

Ripped My Favorite T-Shirt

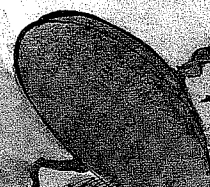
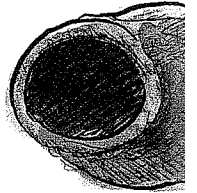
(To the tune of "I'm a Little Teapot")

Ripped my favorite T-shirt
Scuffed my shoes
Lost my red sweater
And more bad news ...

Bet my mom gets steamed up
She will grouse
'Cause I haven't left the house!

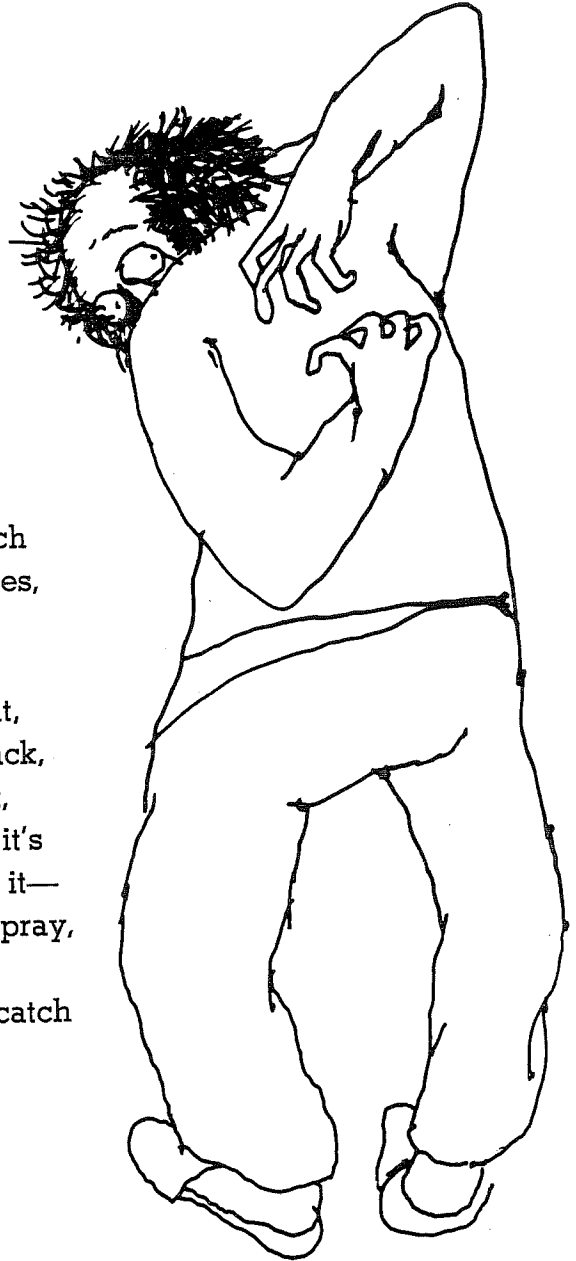
Broke my grandma's teacup
Scraped her floor
Smearred paint on her kitchen door
Now she will get angry
There's no doubt
Oops, I just locked Grandma out!

I'm a little angel
Every day
But trouble finds me
Come what may
Played the drums and just popped
Mom's soufflé
When I sleep she yells ... hooray!



UNSCRATCHABLE ITCH

There is a spot that you can't scratch
Right between your shoulder blades,
Like an egg that just won't hatch
Here you set and there it stays.
Turn and squirm and try to reach it,
Twist your neck and bend your back,
Hear your elbows creak and crack,
Stretch your fingers, now you bet it's
Going to reach—no that won't get it—
Hold your breath and stretch and pray,
Only just an inch away,
Worse than a sunbeam you can't catch
Is that one spot that
You can't scratch.



