

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 two 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? Someday that girl will go far.

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