

When Chuck Threw Up Messy Desk Pest Turkeys Etc. H
Boy With His Head Down Dad's Going to Make It Cuts U
Writers' Workshop Shrinking Teacher Schoolwork Allergy
Homework Load Oprah, Our Opera Diva Bus Driver Charg
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Poems from the classroom at the end of the hall

Report Due Tomorrow My Journal Upside-Down Playgroun
In the Library Reading Teacher Gasoline Zach Zucchini
School Secretary Irene, Tetherball Queen Anonymous Cuts
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Cozy Up to the
Whiteboard



WT Melon
www.wtmelon.com

"good stories; good tunes"

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

Douglas Evans

Poems from the classroom at the end of the hall



WT Melon
wtmelon.com
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For my brother,
Dave

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The School Day Begins

It's Monday morning at 7:01.

You're still half asleep; your homework's half done.

Your shower is cold; your oatmeal's dry.

Your mother forgets to kiss you good-bye.

You're walking to school; it's thirty degrees.

Your fingers won't work; your toes and ears freeze.

Your zipper is stuck; your left sneaker squeaks.

Your backpack strap snaps; your soup thermos leaks.

You slip on school steps; you trip in the hall.

The toilet floods in the bathroom stall.

The gym door is locked; library's the same.

The principal greets you by the wrong name.

Your classroom is hot; the coat rack is packed.

Your bean sprout is dead; your clay pot is cracked.

Your pencils are dull; the sharpener jams.

Your fingers get crunched when your desktop slams.

Your math partner's gone; your neighbor is rude.

Your teacher's again in a crabby mood.

The morning bell rings; it's 8:01.

Come cozy up to the whiteboard,

Another school day has begun.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard



Pledge To The Flag

I pledge allegiance to the flag,
Above the blackboard every day.
So why must I repeat myself?
Don't teachers believe what I say?

Writing a Poem

I can't do it; I never will.

Impossible! I sit here still.
I'm just too dumb; I'm going home.
Teacher wants us to write a poem.

I've tried my best; can't write a line.
I'll throw a fit, complain, and whine.
I'll doodle and hum; I'll waste my time.
Teacher can't make me write a rhyme.

I'm no Shel S.; no Dr. Seuss,
No poet and know it; that's my excuse.
I'm no rapper; I will admit.
Wait a minute; look what I wrote...
a poem.

I did it!

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard



Gone High Tech

You may have noticed, teacher,
I'm not in school today,
But the wireless mic on my desk,
Will record each word you say.

Switch on my laptop's Web cam,
When you have something to show,
And if you pass out homework,
Find my fax number below.

I have e-mail and a smart phone,
So I won't be hard to reach.
Since I don't need to be in class,
I'll do lessons at the beach.

When Chuck Threw Up

We watched Chuck bend and his shoulders hunch,
Then we saw what he had had for lunch.

Lucky Chuck could go home that day,
But in our classroom we had to stay.

Douglas Evans

The Messy Desk Pest

Beware all you kiddies of the Messy Desk Pest,
Who will lurk inside any desk it finds messed.

It lolls among comic books, coins, stinky socks,
Banana peels, paper wads, toys, and rocks.

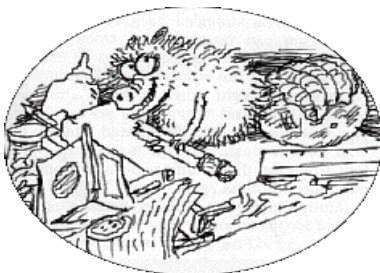
It nibbles pencils, gnaws pens, and glue it will slurp.
It chews rulers, chomps crayons, and ends with a burp.

It erases math answers, pops desktops an inch,
If you're getting out paper, your nose it will pinch.

Warning! During reading be especially aware!
The pest might reach out to snap underwear.

So you've been warned kiddies of the Messy Desk Pest.
Let this be a lesson:

NEVER LEAVE YOUR DESK MESSED!



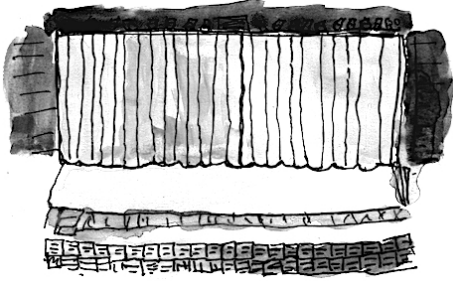
Boy With His Head Down

Miles has his head down,
He was the meanest brute.
His head's been down on his desk so much,
It began taking root.

