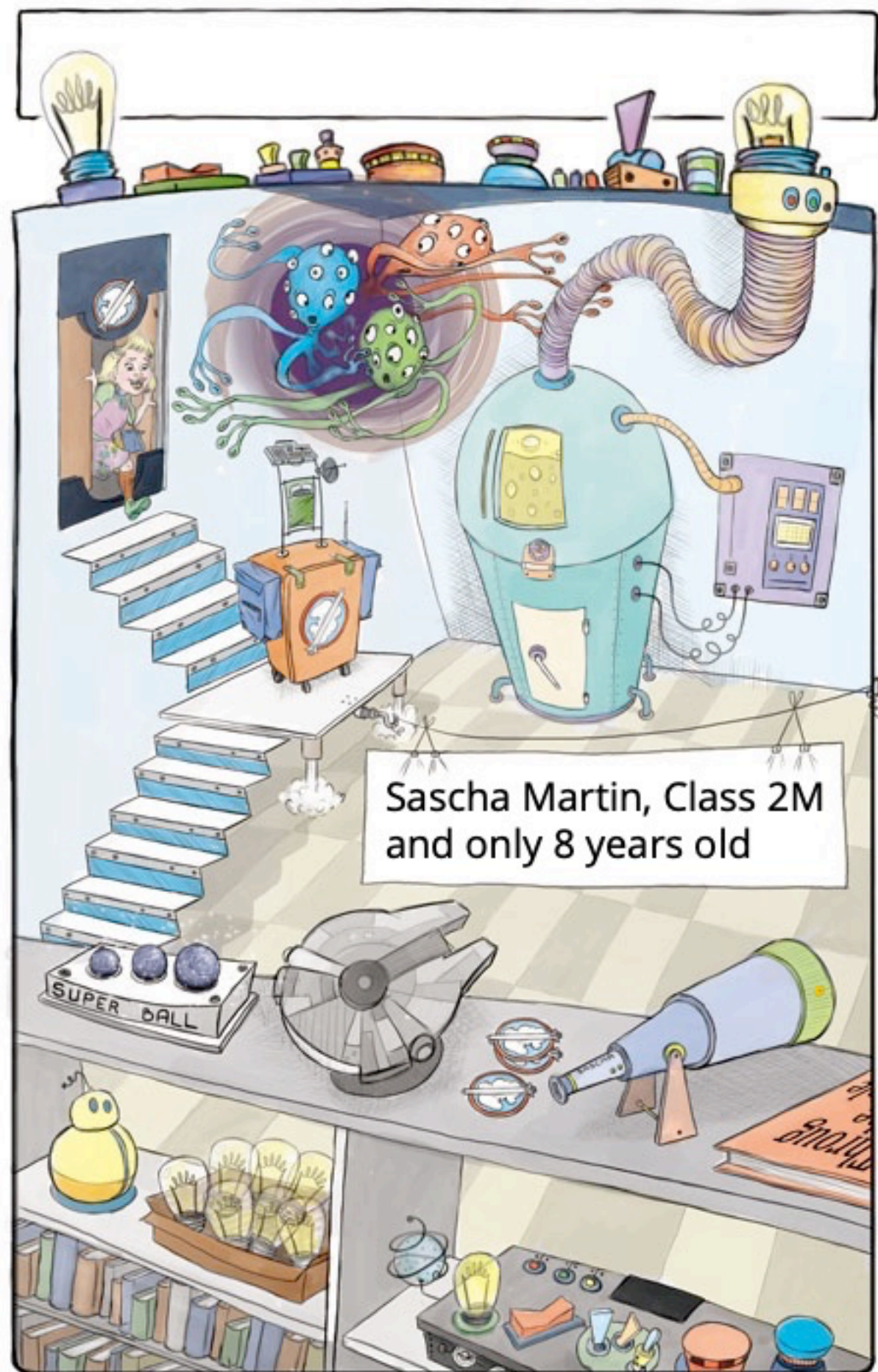
