



I am Bud

At night I sleep peacefully by the golden bales of hay,
but in the day I sit waiting, watching for the sheep to wake,
arched in the sunlight.
And when I sleep I dream.

I dream that I am towing a caffe-black sled,
camouflaged in the snow, watching the tall coconut-covered mountains,
hoping to live.

I dream that I stroll through the flowery fields of LA
in my bright reflective jacket with my partner.
A lavender cloud surrounding me in the mystic magical sky.
Gentle, proud, free.

I dream that I lounge through the heat of the day.
Me and my owner in our warm cosy bungalow.
Protective, elegant, free.

I dream that I run around the fields of Budleigh, just me and my owner.
The calm breeze, hairs pricked for any sign of another dog.
The chirping birds calm us as we admire everything around us.

I tell you my dreams so that you can dream with me.

Paige Price ST PETER'S C OF E PRIMARY SCHOOL, BUDLEIGH SALTERTON



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The Mine

They took all the gold from the mine,
Millions of years ago.
Rockfalls and landslides have revealed it again,
And now you will always know;
There was always a mine in the cave
Even before they covered it up.
It is underneath the snow and the ice,
And protected by the snow leopard.
Only Caroline sees
That, where the struts rot,
And the mine carts roll to a stop,
There was always a mine in the cave.

Yes, if you find the mine
On a winter evening late,
When the night air cools on the leaves on the trees.
Where the eagle calls his mate,
(They fear not men on the mountains,
Because they see so few.)
You will hear the beat of the miners' tools,
Carefully hunting for gold
As though they didn't know
That all the gold was gone.
But is all the gold gone?

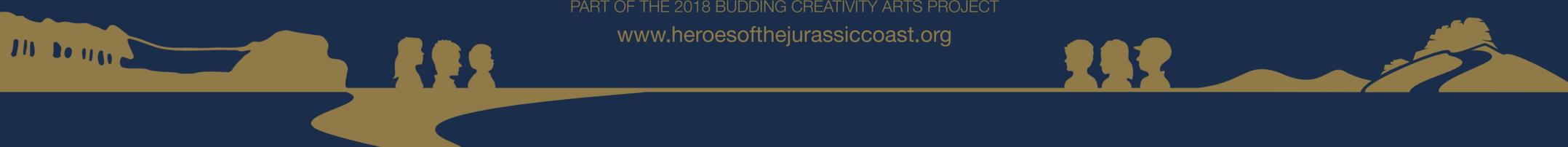
Ryan Harris Cotton ST PETER'S C OF E PRIMARY SCHOOL, BUDLEIGH SALTERTON



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I am dog!

I am Bud...

in the day I herd sheep but in
the night I sleep arched like the moon,
and when I sleep I dream.

I dream that I am pulling a sled
through the rice coloured snow,
while watching the Northern Lights with my great amber eyes,
Dog of the high mountains.

I dream that I am the helpful dog,
with coal coloured ears, fur as black as midnight,
guiding my owner across the busy roads of London,
confident, protective, gentle.

I dream that I walk through the autumn leaves,
fur as thick as a badger, watching, waiting for my dinner to appear,
as I suddenly realise that I am standing in the forests of Africa
with my bushy tail swaying to the beat of the wind.

I dream that I am the cheeky energetic dog,
always curled up near the fire,
my owners loving and caring for me.
Crazy, curious, cute.

I dream that I am the champagne coloured dog,
being protected by my owner,
pouring food into my golden bowl,
waiting for her to say I can eat.

And I tell you my dreams so that you can dream with me.

Darcey Perry ST PETER'S C OF E PRIMARY SCHOOL, BUDLEIGH SALTERTON



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I am Bud...

I am Bud

In the day I watch sheep and chase
my ball but in the night I slept
in the sunset. Curled like a shell.
And when I sleep I dream...

I dream that I am in Sweden,
by the snowy mountains watching
the northern lights with my amber eyes.
in the distance the resin-scented trees with cotton white snow on the-branches,
stand on top of the mountains.
Pretty, beautiful and awesome.

I dream that I am the kind and helpful dog with soft ears to be stroked
and with golden colour fur.
Guiding my owner through the busy town of London,
safely going home.

I dream that I am in the dry lands
walking over the sun-scorched, dead grass that is as crunchy as a carrot.
No animals to be seen except me and my brother,
the dark side of the dry lands but he still has a good side on him.
He is as black as midnight.

I dream that I am the cheeky dog having a laugh
by rolling down the the snowy hill of Mount Everest.
Watching, waiting for the stars to appear which are as glittery as crystals in the twilight.
My fur is as white as a cloud.

