

Learning English is fun!

School year calendar

September





1 September



Hallo, friends!



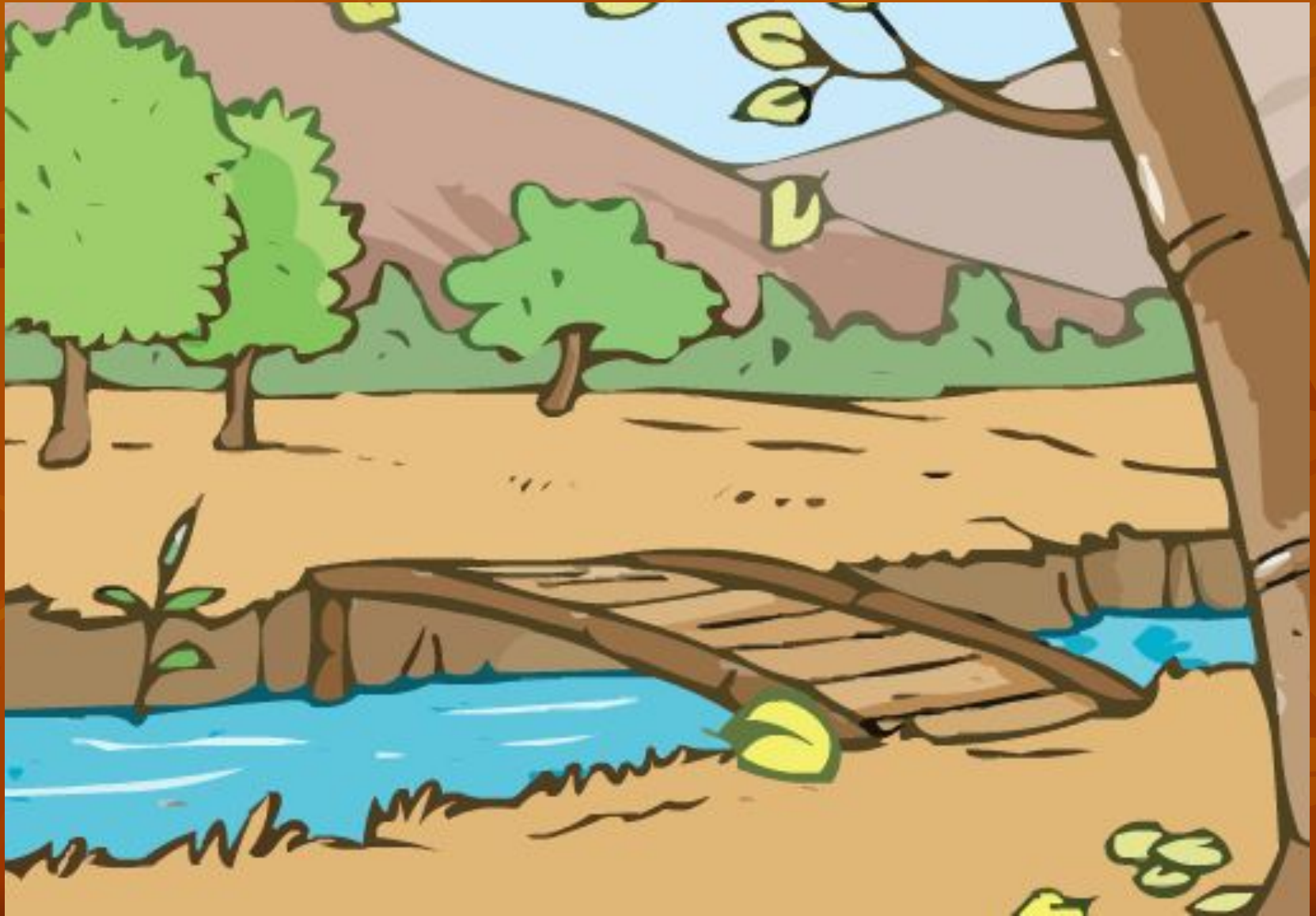
Hallo, girls and boys!
Hallo, to you.
We are the animals in the zoo.
We're your friends and we are here.
We're learning English all the year.

Hallo, girls and boys!
Hallo, to you.
We're your friends here in the zoo.
We like songs and books and fun.
Let's learn English everyone!

Hallo, girls and boys!
Hallo, to you.
Well come to our zoo.



