

*Learning English is fun!*

*School year calendar*

*September*





*1 September*



# Hallo, friends!



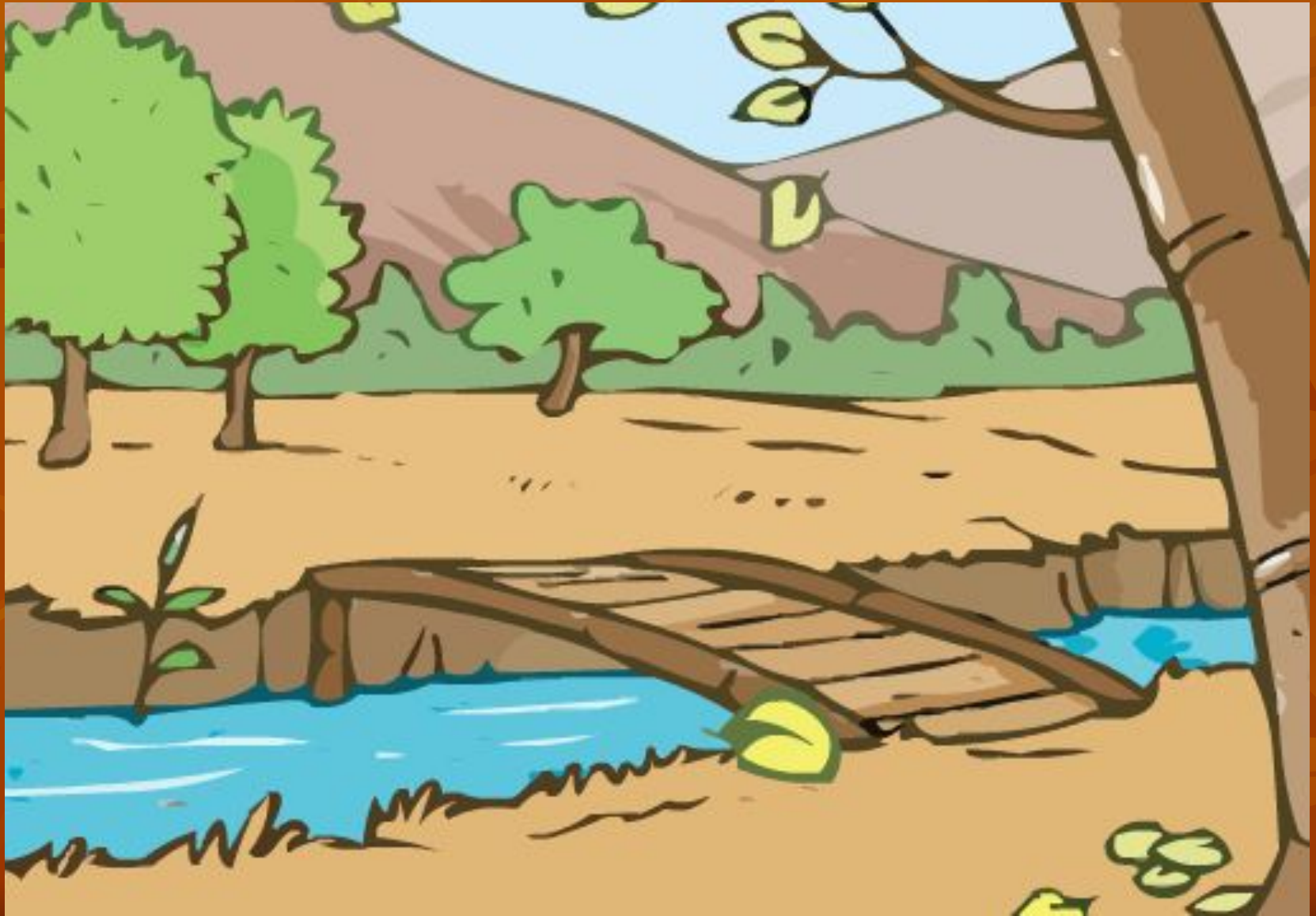
Hallo, girls and boys!  
Hallo, to you.  
We are the animals in the zoo.  
We're your friends and we are here.  
We're learning English all the year.

