

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and grumble in the wabe :
All mimsy were the brogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought -
So rested by the tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

By Lewis Carroll

Lac Howard
year five

The Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and grumble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The grumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought —
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
A stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame
Came whiggling through the tulgey wood
And burbled as it came!

By Lewis Carroll

Didaar Bering
Y5/Y6

The Jabberwocky

⁶
Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

⁶⁶
Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And bubbled as it came!

By Lewis Carroll

The Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought —
To rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

By Lewis Carroll

By
Robin

Lesson 16

La
petit Ecole

Hemish

Com

Lilou

The Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought -
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tugley wood,
And burbled as it came!

By Lilou Penéchal Y6

La Petite Ecole Kentish Town

The Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the bongowes,
And none naths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And barbled as it came!

By Lewis Carroll

By Maxine Beary Y5
La Petite Ecole Kentish Town

The Jabberwocky

Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and grumble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware of the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with his eyes in flames,
Came whiffing through the tugley wood
And lurked on eitherside as he came!

By Knave James YG

La petite Ecole Kentish Town

Bed In Summer

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When the all sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

By Robert Louis Stevenson

By Maïlle Lenechal Y4

La petite école Didingue

Kentish town London