

FUNNY SCHOOL POEMS

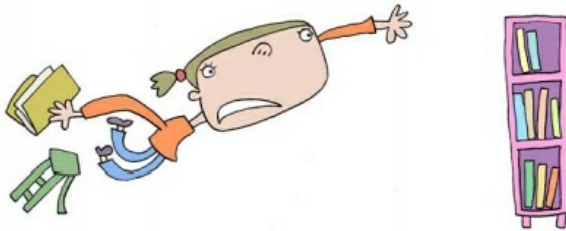
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Magic. Playtime Exams. Music Lessons.
eve Me. My Sister and Me. Staffroom &
hool Ghost. Image. A Dazzling Student. C
& Socks Locked out. Coco the Hams
Martin Pierce

Dear Teacher

Dear teacher, please give us more homework,
we haven't got nearly enough.
We'd love you to bits if only you'd set
a hundred more tons of the stuff.

Find us mathematical problems
with sums that will make our brains churn,
and tables with piles of equations
that aren't at all easy to learn.

Dig out those dusty old textbooks
which haven't been opened for years.
If you refuse, then I'm sorry to say
your whole class will burst into tears.



Tell us the titles of essays,
reports that you'd like us to write.
Each one can be over three million words long
so we will be up through the night.

Lend us those thick books on history,
geography, English and such.
They bored us to death in the classes you took
but now we cannot get too much.

And don't forget first thing next Monday
to hand out a test in ten parts.
No one will grumble for everyone knows
tomorrow our holiday starts.



Champion of the World

I'm in the next Olympics,
that's where I'm going to be,
winning a gold medal.
You'll see me on TV.
I don't need too much training,
my talent is so great.
I'm number one world champion
at coming to school late.



Tired In Class

Last night I didn't sleep a wink
as I lay in my bed.
My teacher says I'm half awake –
I'm half asleep instead.

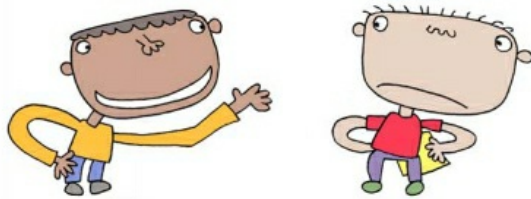


History Lesson

Sam is good at history,
he's learned the dates by heart.
You'd think with all the knowledge
Sam would be quite smart.

His memory's colossal,
he knows his facts off pat.
But ask him what his breakfast was,
he can't remember that.

Another thing that proves to me
his head is just like cotton,
I've lent him my best comics but
it seems he has forgotten.

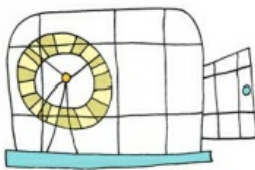


Coco the Hamster

Coco the hamster was happy to be
up on the cupboard in classroom 3C.
She looked down and watched them all working away
from when they came in to the end of the day.

She loved every lesson, was never off sick
and hamsters are clever, they learn pretty quick.
So when it was time for the end of term test,
what a surprise! Coco was best.

Coco the hamster, I'm sorry to say,
packed up and scarpered the following day.
Never again will she be in 3C -
she's winning the quiz shows on national TV!



Locked Out

Arriving at the school one day,

all our class was shocked.
When we tried the classroom door
we found that it was locked.

A note was pinned for all to see
written out in red.
Our teacher must have stuck it there
and this is what it said:

‘I’ve never known such pupils,
they really are the best.
They always get the highest marks
in every single test.

They never ever mess around,
they’re tidy and they’re neat.
To stand in front and teach them all
was certainly a treat.

But now I’ve shut the classroom
and here’s the reason why –
to say they should be studying
would only be a lie.

Instead, they need a day of rest,
a visit to the zoo.
I’m sure that they know so much more
than I will ever do.’



At first we gave a happy cheer
but then the bubble burst
for underneath, the date was there.
It was April the first.

The sentences which we had read
were just an April Fool.
We didn't have a holiday,
we had to stay at school.

We might not be too clever
but one thing's very clear,
we've learnt our lesson very well.
We won't get caught next year.

