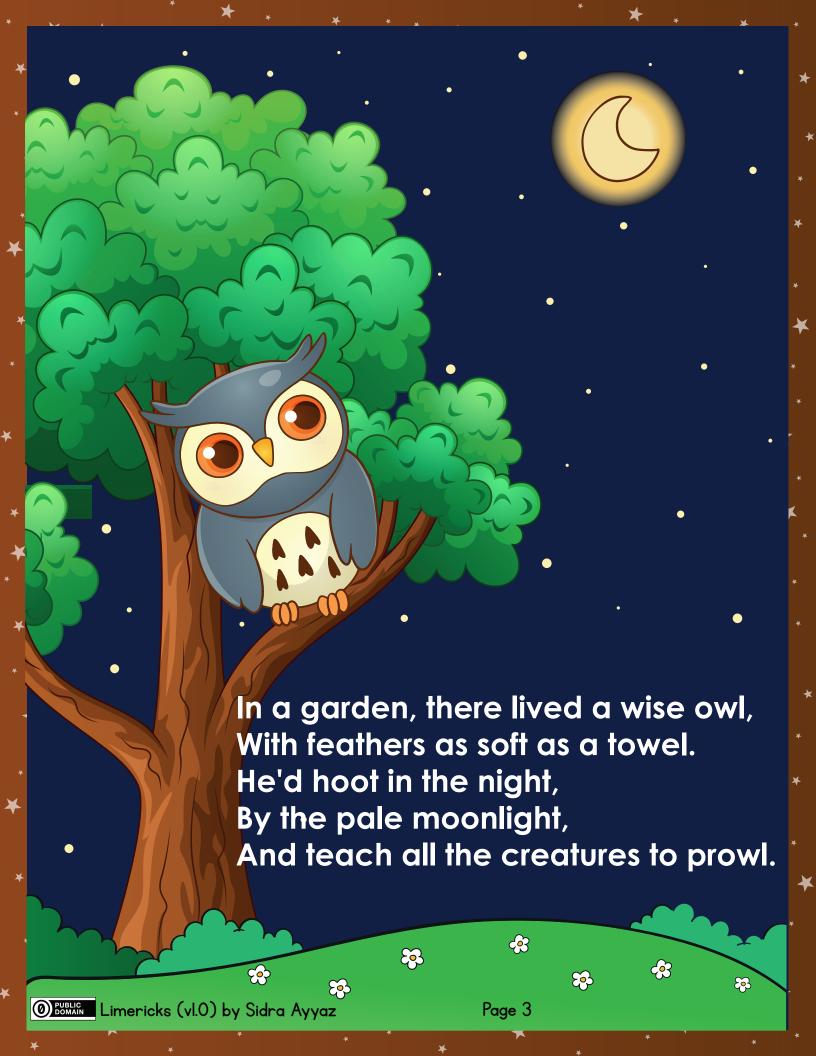


## LIMERICKS

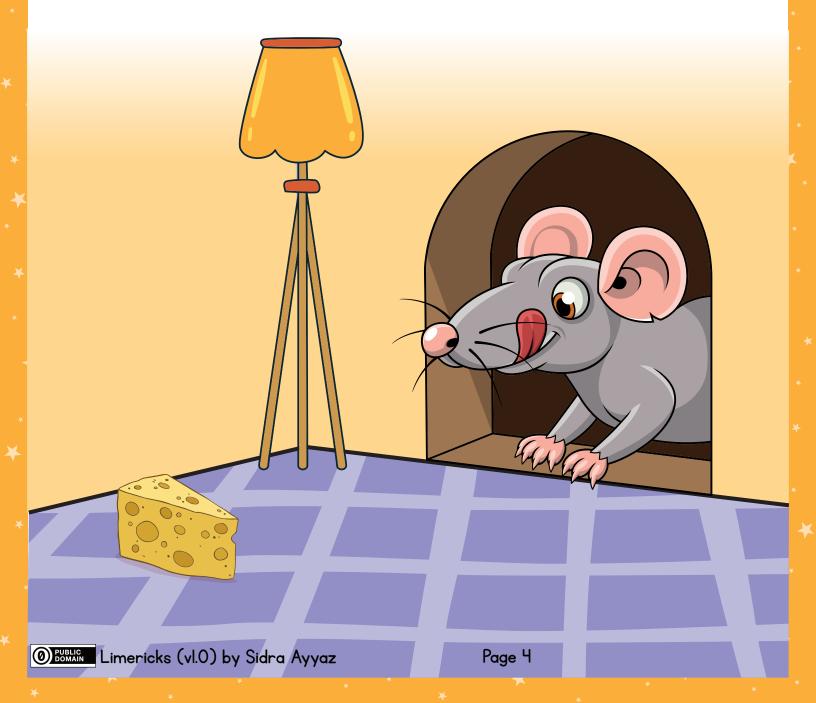


There once was a cat from Peru, Whose fur was a bright shade of blue. She'd dance on her toes, In ribbons and bows, And sing songs that made hearts anew.



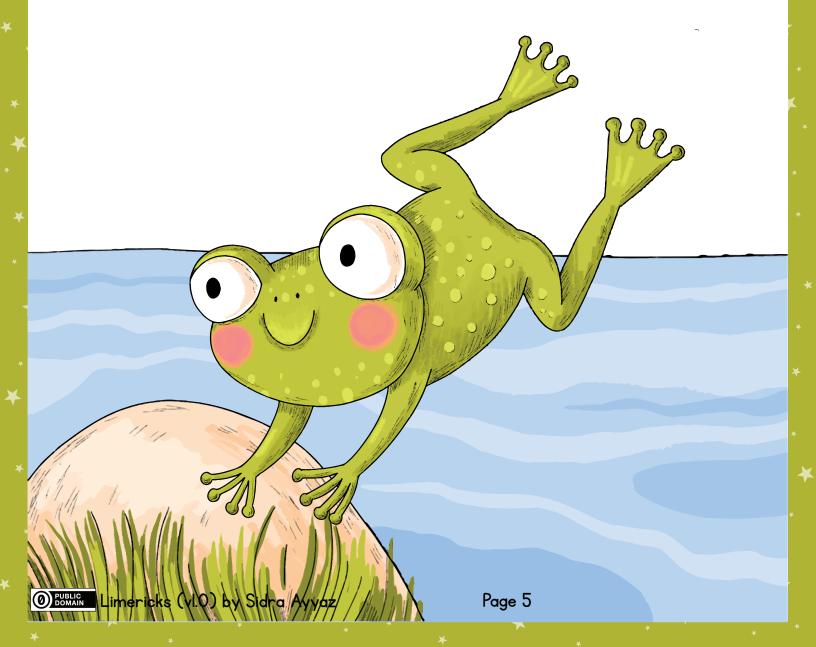


There was a young mouse in a house, Who'd scurry as quiet as a mouse. With cheese in his sight, He'd sneak in the night, And nibble away, oh so douse!





