

Class 1

Sandcastle

Moulding sand
Yellow and brown
So many castles
It's like a small town

Class 2

I built a castle on a beach

I built a castle on the beach.
I used a ton of sand.
I wanted it to be the biggest
castle in the land.

It took all day to get it right.
The work was such a hassle.
A single wave then came along.
Goodbye. I miss you, castle.

— Kenn Nesbitt

Class 3

Castle

Cool towers that touch the sky,
A big door for visitors to enter,
Secret rooms with hidden places,
Trees and gardens all around,
Long walls to protect those inside,
Elegant dining halls filled with memories.

Class 4

Castles in the Sand by Dorothy Baker

I've built a castle in the sand
In less than half an hour,
With grim portcullis, and a moat,
And battlements and tower.

The seaweed banners wave, and when
I let the drawbridge down,
The knights come riding two by two
In armour Rusty Brown.

And ladies lean from Turrets high,
And watch them as they pass,
And wave their floating silk scarves,
As light and green as grass.

But see! Across the Shining Sand,
and me the sea
Creeps slowly to my castle walls,
Advancing stealthily.

No bugles sound a wild alarm,
No warders close the gate;
The knights and ladies disappear,
And all alone I wait.

For where my fairy fortress stood
And glistened in the sun,
There lies a heap of ruins now,
My work is all undone.