

ZAŁĄCZNIK 1 – WIERSZE DO PREZENTACJI

1. A FUNNY COW POEM

I have to write a poem
but I really don't know how.
So maybe I'll just make a rhyme
with something dumb, like "cow."

Okay, I'll write about a cow,
but that's so commonplace.
I think I'll have to make her be...
a cow from outer space!

My cow will need a helmet
and a space suit and a ship.
Of course, she'll keep a blaster
in the holster on her hip.

She'll hurtle through the galaxy
on meteoric flights
to battle monkey aliens
in huge karate fights.

She'll duel with laser sabers
while avoiding lava spray
to vanquish evil emperors
and always save the day.

I hope the teacher likes my tale,
"Amazing Astro Cow."
Yes, that's the poem I will write
as soon as I learn how.

2. MY DOG LIVES ON THE SOFA

My dog lives on the sofa.
That's where he wants to be.
He likes to sit there night and day
and watch what's on TV.
He surfs the channels constantly
by chewing the remote,
then watches what he wants to watch;
I never get a vote.
He's fond of films with animals.
He takes in nature shows.
Whenever cat cartoons come on
he always watches those.
He loves the pet commercials too,
and anything with food.
Whenever there's a tennis match
he nearly comes unglued.
I got him from the dog pound.
He didn't cost a cent.
I asked them for a "watch dog,"
but this isn't what I meant.

3. MY TEACHER TOOK MY IPOD

My teacher took my iPod.
She said they had a rule;
I couldn't bring it into class
or even to the school.

She said she would return it;
I'd have it back that day.
But then she tried my headphones on
and gave a click on Play.

She looked a little startled,
but after just a while
she made sure we were occupied
and cracked a wicked smile.

Her body started swaying.
Her toes began to tap.
She started grooving in her seat
and rocking to the rap.

My teacher said she changed her mind.
She thinks it's now okay
to bring my iPod into class.
She takes it every day.

4. ALL MY GREAT EXCUSES

I started on my homework
but my pen ran out of ink.
My hamster ate my homework.
My computer's on the blink.

I accidentally dropped it
in the soup my mom was cooking.
My brother flushed it down the toilet
when I wasn't looking.

My mother ran my homework
through the washer and the dryer.
An airplane crashed into our house.
My homework caught on fire.

Tornadoes blew my notes away.
Volcanoes struck our town.
My notes were taken hostage
by an evil killer clown.

Some aliens abducted me.
I had a shark attack.
A pirate swiped my homework
and refused to give it back.

I worked on these excuses
so darned long my teacher said,
“I think you’ll find it’s easier
to do the work instead.”

5. MY TEACHER ATE MY HOMEWORK

My teacher ate my homework,
which I thought was rather odd.
He sniffed at it and smiled
with an approving sort of nod.

He took a little nibble —
it’s unusual, but true —
then had a somewhat larger bite
and gave a thoughtful chew.

I think he must have liked it,
for he really went to town.
He gobbled it with gusto
and he wolfed the whole thing down.

He licked off all his fingers,
gave a burp and said, “You pass.”
I guess that’s how they grade you
when you’re in a cooking class.

6. THAT EXPLAINS IT

I went to the doctor. He x-rayed my head.
He stared for a moment and here’s what he said.
“It looks like you’ve got a banana in there,
an apple, an orange, a peach, and a pear.
I also see something that looks like a shoe,
a plate of spaghetti, some fake doggy doo,
an airplane, an arrow, a barrel, a chair,
a salmon, a camera, some old underwear,
a penny, a pickle, a pencil, a pen,
a hairy canary, a hammer, a hen,
a whistle, a thistle, a missile, a duck,
an icicle, bicycle, tricycle, truck.
With all of the junk that you have in your head
it’s kind of amazing you got out of bed.
The good news, at least, is you shouldn’t feel pain.
From what I can see here you don’t have a brain.”

7. I RAISED MY HAND IN CLASS

I raised my hand in class this morning,
sitting in the back.
The teacher didn’t see, I think.
Instead she called on Jack.

I stretched my hand up higher,
but she called on Zach and Zoe.
I started bouncing up and down,
but, still, she called on Chloe.

I waved my arms but, even so,
she didn’t call on me.
She called on Bryan, Brooklyn, Billy,
Bailey, Ben, and Bree.

She called on Taylor, Tristan, Thomas,
Trinity, and Ty.
Then, finally, she called my name.
I breathed a heavy sigh.

She asked me for the answer.
I just frowned and clenched my knees,
and said, “I’ve no idea,
but could I use the bathroom, please?”

8. OUR TEACHER SINGS THE BEATLES

Our teacher sings The Beatles.
She must know every song.
We ask her please to stop
but she just sings, “It Won’t Be Long.”