Slender shoots grew down from his ear,
Sank into the desktop.
Tiny buds sprouted from his hair,
To form a flower crop.

We all like Miles a lot better now,
But he can't come to play.
His head's been down on his desk so much,
We must water him each day.

Douglas Evans



Dad's Going to Make It

Dad phoned from the East Coast,
While waiting for a flight.
He said that he'd make it,
To my school play tonight.

Dad phoned from an airplane,
Somewhere in the air.
Again he gave his promise,
Tonight he would be there.

Dad phoned from the airport.
His plane had landed late.
The time was six-thirty.
My play began at eight.

Dad phoned from a taxi,
Stuck in a traffic jam.
He said I was important.
I said I know I am.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

Dad phoned from our kitchen.
He told me not to worry.
Ten minutes till show time.
I said he'd better hurry.

When the curtain went up,
On stage I searched the place,
And as I spoke my first line,
I saw Dad's smiling face.

Douglas Evans

The Homework Load

Not long ago the homework load,
Did Helen little harm.
She hiked to school with one book,
Tucked in her little arm.

Homework increased until the girl,
Had no choice but to pack,
Binders, texts and notebooks,
In a sack strapped on her back.

But then how Helen's shoulders slumped,
Her spine started to sag.
So Helen took to pulling books,
In a wheeled luggage bag.

As Helen grew, homework did too,
And fourth grade marked the start,
Of pushing homework to and fro,
In a large shopping cart.

Soon tractors towed her homework load.
Still Helen found no luck.
Next forklifts hauled her homework home,
And then a pick-up truck.

But still the work load grew and grew,
And the truck bed overran.
So sixth grade saw her driving home,
In a U-Haul moving van.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

Helen's homework load reached its height,
When school closed in the fall.
For teachers assigned so much work,
No kid could move at all.

School Bored

Our classroom has a black board.

The first grade has a white board.

The fifth grade has a Smart board.

The hallway has a bulletin board.

The playground has a backboard.

The art room has colored cardboard.

The lunchroom has a chess board.

My laptop has a circuit board.

Teachers must face a school board.

The principal holds a clipboard.

Today in class I went overboard,

That's why I'm in detention very bored.

Writer's Workshop

Our Writer's Workshop follows math,

We write and work nonstop.

But Writers' Workshop doesn't mean,

We ever get to shop.

Shrinking Teacher

I saw my last year's teacher.

Had she shrunk an inch or two?

It took me time to figure out,

She was no shorter...I grew.

Bad Handwriting

Teacher says my handwriting is hard to read.

I could write neater, but I'd never tell her.

Since teacher cannot read the words I wrote,

She cannot tell I'm an even worse speller.

Schoolwork Allergy

Danny had a bizarre disease.

When doing schoolwork he would sneeze.

"It's just one of my allergies.

May I be excused--*achoo!*--please?"

Teacher asked for a doctor's OK,

Which Danny brought in the next day.

So when teacher passed out work she'd say,

"Daniel, you may go out and play."

Danny would stand wearing a smirk,

He said, "I can't touch this schoolwork.

My skin itches; my nose goes berserk."

Then he'd hit the playground...that jerk.

Danny's no dummy," we all said,

With pages of work still not read,

So scratching ourselves toe to head.

We cried, "The allergy has spread!"

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard



Douglas Evans



Oprah, Our Opera Diva Bus Driver

She dreams of singing on the stage,
But for now she drives our bus.
And each day on the way to school,
She sings arias for us.

“La-la-la-la-laaaaa!” she warms up,
Folding open the school bus door.
“Me-me-meeeee!” she sings harmony,
With the bass of the motor’s roar.

Riding along, she’ll belt a song,
Jaw wobbling as she grips the wheel.
Hitting the brakes, she hits high notes.
A prima donna duet squeal.

Once she wore a helmet with horns,
And warbled “Ho-jo-to-ho!”
She clutched the gear shift like a spear,
While we cheered, “Bravo! Bravo!”

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

When she sang Madame Butterfly,
She gave us an exciting ride,
Especially when at the end,
Oprah stabbed herself and died.

She dreams of singing on the stage,
Now librettos lie beside her.
Riding to class is classy because,
Oprah is our diva driver.

Douglas Evans

Two Fingers

Grandpa says they mean victory.