October

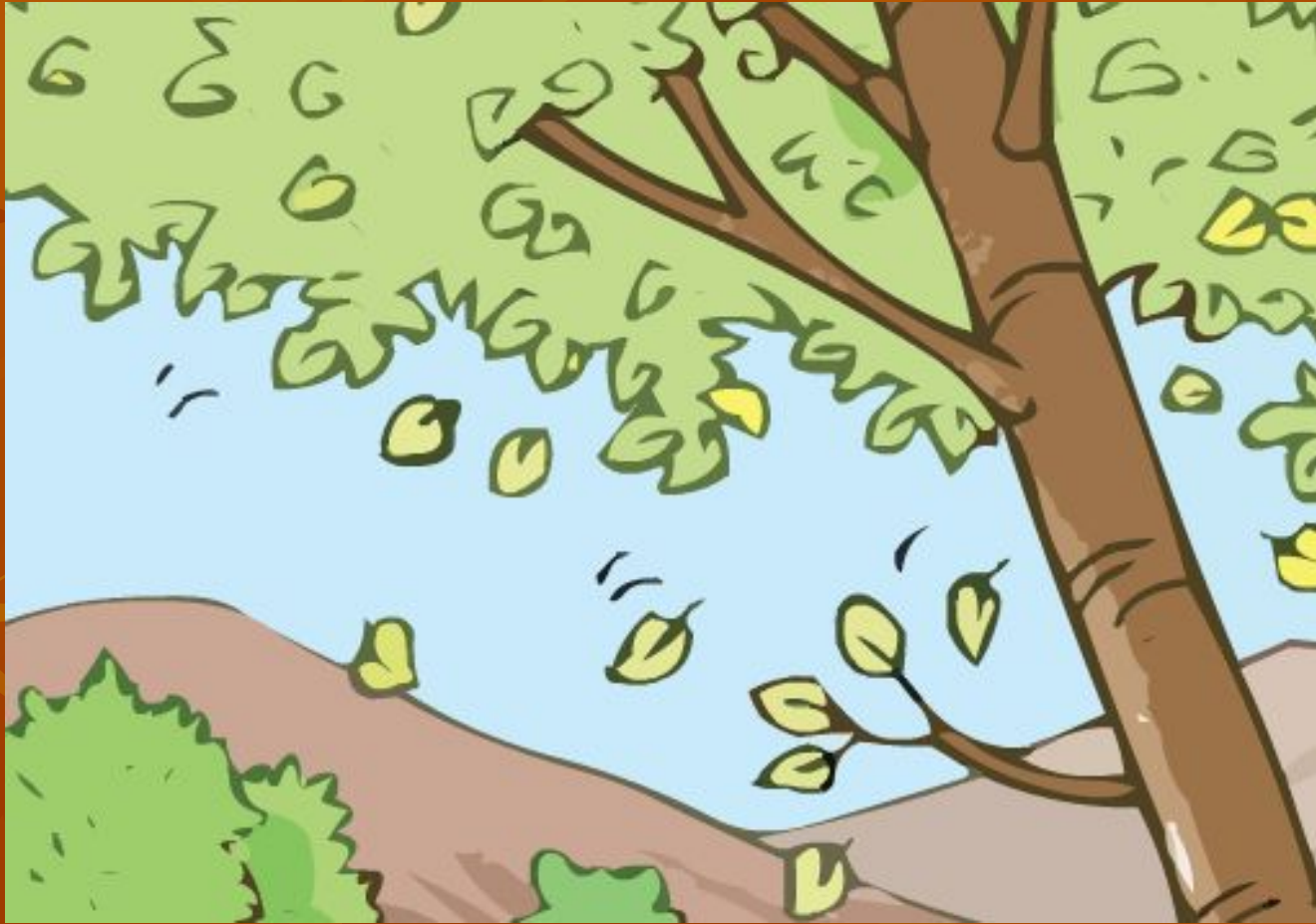




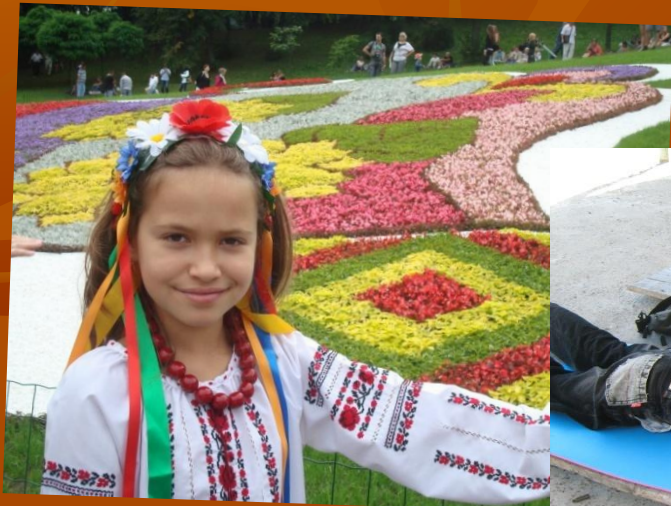




November



On holiday



Lucky, lucky Ziggy

Lucky, lucky Ziggy
Every day, he plays.
Lucky, lucky Ziggy
He's on holiday.

He plays on the beach.
He swims in the sea.
He eats an ice cream.
He watches TV.

Lucky, lucky Ziggy
Every day, he plays.
Lucky, lucky Ziggy
He's on holiday.



December



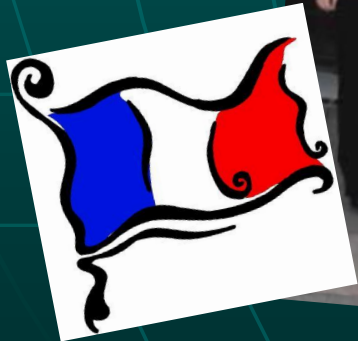
January





Мила





February





Valentine Day



March





Signature of Spring


What is the signature of spring?

No one seemed to know.



A close-up photograph of a large cluster of purple hydrangea flowers. The petals are a vibrant, deep purple color and are covered with numerous small, clear water droplets, giving them a glistening appearance. The flowers are packed closely together, filling the entire frame. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the petals and the clarity of the droplets.

