FALL

by Aileen Fisher

The last of October

We lock the garden gate.

"The flowers alive all withered

That used to stand straight.

The last of October

We put the swings away

And the porch looks deserted

Where we like to play.

The last of October

The birds have all flown,

The screens are in the attic,

The sand pile's all gone;

Everything is put away

Before it starts to snow---

I wonder if the ladybugs

Have any place to go.

Instructions:

1. Select and copy the poem above and paste it into a new document.

2. Centre the poem on the page

3. Put one line space after the author’s name

4. Change the font to Papyrus

5. Change the size of the title to 18 and rest of the poem to 14.

6. Underline the title

7. Put a border around the page

8. Add 2 clip art pictures to the page

9. Insert the date and time at the bottom of the page