

The Car

The steaming engine roars,
Through the towering concrete jungle
The unusual orange, spotty skin
Soon becomes very muddy.
And then, very suddenly
Skids to a stop
While a slow zebra trots gradually across the road.

It bites its jaws together, very hastily
It builds up all its anger
And finally breaks free
Runs a few more miles
Then stops for more fuel.
In the night time it puts its lights on.
For cats can see in the dark.

By Katie