“It’s the peace sign,” my mother said.
But at school they’re called Bunny Ears,
When we hold them behind a head.

Teachers raise them to mean *quiet*.
Scouts raise them when their oath’s begun.
But we just raise those Bunny Ears,
When we want to have some fun.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard



Teachers' Pets

For lunch we ate the hot dogs,
That chased the copy cats,
That caught the computer mouse,
That worried the spelling bee,
That stung the early birds,
That gobbled the book worms,
That they stuffed into the hot dogs,
That we ate for lunch.
Ick!

Classroom Stew

Add broken crayons, white chalk dust,
Pencil shavings, red scissor rust.
A pinch of paste, a dab of glue,
That's what goes into Classroom Stew.

Pour in black paint, six drops of ink.
Squeeze the sponge from the classroom sink.
Mix eraser crumbs, and hand soap goo,
That's what goes into Classroom Stew.

Sprinkle on fish food, eight lumps of clay,
Silver glitter, paper-mâché.
Rubber cement, gum off your shoe,
That's what goes into Classroom Stew.

Stir it well; dump it in a cup,
Toast your teacher, and bottoms up.
Hold your belly before you spew.
Then flood the floor with Classroom Stew.

The Noise Expert

We each have special talents.

That is what our teachers tell.

Matthew is a whiz in math.

Sabrina does spelling well.

Drew's the best at Double Dutch.

Sam spits farthest of the boys.

But Tammy's skill tops them all.

She's a pro at making noise.

She slaps her cheeks, clicks her teeth.

Her belches are seconds long.

And with hands in her armpits,

She trumpets a catchy song.

She whistles through her fingers,

Or into a blade of grass.

She can blow on her forearm,

Imitating passing gas.

Her knuckles crack like gunshots.

Her palms squeal with a squeeze.

Fingers snap like castanets,

She plays drum rolls on her knees

My report cards show straight A's,

I play soccer like a star.

What's that to Tammy's talent?

Douglas Evans

Someday that girl will go far.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

Pleeeeeeeeeee

P lease.

I'll do anything.

Pretty please.

Pretty please with sugar on top.

Please dipped in hot fudge with whipped cream.

Oh, pleeeeeeeeeee.

I won't ask for anything else for the rest of the year.

I'll be good all day.

I promise.

I'll be the perfect student.

Pretty, pretty please.

Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.

Then what a shocker! Who could guess?

Teacher nodded and told me, "Yes."

I stood in my class so surprised,

Not till then did I realized,

During the time that I pleaded,

I'd forgotten what I needed.

Ay Bee Seas

Ay Bee Sea,

Dee Ee Ef Gee,
Aych Eye Jay Kay,
Elemenopy.

Que Are Es,
Tea You Vee,
Double You,
Eks Why Zee.

Now that I've said,
My Aye Bee Seas.
Please tell me what are,
Elemenopies.

Punctuation

Cat claws to pause, small spots to stop.

Bats above balls tell us to shout!!!!

Canes query? (Smiles!) What're these keys? @#&.

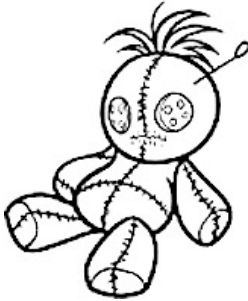
Aren't hangnails for leavin' things out?

Dots... & dashes--"whiskers to talk",

<Sprinkled> about every *l*e*t*t*e*r;

"Decorations": for sentences-----

Don't # they # make # this-poem-look better?



How Substitutes Get Work

They each have teacher voodoo dolls,

And into them pins they stick.

So when they want to work at schools,

They can make the teachers sick.

Douglas Evans

U
U

No matter how much thinking I do,
I can't find a word that ends with U.

U begins hundreds of words we use,
And it always must come after Q's.

Side by side they make a W.
I know that letter ends quite a few.

But who knows a word that ends in U?
Do you?

Etc.

Here are three handy letters,
E...T...C and then a dot.
If you stick them in a story.
Teachers think you know a lot...etc.

The Field Trip

Today we toured a museum.

Teacher said we learned much.
We saw expensive paintings,
And things we couldn't touch.

We all enjoyed the museum,
But the most fun for us,
Was singing songs and laughing,
Back to school on the bus.

Stomping in The Snow

Sammy stood on the soccer field,

Stomping letters in the snow.

He tramped a giant S and C,

And a jumbo H and O.