A little boy named Timmy,
Had a frog who was awfully slimy.
With a leap and a hop,
It'd jump and then stop,
And croak tunes that sounded quite hymny.



There once was a fish in a bowl,
Who dreamed of the sea, vast and whole.
With scales so bright,
It'd swim with delight,
And make friends with a joyful soul.



In a forest, there lived a bear, With a growl that would cause quite a scare. But deep in his den, He was gentle, my friend, And loved to give hugs, so rare.





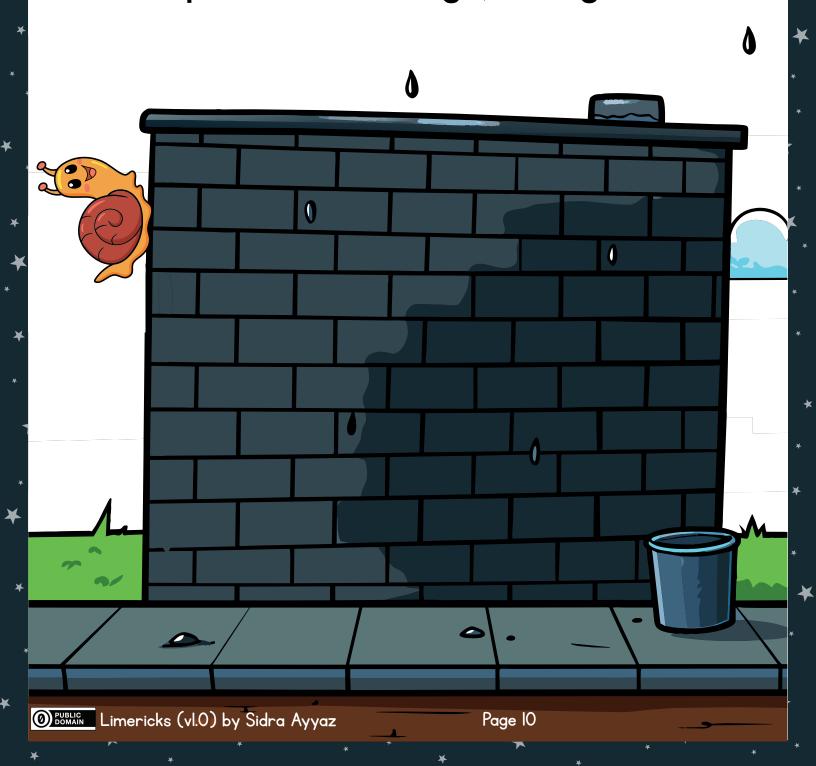
There was a young duck on a lake, Who loved to make friends for the sake Of splashing and quacking, And sometimes just napping, With feathers as bright as a cake.



A little girl named Jane, Had a pony with a long, flowing mane. With a trot and a prance, It'd dance and it'd dance, And gallop across the wide plain.

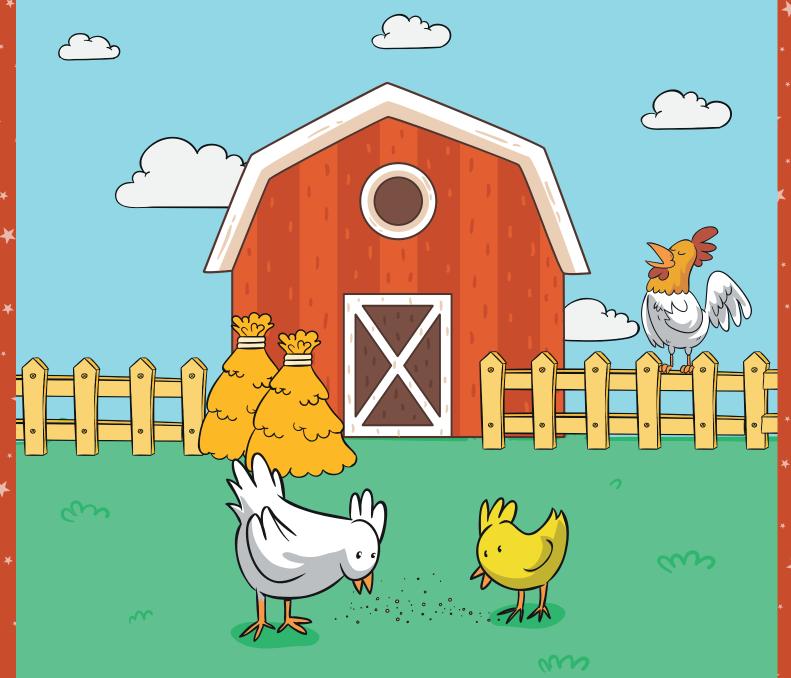


There once was a snail on a wall,
Who liked to take things slow, not at all.
With a trail of slime,
It'd climb and it'd climb,
And peek over the edge, feeling tall.





In a barnyard, there lived a chick, Who learned to peck seeds pretty quick. With a cluck and a flap, It'd nap in a lap, And dream of a life so slick.



There was a young lamb in a meadow, With fleece as white as fresh snow. With a baa and a bleat, It'd follow its feet, And frolic wherever it'd go. 111. O PUBLIC Limericks (vl.0) by Sidra Ayyaz Page 12

A little boy named Jake,
Had a frog that loved to partake
In games by the creek,
With a leap and a squeak,
They'd race to the pond, no mistake.



