

Winslow, the Wild Wheelchair Driver

Winslow 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.

Winslow zoomed into his room.
Toward his desk he tore.
He yanked the brake so tires would make,
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.