And then she croons like Elvis.
She clearly thinks it’s cool.
And if we beg her not to
she just belts out, “Don’t be Cruel.”

She then does Michael Jackson.
It drives us nearly mad.
We have to cover up our ears
because she’s singing, “Bad.”

She winds up with The Wiggles
or else a Barney song,
and, even worse, she tells us all
that we should sing along.

It’s all my fault she does this.
I feel like such a fool.
I wish I’d never brought
my karaoke box to school.

9. MY PERSONAL SLAVE

I’m making my brother my personal slave,
so now when I greet you my brother will wave.
He’ll do all my homework; he’ll take all my tests.
He’ll clean up my messes and wait on my guests.

He’ll hold out my hanky whenever I sneeze.
He’ll say that he did it if I “cut the cheese.”
He’ll go take a bath if I play in the dirt.
He’ll eat all my spinach, then feed me dessert.

He’ll empty the garbage and vacuum the floors
and finish my other unsavory chores,
like washing the dishes and mowing the yard
or anything else even modestly hard.

I really enjoy all the effort I save
by making my brother my personal slave.
And though I'll admit how exciting it is,
I'm not sure it's worth it, 'cause next week I'm his.

10. MY PARENTS ARE MAKING ME CRAZY

My parents are making me crazy.
They're driving me utterly mad.
I'm mental because of my mother.
I'm losing it thanks to my dad.

My mom tells me, "Go do your homework,"
and dad's yelling, "Vacuum the floors!"
Then mom says, "Turn off the TV now,"
and dad hollers, "Finish your chores!"

With all of their grouching and griping,
my brain is beginning to hurt.
My dad's shouting, "Clean up the kitchen!"
My mom's saying, "Tuck in your shirt!"

I feel like I'm losing my marbles.
If I go bananas today,
then please give this note to my parents
when the funny farm takes me away.

11. I WROTE AN AWFUL POEM

I wrote an awful poem;
it was bad in the extreme.
I showed it to my sister
and it made my sister scream.

I gave it to my mother
and she promptly flipped her lid.
My father blew a gasket,
and my baby brother hid.

I brought my poem with me
when I came to school today.
My teacher nearly fainted
and my friends all ran away.

I never knew a poem could be
such amazing fun,
but that was such a blast,
I think I'll write another one.

12. I OFTEN CONTRADICT MYSELF

I often contradict myself.
Oh no, I never do.
I argue with me day and night.
That simply isn't true.

Oh yes it is. Oh no it's not.
I do this all day long.
Oh no I don't. Oh yes I do.
That's right. No way! It's wrong.

I'm really quite agreeable.
I argue night and day.
I love to be around myself.
I wish I'd go away.

So if you see me arguing,
it's certain that you won't.
I like to contradict myself.
I promise you I don't.

13. THIS MORNING IS OUR HISTORY TEST

This morning is our history test.
I've pinned my notes inside my vest.
Inside my coat I wrote my notes,
including dates and famous quotes.
I've written more upon my hand
that only I can understand,
and in my socks and sleeves I stowed
my scribbled notes in secret code.

I've written down so many names
of winners of Olympic games,
of buildings, people, places too,
from Tennessee to Timbuktu.
I even copied down a piece
on ancient Rome and ancient Greece,
plus everything from Shakespeare's plays
to who invented mayonnaise.

I came to school so well prepared.
I wasn't nervous, wasn't scared.
But here it is, the history test.
I look inside my coat and vest
to get the dates and famous quotes
and find I cannot read my notes.
So much for Shakespeare, Greece and Rome.
I left my glasses back at home.

14. MY PARENTS SENT ME TO THE STORE

My parents sent me to the store
to buy a loaf of bread.
I came home with a puppy
and a parakeet instead.

I came home with a guinea pig,
a hamster and a cat,
a turtle and a lizard
and a friendly little rat.

I also had a monkey
and a mongoose and a mouse.
Those animals went crazy
when I brought them in the house.

They barked and yelped and hissed
and chased my family out the door.
My parents never let me
do the shopping anymore.

15. OUR TEACHER IS MULTI TALENTED

Our teacher's multi-talented.
He plays guitar and sings.
He paints impressive pictures
and can juggle twenty rings.

He dances like an expert,
he can mambo, tap and waltz.
He's also quite a gymnast,
doing airborne somersaults.

He's something of a swimmer.
He's a champion at chess.
It's difficult to find a skill
that he does not possess.

He speaks a dozen languages.
He's great at racing cars.
He's masterful at fighting bulls,
and studying the stars.

He's good at climbing mountains.
He can wrestle with a bear.
The only thing we wish he'd learn
is how to comb his hair.