



Poem - trip to Dublin

I had a nightmare that this trip would be bad,
But I also had a dream that it would be the best I ever had.
Fortunately it turned out to be the latter,
Because every day it just kept getting better.
The Irish were nice and never rude,
Every day they seemed to be in a good mood.
And though in Ireland, compared to the Netherlands, it's colder,
And even to buy beer you have to be eighteen or older,
We still had lots and lots of fun.
Oh, I wish our trip had only just begun.

Kyle