

Leaving Grade Three For the Sea Pacific Ocean Rules OIC
Third-Grader To Be Straight Ice Packs Tutti's Tutu Pencils
How Come? Antonym of Antonym Playground Balls Pensin
Don't Write in Books U After Q Chefs of Pennsylvania Fair
Fans Upon the Hill Red Rubber Ball Susie's Lips Story Tim
Taking Attendance When Teacher Blew Her Top A Bee Se
Counting Holes Twelve Uses for Kindergartners Half a Hea

Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

Taking Attendance When Teacher Blew Her Top A Bee Se
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Of C

More poems from the classroom at the end of the

Miss Tra-La-La Ticonderoga 2, Wishes, Monkey Bars AI
Classroom at the End of the Hall, Sometimes Y, Other Witch
Chair Rodeo, Teacher's Fly, Eeny, Meeny, Miny, & Moe, AI
26 Assist
Leaving

Douglas Evans

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Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

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WT Melon
wtmelon.com

2026

Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

For my students

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ISBN: 0615707157

ISBN-13: 978-0615707150

Leaving Grade 3 For the Sea

Oh, take me along on a sailing ship,
And I'll make some tales of the sea.
I'll trade this desk for a quarterdeck,
When I leave grade three for the sea, boys.
When I leave grade three for the sea.

I'll read the breeze, chart my ABC's.
Count the stars in the galaxy.
Many schools of fish are my only wish.
When I leave grade three for the sea , boys.
When I leave grade three for the sea.

I'll sing sea shanties, paint the seven seas.
Climb the mainmast for PE.
No more white boards when I'm on board,
When I leave grade three for the sea, boys,
When I leave grade three for the sea.



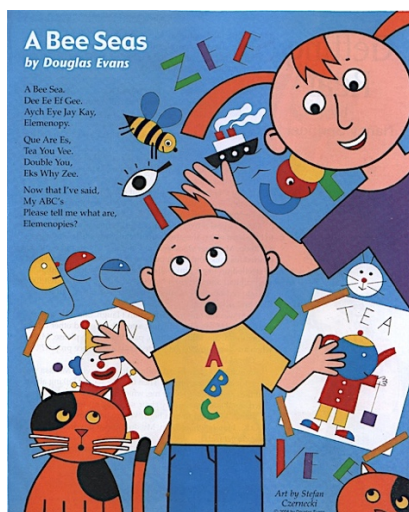
Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

A Bee Seas

A Bee Sea,
Dee Ee Ef Gee,
Aych Eye Jay Kay,
Elemenopy.

Que Are Es,
Tea You Vee.
Double You,
Eks Why Zee.

Now that I've said,
My ABC's
Please tell me what are,
Elemenopies?



Two Too Many To's

There are two too many to/two/toos.
That's too many to/two/toos to choose.
They're there just to confuse.
Two to/two/twos it's time to lose.
Toodle-loo.



Monkey Bars

Swinging it easy,
Dangling far off the ground,
Slowly we rise, reaching for the skies.
Bar to bar we're bound.

Bright and breezy,
This recess is ours.
To and then fro, as the baboons go,
Cross the monkey bars.

Everything's dizzy,
Swaying through the air.
See how now, I'm taking two at a time,
To get me faster there.

Cares are forgotten,
Pedaling for the stars.
When we flew, like chimpanzee do,
Cross the monkey bars.

Skin the cat crazy,
Hand o'er hand with ease.
Topsy-turvy, even more nervy,
Hanging from our knees.

We find school boring,
We can't stand the 3 R's.
But everything's fine, doing monkeyshines,
Cross the monkey bars.

Douglas Evans



Susie's Lips

Susie liked her lips glossy and slick.
She'd coat them with her white ChapStick.
But once, she grabbed a glue stick instead.
And we couldn't make out one word she



Wishes

Nolan was the school night custodian.
He worked all night to keep it spic and span.
He wiped the whiteboards and waxed the hall floors.
He did a million janitorial chores.

But with twenty classrooms and a giant gym,
The workload was just too much for him.
So one night he said while scrubbing a sink,
“I wish the whole school would bloody well shrink.”

Then he wished on the moon, the first star that shone.
He wished at a well and on a wishing stone.
On a dandelion and a candle blown,
The better half of a chicken bone.

