

Wilson & Eeli

Written by
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**Wilson the dachshund is short, round, and small,
Fluffy and golden, a sausage who loves to play ball**

**His tummy goes wobble with each tiny run,
His ears flip and flop as he plays in the sun.**

**Only two years old, but he runs fast and bold,
Except when he lands in a puddle too cold.**

**And always beside him, in sunshine or rain,
Is Eeli, his boy, with the red ball again.**



**Eeli cries, “Wilson, it’s science and play!
Let’s test how high your ball bounces today!”**

**He draws in his notebook with a serious face,
As Wilson runs off in a happy, wiggly race.**

**“First test,” says Eeli, “we measure the throw.”
Whilst Wilson is jumping, excited to go.**

**He’s not into numbers or rulers at all,
He’s only in love with his bouncy red ball.**



**“Ready?” cries Eeli. “I’ll count... one, two, THREE!”
He swings back his arm and throws wild, fast, free.**

**The ball flies through flowers, past one busy bee,
It bounces off stones and a small apple tree.**

**Wilson goes racing, a flash of gold fur,
He’s running so fast every flower’s a blur.**

**He sniffs a dandelion that tickles his nose,
Then “ACHOO!” he sneezes and over he goes.**