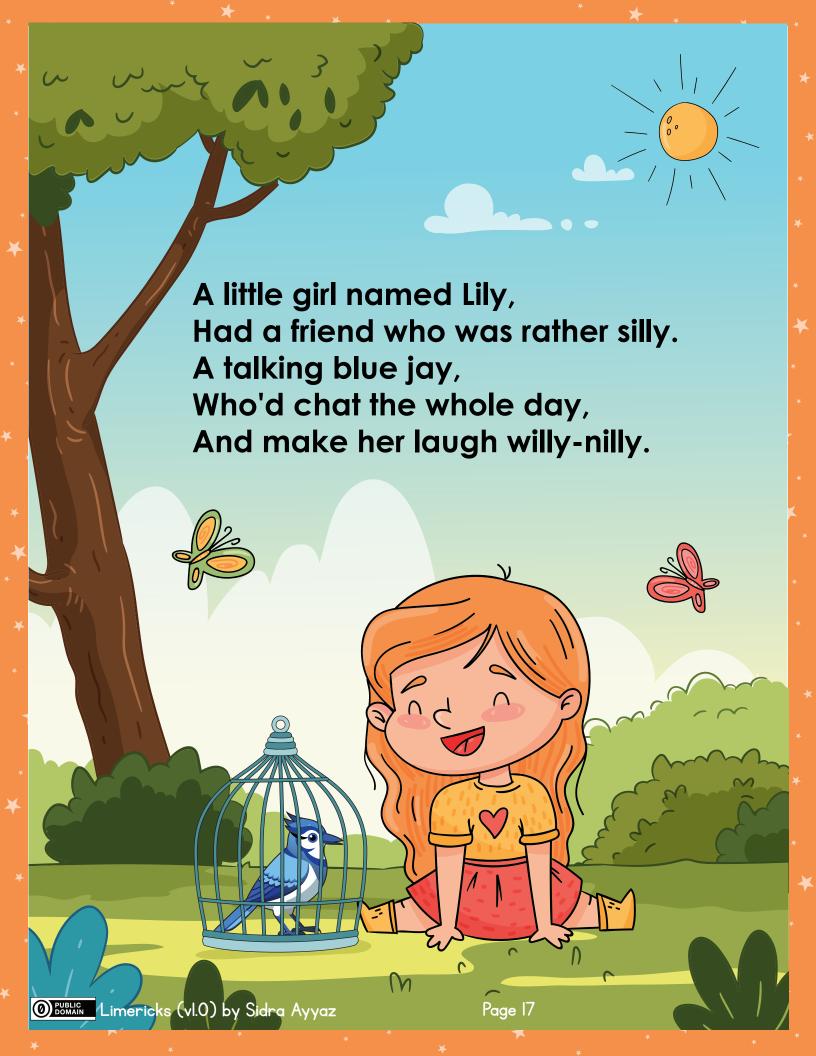
There was a young rabbit so fluffy, Whose fur was incredibly scruffy. With hops and with bounces, In fields full of trounces, It'd munch on carrots so stuffy. 000 O PUBLIC Limericks (vl.0) by Sidra Ayyaz Page 14

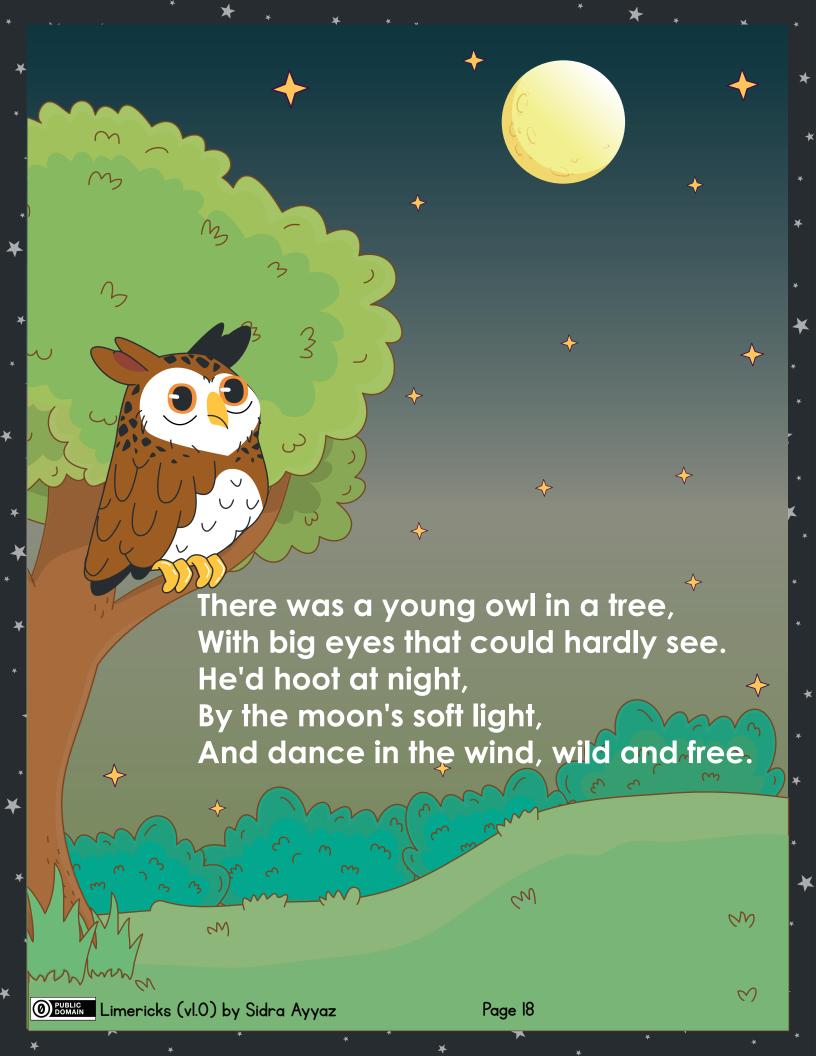
In a castle, there lived a king,
Who loved to dance and to sing.
With a crown on his head,
And a robe that was red,
He'd rule with a fair and kind wing.





There once was a cat in a hat, Who chased after mice like a brat. With a swat and a pounce, He'd hunt them by ounce, And nap in the sun after that.

