

Where do I belong?



By Molly and Charlie Saunders



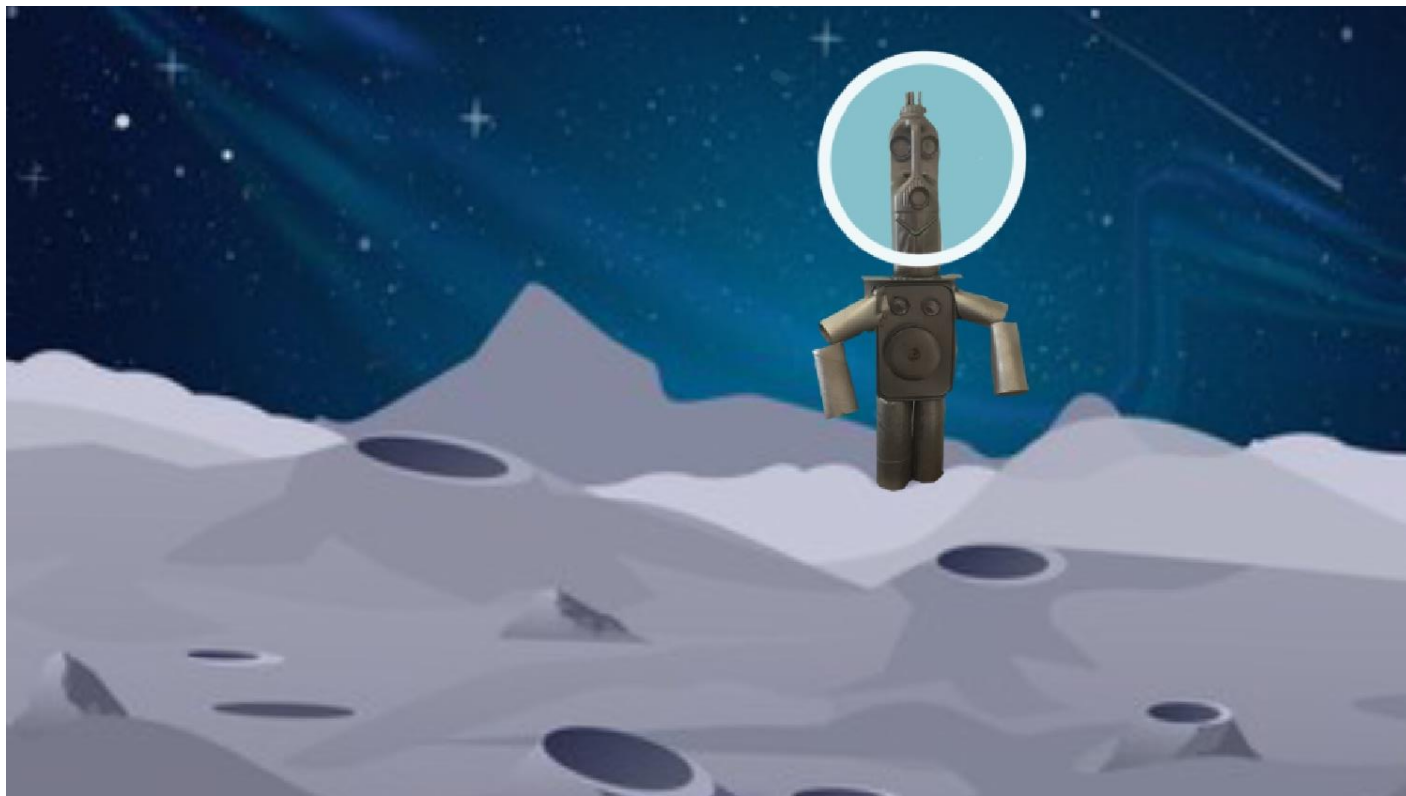
*With a crash and a bang, emerging from a puff of smoke,
Afraid and confused, stood a large iron bloke.*



***Where did he come from? What is his name?
This was a start of a journey to find a home to claim.***



***My name is Iron Joe and I'm looking for a place,
Somewhere I can call home, with plenty of space.***



*First, he travelled a far, high up to the moon
But when he got there it was empty and nothing to do.*

*Next was a city, with buildings tall and high
But it was way too busy for him, he started to cry.*





***“ Why don't you try the seaside?”, said a friendly little girl.
She made it sound perfect, he'd give it a whirl.***



*It was fun by the sea but was this the place?
As he passed by a window, he spotted rust on his face.*



*Joe needed some oil, as quick can be,
As his body started to stiffen from the salt and the sea.*



*He swiftly moved as fast as he could,
Through tall iron gates. Where oil canistered
stood.*



*Phew that was a close one, sipping oil from a cup
Joes eyes looked around puzzled, where have I ended up?*



*A scrap yard, it's perfect, the best home for me
With oil and trash nearby, i'll be as happy as can be.*

THE END.