At the time inside the Teachers' Lounge,

Three teachers watched Sammy's fun.

"He rarely gets recess," one said.

"For once his schoolwork's done."

Sammy stomped a double O.

Then a colossal L.

Next the teachers heard him shout,

"I've one more word to spell."

"That boy's like new!" said teacher two.

"He's not chasing or fighting.

Nor is he bullying little kids.

I wonder what he's writing."

Sammy stomped a second S.

Before tramping a huge U.

A smirk spread across his face,

When a giant C was through.

"We've trained him well," said teacher three.

"I think he's finally learned.

Good behavior is a plus.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

A recess must be earned.”

(continued)

Through the snow Sam plowed a K.
What came next can you guess?
Shuffling his feet he was through,
With a tall snaking S.

Wordlessly the teacher trio stood.
They saw Sam take a bow,
Then from the window came a shout,
“Samuel! Get inside right *now!*”

X

Behold the excellent X,

It expects no excuses.
Dictionaries give it one page.
But it has many uses.

In math it means multiply.
It fills squares in Tic-Tac-Toe.
Romans counted it as ten.
It's a kiss when with an O.

On bottles it says don't drink.
Coaches draw it for a play.
And when written before *mas*,
It becomes a holiday.

On treasure maps it marks spots.
With Brand X you can not tell.
Sign on the line beside it.
It's jumbo before an L.

It names a generation,
Or sports that daredevils do,
It's the last name of Malcolm,
And a ray that sees straight through.

So if math problems stump you,
Don't sit at your desk and pout.
Use this exciting letter,
And X the whole thing out.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

Douglas Evans



Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

Jerome's Lunch

Most kids in class bring a lunch from home.
Except one boy who's named Jerome.

Most kids charge to lunch as if in a race.
"Why rush?" says Jerome. "I've reserved my place."

A maître d' greets Jerome in the gym.
He bows and hands a menu to him.

"Good day, sir," the man says, clicking his heels.
"Your chef's prepared you a choice of fine meals."

Jerome sits at the end of our table.
We try to ignore him, but who is able?

China plates are set, one just for his roll,
Two spoons, four forks, and a finger bowl.

A tuxedoed man steps forward to say,
"My name is Pierre; I'm your waiter today."

We take out sandwiches, and start to munch,
While hearing Jerome order his lunch.

"For my first course a dozen oysters, please.
Some caviar, and a wedge of brie cheese.

"I'll try the salmon fillet, cedar grilled,
And the jumbo shrimp salad, slightly chilled.

Douglas Evans

(continued)

“Pour me a glass of your finest grape juice,
And for dessert an éclair and chocolate mousse.”

Jerome’s first course comes on a tray,
He kisses his fingertips like a gourmet.

With a cloth napkin tucked under his chin,
He rubs his palms and gives us a grin.

“I’m so famished,” he says. “Bon appetite.”
And raising his pinkie begins to eat.

But we eat our lunches without remorse,
As Pierre brings Jerome course after course.

“Poor kid,” I think, with a growling belly.
“Nothing beats good old peanut butter and jelly.”

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard



Cuts

I gave cuts to Larry, and he gave cuts to Jim.
Jim gave cuts to Cory, and then Cory cut him.

Mac gave cuts to Alex, and he gave cuts to Lee.
Dan took cuts before Tom, and he gave cuts to me.

And when we left for recess, out the classroom door,
Every boy in our line, stood where he was before.

Charge!

We watch the clock like crocodiles,
With recess as our feast.
We CHARGE! Out the classroom door,
The second we're released.

We CHARGE! across the playground.
Favorite games resume,
But when we hear the whistle,
We CHARGE! back to our room.

Douglas Evans

Doing the Book Report Due Tomorrow

My book report is due tomorrow.

Mom calls me a procrastinator.
Although I have yet to choose a book,
I guess I will sooner or later.

Parents don't know book reports have changed.
Who needs to read books anymore?
Tonight before my report is due,
I'll rent the movie from the store.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

Sand Sandwich

I bit it.
I spit grit.

Crazy

Teacher says I make her crazy.

I drive her up the wall.
She says I rub her the wrong way.
Teacher's not well at all.

Teacher says I get on her nerves.
I'm a pain-in-the-neck.
She says I can make her scream.
Teacher must be a wreck.

Teacher's at the end of her rope.
She says she's losing touch.
I hope teacher gets better soon,
Since I love teacher so much.