At the stroke of midnight to Nolan’s surprise,
The school had shrunk to doll-house size.
He hopped around the playground, waving a broom.
“Hallelujah! Puny rooms to vacuum.”

But Nolan was ashamed, he felt a fool.
“I am to blame for ruining the school.
What have I done? Where will the children learn?
The humongous school must return.”

Then he wished on the moon, the first star that shone.
He wished at a well and on a wishing stone.
On a dandelion and a candle blown,
The better half of a chicken bone.

Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

At dawn Nolan's second wish came true.
As the sun rose, the school grew and grew.
Yet the janitor's room didn't grow at all,
And to this day it's still that small.



Douglas Evans

Chair Rodeo

You're itching to roam, you can't keep your seat,
But the teacher keeps scolding to stay off your feet.
So, you're in for this recess in your hard wooden chair,
But your seat bucks you off like a wild bronco mare.

Ride 'em. Ride 'em the bucking gray chair,
As it kicks up its legs, tossing you in the air.
If you can't keep your seat, get ready to go.
Join the wild recess ride, of the chair rodeo.

Circle up the desks; saddle up for the ride.
Your chair start to spin; it slides side to side.
It bounces and bucks and tries to throw you,
But you raise an arm high and shout, "Yahoo!"

Ride 'em. Ride 'em the bucking gray chair,
As it kicks up its legs, tossing you in the air.
If you can't keep your seat, get ready to go.
Join the wild recess ride, of the chair rodeo.

At last, your chair's broke, as the class files in,
But you stay in your seat as lessons begin.
You're in control, you are going to show,
You've won the top prize at the chair rodeo.

Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard



Sometimes Y

Other vowels get all of the attention.
A, E, I, O, and U.
But I, a Y, rarely get a mention.
What's a Sometimes Y to do.

They say I'm needed only sometimes.
In my, cry, by, and sky I'm found.
A junior vowel I am at most times.
And a wishy-washy sound.

I finish every funny story,
I'm more handy than you realize,
My life might not be hunky dory,
But there's no sorry without Y's.

Today I'm a second-stringer letter.
But why throw in the towel just yet?
Someday things will get much better,
As a full-time vowel in the alphabet.



U After Q

"Stop following me!" said Q to U.

"You're there, wherever I am.

You tag along at my tail,

Like Mary's little lamb."



Douglas Evans

Math Rashes

It's snowy outside; the playground beckons you.
But you're stuck at your desk with tons of math to do.
Then just when you're about to fall asleep,
Your hair starts to tingle and your skin begin to creep.

Your arms are covered with plus and minus signs,
And numerous numbers ones to ninety-nines.
Circles and rectangles are all over your hand.
And algebra problems you don't understand.

Decimals and fractions cover your face,
And one long number to the trillionth place.
On your neck are itchy figures and equations for pi.
On your belly are the tables to help multiply.

The new teacher cried, "What have I done?"
I've assigned too much work and not enough fun.
In college while getting my teacher's degree.
I never learned about this schoolwork allergy.

They have Math Rashes, from working so hard.
They have Math Rashes, so go out to the yard.
They've broken out with math symbols from working all day.
They must get outside right away, and do nothing but play.

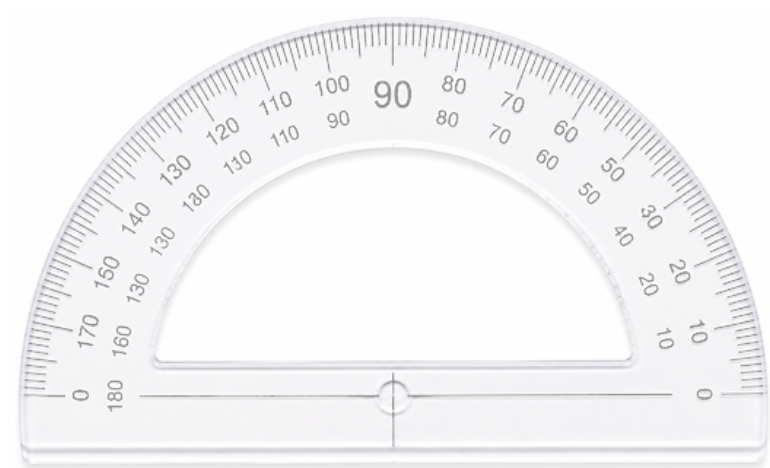


Pencils

Our pencils are always Number Two,
When we take a test.

