

Sweet Dreams  
By Joyce Armor

It's always been a wish of mine  
(or should I say a dream)  
to scare my sister half to death  
And hear her piercing scream.

That's why I squished four bugs until  
They all were very dead,  
Then took them to my sister's room  
And put them in her bed.

After we had said goodnight,  
My heart began to pound.  
I waited and I waited, but  
She never made a sound.

And then I got so doggone tired  
I couldn't stay awake.  
I climbed into my own warm bed  
And shrieked – there was a snake!

It wiggled, and I leaped and fell  
And bruised my bottom half.  
Then I heard an awful sound –  
It was my sister's laugh.