



My Mate Fred

My mate Fred,
He once said,
Let's go online,
To have a good time.

I went online,
And it felt fine.
It was just us two,
Until out of the blue.....

Up popped another kid,
Going by the name of Sid,
He said he was thirteen,
He sounded nice, not mean!

He joined our online group,
Together we had a hoot!
We agreed to meet,
In the park by seat.

Me and Fred agreed to go,
But Sid did not show,
But on seat the seat instead,
Was a man who filled us both with dread.

He was sitting there
Eating a pasty,
But to me and Fred he seemed pretty nasty,
He wasn't young – he wasn't a kid
But he said "hello boys my name is Sid!"

So in our heads something went bong!
Something was very, very wrong.
Surely he was not our Sid....?

By William, aged 10