Why can't we use a Number One?
Isn't that the best?





My Protractor

The clear, plastic half-moon disc,
All year awaits the day.
Out it comes for one math page,
And then it's put away.

Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard



Chefs of Pennsylvania

The chefs of Pennsylvania,
And their pencil shaving cuisine.
Perfection say the critics.
Best food they've ever seen.

They bake pencil-shaving pizza
And pencil shaving pie.
They make pencil shaving meat balls
And pencil shaving stir-fry.

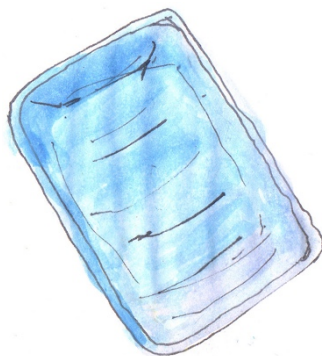
Try pencil-shaving doughnuts,
Or pencil shavings and cheese,
A pencil-shaving omelet,
Drink pencil shaving teas.

Next time you sharpen pencils,
Take the holder off the hook,
Send the shavings to Pennsylvania,
For a Pennsylvania cook.

Ice Packs

Apply to:

Scrapes, scratches, sores, sprains,
Twists, itches, aches, bruises, stings,
Boredom, worries, loneliness,
Shyness, sadness, and doubt.



Half A Heart

When I tried to cut out a heart,
The two red halves fell apart.
Our teacher said, "To make it fun—
Give a valentine to everyone."

But no matter what I'd do,
My red hearts split in two.
The class would laugh and shout,
But no one helped me out.

Since cutting whole hearts was hard,
I halfheartedly made each card,
And at our party, from the start,
I gave everyone half a heart.



When Teacher Blew Her Top

We admit acting up a bit.
Our horseplay wouldn't stop.
But still the whole class was impressed,
When teacher blew her top.

She sat calmly behind her desk.
Spot of pink on the chin.
Her tiny, white hands wrung in knots.
She wore an awkward grin.

As the volume in the room grew,
So did her round, red eyes.
Her eyebrows raised; her neck stretched tight.
Her cheeks tripled in size.

When three of us began to fight,
Bright sparks flew off her hair.
Puffs of steam spouted from her ears.
We saw her nostrils flare.

Spit balls set off the eruption.
Black smoke rose from her head.
The volcano smacked the ceiling,
And the mushroom cloud spread.

Rumbling rattled the windows.
The blast tore off the door.
We clung to our chairs and desktops,
As ash fell to the floor.

Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

Before when teacher lost her cool,
She'd stomp, threaten, and fume,
But his time when she blew her top,
She blew up our whole room.

Antonym of Antonym

I know no synonym of synonym,
But I do know an antonym of antonym.
Synonym

.

26 Assistants

One day (A)a honey (B)bee wished to fly across the (C)sea.
He buzzed merrily, as he got all ready(D).
I'll fly like an (E)eagle (F)effortlessly.
I long to see the world, and I'm full of energy(G)!"

"An (H)ancient lesson (I)I learned," said a lazy blue jay(J).
"Leaving the nest is not okay(K). It's (L)elementary.
The sea is (M)empty space. It's unsafe (N)entirely.
The (O)ocean is wide, and you're no bigger than a (P)pea."

On (Q)cue, the bee said, "You (R)are wrong (S)especially,
I've planned it to a (T)tee. (U)You only envy(V) me.
I'll be off on the (W)double. You can watch as I (X)exit.
(Y)Why do it? Because a bee is naturally busy(Z)?

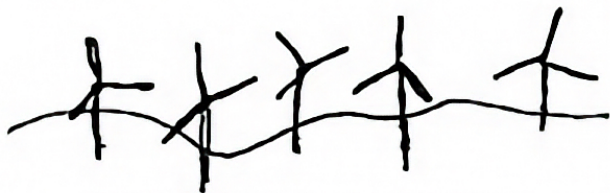
A Bee Sea, Dee Ee EF Gee,
Aych Eye Jay Kay, Elemenopy,
Queue Are Es, Tea You Vee,
Double-You, Eks Why Zee.