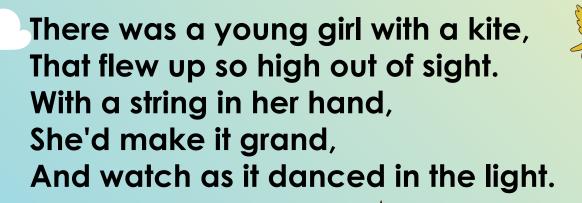




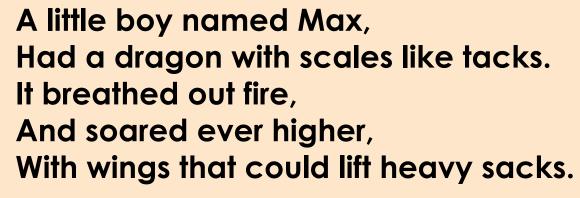


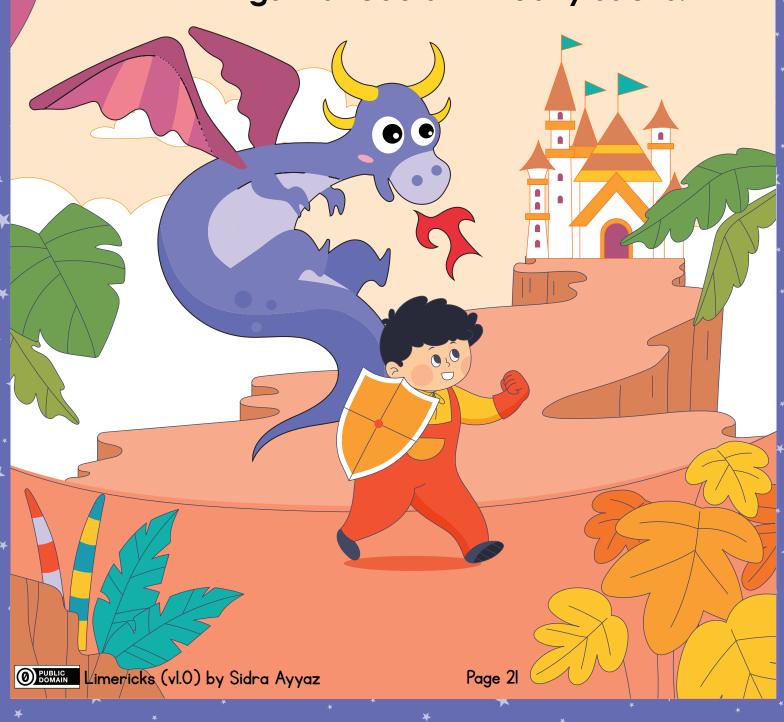
In a garden full of bright flowers, Lived a bee with incredible powers. He buzzed and he hummed, All day he would come, Collecting sweet nectar for hours.

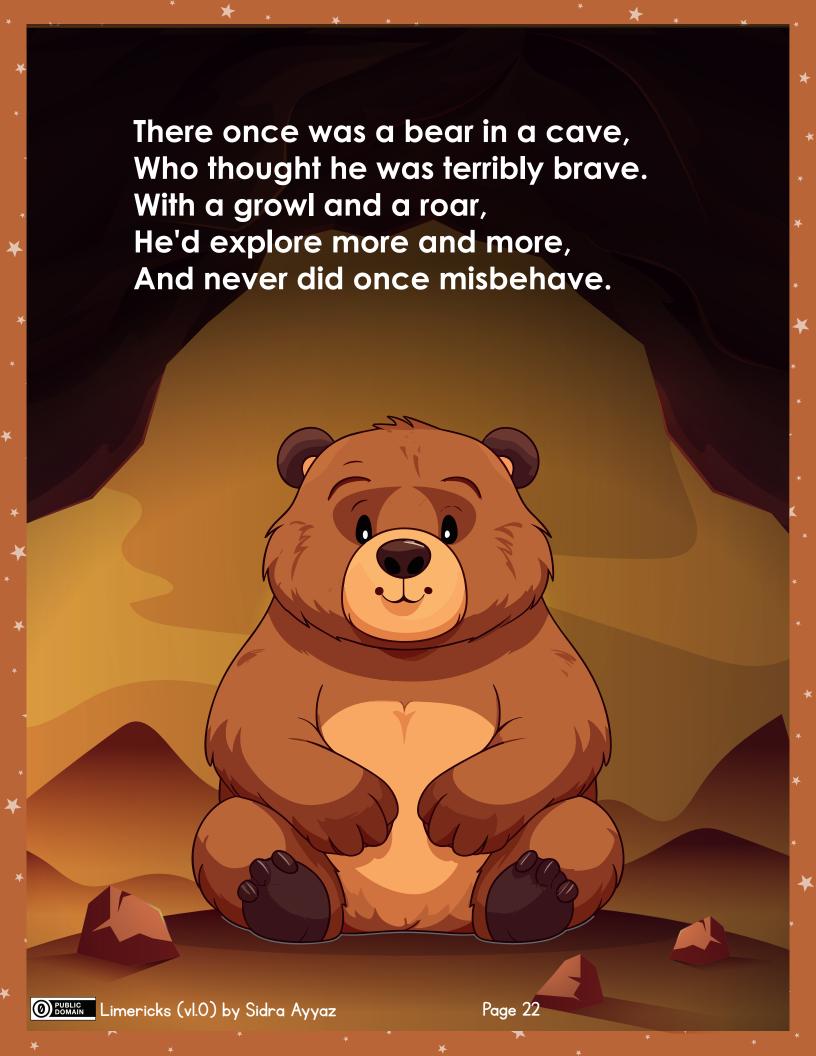
















There was a young goat in a field, Who'd eat anything that was peeled. With a bleat and a chew, It'd munch and it'd moo, And wander wherever revealed.