*Until someone spied a crocus
Peeping through the snow.*



The sun shone warm and melted

All the snow away,

A dense field of white daisies with bright yellow centers, set against a background of green foliage. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, some fully open and others as buds. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

*And there across the garden
Were tiny flowers so gay.*



*A gardener planted crocus bulbs,
Planning far ahead*



*Spelling out the word "springtime!"
In a very special bed.*



So now the signature of spring,

In purple, pink or blue

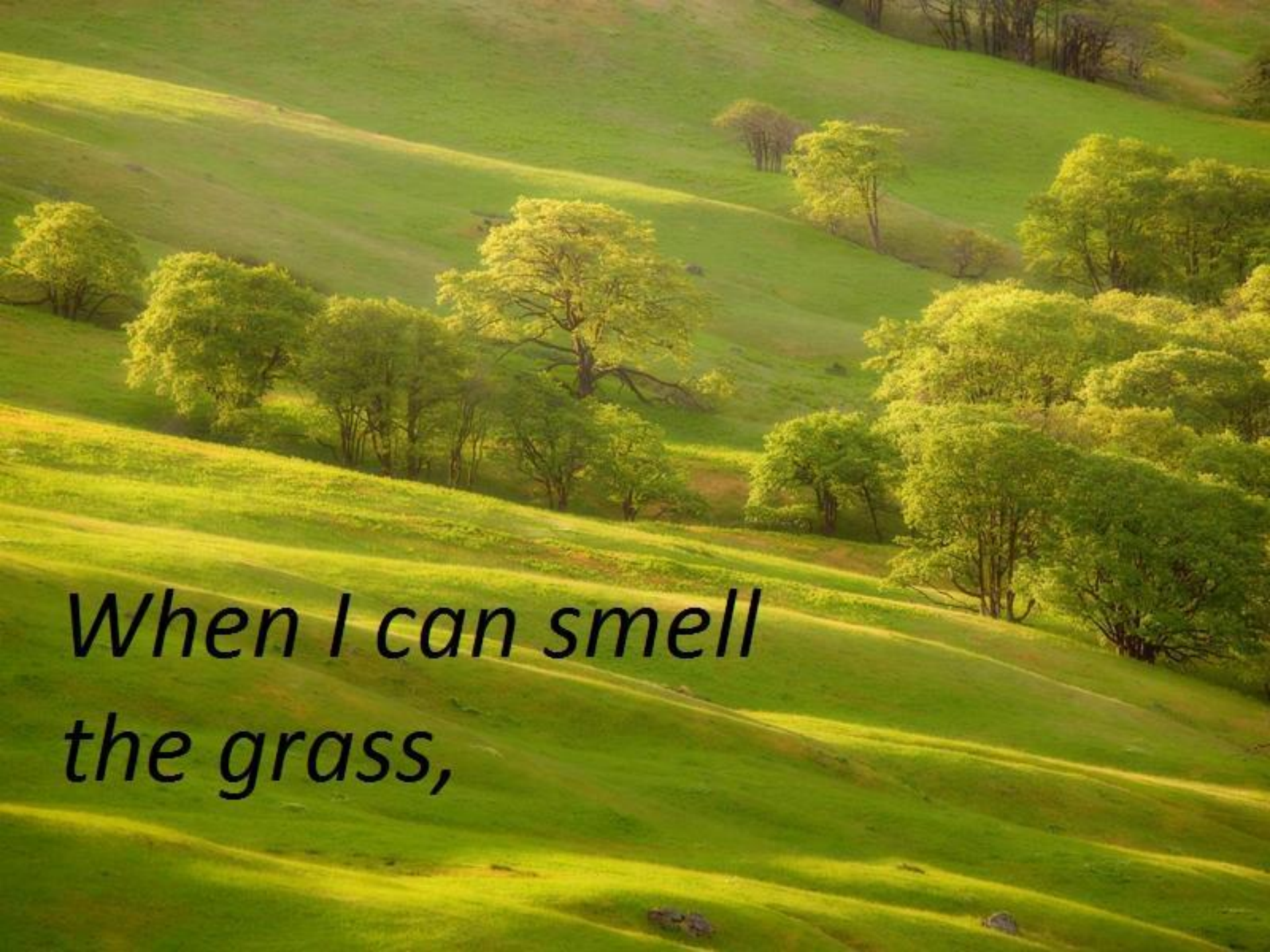


*Is credited to crocus
bulbs,*

That grow in every hue.