Turkeys

All the classrooms filled with turkeys,
The week before Thanksgiving Day.
Kindergartners traced around hands.
First-graders used paper-mâché.

Grade Two stuck feathers in pine cones.
Grade Three cut out a paper plate.
Grade Four pinned gumdrops on apples.
Grade Five stuffed bags to decorate.

We loved the turkeys at our school,
So imagine how we'll feel,
Tomorrow on Thanksgiving Day,
When we're served turkey for our meal.

Fire Drill

The one time the playground is quiet.

The one time I see no riot.

The time that gives me most a thrill,
When I stand still during a fire drill.

I see circles and four-square designs.

I see airplanes above draw more lines.

I see patterns of streets on the hill,
When I stand still during a fire drill.

I hear a breeze strum tetherball strings.

I hear it rattle chains on the swings.

I hear the monkey bars toot and trill,
When I stand still during a fire drill.

I feel the sunshine on my nose.

I smell tacos from the gym windows.

Who knows the wonders you miss until,
You stand still during a fire drill?

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard



Cold Hands

“**M**y hands are sooooo cold.

My hands are sooooo cold.”

The kindergartner cried.

Teacher said, “Find your pockets,

And stick your hands inside.”

“I juuuuuuuuuust can’t.

I juuuuuuuuuust can’t,”

We heard the boy declare.

“There’s no room in my pockets.

My mittens are in there.”

Douglas Evans



Upside-Down Playground

They built the playground upside-down.

The jungle gym looks like a crown.
The tetherball still goes around,
But now it rolls along the ground.

The slide spirals into the air.
The climbing pole takes you nowhere.
The monkey bars are like train tracks.
To use them we must bend our backs.

The swings won't swing; the rings are dead.
We get drinks standing on our head.
The ball wall did an odd flip-flop.
The play fort floor is on the top.

Basketball dunk shots are a breeze.
We start our bar twirls from our knees.
It's topsy-turvy recess play.
We're glad our dads built it this way.

Douglas Evans





Irene, Tetherball Queen

Like a nimble ballerina,
She'll rise up on her toes,
To swat the orb into orbit;
Around the pole it goes.

A crowd surrounds the white ring,
Watching the yellow sphere.
The ball and string it's tethered to,
Like magic disappear.

She's the best kid at tetherball,
Our playground's ever seen.
No one in school can put her out,
Irene, Tetherball Queen.

Douglas Evans

She's neither strong or very long;
Sweet timing is her skill.
She picks her hits and knows the tricks,
To help her make a kill.

Way high and fast, the ball blows past.
She never lets it stop.
When the rope winds, the T-pole finds,
A turban at its top.

Won't make a lick of difference,
When she becomes a teen,
For now may she enjoy her rein,
Irene, Tetherball Queen.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard



In the Library Reading

In the library there is a nook,
Where Larry takes his favorite book,
And spends the morning like a crook,
Since that's where teachers never look,
When Larry's in the library reading.

Fiction is what Larry reads most.
To far off lands his mind might coast.
But far too often he gets engrossed,
And forgets the things he is supposed,
To, when Larry's in the library reading.

Larry cares not what his grades are,
He never adds a *books read* star,
He thinks SSR is too bizarre,
And book reports bore him by far.
He'd rather be in the library reading.

At the time that reading groups meet,
The teacher saw Larry's empty seat.
"Where's, Lawrence?" she said, not sounding sweet.
Then again she heard her class repeat,
"Larry's in the library reading."

Down the hall teacher's voice did chime,
As if Larry committed a crime.
"Get back to class! It's reading time!"
"Sorry," he said. "I forget when I'm,

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

In the library reading.”

(continued)

“Lawrence,” said teacher “It’s a concern,
When you leave class and don’t return.
A good GPA you cannot earn,
If you miss lessons and do not learn,
When you’re in the library reading.”

Larry shrugged and shook his head.
He’d not heard one word she said.
He grabbed a new book instead,
Looking forward to recess ahead,
When he’d be in the library reading.

Teacher Gasoline

The coffee teachers constantly drink,
Is what keeps teachers running, I think.

Anonymous

I enjoy reading funny poems,
From Ogden Nash to Roald Dahl,
But of the poets that I read,
Anonymous is best of all.

Each time I read a funny poem,
With Anonymous below it,
I wonder why she's still unknown.
Who is this wonderful poet?

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard



Winslow, the Wild Wheelchair Driver

W inslow whirred off in his wheelchair,

When lowered from the bus.
He careened up the front door ramp,
And down the hall toward us.