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



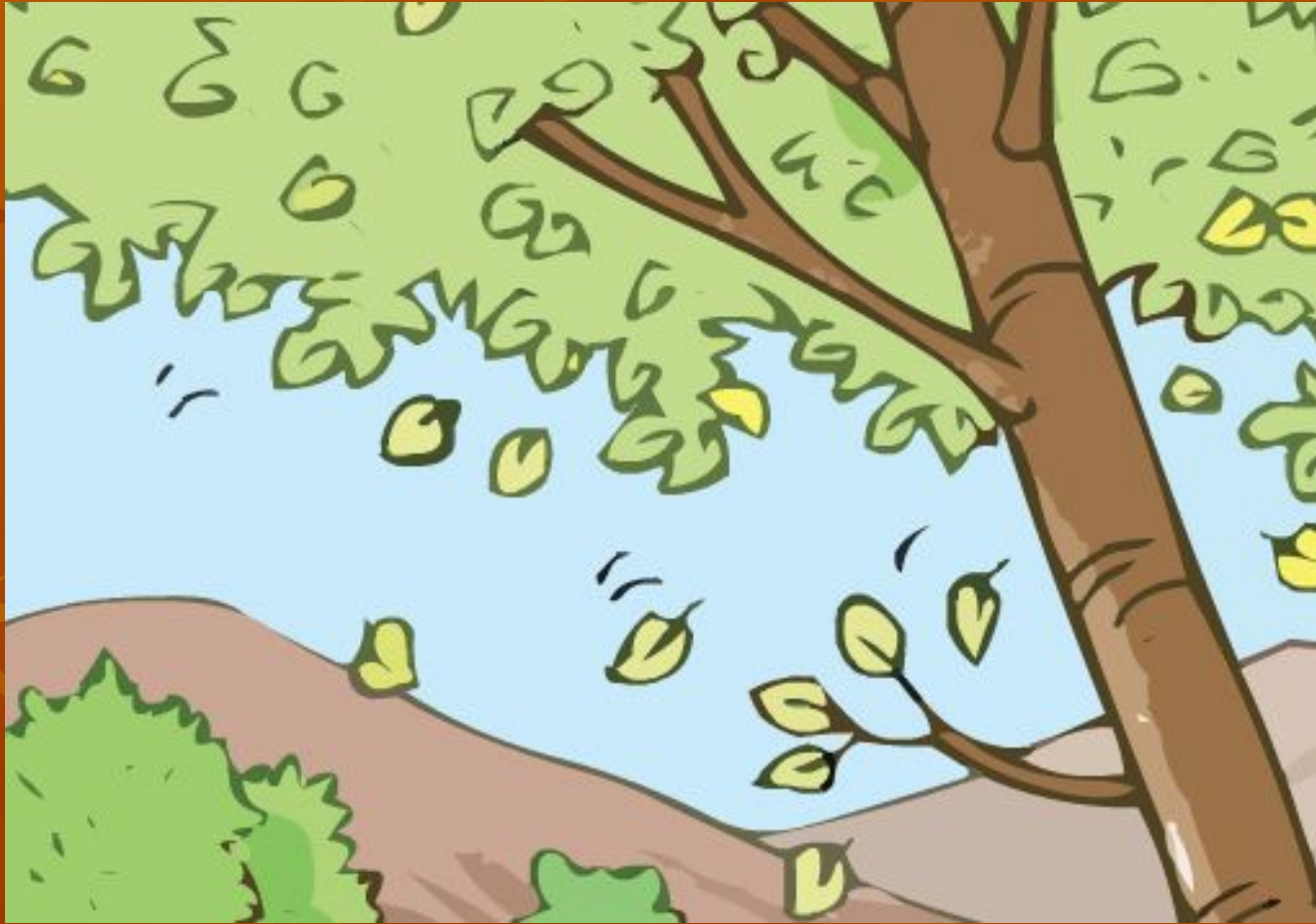




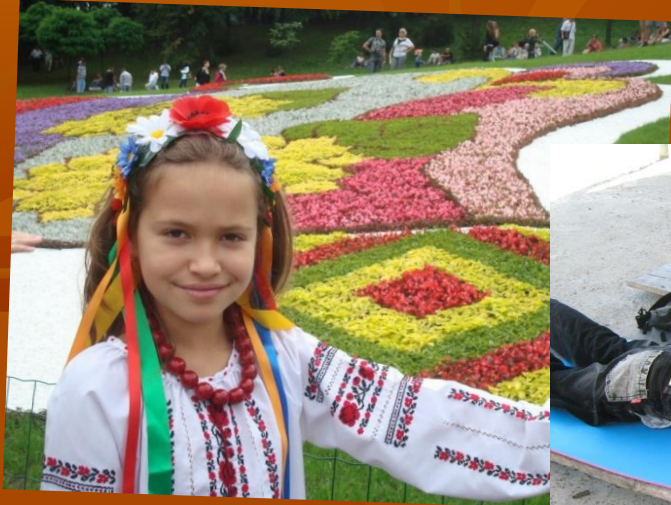




*November*



# 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*



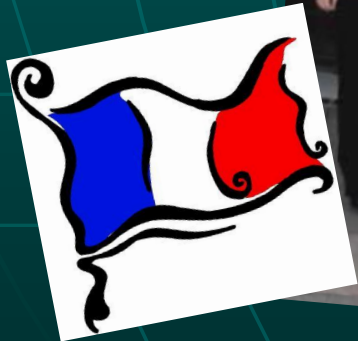
# January





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 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 background is a soft, out-of-focus green, suggesting a natural outdoor setting.

