

Tennis

Today is the day we play Tennis. The racket and the ball were ready to play. The first player takes a shot but... the over players were making a plob. I zoomed and shot it back. Ball to the left Ball to the right But then the ball dissapeared what were over there That's a bird awww over there oh come on Mia that's a plane. we found the ball and began the Mack Makh. I bat it I bat it I bat it We all bat it. But it's gone over the fence Not again The But then the match has ended And our team has one haray won

I like football.

There's always some onomatopoeia.

There's always smash and clap.

I like ping pong.

There's always a simile to say.

The ball's as spinny as a top spinner.

The racket's as flat as a table.

I like tennis.

There's always alliteration.

What a super shot from the ready, resilient reds.

I like grisee.

There's always some personification.

The grisee's shouting "watch out" to the people.

The grisee's waving to the birds as it's in the air.

I like golf.

There sometimes might be a metaphor:

The golf ball was a ball of lava.

The golf club is an obsidian bat.

I like baseball.

There's always repetition.

Score a single. Run.

Score a double. Run.

Score a home run. Run.

I like sounders.

There's always assonance.

I hit a bit of the sitting kitten duck.

I like all sports,

Because they have something to do with poetry.