A Triangular Tale

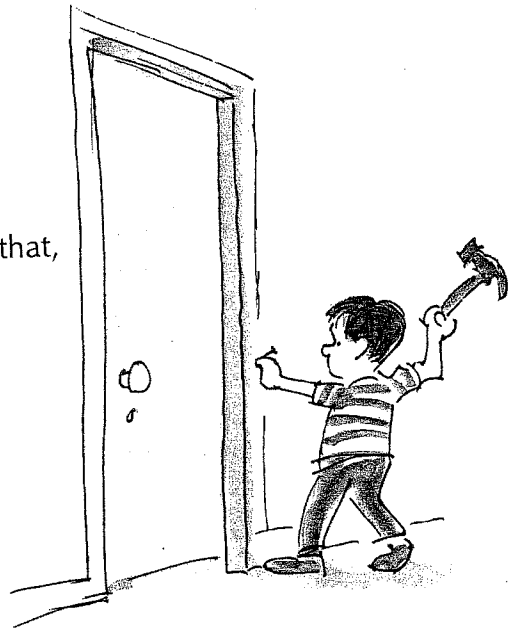
I
DO
NOT
KNOW
AT ALL HOW
I GOT STUCK
INSIDE THIS PIECE
OF PIE AND I'M
UNSURE HOW TO
BEGIN TO GET OUT
OF THE FIX I'M IN. THIS
TRIANGLE IS SIMPLY NOT
AN ENTERTAINING SORT
OF SPOT SO I CAN SAY WITHOUT
A DOUBT I'D LIKE TO LEAVE AND **WOW....**

I'm out!

My Family's Sleeping Late Today

My family's sleeping late today,
but I am wide awake,
and making all the racket
it is possible to make.
I'm rapping on a window pane,
I'm hammering a nail,
I'm playing tackle with the cat,
and yanking on her tail.

I'm racing madly through the house,
I'm slamming every door,
I'm imitating jungle sounds,
I trumpet and I roar.
I think I'll play my tambourine
and pop a big balloon,
they'll never sleep through all of that,
they're sure to get up soon.

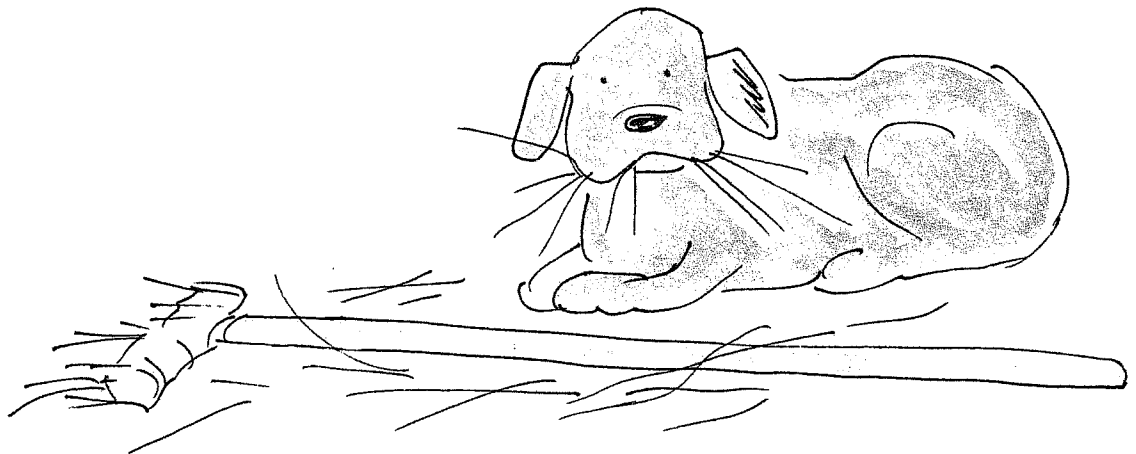


I'm Sorry!

I'm sorry I squashed a banana in bed,
I'm sorry I bandaged a whole loaf of bread,
I'm sorry I pasted the prunes to your pants,
I'm sorry I brought home the ants.

I'm sorry for letting the dog eat the broom,
I'm sorry for freeing a frog in your room,
I'm sorry I wrote on the wall with sardines,
I'm sorry I sat on the beans.

I'm sorry for putting the peas in my hair,
I'm sorry for leaving the eggs on your chair,
I'm sorry for tying a can to the cat,
I'm sorry for being a brat!



FIRST SNOW

Snow makes whiteness where it falls.
The bushes look like popcorn-balls.
And places where I always play,
Look like somewhere else today.