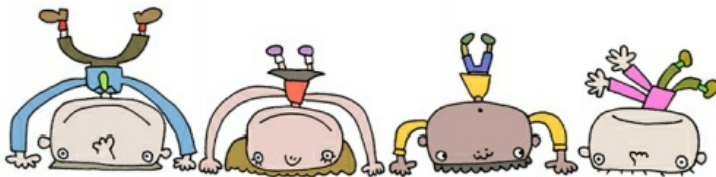
Useless

In games I tend to drop the ball,
I'm useless I've been told.
The only thing I always catch
is everybody's cold.



Upside Down

Our teacher came in and stood on his head.
'My shoes will not wear out so quickly,' he said.
We followed his lead, put our feet in the air.
Our shoes are like new but we've terrible hair.



Answering Questions

I'm wondering why,

why is it so?
There must be a reason
that I do not know.
The questions for others
I answer with ease
but when it's my turn,
I suddenly freeze.
My mind is a blank,
it's really unfair.
All that I've learnt
disappears in thin air.
Perhaps I should seal up
my ears with thick tape
so all of that knowledge
can never escape.

A Dazzling Student

At school all my answers are right.
They delight my French teacher, Miss White.
When I'm in her classes
she puts on dark glasses
because I'm so brainy and bright.



Funny School

I really love my funny school,
I think it is the best.
We never learn mathematics
or have a spelling test.

We start the day by telling jokes,
the funniest we know.

And then it's target practice time
with custard pies to throw.

After lunch, banana skins
are dropped upon the floor
so we can slide right from our seats
to outside the hall door.



The afternoon begins with pranks
and other exercises.
We give out false moustaches to
the best ones as their prizes.

The lesson that we like the most
is chuckle-ometry.
It's easy once you've had a go
at tickle-ology.

We have such fun, it seems a shame
to stop and have a break.
But if we don't, we'll suffer from
a case of grinning-ache.

Our uniform is special -
a shiny paper crown.
Our teacher, just like yours perhaps,
comes dressed up as a clown.



Some times we only manage
to chortle for a bit.
At other times we laugh so much
our sides feel they might split.

That's why we have a medicine,
it's meant to stop a cough.
We keep it near for just in case
we laugh our heads right off.

There's no need for fine feathers,
or laughing gas and stuff.
A smile and sense of humour
always seems to be enough.

All our days are funny but
what gets the biggest grin
is thinking of another school -
that one which you are in!

Noise

My teacher told me 'Listen!
Whatever can that be?
It's something I've not heard before,
a brand new sound to me.

What does that noise remind you of?
The rumbling of a train?
Oh, now I think I've worked it out,
it's just your rusty brain.'



Dart

In class I made a paper dart
and threw it for a dare.
It didn't crash but looped the loop
and zoomed on through the air.

It circled round and round the room
and then went in a spin.
Our teacher was it's target -
it hit him on the chin.



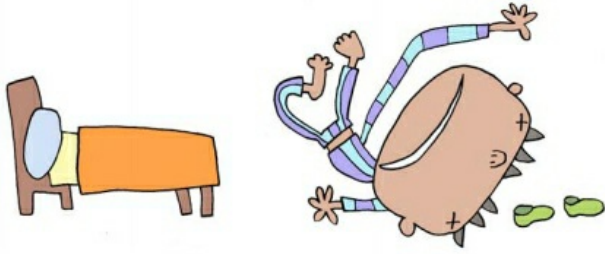
I had to own up straight away
and bravely took the blame.
Since then I've learnt my lesson well -
before a throw, take aim.

Three Unwritten School Rules

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

Bad Morning

Miss Lynn, do not shout,
don't be angry with me.
I've had a bad morning,
I'm sure you'll agree.
I pulled down the curtains,
I fell out of bed.
I tripped on my slippers
and then banged my head.



I swallowed my toothbrush,
kicked over my chair,
I sat on my watch
and spread jam on my hair.
I tore my pyjamas,
and lost all my clothes,
I ironed my eyebrows
and hoovered my toes.

I bathed in the toilet,
got cold to the bone,
I tripped on the dog
and fell flat on my phone.
I didn't quite manage
to walk through a door
that somehow had moved to
a new place, I'm sure.

I stamped on a fork,
I burnt all the toast.
I polished the goldfish
then ate up the post.
I watered the piano
and switched off the cat.
I put on a saucepan
instead of a hat.

