

## My Wee Doggie

By J.K. Annand

My wee doggie  
does lots of tricks,  
Fetches the paper,  
Brings back sticks.  
Chases aw the craws,  
That steal the hen's feed,  
Lowps through a gird,  
kids he's deid.  
Sits on his hunkers,  
Gies a paw,  
Then he gets a bane to gnaw.

**You should read and learn to recite your poem for Burns Day (25th January. You can either recite your poem to someone at home or you can share your recital on the class blog (or email to me and I can post it). Good luck!**