Marie Louise Allen

ICY

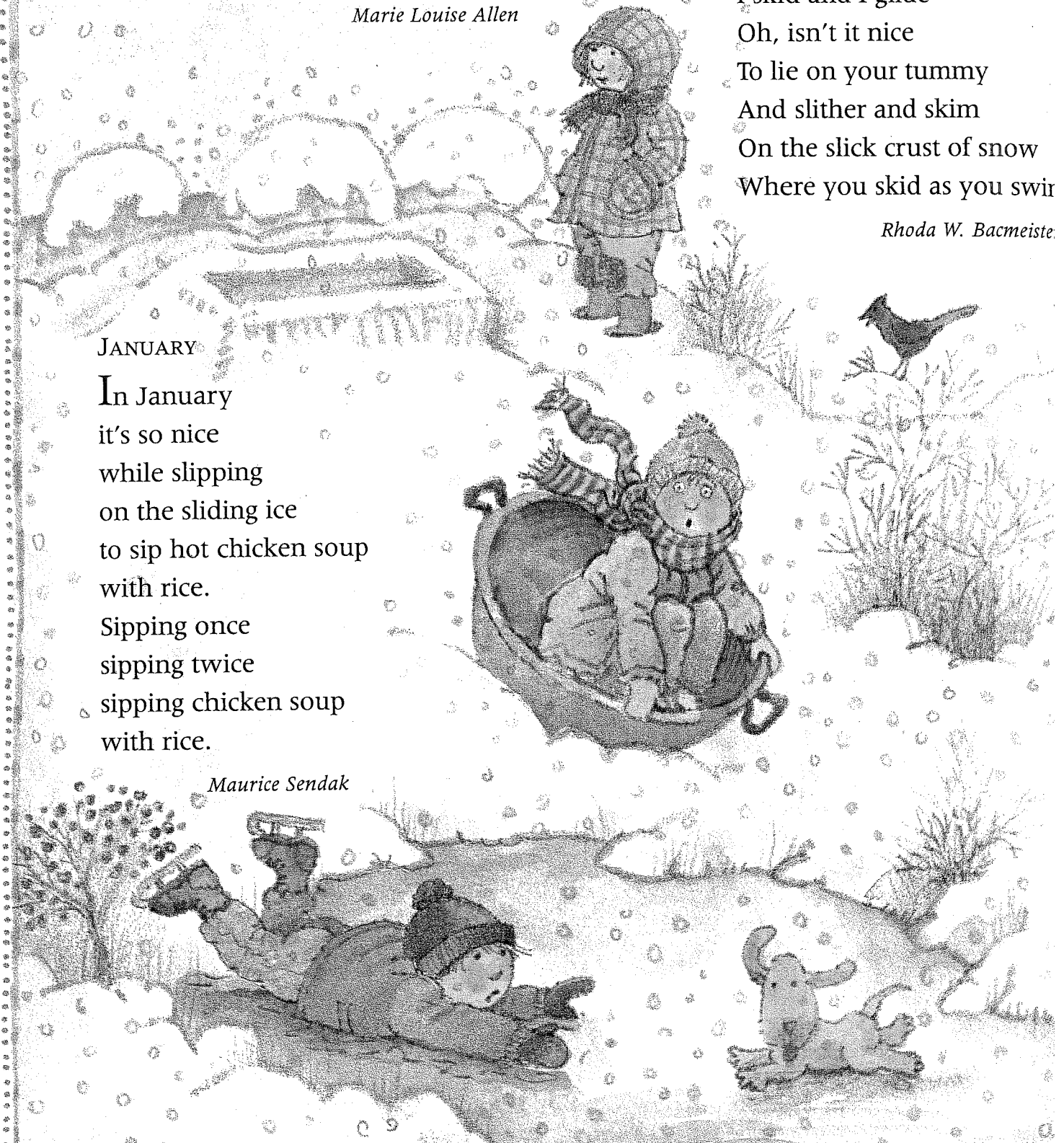
I slip and I slide
On the slippery ice;
I skid and I glide—
Oh, isn't it nice
To lie on your tummy
And slither and skim
On the slick crust of snow
Where you skid as you swirl

Rhoda W. Bacmeister

JANUARY

In January
it's so nice
while slipping
on the sliding ice
to sip hot chicken soup
with rice.
Sipping once
sipping twice
sipping chicken soup
with rice.

Maurice Sendak



SNOWMAN

My little snowman has a mouth,
So he is always smiling south.
My little snowman has a nose;
I couldn't seem to give him toes,
I couldn't seem to make his ears.
He shed a lot of frozen tears
Before I gave him any eyes—
But they are big ones for his size.

David McCord

SNOW

We'll play in the snow
And stray in the snow
And stay in the snow
In a snow-white park.
We'll clown in the snow
And frown in the snow
Fall down in the snow
Till it's after dark.
We'll cook snow pies
In a big snow pan.
We'll make snow eyes
In a round snow man.
We'll sing snow songs
And chant snow chants
And roll in the snow
In our fat snow pants.
And when it's time to go home to eat
We'll have snow toes
On our frosted feet.

Karla Kuskin