*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 .....*

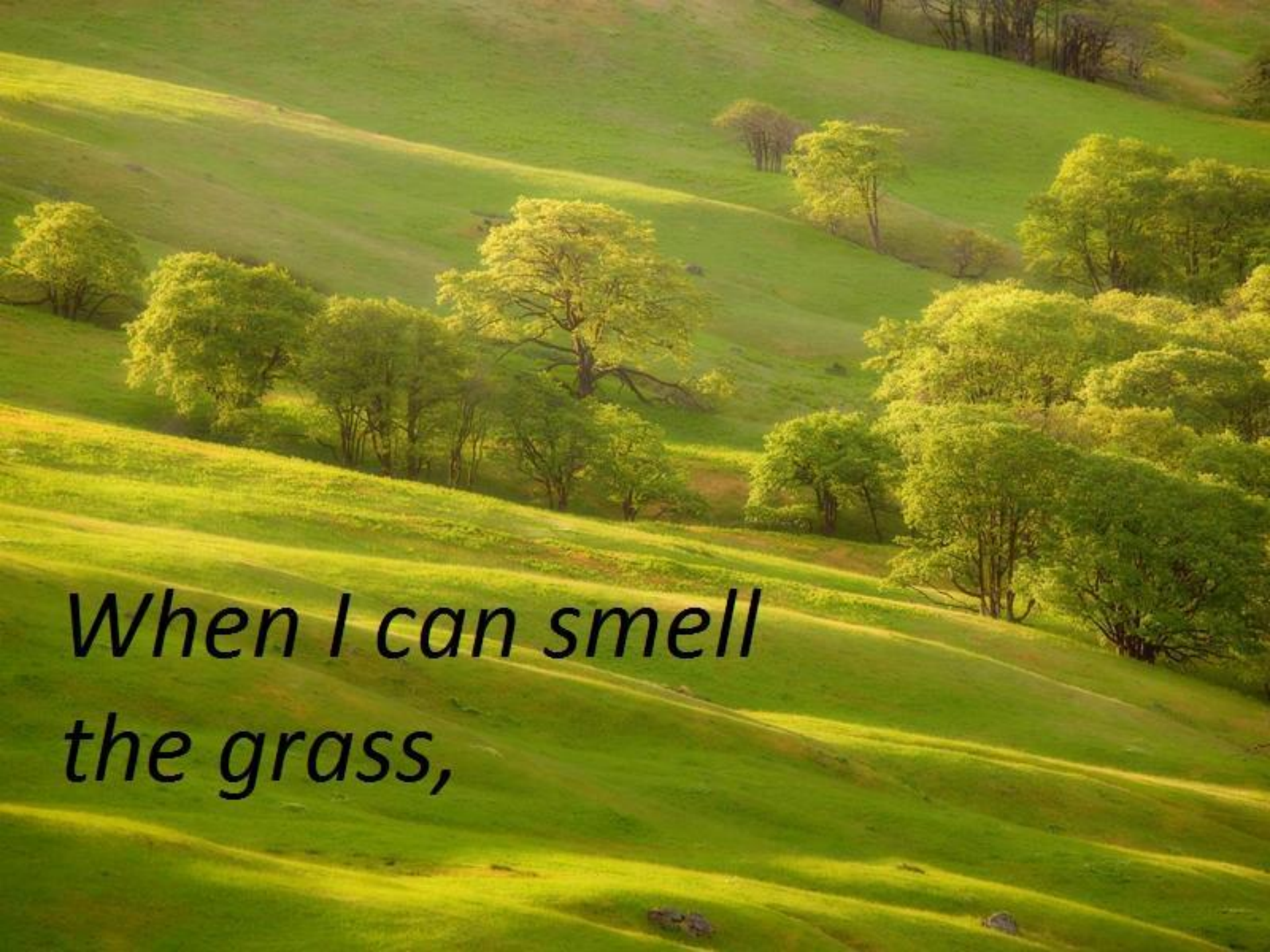


*Is credited to crocus  
bulbs,*

*That grow in every hue.*

*I love the early morning*





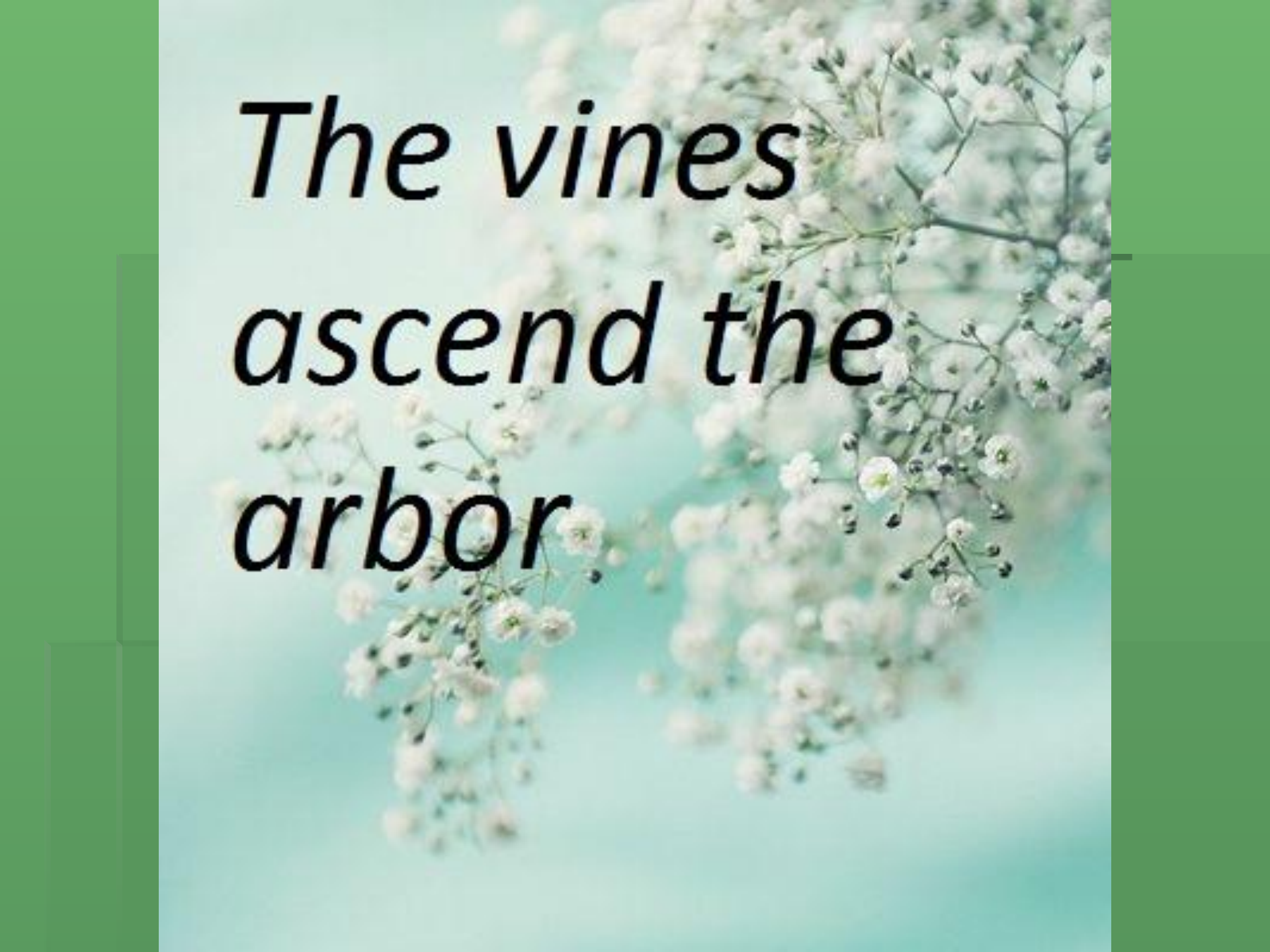
*When I can smell  
the grass,*

*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.

