

My Monster Poem

by Molly



*Dave the monster likes to eat,  
anything is a tasty treat!  
As he eats his teeth crunch,  
He really does enjoy his lunch.*

*Tasty vinegar with salty chips,  
a mug of coffee and walnut whips.  
A pot of tea and a slice of cake,  
a cold ice cream with a chocolate flake.*

*Milkshakes and bright coloured sweets,  
lots of sugar and tasty treats.  
Whipped cream and strawberry jelly,  
eat too much and he will get a big belly!*

*Sandwiches with cheese and ham,  
a hot roast dinner with lots of lamb.  
Bread and butter with freshly caught Fish,  
soon become his favourite dish.*

*He slurps and burps as he chews,  
He will eat anything, even stews!  
His tummy fizzys with all the food,  
and puts him in a sleepy mood.*

*When his finishes eating, poor Dave,  
likes to go and rest in his gloomy cave.  
And after eating too much his belly hurts,  
so he undoes the button on his shirts!*



### My Duvet Monster Poem

By Eliza

My monster under the duvet  
Comes out just once a year  
He's cute and fluffy and lots of fun  
There's really no reason to fear

My monster under the duvet  
Is small and round like a ball  
His twinkling eyes shine like jewels  
His ears are pointy and tall

My monster under the duvet  
Likes broccoli and carrot sticks  
But his paws are too hairy to gobble dessert  
So marshmallows he has to lick

My monster under the duvet  
Toddles about like a chick  
As he heads back to snuggle down in my bed  
I hope the next year passes quick

### My Monster Poem

by Henry H

My monster, Gaitor, is very brave but everyone thought he lived in a cave,  
Gaitor is sneaky, he hides under my bed, watching out for my brother, Fred.  
His eyes are brassy and his ears are infested, his claws are sharp and his teeth detested.  
His mouth is as wide as a banana, look out now he is eating a sultana.

He loves quiches, peas and jelly but that makes his breath smelly.  
He doesn't clean his teeth at all and very soon they all will fall.  
He slurps and burps and munches and crunches, watch out he's going to eat all our lunches.  
He sneaks and creeps from under the bed, there he goes he has eaten the bed!



### My Monster Poem

By Brian

When you draw a monster, it is said,  
you always begin with his head.

He'll be able to see when he flies,  
If we draw two bright eyes.

To tell which way the cold wind blows,  
our monster will need a great big nose.

Look to the north and look to the south,  
now we can give our monster a mouth.

Some up above and some beneath,  
our monster has lots of teeth.

Now, under his chin, lets just check,  
that's where we should put his neck.

He isn't fierce, he isn't hairy,  
But don't you think he's a little scary?

### My Monster Poem

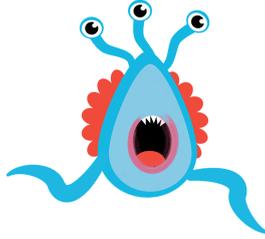
by

Megan

I thought I saw a monster hiding in a cave  
Out popped a head to give a little wave.

I thought I saw a monster with bobbly eyes  
And ears that flap when he flies.

I thought I saw a monster gliding on the sea  
Then I saw the mirror and realised it was me.



My Monster Poem

by Oliver B

**Moz the monster**

Moz the monster lives under my bed  
He's in the monster gang which is led by Fred  
He sleeps all day  
and at night he tries to give me an awful fright  
He sneaks into my bed very low and slow  
And gives off a terrible glow

Hes eats his dinner very loudly  
And displays his big tummy proudly  
For his dinner he eats lots of trash  
Which is then followed by mash

With eyes like golf balls and very hairy  
Moz the monster is truly scary.

My Monster Poem

by Rosie

My monster is mischievous he likes to eat  
He slyly tip-toes into houses and gobbles all the sweets.

His ears prick up when he wants to do bad  
He terrorises cities and makes them all mad.

His shifty eyes look all around,  
With a mouth so big it could fit a town.

He settles in the attic where nobody goes.  
He's a scaly thief but that's all that he knows.

# MY MONSTER POEM

BY CATRIN

MY MONSTER IS CALLED GLOSS  
SHE'S MADE OF CANDY FLOSS  
THAT'S PINK AND BLUE AND FLUFFY.  
SHE'S LIGHT AND FLOATS AROUND LIKE A CLOUD  
SHE FLOATS AROUND SO QUIETLY SHE'S NEVER VERY LOUD.  
SHE LOVES TO EAT SWEETS AND JUICE  
HER FAVOURITE PUDDING'S CHOCOLATE MOUSSE.  
SHE LIVES IN A CAVE MADE OF CANDY BY THE SEA.  
OUTSIDE HER CAVE'S A CHOCOLATE TREE!  
SHE LEAVES CANDY CANES OUTSIDE HER DOOR  
FOR CHILDREN TO ENJOY ON THE BEACH FLOOR.  
IF YOU ASK HER FOR SOME SWEETS  
SHE WILL LEAVE THEM FOR YOU TO EAT!

