**First Day at School**

**A millionbillionwillion miles from home  
Waiting for the bell to go. (To go where?)  
Why are they all so big, other children?  
So noisy? So much at home they  
Must have been born in uniform  
Lived all their lives in playgrounds  
Spent the years inventing games  
That don't let me in. Games  
That are rough, that swallow you up.  
  
And the railings.  
All around, the railings.  
Are they to keep out wolves and monsters?  
Things that carry off and eat children?  
Things you don't take sweets from?  
Perhaps they're to stop us getting out  
Running away from the lessins. Lessin.  
What does a lessin look like?  
Sounds small and slimy.  
They keep them in the glassrooms.  
Whole rooms made out of glass. Imagine.  
  
I wish I could remember my name  
Mummy said it would come in useful.  
Like wellies. When there's puddles.  
Yellowwellies. I wish she was here.  
I think my name is sewn on somewhere  
Perhaps the teacher will read it for me.  
Tea-cher. The one who makes the tea.**

**Roger McGough**

**Questions:**

**Who is reading this poem?**

**How old do you think this person is? How do you know?**

**How does this person feel about school?**

**How did you feel this morning when you got to school?**

**Make some resolutions (what are your plans?) for this new school year (at least 2).**