

by Hannah Cowdell

We used to be bored in Science,
But now we stare in awe,
As we're taught how to calculate pressure,
And about thermodynamic laws.

The teachers just can't understand it,
Although they've tried and tried,
They think we're growing up early,
I never saw one cry.



It started back in Science Week,
When they showed us some chemical stuff,
They thought that just three would be plenty,
They thought we'd have had enough.

The first was a crackling firework,
It went BANG and whizz and Pop,
It was wonderful, great and amazing,
We didn't want it to stop.

The second was burning a baby,
One made of jelly - don't fret,
As we watched it ignite we decided,
This was the best one yet.

Last we saw was a bottle,
The lid they had screwed on tight,
They'd filled it up with methane,
And set the gas alight.

It shot down the string like a bullet,
Leaving a BANG in its wake,
We wondered if we could be chemists,
We wondered how long it would take.



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So that's why ^{we} they sit still in Science,
Why we don't talk or ignore,
'Cause we just want to explode stuff,
And stop Science being a bore!



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