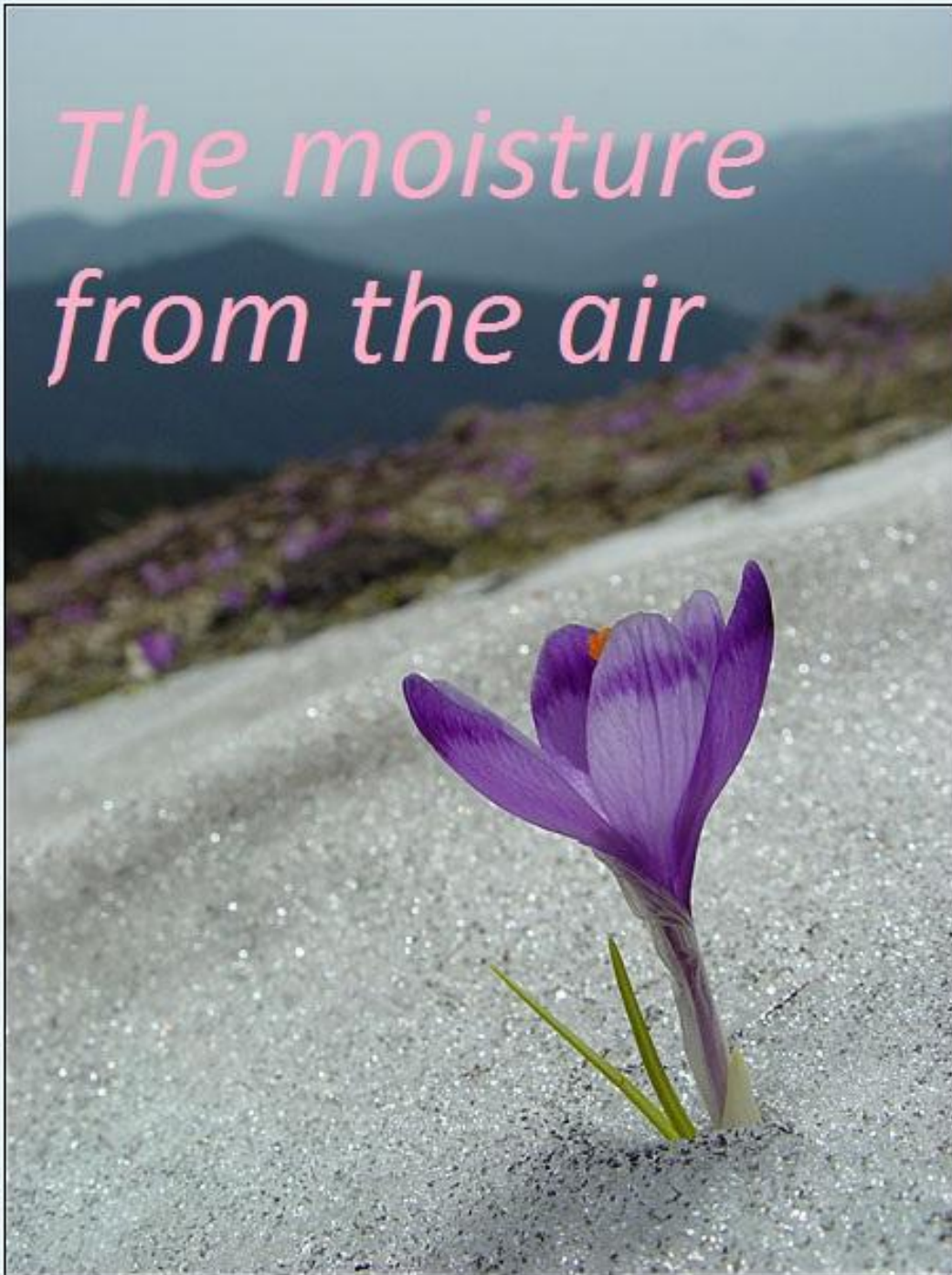
*With rosebuds  
in their hair,*



*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