

1. I've started getting younger.

I've started getting younger.
I'm aging in reverse.
Although that might sound awesome,
there may be nothing worse.

Last week I was eleven,
but now I'm only eight.
Tomorrow I'll be seven.
I'm frightened of my fate.

Next week, if this continues,
I won't know how to talk,
and pretty soon won't even
remember how to walk.

They'll put me back in diapers
and after that, I fear,
while drinking from my bottle,
I might just disappear!

This started on my birthday.
Without a moment's doubt,
I wished to not grow older
and blew the candles out.

I never share my wishes,
but now I'm telling you,
because I'm really hoping
my wish does not come true.

2. Skylar the Sculptor.

When Skylar the Sculptor makes statues,
she doesn't use metal or stone.
She doesn't use clay, wood, or plaster.
She doesn't use plastic or bone.

No, Skylar is such a strange sculptor,
she makes all her artworks from cheese.
She chisels reliefs out of cheddars,
and vases and bowls out of bries.

She'll carve a few columns from colby,
a bust from a big piece of blue,
or fashion a fountain from feta,
and fill it with gouda fondue.

Although she makes hundreds of sculptures
from cheese that she buys by the ton,
you won't find her works in museums.
She eats them as soon as they're done.

3. I'm Staying Home From School Today

I'm staying home from school today.
I'd rather be in bed
pretending that I have a pain
that's pounding in my head.

I'll say I have a stomach ache.
I'll claim I've got the flu.
I'll shiver like I'm cold
and hold my breath until I'm blue.

I'll fake a cough. I'll fake a sneeze.
I'll say my throat is sore.
If necessary I can throw
a tantrum on the floor.

I'm sure I'll get away with it.
Of that, there's little doubt.
But, even so, I really hope
my students don't find out.

4. Sick Day.

I'm feeling sick and getting worse.
I think I'd better see the nurse.
I'm sure I should go home today.
It could be fatal if I stay.
I'm nauseated, nearly ill.
I have a fever and a chill.
I have a cold. I have the flu.
I'm turning green and pink and blue.
I have the sweats. I have the shakes,
a stuffy nose, and bellyaches.
My knees are weak. My vision's blurred.
My throat is sore. My voice is slurred.
I'm strewn with head lice, ticks, and mites.
I'm covered in mosquito bites.
I have a cough, a creak, a croak,
a reddish rash from poison oak,
a feeble head, a weakened heart.
I may just faint or fall apart.
I sprained my ankle, stubbed my toes,
and soon I'll start to decompose.
And one more thing I have today
that makes me have to go away.
It's just as bad as all the rest:
I also have a science test.

5. I Tried to Find a Dinosaur

I tried to find a dinosaur.
I started in my yard.
I dug and dug for days and days.
The work was long and hard.

I dug through dirt and mud and muck.
I dug through rocks and soil.
My arms grew sore. My legs grew weak
from all the sweat and toil.

I shoveled tons of gravel out.
I moved a bunch of stones,
until, at last, to my surprise,
I found some fossil bones.

I put the bones together in
my bedroom on the floor.
When I was done, those bones had formed
a half a dinosaur.

My parents weren't too happy when
I told them of my goal.
I found a half a dinosaur,
but then they found the hole.

6. My Brother Ate My Smartphone.

My brother ate my smartphone.
Although it might sound strange,
he swallowed it and, bit by bit,
his brains began to change.

He started getting smarter.
He grew so shrewd and wise.
And I could see that, suddenly,
a light was in his eyes.

He knew as much as Google.
His IQ was off the charts.
I'd never seen someone so keen,
with such astounding smarts.

He solved the toughest problems
with simplicity and ease,
and calculated answers
with unrivaled expertise.

It seems he's now a genius,
a perfect brainiac.
But I don't care, or think it's fair.
I want my smartphone back.

7. Falling Asleep in Class.

I fell asleep in class today,
as I was awfully bored.
I laid my head upon my desk
and closed my eyes and snored.

I woke to find a piece of paper
sticking to my face.
I'd slobbered on my textbooks,
and my hair was a disgrace.

My clothes were badly rumpled,
and my eyes were glazed and red.
My binder left a three-ring
indentation in my head.

I slept through class, and probably
I would have slept some more,
except my students woke me
as they headed out the door.

8. Running Late.

I overslept. I'm running late.
My mom is making such a fuss.
If I so much as hesitate
I probably will miss the bus.

I grab my socks and underwear
and quickly pull on all my clothes.
I haven't time to comb my hair
or brush my teeth or blow my nose.

I wolf my breakfast, kiss my mom,
and barrel madly out the door.
I'm feeling anything but calm.
I've never been this late before.

I run like crazy down the street.
I check my watch. It's almost eight.
I wish I'd had some more to eat,
but, man, I simply can't be late.

I barely make it there in time.
To miss the bus would not be cool.
I wouldn't mind except that I'm
the guy who drives the kids to school.

9. My Mother Does My Homework

My mother does my homework.
She thinks it's loads of fun.
She says that she's just "helping" me
but, soon enough, it's done.

We sit down at the dinner table
every single night.
She answers all the questions
and she always gets them right.

And now and then, she'll tell me
I should go and take my bath.
When I get back, I find she's done
my science and my math.

You'd think that I'd be overjoyed
to never have to work.
But every time she "helps me out"
I nearly go berserk.

I ask if I can do it, but
she shrugs off my requests.
So all my grades are crummy
since she doesn't take my tests.

10. My sloth is supersonic.

My sloth is supersonic
as she sprints around my room.
She flies so fast you'll often hear her
cause a sonic boom.

My snail is also speedy.
He's the fastest snail alive.
I've seen him flash right past me
when I'm going for a drive.

My turtle hurtles faster than
the record-breaking pace.
So, naturally, my sloth and snail
and turtle love to race.

A week ago, my pets were slow,
which leads me to conclude
they got this way the day
I started feeding them fast food.