

## **A Poem about my Home**

My home, my home.  
My home is a beautiful place.  
Everything grows there.  
When I come to school  
my mother goes to the garden  
to plant crops  
for our family.  
There is nothing as  
good as home.

When my mother goes to  
the garden my father  
goes to look for money  
which will help him in  
providing our basic needs.  
When he comes back he  
finds our home safe.  
My mother tells me to  
collect firewood and prepare supper.

- Jonathan Muhereza, P-5