We clapped and cheered as he came near.
Teachers yelled and scattered.
His chair rammed the janitor's cart,
And ten light bulbs shattered.

He peeled off in his seat of steel.
Through the office he flew.
When he knocked the copy machine,
A thousand papers strew.

He popped a wheelie, twirling twice,
And rolled down twenty stairs.
He took a corner on two wheels,
And bowled down twenty chairs.

His wheelchair was a silver streak,
Speeding across the gym.
He struck the stage and ricocheted,
With teachers chasing him.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

(continued)

Winslow zoomed into his room.
Toward his desk he tore.
He yanked the brake; the tires laid,
Skid marks across the floor.

Running is not allowed in school.
Now one more rule we need.
The next day signs hung in the hall:

10 MPH Maximum Speed.

Our School Secretary

Seven band-aids, a bloody nose,
Forgotten lunches, bright hellos,
Twisted ankles, Ritalin pills,
Five calls home, two orange juice spills.

A lost jacket, a stain to soak,
An ice packet, zipper that broke,
Ripped pair of pants, some muddy shoes,
Dog in the hall, a purple bruise.

Cupcakes to class, lozenge for throat,
Two peeved parents, a tardy note,
Janitor found, a tummy ache,
Papers copied, announcements to make.

Our secretary has lots to do.
We think she helps our principal, too.

Mixing Paints

Yellow and blue gives you green.

For purple blend blue and red.

But I like mixing all the paints,

To make jet black instead.

Zach Zucchini

"Get in ABC order!" our teacher commands,
Poor Zach Zucchini is the last one who stands.

Zach's last to line up, and last down the hall.
Zach's last out to recess, never getting a ball.

Zach's last in the lunchroom and gets the worst seat.
Zach's left the worst hot dog and spaghetti to eat.

Zach's last to assemblies and must sit in the rear.
Zach never sees speakers; he never can hear.

Zach's turn is last for class duties; he's last to speak.
Zach's last to get handouts and *Star of the Week*.

So listen students with last names X, Y, or Z,
To avoid being last, join an "A" family.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard



Hans's New Clothes

Hans marched to the playground,
For the Halloween parade.
Ghosts and ghouls lined up,
Kindergarten to fifth grade.

Music played; the line moved.
In his costume Hans felt proud,
But when he reached the field,
A hush fell on the crowd.

Parents gasped; parents gawked.
All video cams turned off.
Some boys pointed; some girls laughed.
They could hear their teachers cough.

"Guess who I am?" Hans said.
"Now who do you suppose?
I'm from a story my class read.
Come see my fine new clothes?"

"The Emperor!" all the kids cried.
"That's the best costume ever!"
"From Hans Anderson's tale!"
"How creative! How clever!"

Parents in the crowd scowled.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

Mad shouts blared everywhere.
"Someone put clothes on that boy!
He's stark, buck-naked bare!"

My Journal

This afternoon I wrote in my journal.
We had to write about what we did today.
I wrote about writing in my journal,
And here's what I had to say:

This afternoon I wrote in my journal.
We had to write about what we did today.
I wrote about writing in my journal,
And here's what I had to say:

This afternoon I wrote in my journal...

Crabby Mood

Don't make noises. Don't be rude.
Teacher's in a crabby mood.

Don't be silly. Don't intrude.
Teacher's in a crabby mood.

Don't complain. Don't get stewed.
Teacher's in a crabby mood.

Don't be lazy. Do not feud.
Teacher's in a crabby mood.

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

Class Pictures

In preschool I wore pigtails.

Did I ever look that young?
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In first grade I stood in back.
Overnight my height had sprung,
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In fifth grade I wore blue jeans.
Past my shoulders my hair hung,
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In eighth grade I had pimples.
The braces on my teeth stung,
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In tenth grade I wore makeup.
My short skirt tightly clung,
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In my graduation picture,
I faced the future unsung,

Cozy Up to the Whiteboard

But Joe still stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

Douglas Evans



Last Day

Rah! Rah! Sis-boom-bah!

Hip! Hip! Hip! Hooray!

Ta-daaa! Ooo-la-laaa!

At last, the last day!

Va-va-voom! I'm free!

Adios! Hear! Hear!

Whoopee! Yessiree!

So long, long school year!

Welcome to summer.

Lazy days adored,

But what a bummer.

Already I'm bored.

Douglas Evans