!*

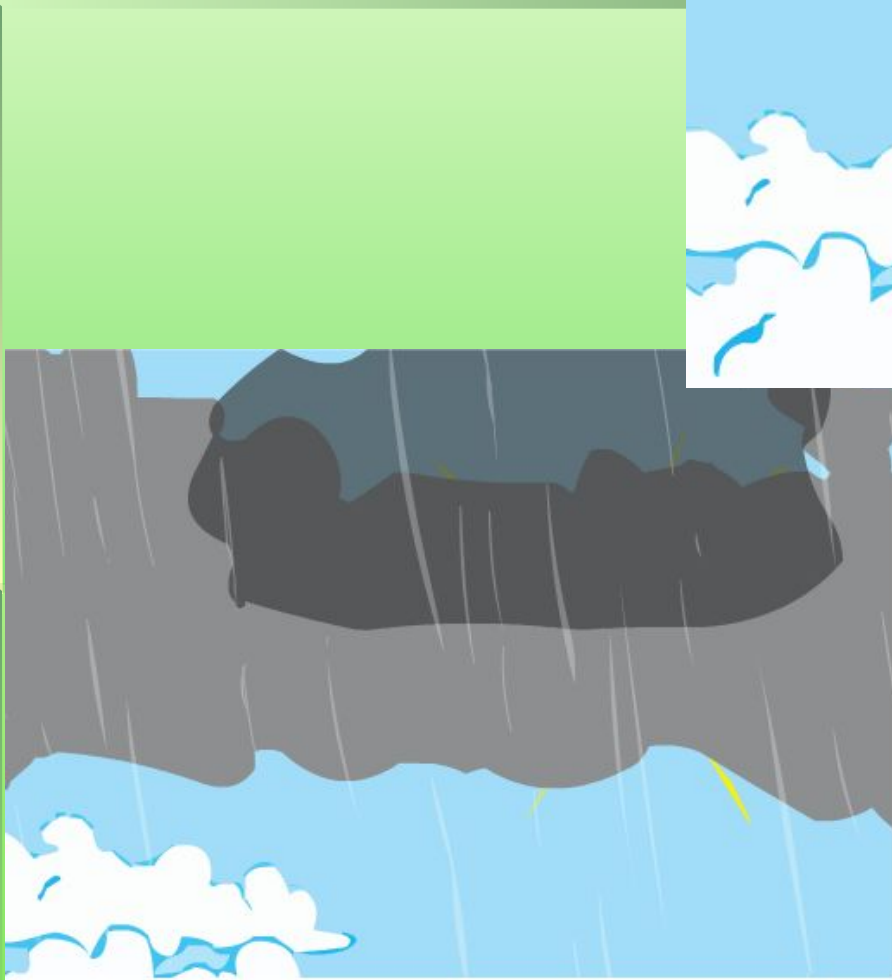
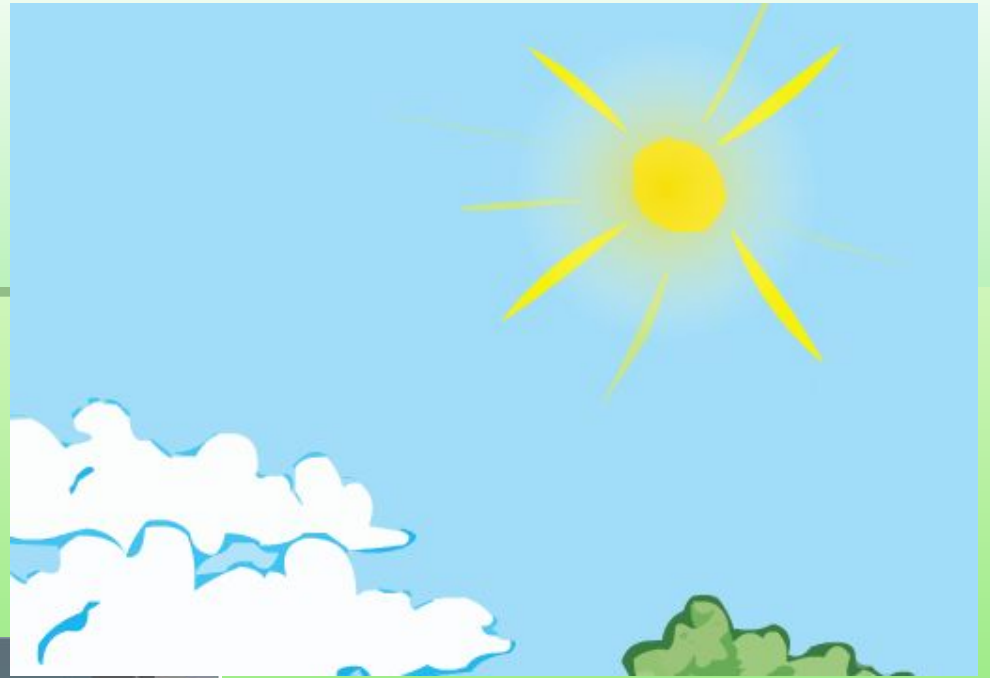