I love the early morning





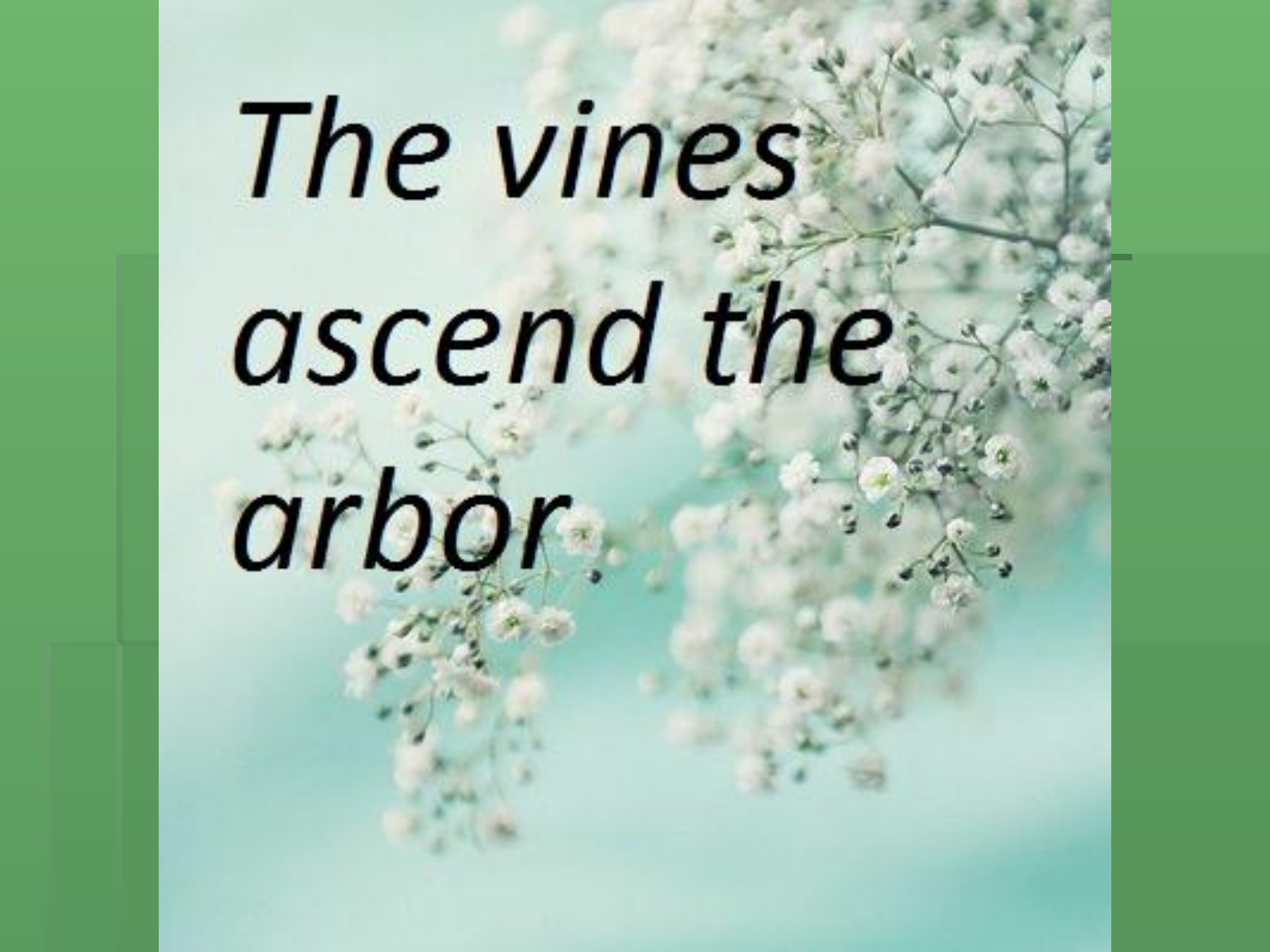
*When I can smell
the grass,*

*And every
lovely, living
thing*





Is difficult to pass ...



*The vines
ascend the
arbor*

A close-up photograph of a squirrel perched on a branch of a coniferous tree. The squirrel has reddish-brown fur on its face and chest, and greyish-blue fur on its back. Its ears are large and upright, and several small, round, brown rosebuds are tucked into the fur on top of its head. The squirrel is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a soft-focus green, suggesting a forest setting. The text "With rosebuds in their hair," is overlaid in the upper right quadrant of the image.

