

Carly **What I had for breakfast poem**

## Pancakes

I ran to the kitchen and smelt something beautiful

It was pancakes yum

I wonder who made breakfast

Probably my Mum

They even have fruit

Yum these are good

Lets have some more

I wish I could

They were so nice and sweat

Oh no now even the dog wants some

But now they are all gone

I ate them all there isn't even a crumb

Now I'll find more

I can smell the good food

I see my dog

Her toy has been chewed

