



# The Weather - Summer 2015

*What has happened to the Summer*

*In this year of Twenty Fifteen;*

*Leaving a trail of mass destruction*

*maybe the worst you've ever seen.*

*July was windy, cold and wet*

*kept raining like cats and dogs;*

*The land soon became raging rivers*

*even managed to drown the frogs.*

*They couldn't swim against the floods*

*no dry land to hop upon;*

*Still struggling they got swept away*

*and in a moment they were gone.*

*At first flowers slowly hung their heads*

*their petals broken as they were tossed;*

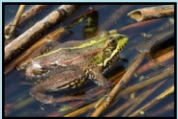
*in the strong winds and bitter nights*

*they just finally gave up the ghost.*

*Berries turned rotten on the bushes*

*lacking sunshine and always wet;*

*Root crops in the garden failed to grow*



*and peas and beans refused to set.*

*Greenhouse tomatoes were slow to ripen*

*grain was all flattened to the ground;*

*Pleasure in the local summer breaks*

*was pretty difficult to be found.*

*We're into the month of August now*

*but the forecast is 'more of the same';*

*Folk are fed up with the British weather*

*which I feel is quite a shame.*

*It's known as a lush green fertile land*

*and the weeds have proved the point,*

*growing in every available space*

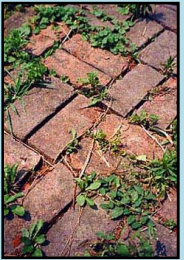
*strong and healthy - a large amount.*

*But this doesn't happen every year*

*many hearts it still beguiles;*

*For visiting tourists tend to return*

*to our homeland, The British Isles.*



*Eila Webster 12 August 2015*