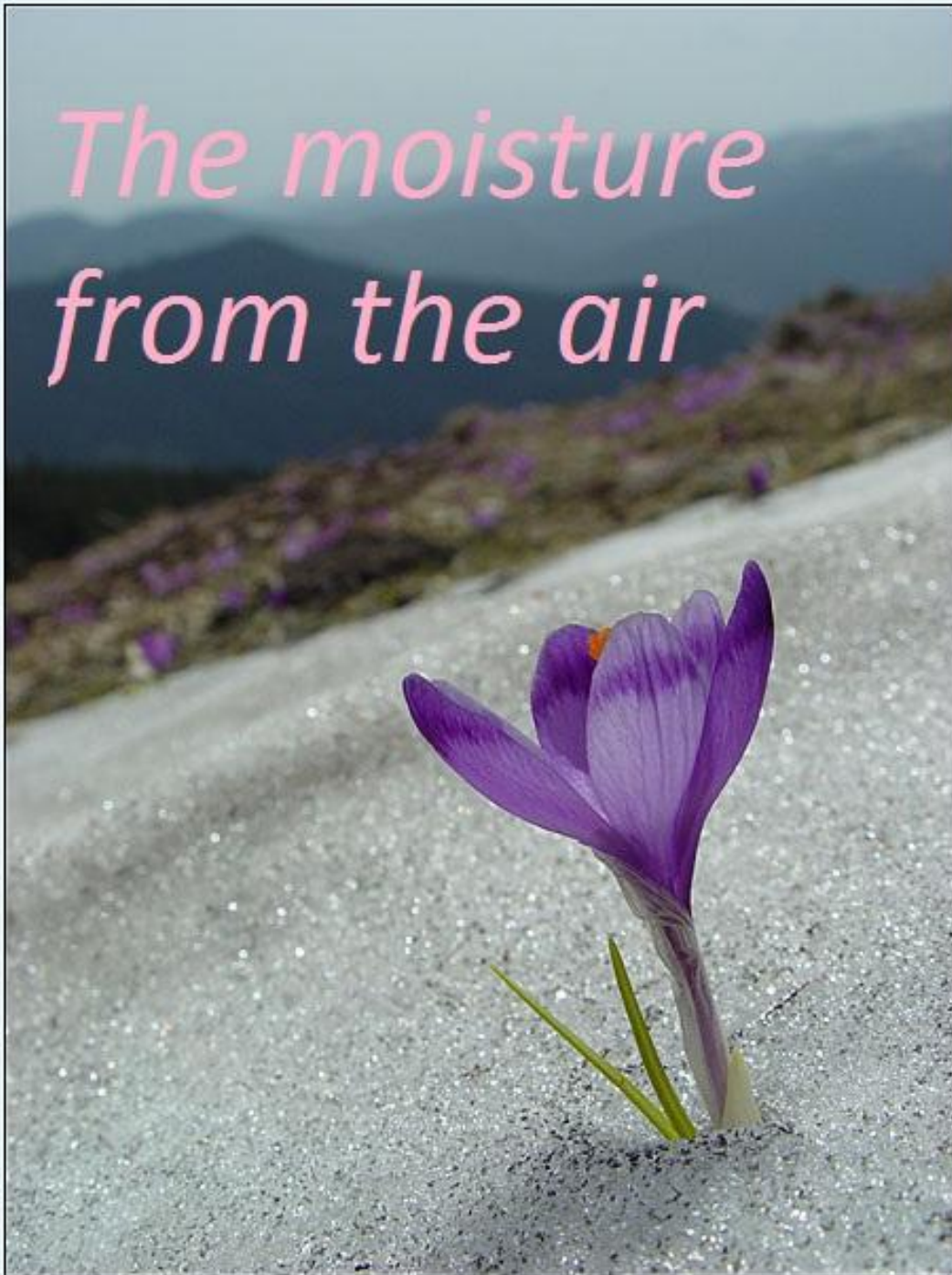
*With rosebuds
in their hair,*



*And merry morning
glories sip*



*The moisture
from the air*





*The downy clouds
resemble*



White pillows overhead,

*Which Mother
Nature tossed
upon*





A bluish silver bad



*The sunlight tints the
petals*

*While breezes
cool the leaves,*



*And I can hear the
happiness*





*Of sparrows in the
eaves...*

I love the early morning



*When things are wet
with dew,*



*And everywhere I see the
face*



*Of God come shining
through.*



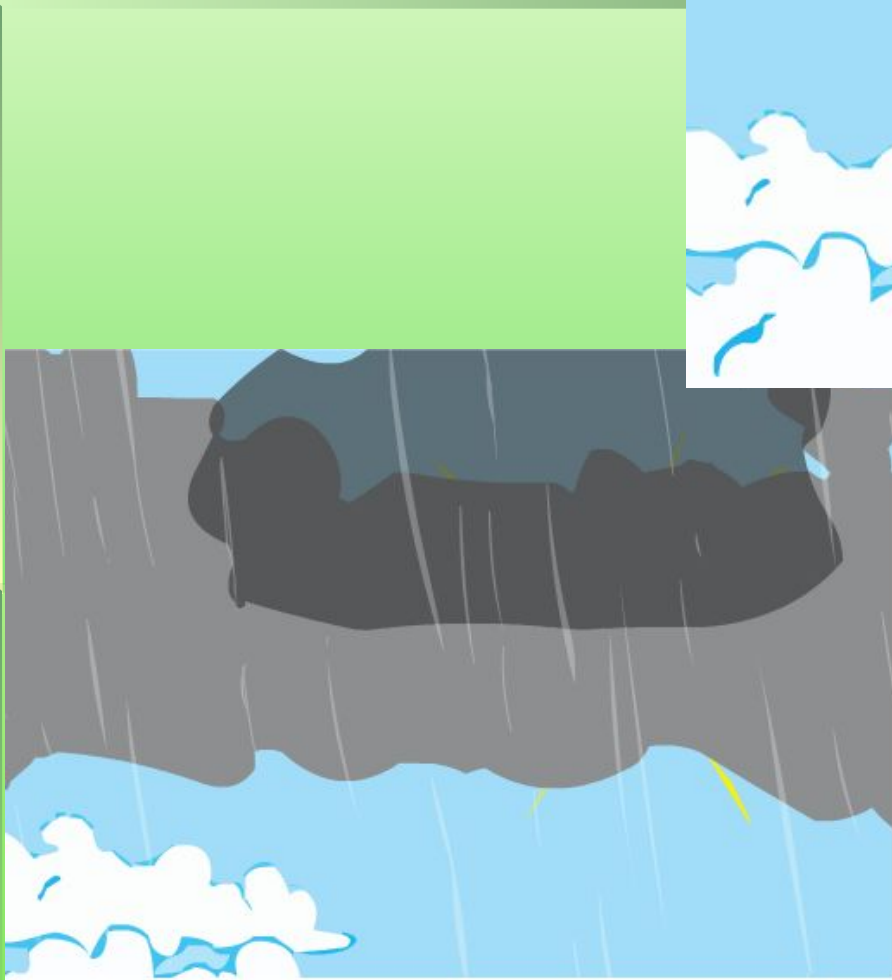
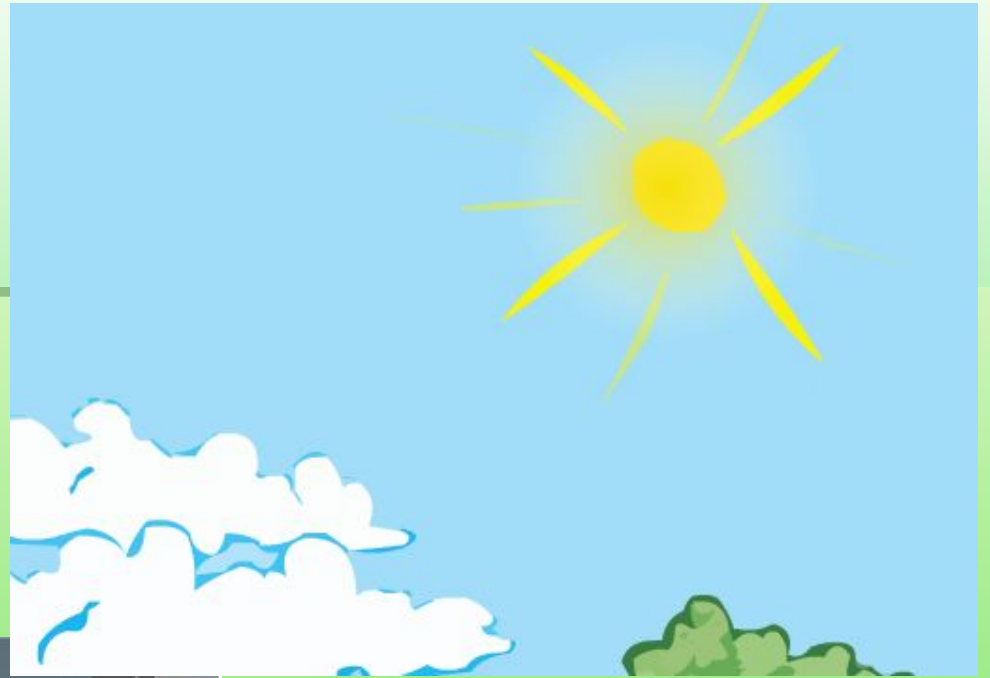
We love our mums and grandmums!