A	Bee	Sea	Dee
Ee	Ef	Gee	Aych
Eye	Jay	Kay	El
Em	En	Oh	Pea
Queue	Are	Es	Tea
You	Vee	Double-	
you	Eks	Why	Zee

Fans on the Hill

Those tall white fans upon the hill.
Is that what makes the day winds blow?

Cause when at times the fans are still,
It's mild and calm here down below.



Story Time

Our teacher reads while we sit on the rug.
My class listens with smiles on their faces.
But I'm down below, right at his feet,
Tying together his shoelaces.



The Short ě Sound

Of all I learned about in school,
The most useful thing I found,
Was not a law or property,
But the simple short ě sound.



Taking Attendance

Attendance starts our school day.
Each morning begins the same.
The teacher checks her roll book and says,
“Say here when I call your name.”

"Sammy."

"Here!"

"Tammy."

"Present!"

"Irene."

"That's me!"

"Charlene."

"Yes, sirree!"

"Lonny."

"Aye! Aye!"

"Bonny."

"Hiiiiiiii!"

"Joe."

"Yo!"

Winslow.

"Hellllllo!"

"Lori."

"Whatever!"

"Cory."

"Never!"

"Mary."

"Ciao!"

"Larry."

Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

“And how!”

“Dan.”

“Yessss!”

“Anne.”

“More or less!”

“Mac.”

“Deceased!”

“Zack.”

“Last, but not least!”

Our teacher takes attendance,
Every morning of the year.
Why can't she just look up at us,
To see that we're all here?

Douglas Evans

Oic

When I finally get it.
When I figure it out.
“Oh, I see,” I could cry.
But instead *Oic* I shout.

Cursive

Dear Teacher,
Will you teach us cursive?
I write on my class's behalf,
So someday when I am famous,
I can sign my autograph.

Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

California Schools

Snowstorms in the east say the weather reports,
While California kids are wearing shorts.
We stomp to school when it's twenty degrees.
While California kids lie under shady palm trees.

Radiators turned on high throughout our schools.
While California kids have recess in swimming pools.
Our teachers scold for running in the hall.
California kids have no halls at all.

For music our teachers might play their guitars.
While California kids meet rock-and-roll stars.
On field trips we bus to art museums...and
California kids take limos to Disneyland.

We stare at whiteboards as our teachers teach,
While California kids ride surfboards at the beach.
We learn lessons in stuffy, dark classes.
California kids sit in sunny room, wearing sunglasses.

Their air-conditioned schools in the Golden State,
Might make our brick schools seem not so great.
At times, California kids could be envied, all right,
But now we're heading out for a snowball fight.

Loose Tooth

All day I wiggled my loose tooth.
The teacher thought it was funny.
She didn't know it's the best way,
For a kid to make some money.



Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

Anta Claus Of Antarctica

In a small cozy cottage on the cold South Pole,
Lives a black bearded fellow, a contrary old soul.
Christmas is close, and Anta's checking his list.
Wants to make sure there is nothing he's missed.

Oh, oh, oh, Anta's on his way.
With his eight brave yaks pulling his big black sleigh.
Oh, oh, oh, Anta's traveling around,
Collecting Christmas stuff that Anta has found.

The tall skinny man puts on his furry black suit.
Grabs an empty sack; pulls on white boots to boot.
He's off to snatch each Christmas tree and toy,
For his two troll helpers, Tis and Twas, to destroy.

One Christmas Eve a mighty wind did blow,
Took Anta up North where he never did go.
Mr. Claus looked down at the bright, blinking land.
He said, "Great bother! This I don't understand!"

Christmas toys and trimmings could be seen everywhere,
And the children didn't seem to mind it all there.
Seeing their smiles on this magical night,
Anta Claus knew he wasn't doing things right.

Douglas Evans



Playground Balls

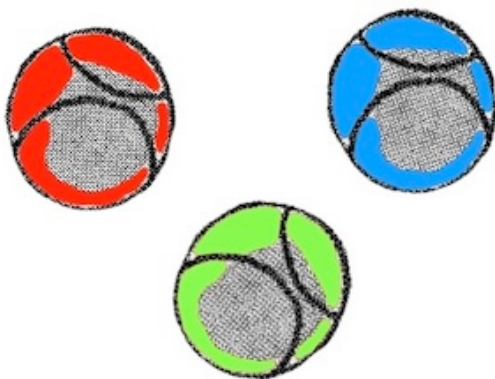
Yellow balls are for kicking.