No matter how awful,
how bad these things are,
there's something I've done
that's more dreadful by far;
Miss Lynn, please be kind
and don't make a fuss -

I've left all my homework
behind on the bus.

Hot

It was hot in the classroom all yesterday,
Christopher Clarkson melted away.
He sat by the window and steamed in his chair;
by late afternoon he just wasn't there.

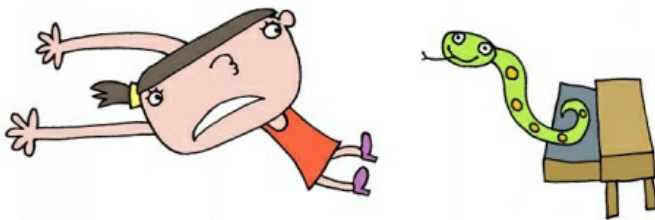
To stop the same fate occurring to you,
here's a suggestion for what you should do -
on reading all this, then you might conclude
when it is hot come to school in the nude.



My Crazy Teacher

It's clear that my teacher is bonkers
and barmy as barmy can be.
If you spent a day in our classroom
I'm certain that you would agree.

She laughs at things that aren't funny
but gets cross at pranks that we make.
For instance, the time when she opened her drawer
and out popped my toy rubber snake.



Or else when we stuck down her ruler;
she got it unstuck but it broke.

We all had to pay for a new one
so perhaps it was not a good joke.

To look at, she's really quite normal
apart from the glint in her eyes.
She'll give you a glance and you'll know in advance
you'd better behave if you're wise.

She has a tin box of gold stickers,
they're something I've misunderstood.
Without any warning I got one this morning.
But why? I've never been good!



As end of the day is approaching
she reads a short story or rhyme
and says it is best if she had a small rest,
though it's us who've worked hard the whole time.

I've told her I think she's bananas.
She nodded and said, 'Yes, it's true.
The reason is really quite simple,
I've a class full of nutters like you!'

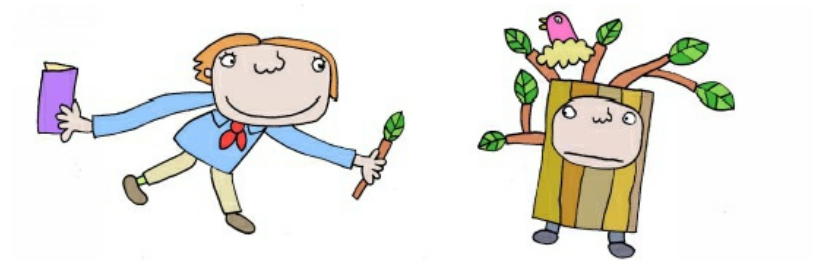
School Play

I hoped I'd be the star
in our end of term play
I learned all of the speeches
the main roles had to say.

But then in the auditions
I had my turn to speak,
my voice came out peculiar,
more like a mouse's squeak.

My teacher took a day or two

to find a part for me.
There weren't too many lines to learn -
she cast me as a tree.



Now, you might think a tree might be
a silent kind of thing.
It never tries to chat away
or whistle or to sing.

But I've been in a forest
where branches moan and creak,
so I put in some groaning
instead of words to speak.

I rustled all my leaves
just as the breezes do
and bent my trunk a little
as a stronger wind blew through.

To stop my toes from going numb
I had to move about.
A little hop from foot to foot
was needed, without doubt.

I hope nobody noticed when
on stage I had a cough
and then the nest I'd tied up high
slipped and fell right off!



Too soon the show was over,
and I was very proud.
Never has an oak tree
been applauded quite so loud.

The audience was wonderful,
my part was a success.
The other players might have felt
some jealousy, I guess.

For when the final curtain fell
they disappeared from sight.
They didn't even stop to say
'Well done,' or else 'Good night.'



And now the stage is empty,
the hall is quiet and dark.
There's no one to unstrap me
and I'm stuck inside my bark.

The play is over. But next term
we'll have another one.
I won't request the role of Jack,
the beanstalk looks more fun!

Art Lesson

It was Art at school Wednesday morning,
we had to paint something we like.
Cathy drew kittens in ribbons,
Jo sketched his new mountain bike.

