The new vestments

There once lived a young girl in the kingdom of Tess,

Who once made a beautiful, wonderful dress.

The moment that the dress was complete,

She walked through the door and into the street.

By way of a hat , she’d a row of sweets,

On top of which her head would meet.

Her shirt was made of delicate cakes,

Which had amazing, hot bakes.

Her belt was made from cookies,

The centre made with jujubes.

She a had delicious pancake skirt,

A tiny bit like her cakey shirt.

A prettiest skirt made of chocolate,

Which took it to the ultimate.

Shoes that were made of liquorice,

Taken from a dish.

She had walked a long way when she heard a noise,

A thumping noise of girls and boys .

And from every street and lane in the town,

All the boys and girls came rushing down.

Two kids took the jujubes from the head band,

Four goats had a leap at the laces and had a good land.

A pack of wolfs took the shirt,

While the mice gobbled all of the shirt.

Five pups lap up the biscuit belt,

And thought to themselves why is it not made of felt.

Pigs ate the liquorice shoes,

As they came in two’s.

She ran home with no clothes at all,

But she looked like she had a great fall.

And she said to herself as she bolted the door,

I will not make a similar dress any more.

Any more, any more, any more, never more!

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