Spring



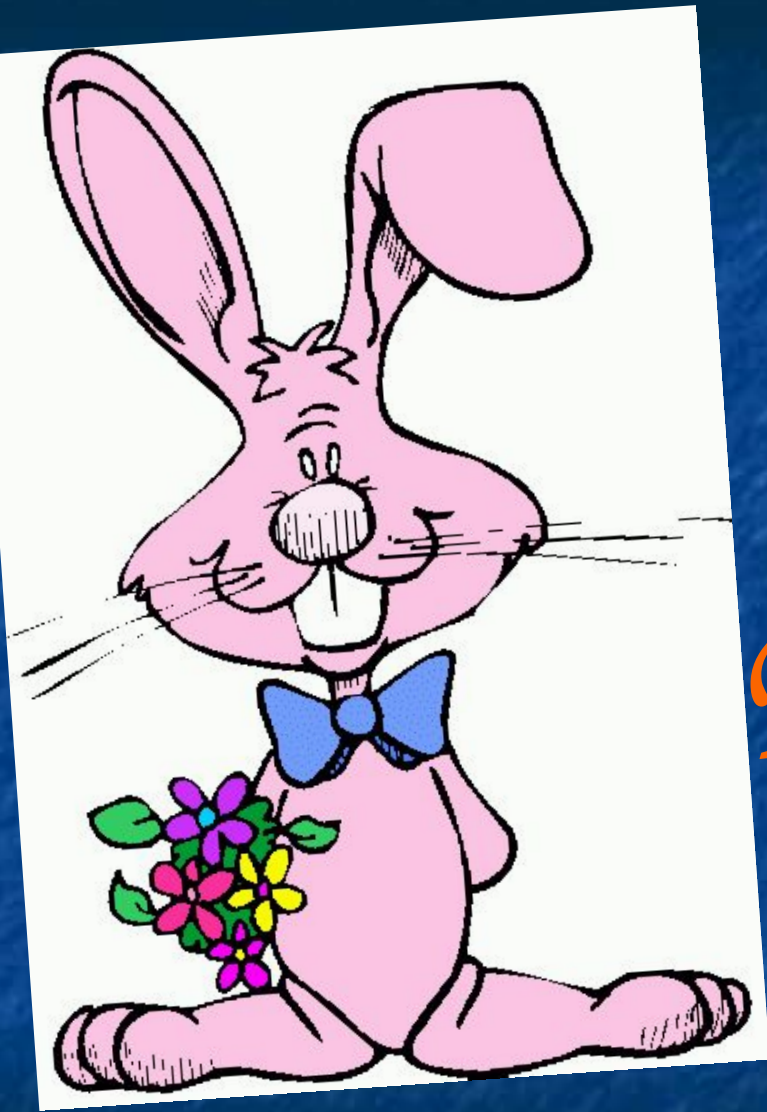
April



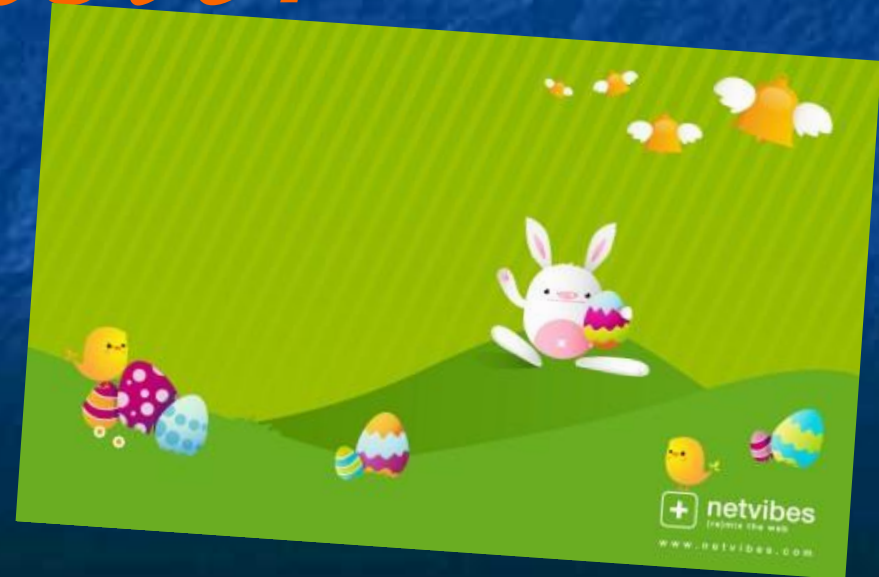


Иа Картинко!





