

## Read Along to...The Boy ✨

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Creative Juices run wild and use them in the classroom however works best for you.

### Look into your imagination and find...

#### The Boy

The boy sat alone by the old smoky fire,  
The TV was crackling, but he still could admire,  
The great Bazzy McBrown as he hopped and he twirled,  
The keeper left reeling as he scored with a curl,  
Hightown had scored and his hero had done it,  
In the 89th minute his hero had won it.  
As the crowd went wild and the boy sat and cheered,  
The TV turned off, t'was his mum who appeared.

'The boy is not working,' she shouted to Dad,  
And Dad ran in storming, he was ever so mad,  
And the boy got to working and he worked his hands raw,  
But he dreamed and he dreamed of the crowd and their roar.

And the next day at school when the bell rang for break,  
The boy ran to the ball, but he made a mistake,  
And the big boys all laughed as they taunted him off,  
'He's rubbish,' they cried, 'and he smells like a trough.'

But the boy couldn't stop dreaming of the crowd and their roar,  
And he picked himself up and he went back for more...

And he played and they joked and with laughter they choked,  
But he went back each day always wanting to play.

As the weeks turned to months, they still put the boy down,

Then a visitor came on a trip through their town,  
And he came into school with a hop and a twirl,  
His name, Bazzy McBrown, who had come with a whirl.

And he spoke of his dreams, as a boy who was teased,  
And his will to ignore, let words fly in the breeze,  
And he left with a smile, which the boy held with glee,  
'You and just you can be whoever you'll be.'

But the boys they still laughed and they mocked when he played,  
But the laughter dried up with less errors he made,  
So they shook him and hit him for being so poor ,  
But he took it and smiled, and he practiced some more...

Now the football teams captain was Macy L Pupp,  
The star player who'd guided them right through the Cup,  
But the semis were hostile and poor Macy's leg broke,  
'Now who could replace him for the final?' they spoke.

And they tried out for players, none ever that great.  
So the coach watched the yard, 'oh now could this be fate?'  
A boy who danced circles, pushed around and yet managed...  
To twist and to twirl without ever being damaged.

'I need you,' said coach kneeling at the boys toes,  
The boy began sobbing and the coach then arose,  
'What's wrong?' asked the coach as he started to stir,  
'I can't play, as my parents, don't let me play sir.  
I've got no boots to play with, or the kit that I need.'  
'I'll get you the stuff, if you play,' was his plead!

So the day of the final and the boy smelled the grass,  
Through the game, although hard, the boy managed to last,  
With the game poised at 1-1, the boy gathered the ball,  
And he hopped and he twirled and then Scored to enthral,  
'The Winner, The Winner!' the crowd jumped with joy,  
The game ended, they'd won, Man of the Match was The Boy,  
And presenting the trophy was Bazzy McBrown,  
'You're a hero young boy. Now here is your crown.'

Now what of the boy, well if only we'd time,  
Ok listen. I'll tell you, he's a hero of mine,  
As a Hightown supporter, he's top scored for years...

Even passing McBrown, Bringing Trophies and Tears.