

LAMDA INTRODUCTORY POEM — STAGE 1

MY PUPPY

by Debra Bertulis

My puppy is so naughty,
He always runs away.
He never hears me when I call,
Or stops when I say 'STAY!'.

The only time he listens
And stops tearing down the street,
Is when he hears his favourite word
TREAT!
TREAT!
TREAT!!!



LAMDA INTRODUCTORY POEM — STAGE 2

THE FOLK WHO LIVE IN BACKWARD TOWN

by Mary Ann Hoberman

The folk who live in Backward Town
Are inside out and upside down.

They wear their hats inside their heads
And go to sleep beneath their beds.

They only eat the apple peeling
And take their walks across the ceiling.



LAMDA INTRODUCTORY POEM — STAGE 3

RIDDLE

by Colin West

Allow me to describe myself,
I live upon a dusty shelf,
With other sorts who do the same.
I have a title to my name,
Yet wear a jacket without sleeves.
I'm not a plant but I have leaves.
(It's also true I'm not a tree,
Though that is what I used to be.)
I'm full of words but cannot speak,
I sometimes vanish for a week
And then return to my dear nook.
You've guessed it
— I'm a library book!

