Overheard in a Forest

Nymph, nymph, where is your pot of gold from?

From under the rainbow over the field.

Give it me.

No.

Give it me. Give it me.

No.

Then I will go to the rainbow myself.

Giant, giant, don’t go to the rainbow.

Why do your love my gold so much?

It is better than gleaming gems,

Better than shimmering stardust,

Better than love.

Give it me, give it me.

No.

Alice, year 3, Coastlands School, Pembrokeshire