**There once was a girl called rose**

**Who would hide under the pink bed clothes**

**She dreamed everyday**

**And hated to play**

**And dreamed things that nobody knows**

**There once was a boy called jack**

**Who was always racing on a track**

**He wanted to play**

**All night and day**

**and was never frightened of the black**

**One day they went to a waste ground**

**When Jack went and found**

**A tunnel of clay**

**And he crawled through to play**

**And left poor Rose crying on a mound**

**Through the tunnel went little Rose**

**And how long she took nobody knows**

**She found a clearing of trees**

**And collapsed down to her knees**

**To Jack stiff as dry clothes**

**She hugged him hard in despair**

**And told him it was not fair**

**She burst into tears**

**And thought of her fears**

**Of witches goblins and bears**

**Jack started to get warm**

**And fell in a heap on the lawn**

**Little Rose jumped on him**

**As light as silver pin**

**And was overjoyed that her brother was reborn**