

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.