

## Mr Sunday (Poem)

Like a cat waiting for a rat,  
We long for Mr Sunday.  
The best day of the week,  
As good as any birthday.

When at last he comes,  
We smile with sheer delight.  
Enjoying every moment,  
From morning until night.

When Mr Sunday comes,  
We clap, we run, we jump.  
Our happiness rising  
Like a camel's great big hump.

As fast as any cheetah,  
Each Sunday rushes by.  
Then slowly, like a tortoise,  
To our classes, we sigh!

Home Work: Do memorize this given poem

Exercise to do:

1. Complete the passage using the words in the box below.

[classes jump cheetah night Sunday]

Children think the best day of the week is Sunday. They love every moment of the day morning until night. On Sundays, they clap and run and jump. But Sundays rush fast as a cheetah. Then back to their **classes the children must go.**

**2. What do you think Mr Sunday looks like?  
Draw a picture in the box below.**