I dream that I am the cosiest dog in the colossal universe.
Snug as a bug by the blazing-hot fire in a lovely house
with the loveliest people to have some fun with.
I have coarse fur to be stroked.
I love to chase the cat, having walks and sleeping.
The best thing that could happen.

And I tell you my dreams so that you can dream with me.

Marni Burne ST PETER'S C OF E PRIMARY SCHOOL, BUDLEIGH SALTERTON



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Help Eddie

If only I could
Steal a lion's courage,
And present it to your
Trembling hands.

If only I could
Snatch a comet's tail,
Tie it to a lamppost ,
To guide you on your way.

If only I could
Seize the stars shining like
Fire-gold atoms.
And trap them in a jam jar
To comfort you day and night.

If only I could
Blow the biggest bubble
To shield you from any
Spiteful jibes coming your way.

If only I could
Retrieve a four leaf clover,
To penetrate your empty body
With pure luck.

If only I was brave enough to
Help you Eddie.

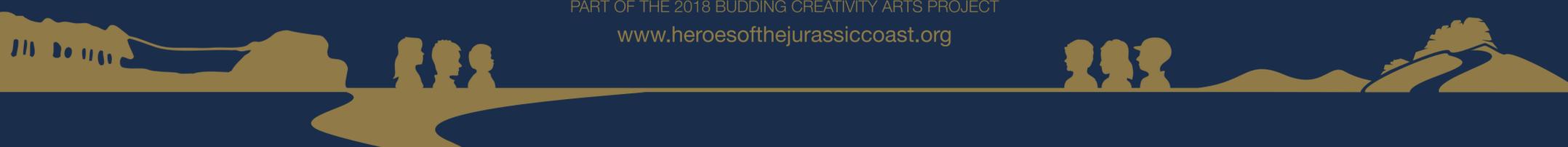
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I am Bud

I am Bud, in the day I lie on the sun-lit grass waiting for the sheep to start running. But at night I sleep curled up in front of a golden fire, my owner by my side. And when I sleep I dream.

I dream that I am pulling a walnut-brown sleigh camouflaged in the snow, hot sweaty, tired, a helping hand in the snowy mountains.

I dream that I am a dog with golden fur and bright blue eyes. My pride and only treasure standing beside me, all her trust put on me to guide her across the busy roads of London. Confident, protective, gentle.

I dream I am the side-striped, black-black bushy tailed dog feared from all over the African plains. I stay in my park and eat. At dawn, I will eat a snake covered in sand, as green as a tree, as black as midnight.

I dream that I am the coffee-brown lazy dog sitting on my owner as I sleep soon to be taken to the best salon to get ready to go to Crufts.

I dream that I am a tiny, fluffy, ebony black dog on the seaside of California beside me my sister as white as snow.

And I tell you my dreams so that you can dream with me.

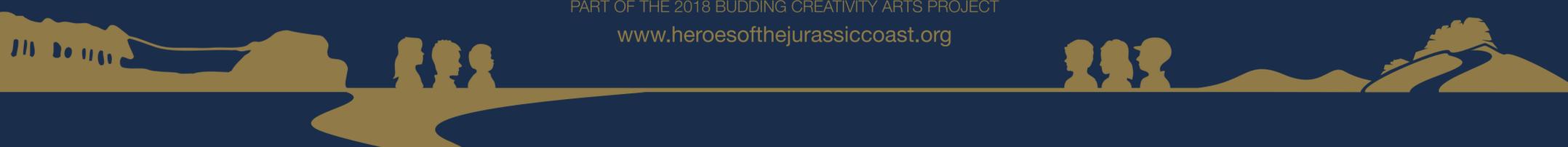
Megan Ward ST PETER'S C OF E PRIMARY SCHOOL, BUDLEIGH SALTERTON



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Deamville

We dont know where Eddie is,
But we can see all his good and bad dreams.
We think he's in Dreamville,
Well that's what it seems.

Edie is a shy, nervous child,
His biggest dream is to try paintballing;
But his chances are very mild.

We hear a voice, he has to overcome his fear;
He's getting closer every second,
He's now in the right gear.
He fills his gun up with colourful balls,
Gets ready in his position;
Yes he's won overall!

Once again e heard the voice,
Now he has to win a race. He wondered if there was a choice,
The winner gets a pot of gold,
He had to train hard for that.
When Eddie starts it was extremely cold,
At the end he didn't win the prize.
He'd have to be faster.
Eddie started again, now he's bigger in size.

He started falling, falling fast.
"Eddie stop dreaming and stay awake in class!"

Lois Valerie Cox ST PETER'S C OF E PRIMARY SCHOOL, BUDLEIGH SALTERTON



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