Red balls are for bouncing.

Don't kick the red balls.

I never play with the basketballs.

**And that's all the balls on the
playground.**



Douglas Evans

Pacific Ocean

Pacific Ocean has three C's.
Sss—sea foam sliding off sand.
K—the crack of sea breakers.
Shh—the far-off sea.



Ticonderoga 2

If your pencil's gone missing,
Here's what you can do.
Blame another classroom creature,
Named Ticonderoga 2.

He's a skinny tall fellow,
With a pointy lead head.
He's all school-bus yellow,
And here's what he said.

*"I find and I grind,
And I'm saving all the shavings,
For the chefs of Pennsylvania!
PA cooks is what I mean.
For the folks of Pennsylvania,
Love pencil shaving cuisine."*

He finds them on windowsills,
And by the coat hooks.
He finds them up in the lights,
And inside reading books.

When he grinds up your pencils,
He dumps the shavings in a sack,
And hauls them to Pennsylvania,
To become a school snack.

Douglas Evans

Try pencil shaving pasta,
Or pencil shaving cream pie.
Pencil shaving and rice is good,
And pencil shavings on rye.

So here's Ti-2 reminder.
We hope you understand.
To stop this pencil grinder,
Keep your pencils in hand.



The Dreaded Word

Teachers better not hear it,
But how we students fear it.
No one will dare go near it,
The dreaded word.

Though no one ever spies them,
Or can even recognize them,
But, oh how we despise them,
The dreaded word.

It turns strong girls to butter.
It causes brave boys to shudder.
Let me touch you and utter,
The dreaded word.

Cooties!

Tutti's Tutu

Each Tuesday Tutti wears a tutu to school,
She's not in a dance class or ballet.
When asked why she wears a tutu, Tutti says,
"Because it's Tutu Tuesday today."



Miss Tra-La-la

Art Hardy had no heart,
When it came to doing art.
When Art did art his gut would start to smart.

His paintings looked like a stain.
His clay work came out plain.
His drawings looked like a mud pie in the rain.

That's why Art's belly began to toot,
When there came a substitute.
Who wore a long coat, white gloves, and boots, to boot.

She said, "Tra-la-la is my name.
Now we'll draw the human frame.
And I shall model for you, if it 's all the same."

She shed a glove double quick.
Each finger was like a toothpick,
And to Art's alarm her arm was merely a stick.

Off came her floppy hat,
To show a head round and flat,
And dots eyes with a U where a mouth should be at.

"A stick person!" Art said heartily.
"Like the ones I drew when I was three.
Let's see if she's as easy to draw as I think she might be."

Douglas Evans

Then with confidence he never knew,
Art Hardy drew and drew,
Until his picture of the stick teacher was through.



Rule Day

Classroom rules,
Hallway rules,
P.E rules,
Playground rules,
Lunchroom rules
Bus rules.
Happy first day of school.

Three Ares

We learn the *Three R's* whether we like it or not.
Because our teacher repeats them a lot.
Are you ready?
Are you done yet?
Are you listening?

Douglas Evans



Twelve Uses for Kindergartners

What are kindergartners good for?
Much more than you might realize.
They'll proudly be "Big Kid Helpers."
So go on, use those little guys.

They'll chase stray soccer balls for you.
They'll become "IT" in your tag game,
And if you're caught breaking rules,
They will gladly take the blame.

Have them hold your volleyball nets.
Have them stand for your soccer goals.
Have them raise strings over their heads.
They make splendid tetherball poles.

They'll give you desserts at lunchtime,
And remember they still can't count,
So they'll lend you ice cream money,
And never question the amount.

On the bus they'll take the front seats,
So the big kids can sit in back.
They'll save you place in line.
They'll carry your backpack.

So don't pick on kindergartners,
Instead let them pick up for you.
What a shame they're not smart enough,
To give them your homework to do.

Don't Write in Books!

Never write in a book,
Teachers tells us again.
But when authors visit,
They hand them a pen.