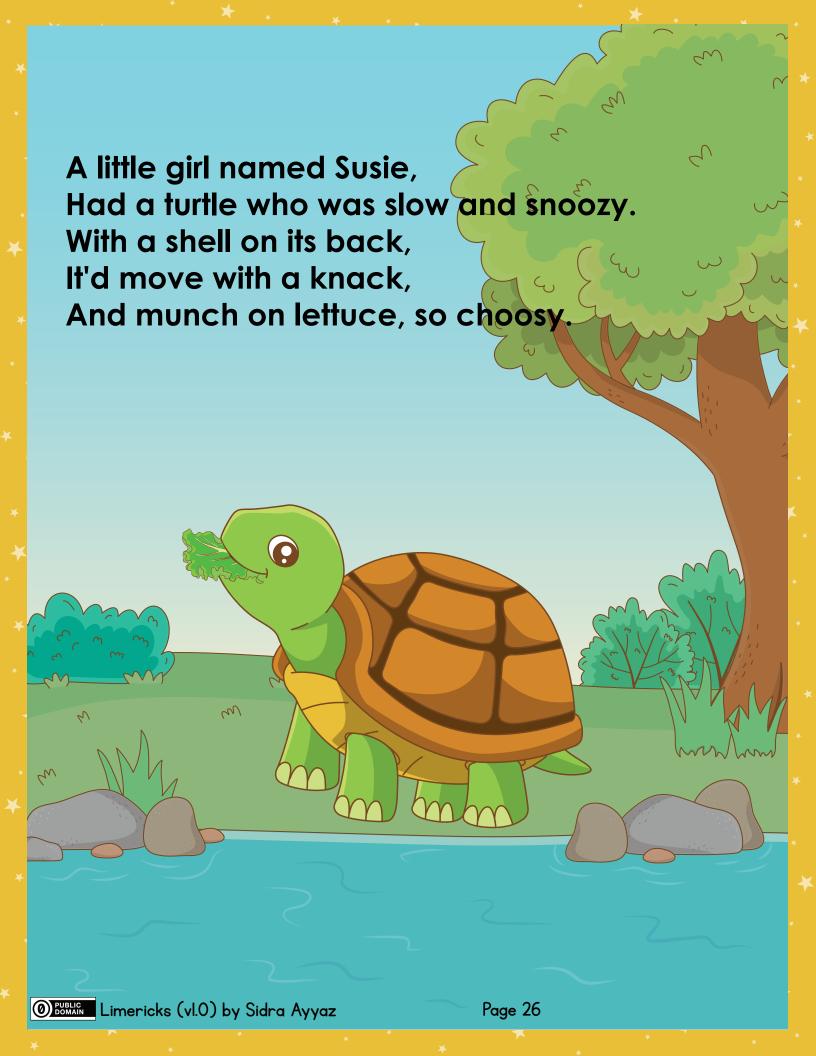


In a pond, there lived a frog,
Who loved to sit on a log.
With a croak and a leap,
It'd catch bugs in a sweep,
And nap in the sun like a dog.



There was a young pup named Rover,
Who'd fetch sticks and balls over and over.
With a bark and a wag,
He'd fetch like a stag,
And roll in the clover, oh so clever!