But me, I sat there quite clueless,

I'm not clever like Cathy or Jo.
And then, inspiration! I painted
the time we could pack up and go.

The teacher came round and I told her
I'd put down what I liked the best.
I thought she'd be angry but to my surprise
she said she was really impressed.



'Amazing!' she gushed. 'You're a genius!
You put what you feel into art.'
I can't wait till lesson next Wednesday
when I'll draw the time that we start.

Multiplication

One times one is one.
Two times two is four.
Use a calculator if
you're multiplying more.

Geography

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A m is taller

i l
h l u
than a or a mo nd

A valley goes downward, into the ground.

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But better than this

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Keeping Attention

Some teachers like to scream and shout.

A few, I've heard, throw books about.

But ours, I'd say, is more unkind -
when we nod off we stay behind.



It's not as if we have a choice,
we have to hear the teacher's voice.
The droning noise just will not stop,
our minds go numb, we want to flop.

Strangled yawns and stifled sighs,
matchsticks propping up our eyes,
pinching till our palms feel sore -
all these tricks we've tried and more.

We watch the clock whose hands move slow.
We're killing time till we can go.

The only thought that fills each head
is where else might we be instead.

There must be better ways to keep
the class from falling sound asleep.
Offer us a nice reward -
with that nobody would get bored.

Don't threaten us with long detention,
give us sweets is my suggestion.



Dishonest

I really love to go to school
and here's the reason why;
I'm super-good at everything,
I never even try.
In all the tests I am the best,
I get the highest score.
My teacher says there's never been
such cleverness before.



But ...

In case you think I'm brainy
then I'll put the record straight;
at night when no one's looking
I slip past the school gate,
I sneak across the playground,

unlock the classroom door
and find tomorrow's test
placed neatly in a drawer.



Now ...

I may not be too honest,
because I always cheat,
but I have higher grades
than anyone you'll meet.
I'm shown as an example
to all those who are slow,
but how long this will carry on
I really do not know.
For last night when I tried the door
I had a nasty shock -
they'd gone and lost the old key so
they've had to change the lock.

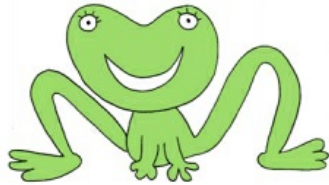


Remembering Names

Our teacher is useless at names.
Mine is too long, so he claims.
He calls me Susana,
Tessa or Hannah.
Why can't he remember it's James?

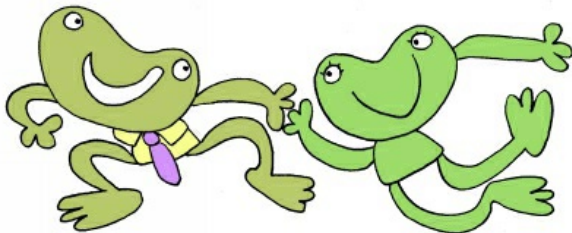
Frog Magic

Jason brought a frog to school,
he did it for a joke.
But then right in the lesson time
that naughty frog went CROAK!
The teacher turned around and said,
'This silliness must stop!'
The frog then leapt upon his head
in one gigantic hop.



Our teacher was surprised and cried,
'What on earth is this?'
The frog leaned over past his nose
and gave a big wet kiss.
It must have been strong magic,
a most amazing spell;
our teacher in a puff of smoke
became a frog as well.
We hardly could believe it
but all of us then saw
both the pretty froggies went
a-hopping out the door.

So if you have long lessons
that you really really hate,
bring to class a friendly frog,
sit back and simply wait.

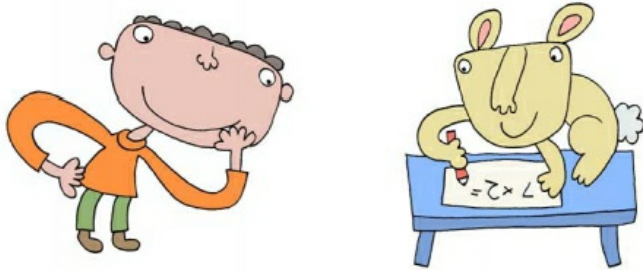


My Bunny

I do not know who wrote the rule
we must not bring our pets to school.
Why can't we try for just one day?
I'm sure they'd not get in the way.

