

The Man on the Train

There's a man that sits on the train with me
Who has a black briefcase.
He sits in the same seat everyday
And has an evil face.

He often glances at me
And his eyes burn into mine.
You can sometimes hear him mumbling
That the train is not on time.

As I sit there in a morning
Thoughts always come to me.
Just what exactly is within
The briefcase on his knee?

On a Monday it's maybe a monster,
With horns and a mouth like a funnel,
That he uses to suck up small children
Whenever we go through a tunnel.

On a Tuesday I think it's a tentacle
That unravels itself for a mile,
Then grabs the ticket conductor's leg
And drags him down the aisle.

On Wednesday I wonder if it's a wolf
That leaps out of the case with a wail!
It slobbers on the man next to me,
Then bites a hole in his *Daily Mail!*

On Thursday I'm thinking that there is a thing
That came from outer space.
It followed the lady into the loo
And she came out with spots on her face.

On Friday I fear that a few hundred fish
Spill out onto the floor,
And they make such a smell on the platform outside
When the train opens its door.

(I'm afraid I can't tell you if the weekend's the same,
Because on Saturday and Sunday I don't get the train...)

I think the man is suspicious
As he keeps glaring at me,
And I think that he knows that I think in his case,
Is something I'm not meant to see...

But I'm sure it's only papers and files
That the brief-case holds inside.
But I think I prefer my version of things,
It makes for a less boring ride!



Summary of the poem:

Monday – monster funnel sucks up children

Tuesday – tentacle grabs ticket conductor

Wednesday – wolf eats newspaper

Thursday – thing from outer space and spots on face

Friday – fish on the floor

You will be writing your own version of this poem.

What could be in the case?

What could happen on the train?

Use the table on the next slide to help you plan your poem.

IT DOES NOT HAVE TO RHYME!

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday

Ending:

An example:

Every morning on the train,
I sit opposite a man with a brief case.
He mutters under his breath
And looks from side to side.

He always opens his case secretly,
Making sure no-one sees inside.
I wonder what is so special,
What he has to hide?

On a Monday I think there is a puppy,
With muddy paws and slobbery jaws,
Who leaves paw prints on people's laps
And restyles their hair with his giant tongue.