



personification poem

I live on a shelf
Sometimes I fall down because my legs
get so tired from standing up all day
I always get the impression of people that
I'm boring
I wake up every morning thinking of my
forest family
Some days I get taken out and see these
funny creatures with tails
My friends and I all stand close up to-
gether
I get annoyed at times because after a
while I find my self covered in thick dust
I sometimes feel queasy because people
pick me up and start flicking through my
packed full body

By Olivia Oates 6LT