

Twistable, Turnable Man by Shel Silverstein

He's the Twistable Turnable Squeezable Pullable
Stretchable Foldable Man.

He can crawl in your pocket or fit in your locket,
Or screw himself into a twenty-volt socket,
or stretch himself up to the steeple or taller,
Or squeeze himself into a thimble or smaller,

Yes he can, course he can,

He's the Twistable Turnable Squeezable Pullable
Stretchable Shrinkable Man.

And he lives a passable life

With his Squeezable Lovable Kissable Hugable

Pullable Tugable Wife.

And they have two twistable kids

Who bend up the way that they did.

And they turn and they stretch

Just as much as they can

For this Bendable Foldable

Do-what-you're-toldable

Easily moldable

Buy-what-your-soldable

Washable Mendable

Highly dependable

Buyable Saleable

Always available

Bounceable Shakable

Almost unbreakable

Twistable Turnable Man.

"Bleezer's Ice Cream" by Jack Prelutsky

I am Ebenezer Bleezer, I run Bleezer's Ice Cream Store

There are flavors in my freezer you have never seen before

Twenty-eight divine creations too delicious to resist

Why not do yourself a favor, try the flavors on my list:

Cocoa mocha macaroni, Tapioca smoked baloney,
Checkerberry cheddar chew, Chicken cherry honeydew,
Tutti-fruitti stewed tomato, Tuna taco baked potato,
Lobster litchi lima bean, Mozzarella mangosteen,
Almond ham meringue salami, Yam anchovy prune pastrami,
Sassafras souvlaki hash, Sukiyaki succotash
Butter brickle pepper pickle, Pomegranate pumpernickel
Peach pimento pizza plum, Peanut pumpkin bubble gum,
Broccoli banana bluster, Chocolate chop suey cluster,
Avocado Brussels sprout, Periwinkle sauerkraut,
Cotton candy carrot custard, Cauliflower cola mustard
Onion dumpling double dip, Turnip truffle triple flip
Garlic gumbo gravy guava, Lentil lemon liver lava
Orange olive bagel beet, Watermelon waffle wheat

I am Ebenezer Bleezer, I run Bleezer's Ice Cream Store,

Taste a flavor from my freezer, you will surely ask for more.

I Will Not Tease Rebecca Grimes By Dave Crawley

I have to write one hundred times: "I will not tease Rebecca Grimes."

Okay, that's one. I'm far from done. (This isn't going to be much fun.)

"I will not tease Rebecca Grimes." That's two. I'm paying for my crimes.

It's all because I pulled her hair and put spaghetti on her chair.

Because I gave her goofy looks and squirted mustard on her books.

I have to write one hundred times: "I will not tease Rebecca Grimes."

That's three. Whoopee. It's going slow. Just ninety-seven more to go.

"I will not tease" (I'm keeping score,) "Rebecca Grimes." (Now that makes four).

I'm soaked with sweat. My shirt is damp. I think I'm getting writer's cramp.

"I will not, will not, will not tease, Rebecca Grimes!" Can I stop, please?

The teacher frowns, and that means no. I still have sixty-six to go.

"I will-will-will not-not-not-not tease-tease-tease-tease ..." it's getting hot.

"I will not tease Rebecca Grimes." That's ninety-nine. The school bell chimes.

Just one more line and I'll be through. Rebecca Grimes, this one's for you!

My final line will rhyme with "Grimes": "I will not tease Rebecca ... Slimes!"

Rebecca Slimes! Ha ha! That's great! I'd better hide it. Oops! Too late!

The teacher sees what I wrote down. She takes my paper with a frown.

I now must write one thousand times: "I will not tease Rebecca Grimes."

SICK

By Shel Silverstein

"I cannot go to school today,"
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
"I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox
And there's one more – that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut, my eyes are blue –
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke –
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb,
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is – what?
What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is ... Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"

F's are "Fabulous"

By Ted Scheu

Hey, Mom and Dad! I got my grades!
And you'll be thrilled to hear
The marks on our report cards
Are changed around this year

A bunch of kids were telling me
This morning on the bus,
That they had heard some teachers say
That F's are "fabulous!"

And D's are proudly given out
For work that's "dynamite."
They're used to honor kids like me,
Whose brains are really bright.

So C of course is super "cool" –
I've got a few of those.
I wish they could be D's and F's
But that's the way it goes.

I'm pleased to see my teacher
Didn't give an A or B
I've worked too hard for one of those
Gosh, aren't you proud of me?

I see you don't believe me.
You think that I am lying?
At least you will agree
That I should get an A for trying!

"Honesty Is Not Always the Best Policy"

by Gordon & Bernice Korman

Dear Aunt Matilda,

To Thank you for this awesome shirt's the reason I am writing.
(*Translation:*) To Wear it feels like forty thousand fire ants are biting.

It's really a fantastic gift, a very stylish thing.
(*Translation:*) When it was last in fashion, good old George III was king.

The fabric is amazing; I don't know how they make it.
(*Translation:*) I'm pretty sure that some poor horse is running around naked!

The color's great. Just yesterday I showed it to the bunch.
(*Translation:*) The girls all laughed, and Andy Romanelli lost his lunch.

And what fit! I thought that it was custom-made for me!
(*Translation:*) And fifteen sumo wrestlers 'round a spreading chestnut tree!

So thank you once again; this was exactly what I wanted.
(*Translation:*) I love humiliation! I get off on being taunted!

(*Translation:*) Yours very sincerely,
Next year send money,

Jeremy