Easter



COTTON TAIL TOWN

Marguerite Gode

Hippity hoppity,
up hill and down,
Over the hill-top
to Cotton Tail Town —
Where shy little bunnies
are working away,
Coloring eggs
for a bright Easter day.

Here is one that is blue
as the sky overhead,
And one gaily splashed
with a bright poppy red —
Here is one sunny yellow
and one meadow green
And one like a sea shell,
the pinkest I've seen.

Perhaps Easter morning
you'll open your eyes,
To find on your doorstep
a happy surprise —
Of eggs, gaily painted . . .
red, yellow and brown,
By shy little bunnies
from Cotton Tail Town.



A TALE OF EASTER NIGHT

Lillian K. Welch

The moon looked down upon the earth,
Closed one eye and rocked with mirth,
For what he saw was very funny —
It was our friend . . . the Easter Bunny.

Yes, Peter Cottontail it was,
With colored paint upon his paws.
He'd dropped the paint when doing eggs
And spilled it over all his legs.

One was yellow, another blue,
A third of rather purple hue,
The fourth, it was a reddish shade . . .
I can't describe it, I'm afraid.

Peter hopped from tree to tree,
Thinking not a soul could see —
And not expecting Mr. Moon
Would be up in the sky so soon.

These Easter eggs he must deliver
Although his heart was all aquiver.
For well he knew he should be white —
Especially on Easter night.

But Mr. Moon, himself quite yellow,
Is really such a jolly fellow —
He quickly shut his other eye,
So both were closed when Pete went by.

And Peter hurried on that night,
Believing he was out of sight,
That none would ever, ever know
But that he still was white as snow.



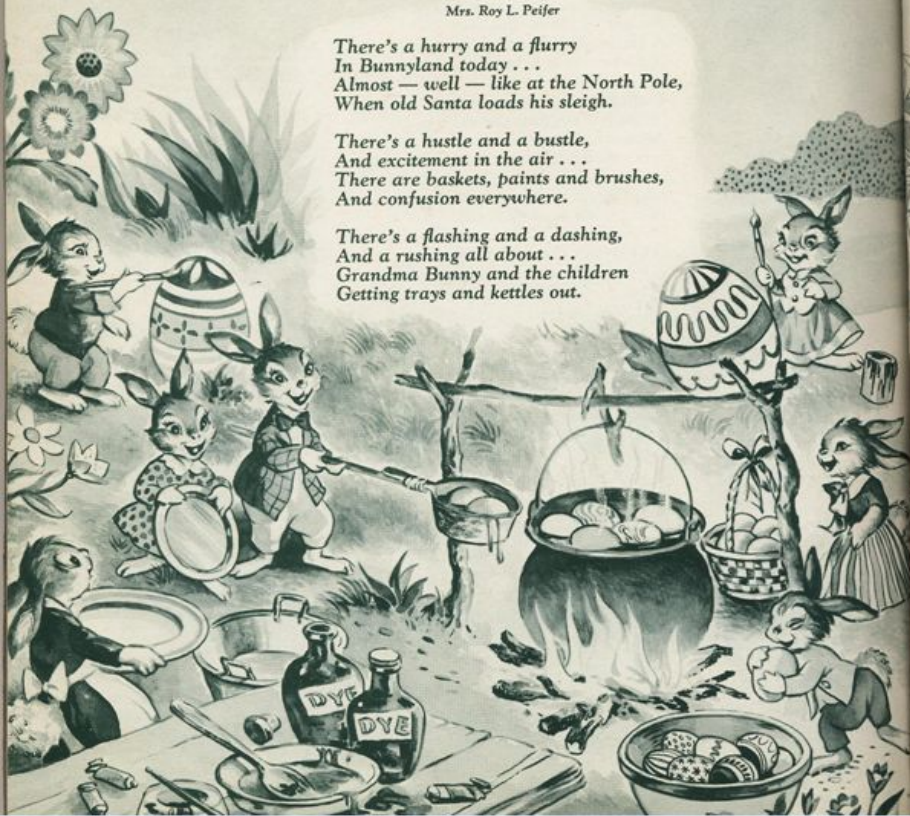
Busy Bunnyland

Mrs. Roy L. Peifer

There's a hurry and a flurry
In Bunnyland today . . .
Almost — well — like at the North Pole,
When old Santa loads his sleigh.

There's a hustle and a bustle,
And excitement in the air . . .
There are baskets, paints and brushes,
And confusion everywhere.

There's a flashing and a dashing,
And a rushing all about . . .
Grandma Bunny and the children
Getting trays and kettles out.