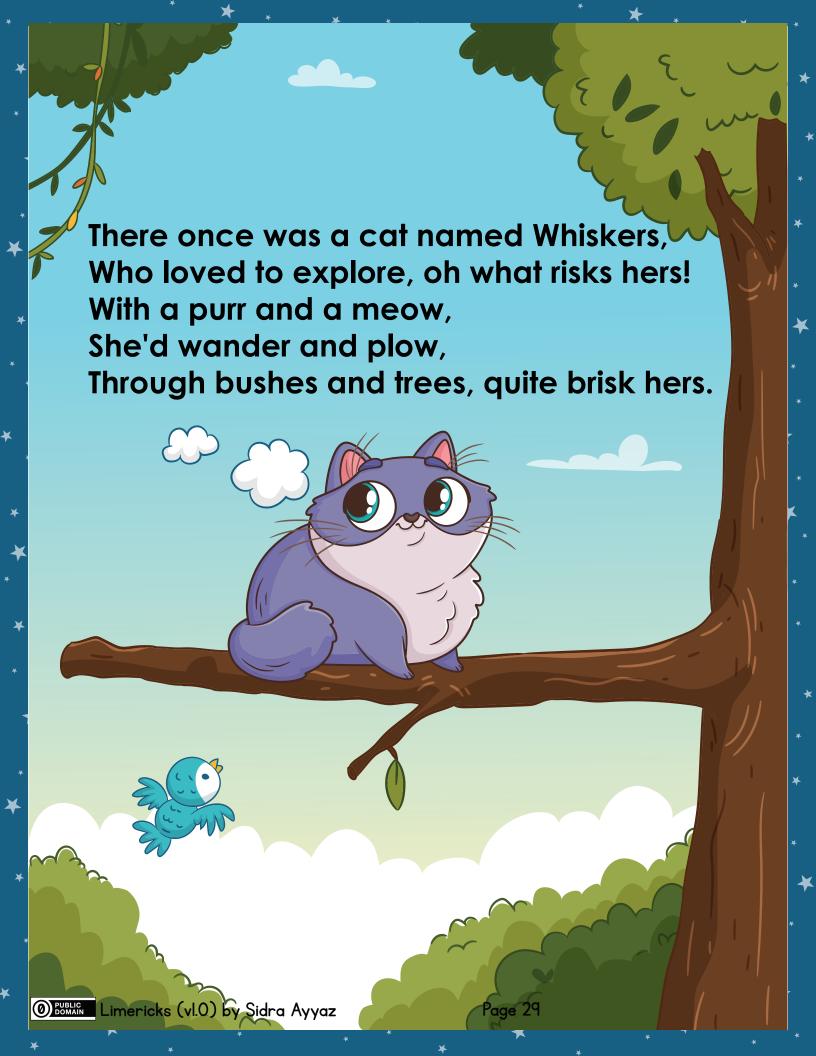


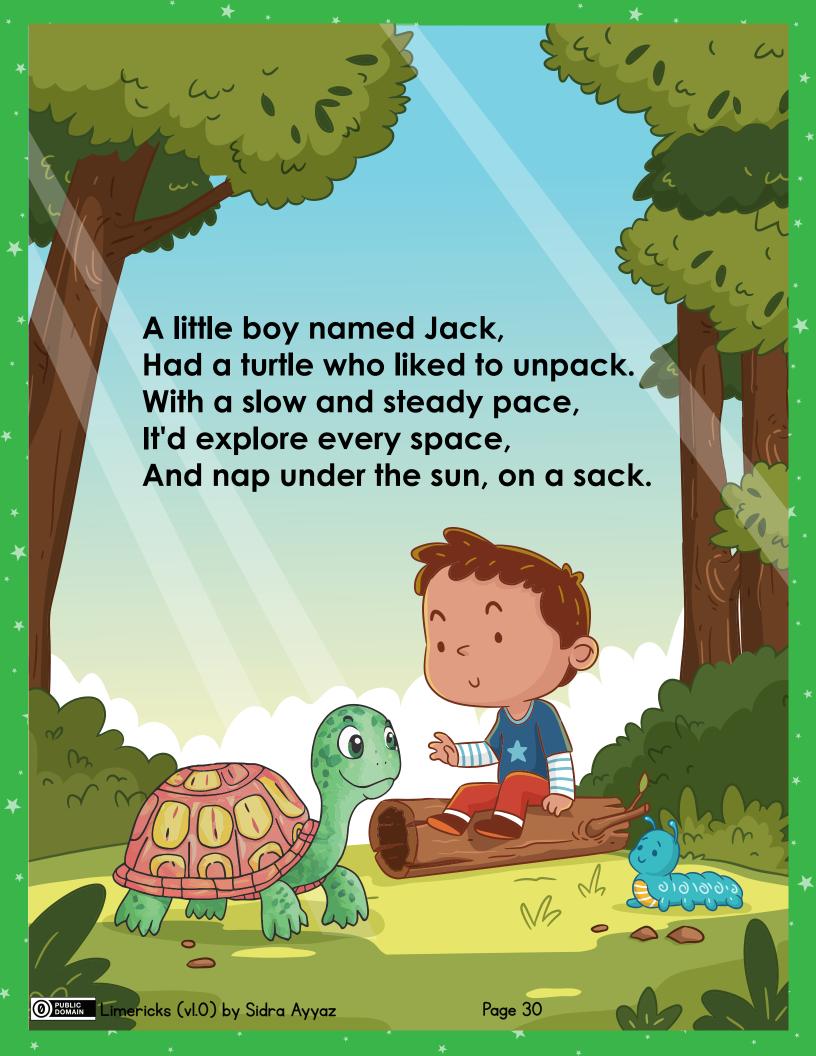


There was a young bird in a nest,
With feathers of orange and the rest.
It chirped and it sang,
Its sweet melody rang,
And soared in the sky with zest.









There was a young fox in a den,
With fur as red as a pen.
It'd hunt in the night,
With all of its might,
And snuggle with kits in the glen.





There was a young horse on a farm,
With a mane that would cause quite a charm.
It'd gallop and trot,
In the field, it would plot,
And graze on the grass with no harm.

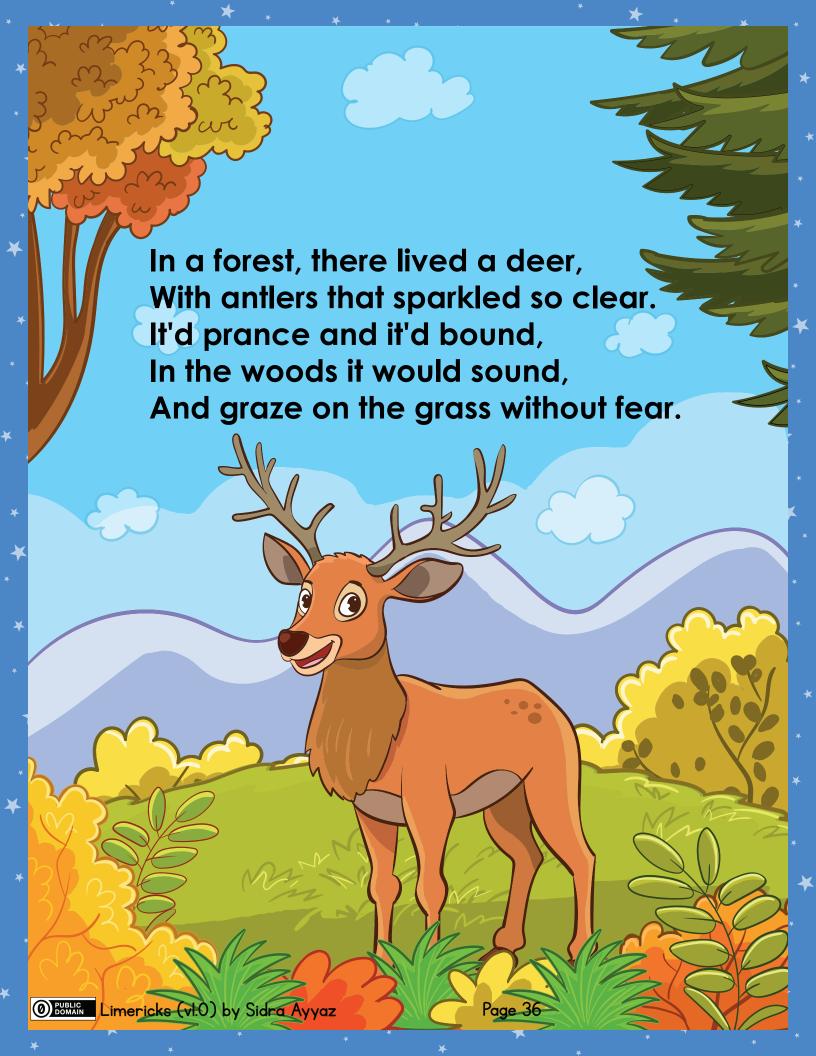


A little girl named Rose, Had a garden where everything grows. With a shovel in hand, She'd plant in the land, And watch as her garden just flows.



There was a young pig on a farm,
With a snout that was quite the alarm.
It'd oink and it'd snuffle,
Through mud it would shuffle,
And roll in the dirt with great charm.



