

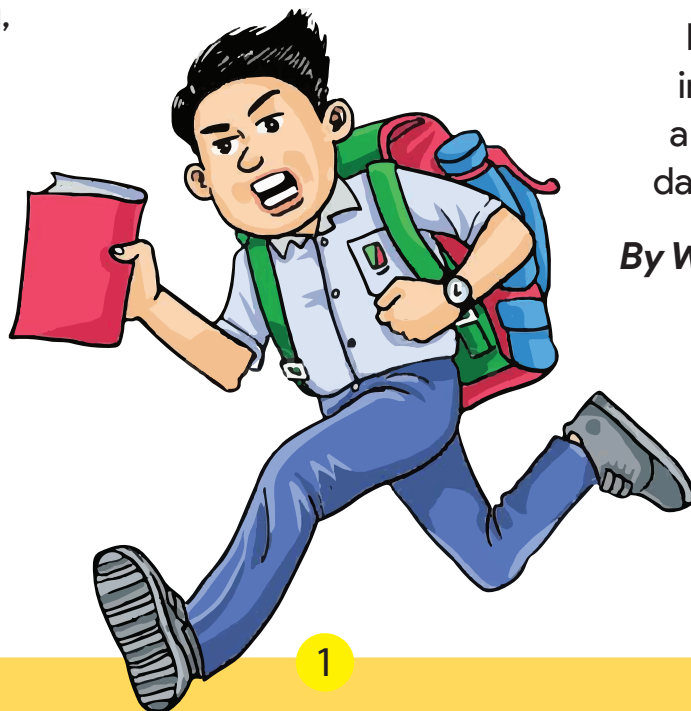
ARE YOU READY?

It's
September
the
sixth,
the
day
before
school,

we
go
back
tomorrow
and
I
feel
like
a
fool.
I
can't
find
my
bag,
my
ruler,
my
pen.

I
can
hardly
recall
if
I'm
Andy
or
Ken!
I'm
all
of
a
dither,
tomorrow's
a
haze,
the
school
starts
in
hours
and
I'm
in
a
daze.

By Wes Magee



Comment on the following.

The pattern of the poem

The pace of the poem

The mood of the poem



Fill the grid below

	Great Moments	Tough Obstacles
In the classroom		
At school		

How can you be better organized when getting ready for School ?

THE COOKIE THIEF

A woman was waiting at the airport one night,
With several long hours before her flight.
She hunted for a book in the airport shop,
Bought a bag of cookies and found a place to drop.

She was engrossed in her book, but happened to see,
That the man beside her, as bold as could be,
Grabbed a cookie or two from the bag between,
Which she tried to ignore to avoid a scene

She read, munched cookies, and watched the clock,
As the gutsy "cookie thief" diminished her stock.
She was getting more irritated as the minutes ticked by,
Thinking, "If I wasn't so nice, I'd blacken his eye!"

With each cookie she took, he took one too.
When only one was left, she wondered what he'd do.
With a smile on his face and a nervous laugh,
He took the last cookie and broke it in half.

He offered her half, and he ate the other.
She snatched it from him and thought, "Oh brother,
This guy has some nerve, and he's also so rude,
Why, he didn't even show any gratitude!"

She had never known when she had been so galled,
And sighed with relief when her flight was called.
She gathered her belongings and headed for the gate,
Refusing to look at the "thieving ingrate".

She boarded the plane and sank in her seat,
Then sought her book, which was almost complete.
As she reached in her baggage, she gasped with surprise.
There was her bag of cookies in front of her eyes!

"If mine are here," she moaned with despair.
"Then the others were his and he tried to share!"
Too late to apologize, she realized with grief,
That she was the rude one, the ingrate, the thief!

- Valerie Cox

