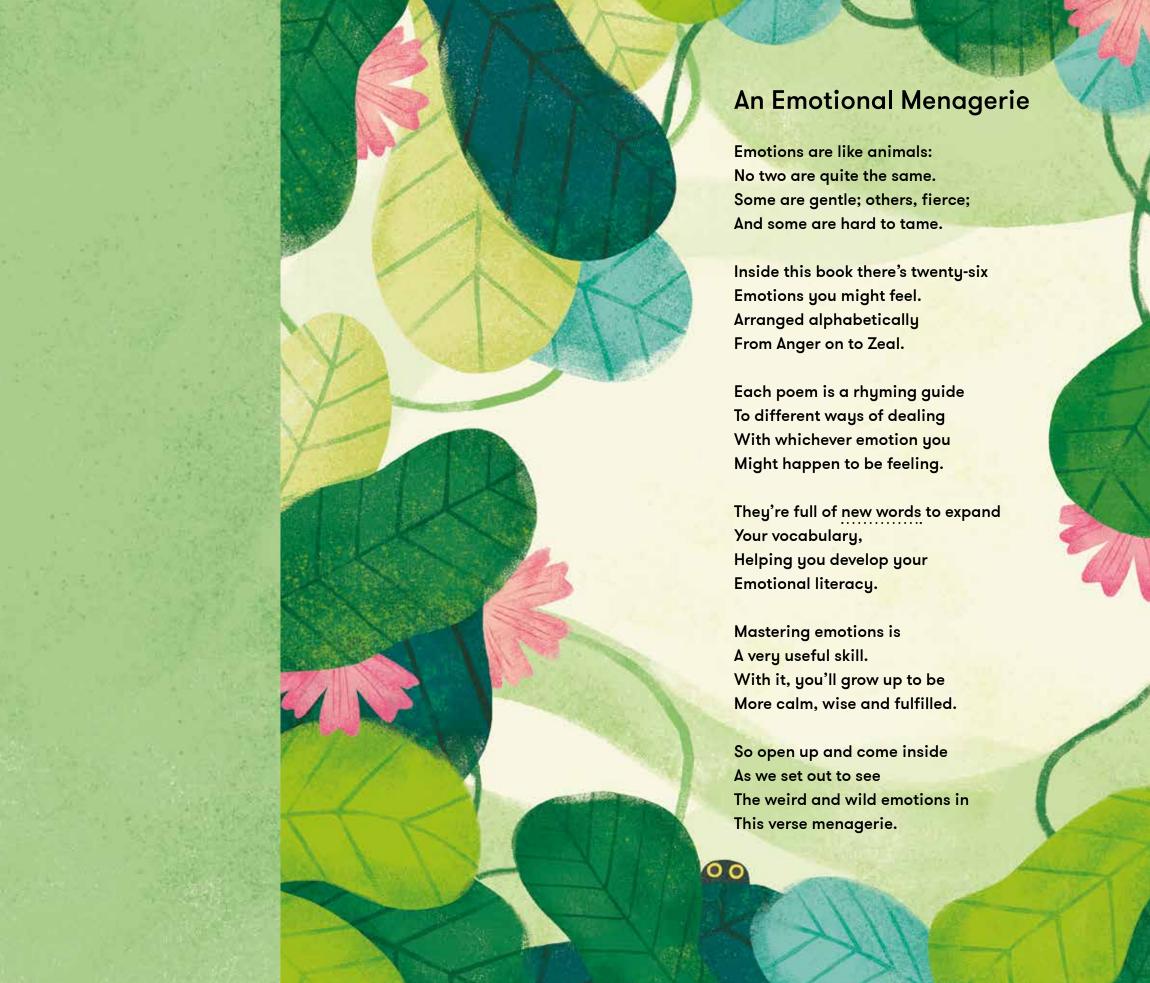
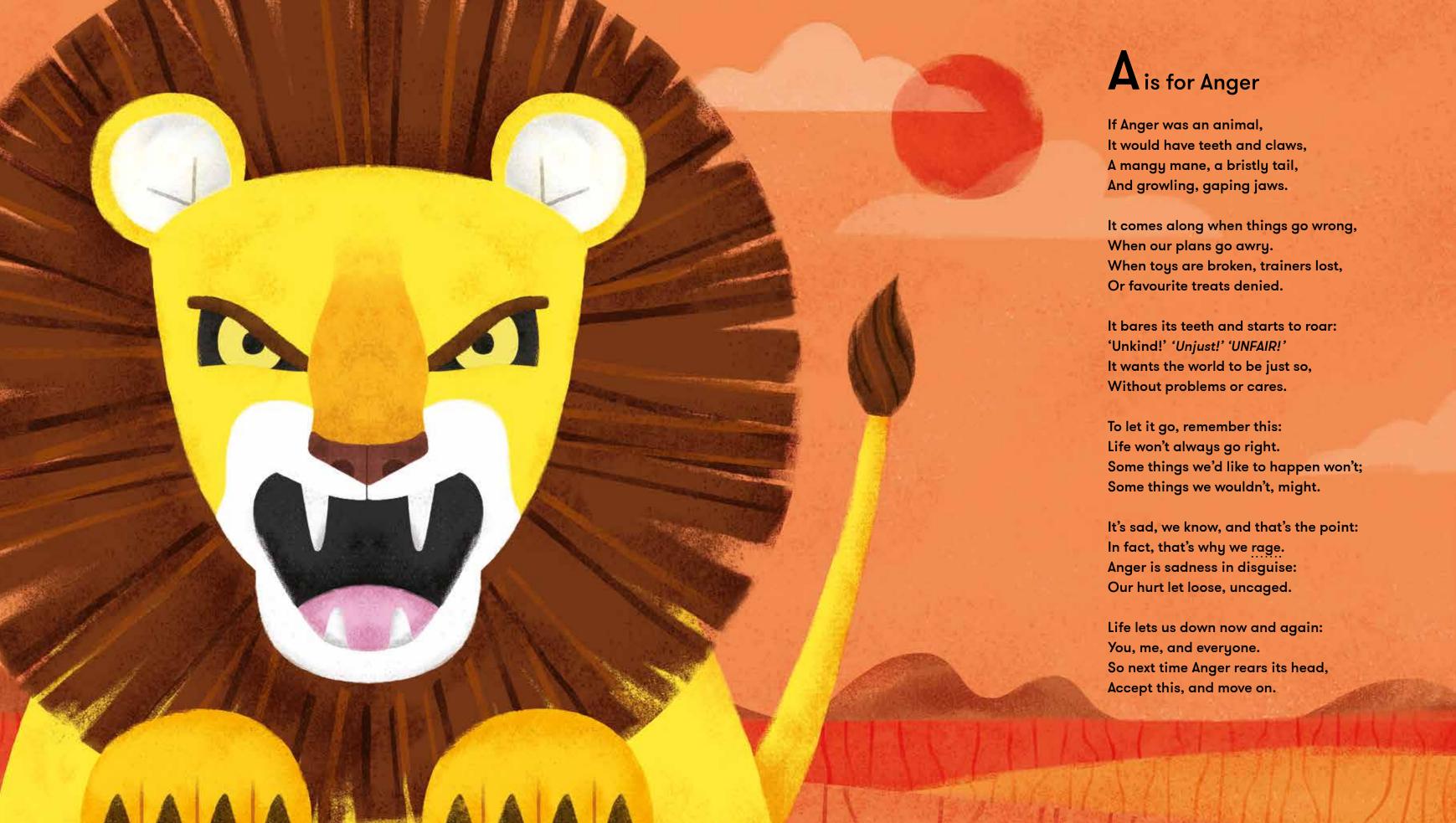