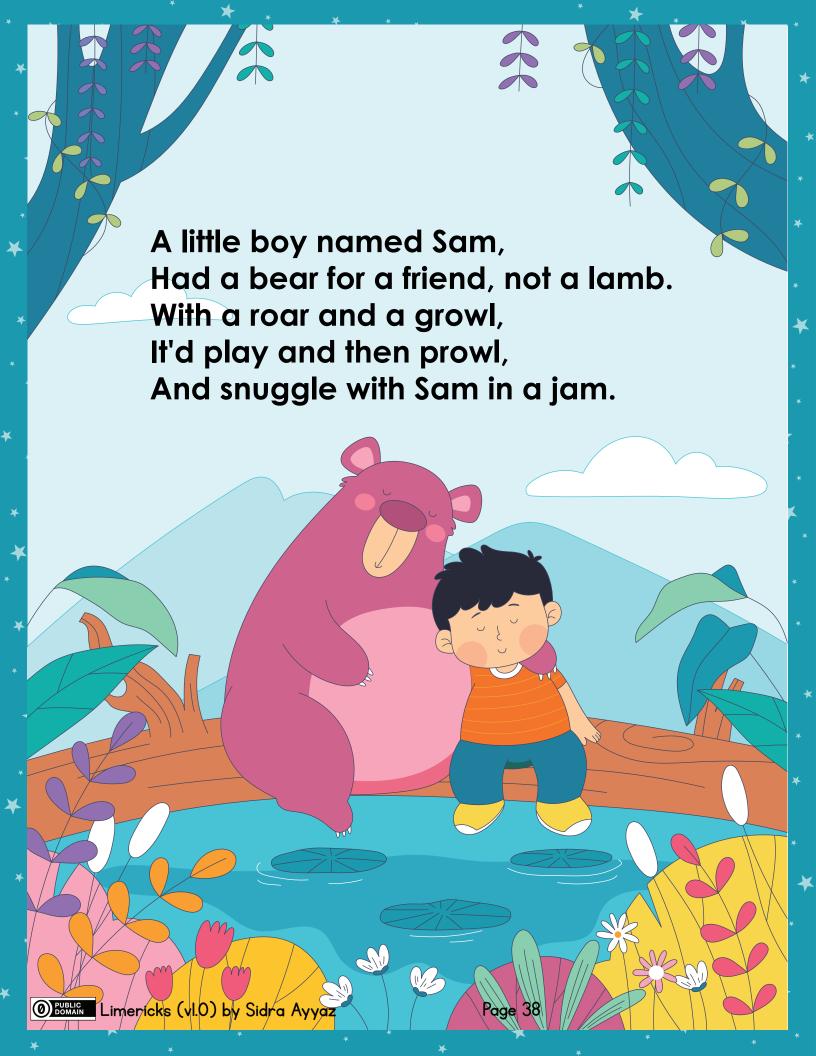


There once was a dog named Blue, Whose fur was a wonderful hue. He chased his own tail, Without fail, without fail, And never quite caught it, it's true.



