**Brussel sprout**

By Joseph MCNeilis

Every night the little family have tea but there is always something left on the plate, that’s me.

I’m Brussel… I’m a sprout… no matter how hard I try I’m always thrown out, in a bin , lobed about , or slid under a chair…

***I’m about to be thrown again…look out below…dog fur***

Why me… yuk now I’m in a muck well that’s that ;I’m stuck.

Next day a vegetarian comes along…’’MHHH…YUMMY” they said.

I began to tremble as I came closer their head.

Then I felt chewed up and crummy oh no I’m in… (gulp) **THEIR TUMMY.**

