**THE ROUGH GANG**

Why come lunch,

You give me a punch.

You don’t say why,

You just say bye.

It’s not fair,

And you don’t even care.

You call me names,

And think it’s fun and games.

I try and tell,

But then rings the bell.

You leave me there,

Never let me prepare.

You keep my life a misery

While everyone laughs and jokes,

When my body is frail and broke.

“Leave me be”,

“I won’t tell a soul.”

“You better not you little mole!”

“It’s for your own good”

“You’re a weak little bud”

“We’re toughening you up”

“So you won’t be a pup!”

By Grace Moore