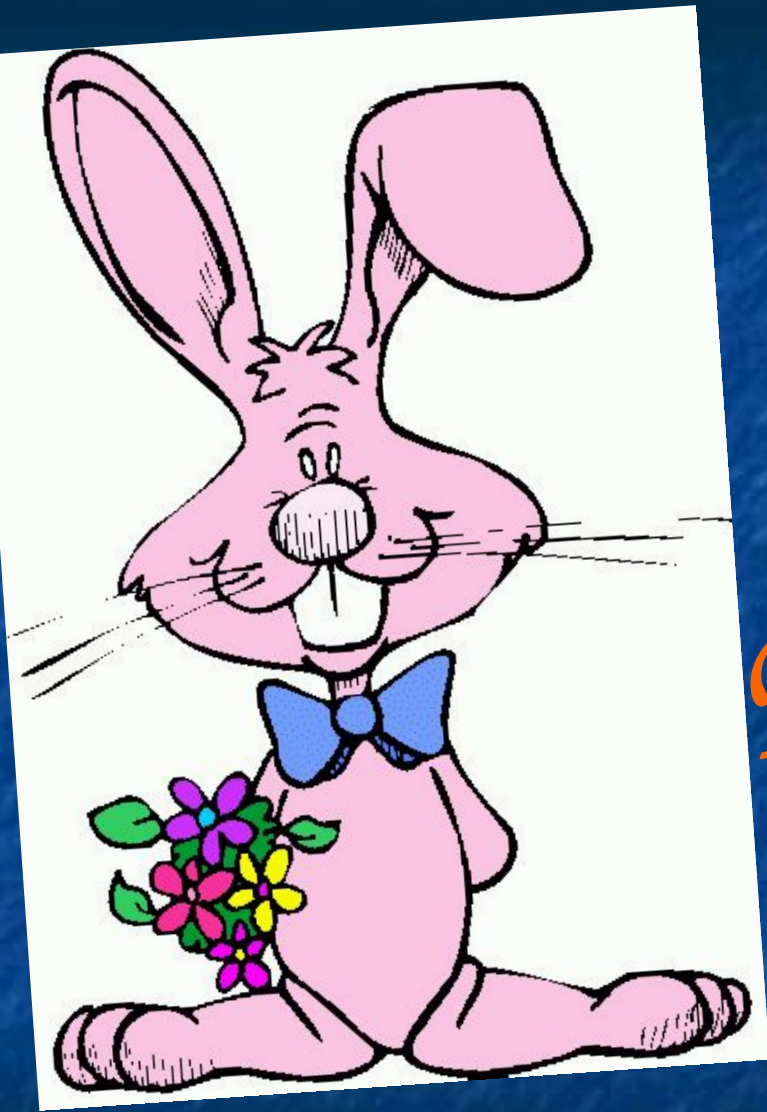
# Spring



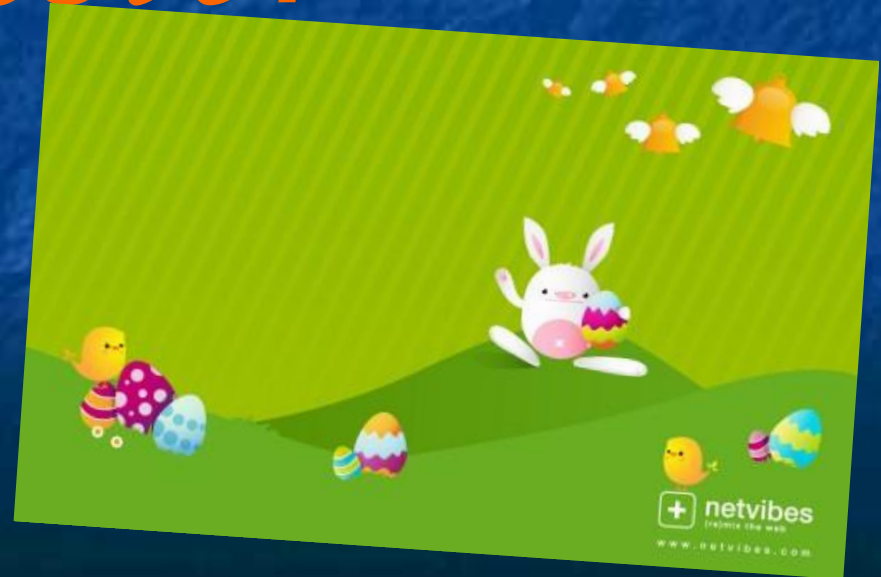
*April*







*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.



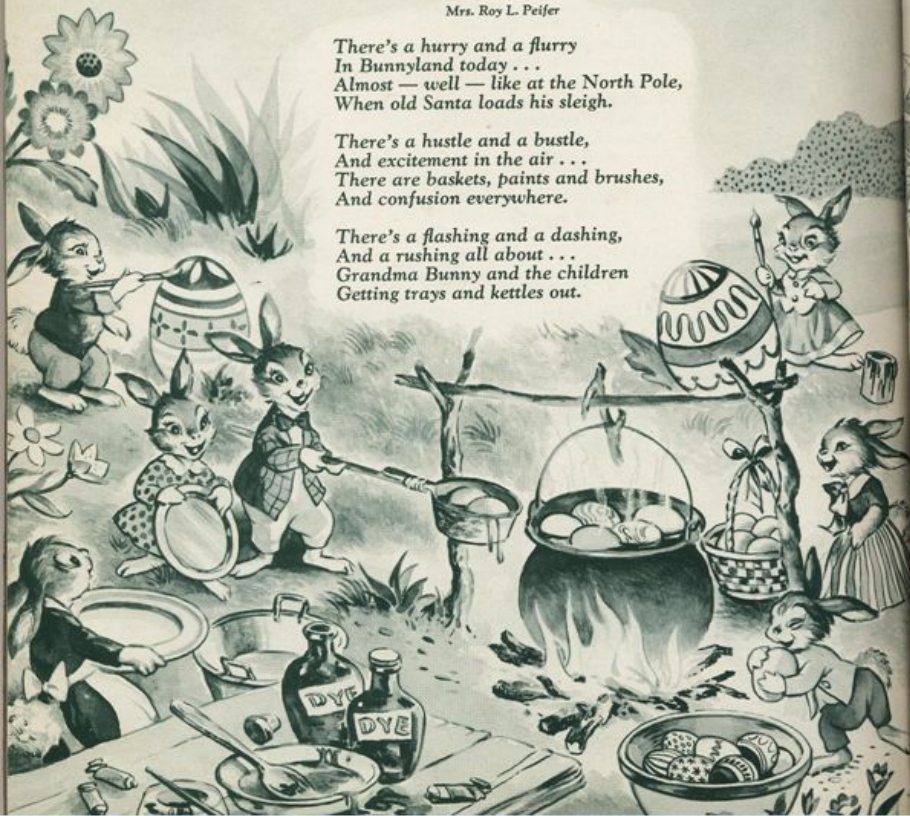
