*Hammering Rain*

It hammered down on Mr Pendanskies window pain

And formed a lake size puddle on five-mile lane.

It washed away the chalk drawings from the twins plastic table

And sent a flood right through the horse’s only stable.

It soaked Mr and Mrs White as they dashed for the bus

Rushing past a drenched little girl who was making quite a fuss.

It destroyed the primary schools’ delicate spring flowers

And over went the kids sodden cardboard towers.

Umbrellas bobbed up and down the grey and misty street

And poor old Adam, wearing sandals, had very soggy feet.

It showered down on the washing line full of drying clothes

As mum rushed out to get it in, water dripped off her nose.

It made Pip the wet dog smell at number eleven

Although splashing in puddles was utter heaven.

It gave Great Aunt Mary very frizzy hair

Which made her look like a funny old bear.

However, not everyone disliked that day

On the river the ducks came out to play!

Until the storm had finally past

But how long will those blue skies last…?

By Betty Tibbetts