

## **First Day at School** by Roger McGough

A millionbillionmillion miles from home  
Waiting for the bell to go. (To go where?)  
Why are they all so big, other children?  
So noisy? So much at home they  
Must have been born in uniform  
Lived all their lives in playgrounds  
Spent the years inventing games  
That don't let me in. Games  
That are rough, that swallow you up.

And the railings.  
All around, the railings.  
Are they to keep out wolves and monsters?  
Things that carry off and eat children?  
Things you don't take sweets from?  
Perhaps they're to stop us getting out  
Running away from the lessins. Lessin.  
What does a lessin look like?  
Sounds small and slimy.  
They keep them in the glassrooms.  
Whole rooms made out of glass. Imagine.

I wish I could remember my name  
Mummy said it would come in useful.  
Like wellies. When there's puddles.  
Yellowwellies. I wish she was here.  
I think my name is sewn on somewhere  
Perhaps the teacher will read it for me.  
Tea-cher. The one who makes the tea.