# Busy Bunnyland

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

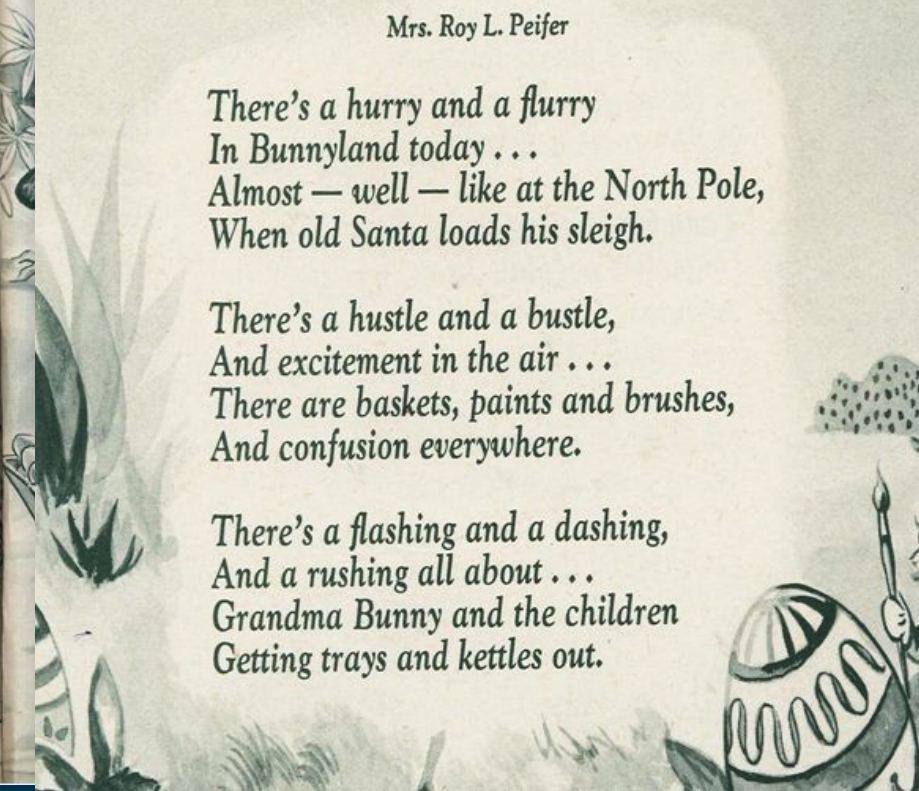
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May



