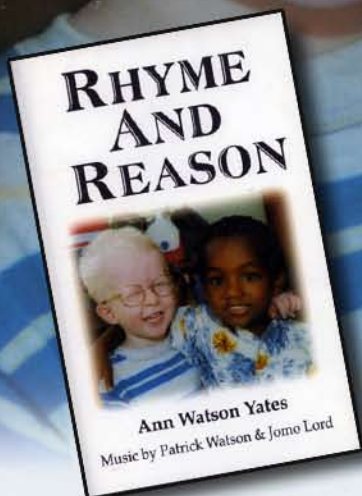


# RHYME AND REASON



**Ann Watson Yates**

**THE  
WEST INDIAN  
BOOK OF  
RHYME AND  
REASON**

*For my darling Jonathan,  
with lots of love from Mum.*

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*Barbados.  
Christmas, 2000.*

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Published by

**BLACK  
BIRD  
STUDIOS**



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# AUTHOR'S NOTE

This little book was written for children in the West Indies. I wanted to make it an easy read and entertaining. I hope that children will have as much fun reading it as I had writing it.

*Ann Watson Yates  
Barbados 2000*

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with love from Granny Annie.

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# THE WOOD DOVE

Wood dove lived in mango tree,  
We loved to hear it cooing.  
Cat was always spying near  
To see what dove was doing.

Puss spent his days beneath the tree  
This caused him to grow thinner,  
One day he pounced upon the dove  
It made a tasty dinner.

What makes a cat destroy a dove?  
I sometimes sit and wonder,  
Perhaps they could have been good friends  
Or grown a little fonder.

If dove had not swooped down to peck  
A grain of corn for dinner,  
Perhaps the cat would not have been  
Such a fast and cruel killer.

*(The law of the wild. Message to cat:  
BEWARE OF THE DOG.)*

The Wood Dove



BEWARE OF THE DOG

# HURRICANE SEASON

## THE SNAILS

I found a snail, I called him Jack;  
He wears his house upon his back.  
I put him in a big glass jar,  
That way he cannot stray too far.

One day I thought, what a dreary life,  
I must help Jack to find a wife.  
For several days in the garden shady,  
I searched about for the perfect lady.

And then I found a lovely mate,  
Poor Jack no longer had to wait  
He said: "I love you little Jill,  
I love you now and always will."

*(It's hard to love a snail,  
unless you are another snail – or French.)*

# THE SNAILS



# HURRICANE SEASON

At lunchtime all the sky was grey  
The sun was out of sight,  
An hour later all the day  
Had quickly turned to night.

The wind had dropped and all was still,  
We looked with anticipation,  
Until the first drop on the sill  
Fulfilled our expectation.

More followed quickly in a rage  
Then came a flash of lightning  
We waited for what seemed an age –  
The thunder was quite frightening.

The wind whipped up and blew a gale  
The rain swept down in sheets,  
Which suddenly filled up the drains  
And settled in the streets.

All through the night it still raged on  
Until the following morning,  
It blew and rained until the dawn  
Then stopped without a warning.

*(Violence usually destroys itself.)*