

# At the Bottom of the Garden

Copy the poem in your neatest handwriting.

At the bottom of the garden, where the garden leaves now  
rest,

You may find a creepy crawlie, or a small, old empty nest.  
Looking under leaves and twigs, you're not sure what you  
will find,

A little creepy crawlie? Or an insect of some kind?

There's a family of ladybirds, all snuggled close together,  
All hidden safe beneath the leaves, all dry in any weather.

The old and wrinkled earthworm likes to hide deep in the  
ground,

Digging deep and digging fast, just waiting to be found.

Look! A stripy bumblebee just flying to a flower,

For a tiny insect like a bee, it must look like a tower!

## At the Bottom of the Garden

Scurrying across a leaf, the beetle dashes fast,  
His legs are clinging tightly, as the strong wind rushes  
past.

A team of ants are working hard, to make a lovely home,  
Lifting leaves and moving dirt, they always like to roam.

The caterpillar eats and eats, the world just whizzing by,  
When suddenly he turns and is a gorgeous butterfly.

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