I'd bring my bunny in with me,
he'd sit politely as could be.
He wouldn't lounge around and dream,
we'd work together as a team.

You might say he would have no clue,
for most things that perhaps is true.
But doing sums we'd not come last -
for rabbits multiply so fast.



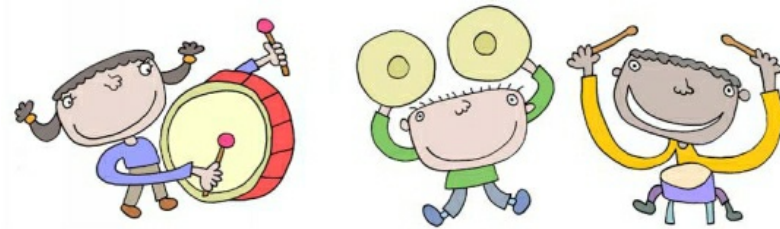
Music Lessons

If you asked me for the lesson
I enjoy the best,
more than any other,
better than the rest,
I wouldn't choose mathematics,
writing or P.E..
Music is just much more fun,
at least it is for me.

Our lessons start with singing
but that is just at first.
Compared to any fog horn
our voices are much worse.
And so we swap to instruments,

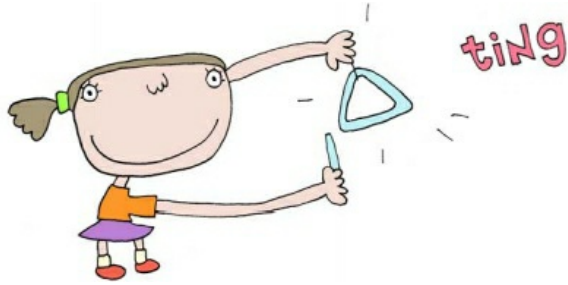
and none of us complain.
All would be quite happy if
we never sung again.

Instead, we crash the cymbals,
it makes the windows rattle.
If anyone was listening,
they'd think there was a battle.
The drums of course are favourites,
they make the loudest sound.
When they're walloped hard enough
they shake the walls and ground.



The teacher pleads and whimpers
'Quiet now, girls and boys.'
He doesn't know how good it feels
making so much noise.
No one cares an awful lot
to keep a steady beat.
Although it has no melody
our playing is so sweet.

Above the loudest sound you'll hear
the triangle go 'ting.'
And even after we've all stopped
our ears still hear it ring.
We all love music lessons,
they're certainly a hit.
We might leave class with headaches
but at least it keeps us fit.



My Sister and Me

My sister wants to go to school,
she's only two years old.
It's nicer where she is right now
but she will not be told.

Lucky her! She stays at home
when I must work and sweat.
If only she was in my place
she'd change her mind, I bet.

Can someone wave a magic wand
and make her dream come true?
And at the same time take me back.
I'd happily be two.



Absent-Minded

To call our teacher absent-minded
hardly need be said.
I'm sure if it was not attached
he would forget his head.

He'd come in class one morning,
he'd sit down in his chair

and try to put his glasses on
but nothing would be there.

At break he'd have a cup of tea
like normal, I would guess.
He'd tip it where his mouth should be
and make his shirt a mess.



And when the end of day came
he wouldn't even know
we hadn't stayed till bell rang.
We'd gone home long ago.

Believe Me

I told my teacher
'Your pants are on fire!'
She said 'My dear,
don't be a liar.'
The fire engine came
and put out the flames
and now my teacher's
stopped calling me names.



Playtime Exams

I don't know if you've heard about
the new exams we'll take;
the tests, they say, will find out how
our feelings are at break.

They'll make all kinds of measurements
and draw them onto graphs.
They'll see how big our smiles are,
the loudness of our laughs.

I've always done my best in tests
but this time I'm not sure,
for if I fail then would that mean
I'd need ten break times more?

In fact, I think it might be wise
at playtime to pretend
it's horrible. For then, perhaps,
my break would never end.



