

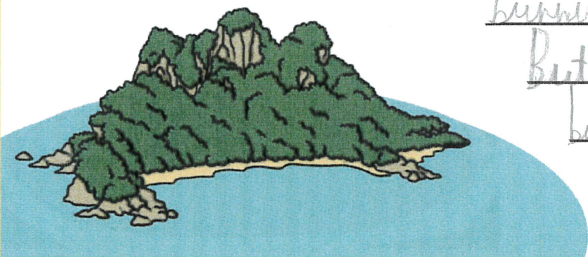
The Desert Island

I will take to a desert island
dazzling, glimmering jewels as bright as the sky,
skilled, majestic dolphins diving in the water that is
as blue as a glacier,
beddy's smile as gigantic as space.
But I can't bring the boring look of traffic.

I will take to a desert island
lovely robins singing in the trees,
my loud deepening, noisy shout,
calm, beautiful rain clouds.
But I couldn't bring the horrible sound of a
thunder storm that is as loud as a dragon's roar!

I will take to a desert island
a chocolate bar that is as sweet as a gingerbread
straight from the oven,
gliders as quick as air conditioning,
the yummy smell of hot, buttery toast.
But I don't bring Dad's smelly pants.

I will take to a desert island
yummy, crispy, sizzling bacon sandwich in the morning,
McDonald's sour, fizzy sprite,
hunny, spicy ketchup from Nando's.
But I shouldn't bring mouldy, rotten
bread from a big bin.



I will take to a desert island
my soft, smooth, fluffy purr,
my warm sunny blanket,
puffy, puffy snow as greasy as an iceberg,
but I don't bring water - sharp needles as pointy as
the edge of a piece of glass.

I will travel to a desert island
in a magical, magic beam,
flying speedily through the air,
quicker than golden rain,
watching the magnificent sunset in the evening.

