

Grandad's Couch

Our grandad adores his new couch.

The old, red, torn one goes out,
the brand-new, avocado-green one comes in
wrapped in plastic, slippery like arctic ice,
not coming off for a week.

You hear a lion-like roar from him,
his face a shade of red as the cat tries to strike
when the plastic comes off.

Protective blankets engulf the couch from head to toe
like a warm campfire on a cold winter's night.

Finally the blankets come off.

But what's that noise?

Scratch, scratch. Oh, no ... it's the cat again.

Grandad's face turns chilli-red with frustration.

The blankets come back, thick like the Great Wall of China.

by Lucas Yee, year 5
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