Staffroom Fun

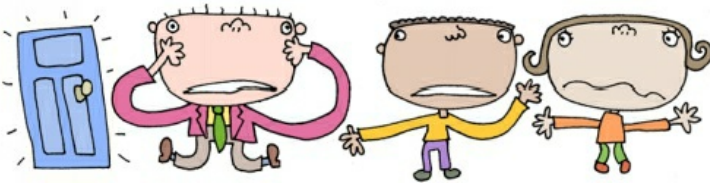
I passed the staffroom window.
Looking in I saw
all the teachers laughing
and rolling round the floor.
What they found so funny
weren't either jokes or jests.
Instead they had our answers to
the end of year school tests.



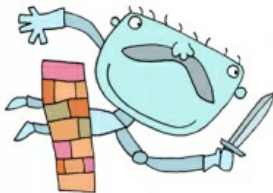
School Ghost

There once was a ghost,
a terrible ghost,
who haunted our school, I've heard say.
He started at eight
and continued till late
without any break in the day.

Often he'd pause
outside classroom doors
to clang and to clunk his chain mail.
It made the boys quiver
and all the girls shiver.
The teachers would turn very pale.



He'd moan and he'd sigh
as he glided by,
it wasn't the pleasantest sound.
Not stopping at all
he'd float through a wall
or rise upside-down from the ground.



The school had been fine
in 1069

but for sure it needed updating.
Its classrooms were old,
draughty and cold,
great if you wore armour plating.

The builders were called,
fresh plumbing installed,
the roof and electrics fixed, too.
It seemed light and airy,
not damp, dark and scary.
Everything sparkled like new.

Without any doubt
fresh carpets throughout
made the rooms cosy and warm.
But it was amazing
how good double glazing
turned the ghost sad and forlorn.



A phantom's alright
if you like a fright,
they'll make any heart rattle fast.
But modern conditions
don't suit apparitions.
Ghosts are a thing of the past.

He found that he hated
the school now updated.
It wasn't at all in his taste.
He gave one last cry
as if he would die
and left with inordinate haste.

I can not pretend
the school in the end

was sorry that he had moved on.
Instead, cries of joy
from each girl and boy
filled the hall after he'd gone.

Where did he go?
Not many know.
He didn't give up going haunting.
Let's just say beware
at your local fair,
the ghost train is not disappointing.



Meditation

Our teacher said, 'To meditate
means being calm and thinking straight.
I want you all to follow me,
close your eyes when I count three.'

Perhaps that long word 'meditation'
is the same as 'relaxation'.
But for me the word I'd use
is shorter. I would just say 'snooze'.

We sat in class, our eyes shut tight
to meditate with all our might.
We liked the lesson, that's for sure.
We didn't wake till half past four.

Image

I'm like a river rushing past,
a torrent that is gushing fast.

My teacher, though, last week let slip
he thinks I am a little drip.

Egg and Spoon Race

We had an egg and spoon race,
it wasn't too much fun,
for eggs and spoons are legless
which means they cannot run.
They stayed quite still, not moving when
we fired the starting gun.
You can't say either lost the race
but neither of them won.



Red Socks

My teacher wears red socks to school.
They suit him, I suppose.
For though they might be oh so bright,
they match his big red nose.



Class Size

The inspector came in
to make her report
with boxes to tick

from ten down to nought.

She counted us twice,
she did calculations.
Our class size was bigger
than school regulations.

Next day I was shocked.
Did I need glasses?
The walls had been moved
to make smaller classes.



The Bell

I love to hear guitar and drums,
pianos and the rest,
although above all other sounds
the break time bell's the best.

Whenever I can't concentrate
or if I'm bored to tears,
to hear that jangling clanking noise
is music to my ears.



Final Poem

Hurrah! Three cheers! You've made it! Well done!

You've reached the end of this e-book of fun.

Now if you are crazy and still wanting more,
look at my other books on Kindle store.

Or, if you have time and with nothing to do,
go to the link and then write a review.

Other funny poetry books by Martin Pierce on Kindle:



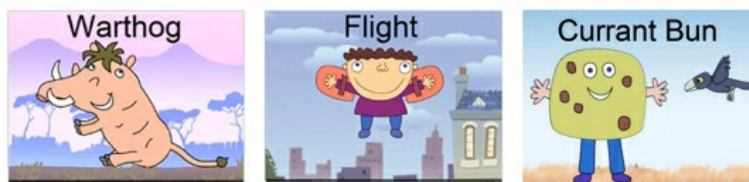
The Kindle author page for Martin Pierce:

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Animated Poems



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