

Bad Teacher

Here is a story about one horrible year,
With one horrible teacher, who brought horrible fear.
She did terrible things, unthinkable acts.
She was disgusting, obnoxious and these are the facts!
She yelled for no reason, just for the fright.
She wore all black, the color of midnight.
“Go see the principal!” She yelled, for no reason at all.
We never went outside to play, and when we laughed we had to face the wall.
Who farts and never fesses? This horrible teacher did.
She had dirty, long fingernails, and smelled of a pig.
Halloween was year ‘round in this teacher’s class.
No pens, no books, but dirty zombie looks.
“I want a new teacher,” I begged mom and dad.
“Hang in there, be patient,” they said.
Then one day out of nowhere, a new teacher showed up.
The bad teacher was gone, thanks to my good luck.
My new teacher was great! She was everything I wanted.
Learning was fun! We played and we danced, and enjoyed every moment.
Somehow this new teacher managed to relieve my fear,
And repair the damage caused by that horrible, bad teacher that year.

Dancing in the Sun

I am a princess. I am a princess-ballerina-butterfly.

I twirl to the beat of my drum,

Circling high into the sky.

Rum. Pum. Pum. Pum.

There is no limit to where I soar.

The rhythm guides me to places I've never seen before.

Cotton Candy Clouds and Lollipop Trees,

Soaring high, surrounding me.

The wind ruffling my hair, and the sun beams my face,

Moves me higher and higher to this beautiful place.

Visions of purple leotards and pink tutus,

Make me blissful and powerful,

I make my own rules.

I am a princess, a princess-ballerina-butterfly.

When I dance I am happy.

I am radiant when I am free.

My chasse takes the lead.

All eyes are on me!

Good Night, Sleep Tight

Good night, sleep tight.

I'll see you in the morning light.

Before I'm all tucked in bed,

There's a few things to do, then I can rest my head.

Brushing my teeth keeps them clean and bright.

I won't get cavities if I do it just right.

A super silly bedtime story helps me to relax, it seems.

The stories make me happy and cheerful, and give me sweet dreams.

Next it's time to pray to God and thank him for my friends,

My family, dogs, and cat, and for forgiving my sins.

Right before the light is off, I take another look around,

To make sure all my buddies are near, to keep me safe and sound.

There's Oscar, there's Ryan, Stuffy, and Piggy too.

They're waiting on me to snuggle in, and I know just what to do.

I kiss mom good night, as she turns off the light,

Close my eyes tight until she's out of sight.

The house is quiet, the night is sound.

All is still, all is found.

Good night Mommy, good night Daddy.

Good night Sissy, good night Teddy

Good night, sleep tight, I'll see you in the morning light.

Summer Break

No going to bed on time.

No single file lines.

No worksheets.

No assigned seats.

No alarm clocks.

No clean socks.

No cafeteria food.

No going to school when I'm not in the mood.

No getting dressed if I do not want to.

No spelling tests out of the blue.

No tardies.

No. classroom. Birthday. Parties.

No field trips.

No monkey bar grips.

No lunchtime fun.

No Field Day in the sun.

No P.E. relay races.

No story time silly faces.

No seeing my friends every day.

No calling teams when we go outside to play.

No school for three whole months, that's true.

Oh, what am I going to do?

The Library Visit

I used to think libraries were not fun or cool.

I thought it was just a place with too many rules.

You have to be quiet, walk slowly, and whisper.

It's no place for excitement, or playing tag with your sister.

Until I found out, what was there to explore,

The places you can go, all the open doors.

Through books you can become a zappy Zombie Hunter,

Go on massive adventures, move mountains in a slumber.

You can pretend to be a dancing dinosaur, a fire spitting dragon,

A big snorty pig, or a squeaky red wagon.

At a library visit, I can choose to be me, or not me at all.

I can be a creature, both big and small.

I can be any thing, and anything at all.

I'd love to be a fruit tree, so yummy and sweet,

Or a jumping bean named Ben, whom you would love to meet.

The library is by far, my most favorite place.

It makes me happy, and puts a smile on my face.

Today I chose to be a barging blue hippo.

What I'll choose tomorrow, I'm sure no one knows.