Limericks (vl.0) by Sidra Ayyaz

Page 3

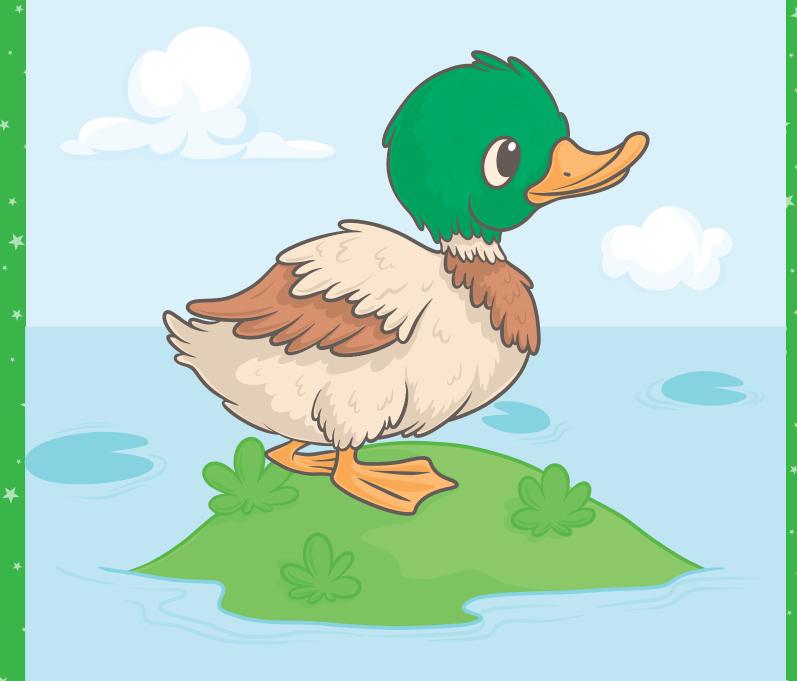


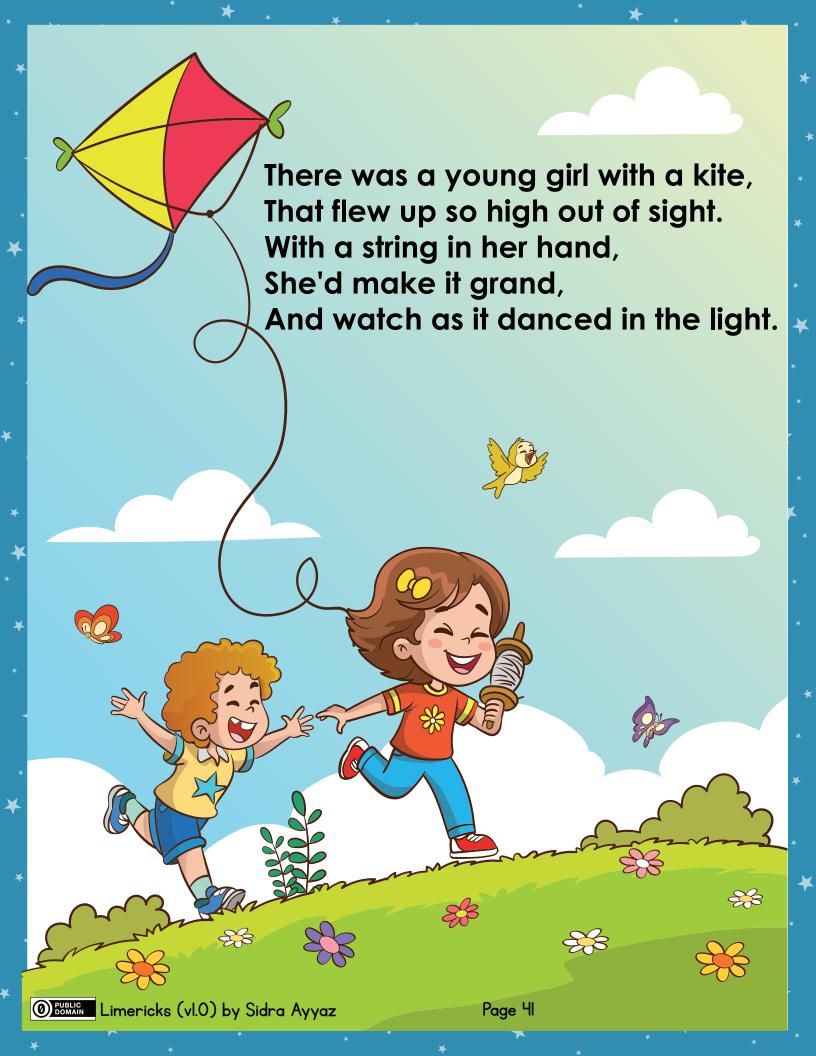


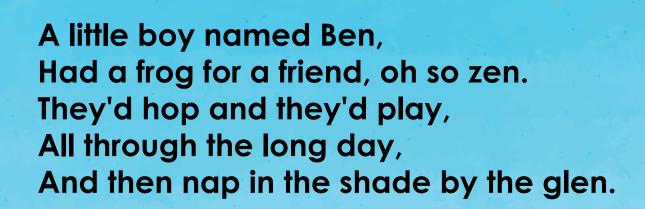
There was a young bee in a hive,
Who worked from early till five.
With pollen on its knees,
It'd buzz in the breeze,
And make honey that made folks feel alive.

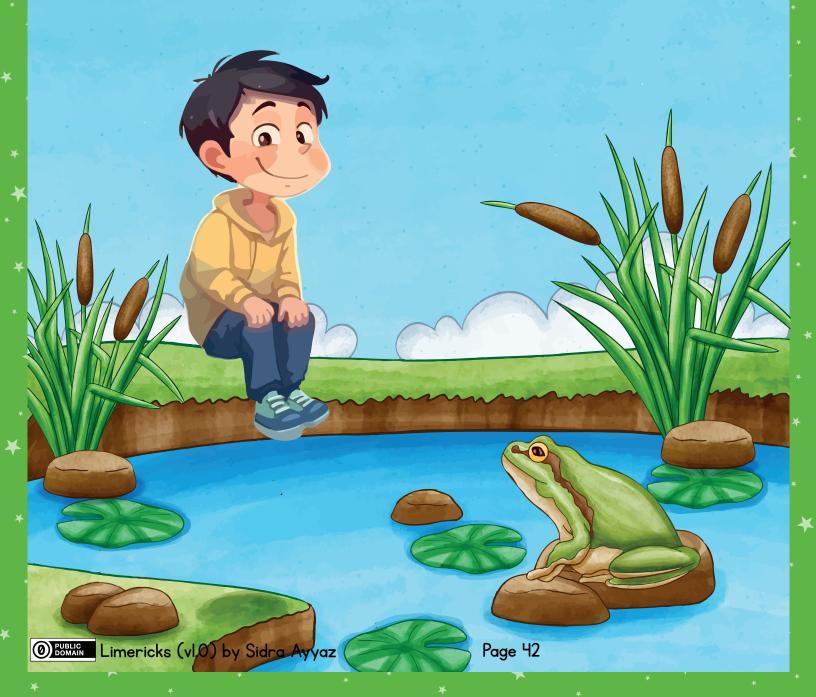


In a pond, there swam a duck, Who thought he was terribly stuck. With a flap and a quack, He'd swim and he'd slack, And paddle about with some luck.









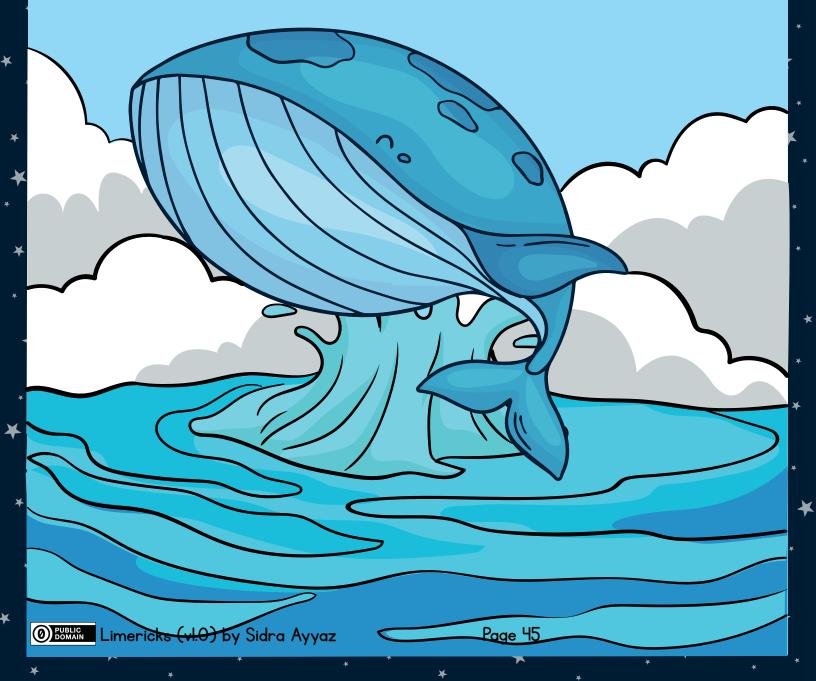
There once was a snail on a leaf, Whose journey was rather brief. With a slime trail behind, He'd slowly unwind, And munch on a small piece of beef



In a treehouse lived a young elf,
Who liked to bake cookies himself.
With flour and dough,
He'd mix to and fro,
And share them with friends on the shelf.



There was a young whale in the sea, Who loved to swim wild and free. With a leap and a splash, He'd make a big dash, And sing with his heart full of glee.





There once was a frog in a pond, Who thought he was terribly fond Of swimming all day, In the water, he'd play, And leap with a joyful respond.





In a castle lived a brave knight,
Who loved to put on a great fight.
With a sword in his hand,
He'd defend his land,
And protect it with all of his might.





There once was a mouse in a house, Who was quieter than even a mouse. With a squeak so slight, He'd scurry at night, And hide from the cat in the blouse.

