

## MAN ON THE MOON

There is a man, who lives on the moon,  
He watches you and me,  
But what else does he do up there?  
What can he really see?

He sits up there on his brie like moon,  
Or is it made of caphilly?  
No one knows apart from him,  
Is this childlike or silly?

Can you see him pale as feta?  
Thin as sliced Romano,  
A smile as wide as Monterrey jack,  
And his teeth as white as snow.

He reaches up and touches the stars,  
He uses them as lights,  
He shines them down on you and me,  
And keeps us in his sights.

Where does he go when the sun comes out?  
What does he do all day?  
Does he sleep or play solitaire,  
Or use Edam for boule.

So next time you gaze up at the moon  
Stare hard, take a good look,  
I'm sure you'll spot him tucking into

Biscuits and Tillamook!



## A BATTLE OF WITS

At first I didn't understand these stories but once I got into it, it began to make sense. Not a usual story for who I think is the writer. The content was very well written but I was disappointed in how it all came to a climax. I didn't want the grandfather to die at the end I think it could have gone in a different direction. I felt I needed to know the rough age of Toby as I couldn't glean this from the description.

I think this was by mike.