

## THE WOODS

If you ever wander into the woods alone  
And listen to the sound of the trees,  
Perhaps you'd like to sit a while,  
Sit down in the shade and dream—  
Dream of bees,  
Then of trees,  
Any of all these beautiful things.  
The bees they hurry and buzz  
To build up their home once more,  
While the trees spread out their fruit  
For the nimble squirrels so small,  
They hop,  
Then stop  
And they prance about so gaily . . . .  
. . . . So why don't you visit the woods daily.

LINDA STONE—3/1—C29

## OPERATION SNOWFLAKE

"Right, now you"; and with a slap on my back, I pitched into the wind. I was one of the millions of snow-flakes who were in a large operation of blanketing England. As I floated down several of my friends floated by. It only took a minute or so for all of us to jump from the black cloud and reach the ground. We were not the first down, because some commando types had landed the previous night. They had put up a gallant fight to settle but most were swept away by brooms or trodden into slush.

When we reached the ground we were given orders to dig in and stay as long as possible. Reinforcements were hurrying to reach and help us.

Already the enemy were marching against us—sand and salt lorries, grit bins. Luckily for us our spies were already sabotaging the roads by building drifts to stop the lorries. Believe it or not we snow-flakes are just like the army! If you looked closer at the flakes you would see that we are different shapes. The round ones are privates up to sergeants, the star shapes are sergeant-majors up to captains and majors up to generals are diamond shaped; the prettiest of them all is, of course, the field marshal. On top of all our worries are people. They love to play in snow. They push us together and when it gets cold we freeze into hard lumps of ice.

The reason we always stay longer in the farming land is because the grit can never reach us in time, so we stay near farms a lot longer than towns. Towns have cars and buses to melt us as we land in the roads. That's why only single men are chosen to attack the towns.

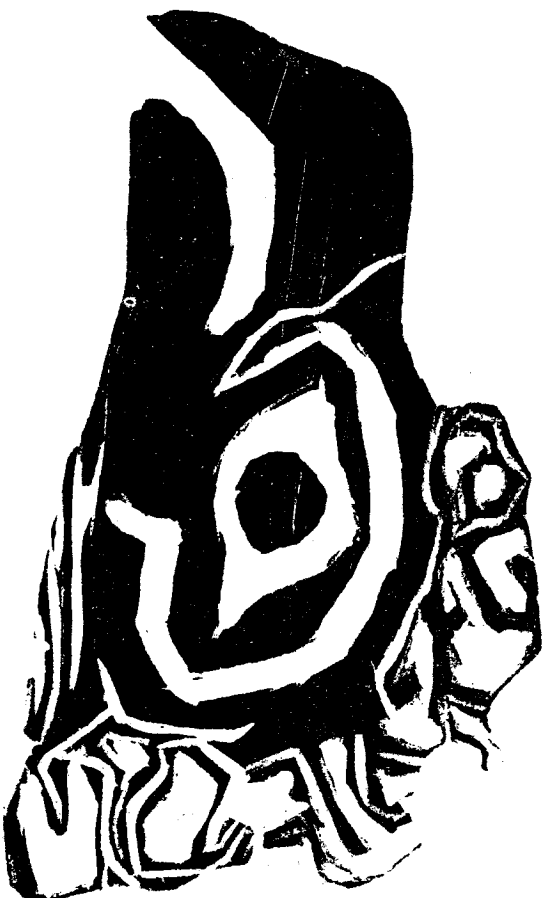
When we awoke this morning, a message had come to us saying that the weather reports expected rain. As you know frozen

rain is what we are formed of but if it is not cold enough the rain will change sides and wash us away.

Now we are retreating, not from you, but the rain. Some unlucky flakes were caught by the rain and turned into water. We flakes are not afraid to melt because we are swept into drains, then the rivers, and finally the sea, where we spend the spring. Then we change to vapour and rise into the clouds, and when the winter comes again we freeze and become snow-flakes once more. Slowly we begin to melt and in a week or so all the snow will be gone; but in the summer when you are enjoying yourselves we will be getting ready for the winter and "Operation Snow-flake."

KATHLEEN JACKSON—4G

IAN GREGORY—2/3—C32



## JOHN MOULDY

John Mouldy was an apple; he was grown on a big tree in the orchard on a farm in Somerset. John Mouldy was different from the other apples. He was the saddest apple in the orchard because he wasn't so bright as the others and when fully grown he didn't have nice rosy cheeks and a green complexion.

When all the apples with green faces were picked he was very upset and his apple skin split and sweet apple juice tears ran down his yellow face. The farmer's son picked him and took him to his mother who put Mouldy in a basket. Then the farmer took the basket down to the cellar for storage until the lorry came to take him to the station. The station porter handled the basket very carelessly and John Mouldy was badly bruised. After many hours of travelling he arrived at a station named "Glissham" where all