

Home Time Again

by J. Richards

Home time at last, thank goodness
And Mum won't be here yet
So I'll just check my picture
See if the paint's still wet

Good, that looks fine, well, better go
Mum has a lot to do
But, second thoughts, the traffic's bad
She might be in a queue

That gives me roughly five more minutes
Time to get my ball
I hope its not still floating
At the deep end of the pool

Thank goodness, someone's fished it out
Well, better get back now
Mum's certain to be waiting
And I don't feel like a row

Oh! Look, the Year 4 garden
A hop, skip, jump away
I'll just check my tomatoes
They might be ripe today

No, not at all, still green as grass
And now it's getting late
Poor Mum will start to panic
If they want to lock the gate

"Young man! Oh, please, oh, I'm so glad
To see you walking past
I thought I'd be here for the night
'Til you came by at last"

Oh, now I'm stuck, what can I do?
I can't just walk away
But now when Mum confronts me
I will know just what to say

I've checked up on my painting,
My tomatoes and my ball
And now I've saved Miss Evans
From a "frightful night in school"

But Mum won't see the funny side
I know she'll purse her lips
And ban me from T.V, from football,
Chocolate and fun trips.

Well, here goes nothing: "Hello Mum,
I'm sorry I've been bad."
"Oh, no, if you've left chess club early
Lets go pick up Dad!"