AN EMOTIONAL MENAGERIE

Feelings from A to Z





B is for Boredom

If Boredom was an animal,
It would have jellied skin,
Limp tentacles, a boneless head,
And a deadening sting.

It washes up when tasks or days
Feel like they'll never end:
Car journeys, homework, shop queues, chores,
And wet autumn weekends.

It lies there like a burst balloon, Flat, hissing out complaints: 'Are we there yet?' 'Am I done?' 'I'm so bored I might faint.'

It stings us all occasionally.

(Yes, grown-ups get bored too!)

Sometimes we must just wait until

The tedious part is through.

But don't forget to listen, too:
For Boredom's just a clue
That shows us what we don't like doing
And what we'd rather do.

To wash it back into the sea,
Listen to all it says,
And try next time to spend your time
In more exciting ways...





If Curiosity was an animal,
It would have a jet-black beak,
Beady eyes, coal-coloured wings,
And scrawny, scratching feet.

It loves to peck at mysteries:
Those things it doesn't know.
It wants to find the answers so
Its own knowledge might grow.

It makes us feel inquisitive
To understand things more:
'How do planes fly?' 'Why is grass green?'
Or 'what are earlobes for?'

We're fascinated by new things,
The secrets of the Earth.
We get engrossed in facts and dates,
And prize them for their worth.

The best people are curious:
The smartest and most fun.
They know that learning's valuable,
And learning's never done.

You should feed your Curiosity
By finding out more stuff.
For all the world is interesting
If you look close enough.

