

12 Original Narrative Poems By The Author With Some Fun Limericks Aimed At...

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Poem 1

The sun was shining brightly, The birds were singing sweetly, The flowers were blooming in all their glory, It was a perfect day for a story.



12 Silly Poems for Young Kids : 12 original narrative poems by the author with some fun limericks aimed at children (Silly poems for kids Book 1)

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

Language	: English
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Text-to-Speech	: Enabled
Enhanced typesetting	: Enabled
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Print length	: 39 pages
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So I sat down on a bench beneath a tree, And I began to tell a tale of mystery, Of love, and loss, and adventure, Of heroes and villains, and of treasure.

I told of a brave knight who fought a dragon, Of a beautiful princess who was held captive, Of a wise old wizard who knew all the answers, And of a cunning thief who stole the treasure.

I told of the knight's quest to rescue the princess, Of the wizard's help in finding the dragon's lair, Of the thief's cunning plan to steal the treasure, And of the final battle that decided their fate.

The children listened with rapt attention, Their eyes wide with wonder, Their hearts pounding with excitement, As I told them the tale of the brave knight,

The beautiful princess, the wise old wizard, And the cunning thief.

Poem 2

I once knew a man named Dave, Who was always trying to be brave. He would climb the highest trees, And jump off the highest dives, And do all sorts of other crazy things that made me nervous.

But one day, Dave decided to do something really reckless. He decided to go swimming in the ocean during a storm. I tried to talk him out of it, but he wouldn't listen. He said he was a strong swimmer, and that he could handle it.

But the storm was too strong for him. The waves were too big, and the currents were too strong. Dave was swept away by the sea, and I never saw him again.

I still think about Dave sometimes. I wonder what happened to him. I hope he's okay.

Poem 3

I once knew a girl named Mary, Who was always getting into trouble. She would skip school, stay out late, And do all sorts of other things that made her parents worry.

But one day, Mary did something really bad. She stole a car, and went on a joyride. She crashed the car, and was arrested by the police.

Mary went to jail, and her parents were very upset. But Mary said she learned her lesson. She said she would never do anything bad again.

I hope Mary keeps her promise. I hope she turns her life around.

Poem 4

I once knew a boy named John, Who was always dreaming of being a hero. He would read comic books and watch superhero movies, And he would imagine himself saving the world.

But one day, John's dream came true. There was a fire in his neighbor's house, And John ran into the house to save the day.

John rescued the neighbor's children, And he put out the fire. The neighbors were so grateful to John, And they told him he was a hero.

John was so happy to have saved the day. He knew that he was meant to be a hero.

Poem 5

I once knew a woman named Sarah, Who was always trying to be perfect.
She was always trying to be the best at everything she did, And she was
always trying to please everyone.

But one day, Sarah realized that she couldn't be perfect. She realized that
she was making herself miserable trying to please everyone.

Sarah decided to stop trying to be perfect. She decided to be herself, and
to be happy with who she was.

Sarah is much happier now that she's stopped trying to be perfect. She's
realized that she's good enough just the way she is.

Poem 6

I once knew a man named Bob, Who was always losing his keys. He would
put them down somewhere, And then he would forget where he put them.

One day, Bob lost his keys again. He looked all over for them, but he
couldn't find them. He was starting to get worried.

But then, Bob had an idea. He went to the hardware store and bought a
new key ring. He put all of his keys on the new key ring, And he put the key
ring on his belt loop.

Bob hasn't lost his keys since. He's so glad he bought that new key ring.

Poem 7

I once knew a woman named Jane, Who was always complaining about her life. She would complain about her job, She would complain about her husband, She would complain about her children.

One day, Jane met an old man. The old man told Jane that she needed to be more grateful for what she had. He told her that there were people in the world who had it much worse than she did.

Jane thought about what the old man said. She realized that he was right. She realized that she had a lot to be grateful for.

Jane stopped complaining about her life. She started to be more grateful for what she had. And she started to be happier.

Poem 8



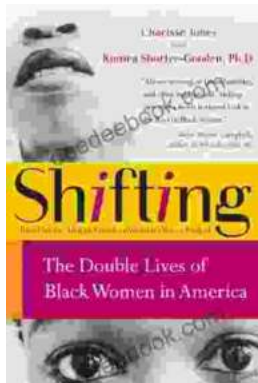
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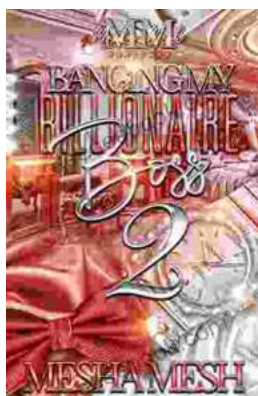
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