Dilly Dally

Andrew would always procrastinate.
That's why he often finished math late.
Instead of work, he drew oodles and oodles,
Of cubes, and stars, and other sorts of doodles.

The teacher said, "Andrew, no work, no fun.
No recess until your math is done."
But when the teacher stomped out the door,
Andrew just went on doodling more.

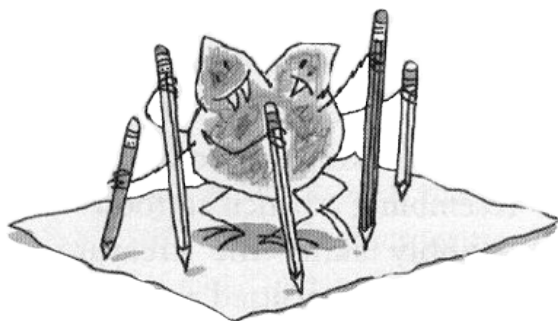
Suddenly, the next thing Andrew knew,
From his math sheet the best doodles grew.
"Dilly Dally are our names, and here is our game,
We'll gladly do all your math work for you."

Andrew leaned back to enjoy the show.
Doodles doing your work was the way to go.
Until Dilly Dally refused to stop,
And did all the math on the other's desktop.

Around the room, Andrew frantically raced,
What Dilly Dally had drawn, had to be erased,
He wiped away the last doodle mess,
As the bell rang to end recess.

Douglas Evans

Andrew sat down feeling burned.
He reviewed the lesson he learned,
While his class filed through the door,
He said, "I'll dilly-dally no more."



Red Rubber Ball

I bring my own red rubber ball,
to the playground every day.
Because when you own the ball,
they have to let you play.



Pensing

Pencils are meant for writing,
But some of us like to pense.
While one goes on the attack,
Another takes up defense.

We smack our swords together.
We slash, lunge, block, and fake.
We make the sounds needed.
Until our lead tips break.

You'll poke an eye out, teachers scold,
That's not what pencils are for.
Then we continue writing,
Until pensing starts once more.



Our Teachers

If they're young or old, we don't care.
If they're Mr., Mrs., or Miss, we don't care.
If they're rich or poor, we don't care.
If they're from here or there, we don't care.
All we want is someone fair.



XYZ

My teacher stood at the whiteboard.
My desk stood in the front row.
“Teacher! Teacher!” I called out.
“There is something you should know.”

My teacher frowned, knitted his brow,
And he gave this reprimand.
“Don’t ever talk out in class,
Without first raising your hand!”

At once, my hand shot straight up,
But teacher now faced the board.
I groaned and moaned and made sounds,
That could hardly be ignored.

My teacher froze and dropped his marker.
He shook his head and slowly turned.
“Stop making noise!” he called out.
“Good manners you haven’t learned!”

Yet still I was determined,
So I passed my teacher a note.
He crumpled up the paper,
Without reading what I wrote.

“Who passed this?” he demanded.
“Please raise your hand and confess.
If I find another note,
You’ll all stay in for recess!”

Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

Next, I grabbed some paper,
And started to make a sign.
"Stop doodling!" teacher ordered.
"Do the work that I assign."

I'm not a kid who gives up,
But why did I ever care,
If the class sits and snickers,
At teacher's checkered underwear.

Douglas Evans



Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

Eeny, Meeny, Miny, & Moe

I detest taking a test.
Though I always try my best,
When my brain goes blink, and I can't think,
My answers end up guessed.

On the Friday spelling list,
Or the times tables I've missed,
For a better score, I call these four,
And ask for some assist.

First I answer what I know,
A, B, C, D, and so.
Then for the rest may I suggest,
Either Eeny, Meeny, Miny, or Moe.

With a vocabulary test today,
And a four-paragraph essay.
I'm no whiz at a pop math quiz,
So my pals are on their way.

The test I most despise,
The one they standardize.
I fill in each bubble, until I see double,
And they float before my eyes.

With my pencil #2s.
DK I used to choose.
Now I know, with Eeny, Meeny, Miny, & Moe.
I will never lose.

Douglas Evans



Short Ä Sound

It's what doctors have you say.
Tarzan yells it swinging through trees.
Students cry it when given homework.
It's what you say to cute babies.
Ahhhhh!