Busy

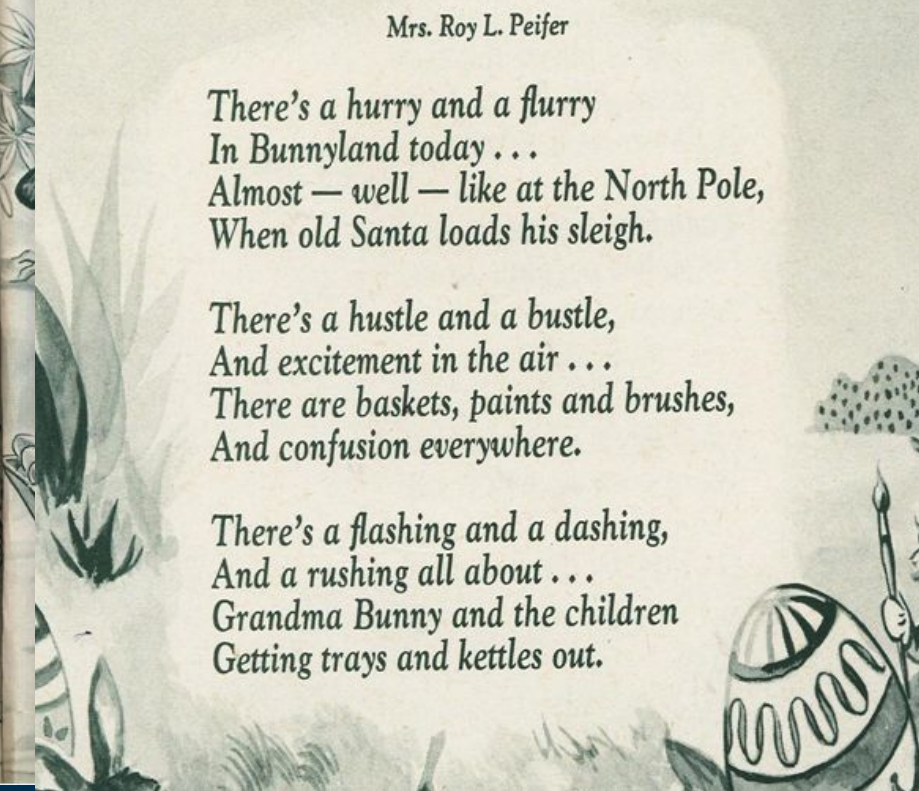
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May

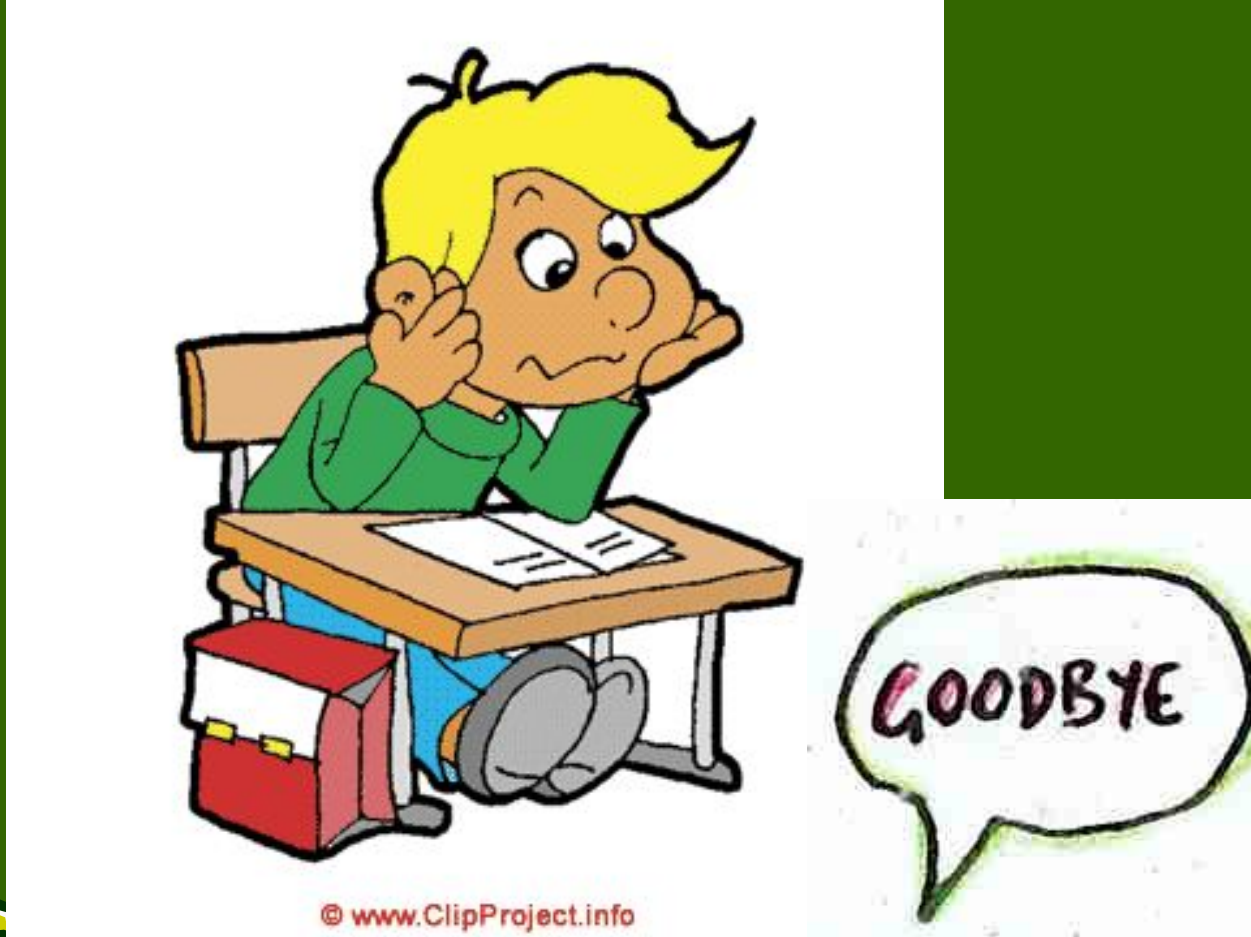


Goodbye, my friends !

Goodbye my friend.
Goodbye to you.
Be happy every day.
We won't be sad. We'll meet
again.



Goodbye, school!



Hello, summer!

