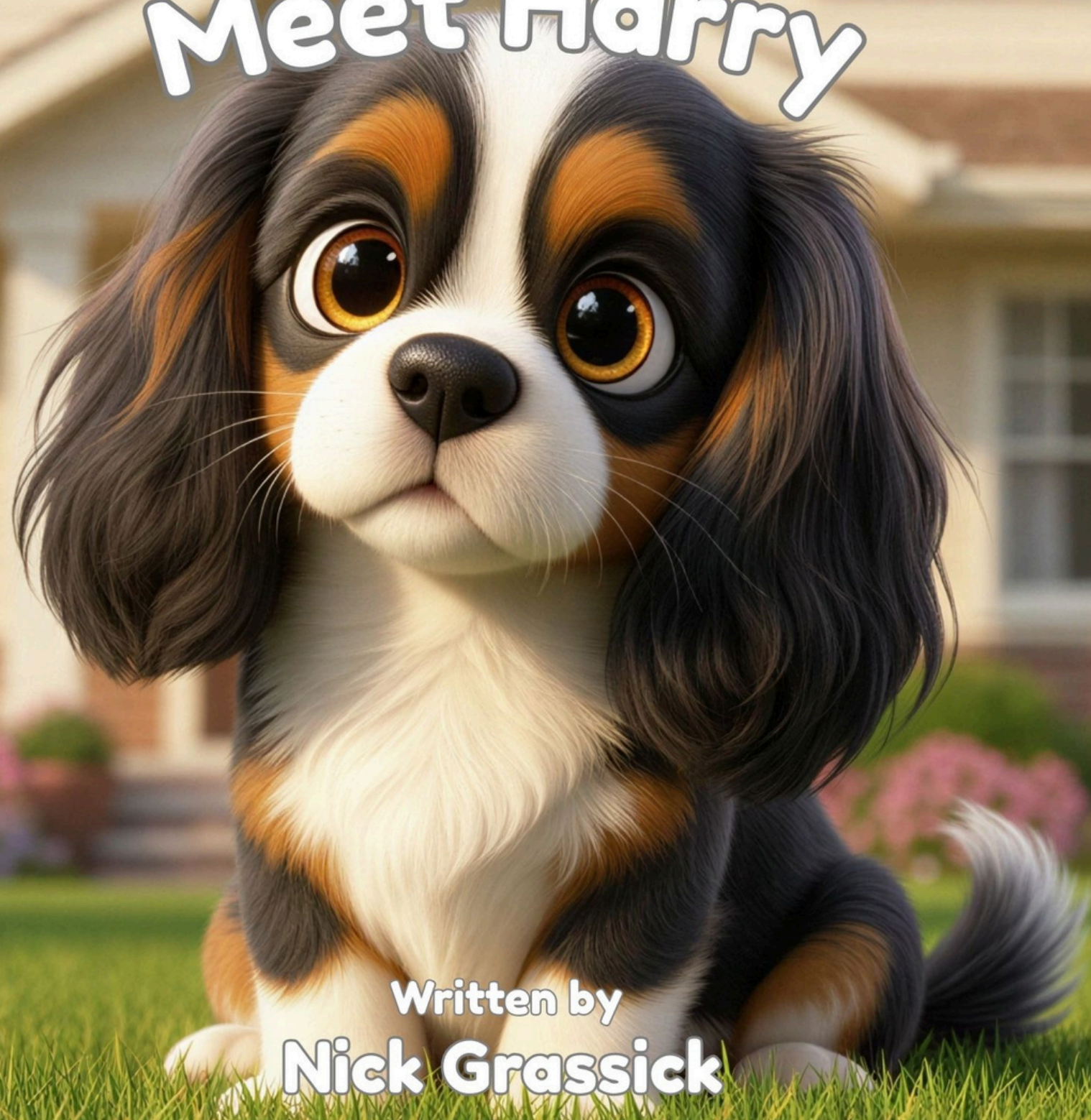


Meet Harry



Written by
Nick Grassick

**Harry's a spaniel with soft floppy ears,
Black, brown and silky through all of his years.**

**He's eight years old with a cute little face,
Yet still full of wiggles all over the place.**

**He lives in a house at the end of the lane,
Where mornings are cosy and never the same.**

**He wiggles and waggles from morning till night,
A small furry shadow in black, brown and white.**



**When Harry wakes up, he jumps off his bed,
With dreams of his breakfast still stuck in his head.**

**He tip-taps his paws on the smooth kitchen floor,
He sits for a moment... then wriggles once more.**

**His tail does a drum roll, “Rat-a-tat-tat!”
He nudges the cupboard; he knows what’s in that!**

**He gives his best “hungry-but-patient” dog stare,
Hoping sausages might fall like rain from the air.**



**At last comes his breakfast with a clink and a clatter,
And Harry thinks, “Yes! Brekkie time matters!”**

**He snuffles and sniffs, then he gobbles a huge bite,
His whiskers shake wildly—a very funny sight.**

**A crumb on his nose and a crumb on his chin,
He cleans every speck with a satisfied grin.**

**He checks round the bowl, the floor, then the chair,
In case there is food hiding under somewhere.**