Third-Grader To Be

I am a third-grader to be.
For grade three I'm already ready.
No more grade two stuff for me.
I'm a third-grader to be can't you see.

Straight

Our teacher tells us to,
Sit up straight,
Form a straight line at the door,
Keep our math columns straight.
Use a straight edge to draw straight angles.
She also says,
"If I don't straighten up in class, I'll go straight
to the office



The Other Witch

Clara had to be the best at everything.
She needed to come in first.
She had to be on top of the class.
Second place was simply the worst.

"I'm fastest, neatest, smartest the very best, E-S-T .
I'm funnier, stronger, greater than the rest, E-S-T."

Clara dressed as an ugly witch,
For the party on Halloween,
She raced around the room to brag.
"I'm the ugliest witch you've ever seen."

"I'm the creepiest, scariest baddest the very best, E-S-T.
I'm eerier, greener, wartier than the rest, E-S-T."

A pirate pointed across the room,
"That witch over there is far more ugly."
Clara scowled at the witch and cried,
"Who could that Other Witch be?"

"I was the ugliest, creepiest, baddest the very best, E-S-T.
I was scarier, greener, wartier than the rest, E-S-T."

The Other Witch said, "I just dropped in,
When I saw my friends partying in this room."
Then she hobbled outside to the school playground,
And flew away on her broom.

Douglas Evans



Cozy Up Again to the Whiteboard

Counting Holes in the Classroom Ceiling

In math class I had a bored feeling,
So I looked toward the tiled ceiling,
And while tilting back in my chair,
I thought I'd count all the holes up there.
After my teacher passed out the math sheet,
That took me two minutes to complete,
I raised my hand to show I was done,
Then raised my head and counted hole one.
By the time all the others were through,
I had counted eight hundred and two.
While my teacher taught math some more,
I tallied ten thousand twenty-four.
The class counted on a number line,
As I reached twelve thousand thirty-nine.
The hole count could have taken forever,
If I'd not thought up something clever.
First I counted the holes each tile had.
And with that number I did add,
The number of tiles down one side,
Then counted the rows and multiplied.
When I had completed my hole count,
I announced to my class the amount.
"There are 1,587,348 holes overhead!"
"Pay attention to math!" teacher said.
So I thought about what to do next.
Yes! I'll count the words in my math text.

Douglas Evans



Chalk Dust Genie

Roger was the class pain-in-the-neck.
The naughtiest boy the school had seen.
So his class was glad Roger stood outside,
Pounding chalk erasers to keep them clean.

He banged the chalky felt blocks, with a mighty whack.
Great clouds of white chalk dust came shooting out,
He couldn't believe what appear in the final puff,
A turbaned genie bobbed in the chalk dust spout.

It said, "I'll grant you three wishes, Rog."
Roger wasted one doing something cruel.
Then he said, "My next wish will be the best one ever,
I wish to be a teacher in this school."

Oh, how Roger enjoyed dishing out orders,
Until the day turned suddenly grim.
A new boy stepped into his classroom,
And this boy was a copy of him.

What noise, what chaos, what commotion.
The class complained about what the boy did.
When Roger saw what a problem he'd been, he cried
"My third wish— return me to Roger, the kid."

And I never want to see another Chalk-Dust Genie.
I remember the three wishes that he gave.
He sure was sneaky that old Chalk-Dust Genie.
Now I know it's much better to behave.

Douglas Evans



Classroom at the End of the Hall

I sweep the mats each morning, and I mop the hallway floor.
I hear their whoops and whispers beyond the classroom door.
I wonder what they're plotting, what tricky pranks they'll play.
I wonder which third-grader they will select today.

You might meet the Chalk Dust Genie or the Messy-Desk Pest,
Miss Tra-La-La, or Spot, or Moe who'll test your test.
Could it be the Homework Gnome or Ticonderoga 2?
Will Bob, the Spelling Worm, start spelling words for you?

The Other Witch, Sub Dude, or Dilly Dally might appear.
Mary's Lamb could follow; the Bug whispering in your ear.
Watch out for the Chatterbox, and Burp, the School Alarm.
Hope you don't get Mouth Moths or Math Rashes on your arm.

So beware all you children. Look out one and all,
For the classroom creatures at the end of the hall.
Beware all you children, think about what you do.
Because a classroom creature, could be watching you.

Douglas Evans