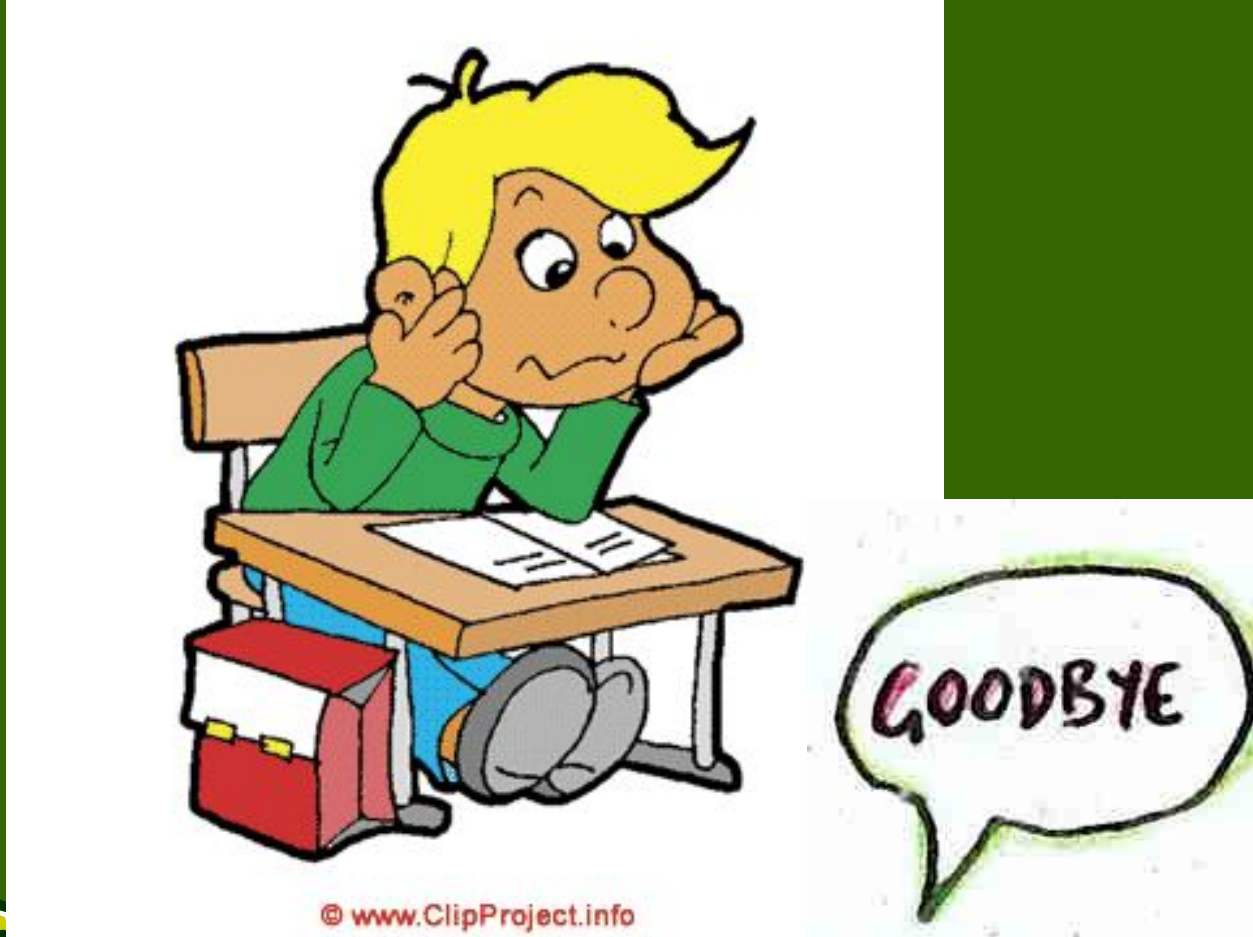
# Goodbye, my friends !

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





Goodbye, school!



# Hello, summer!