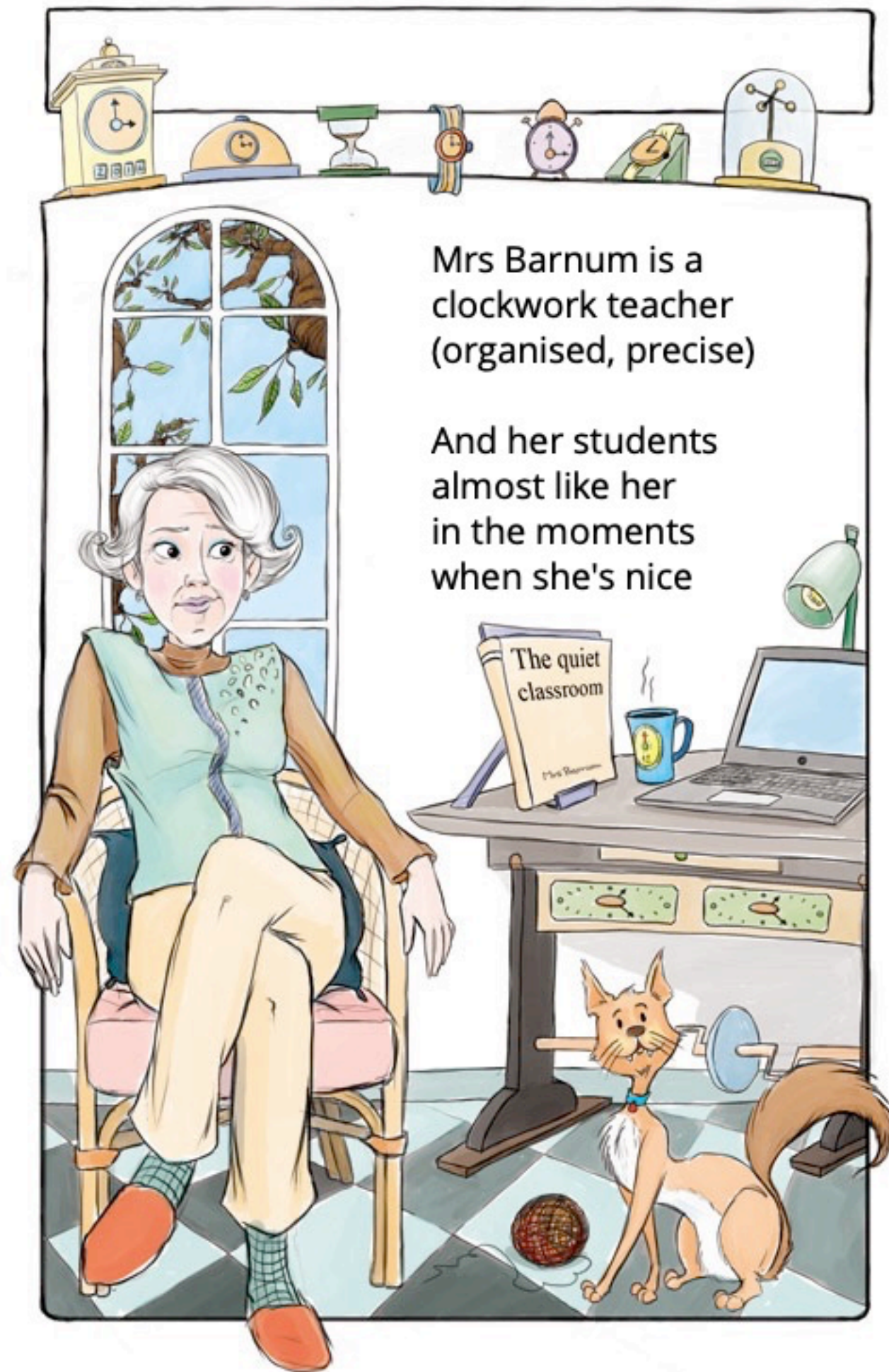


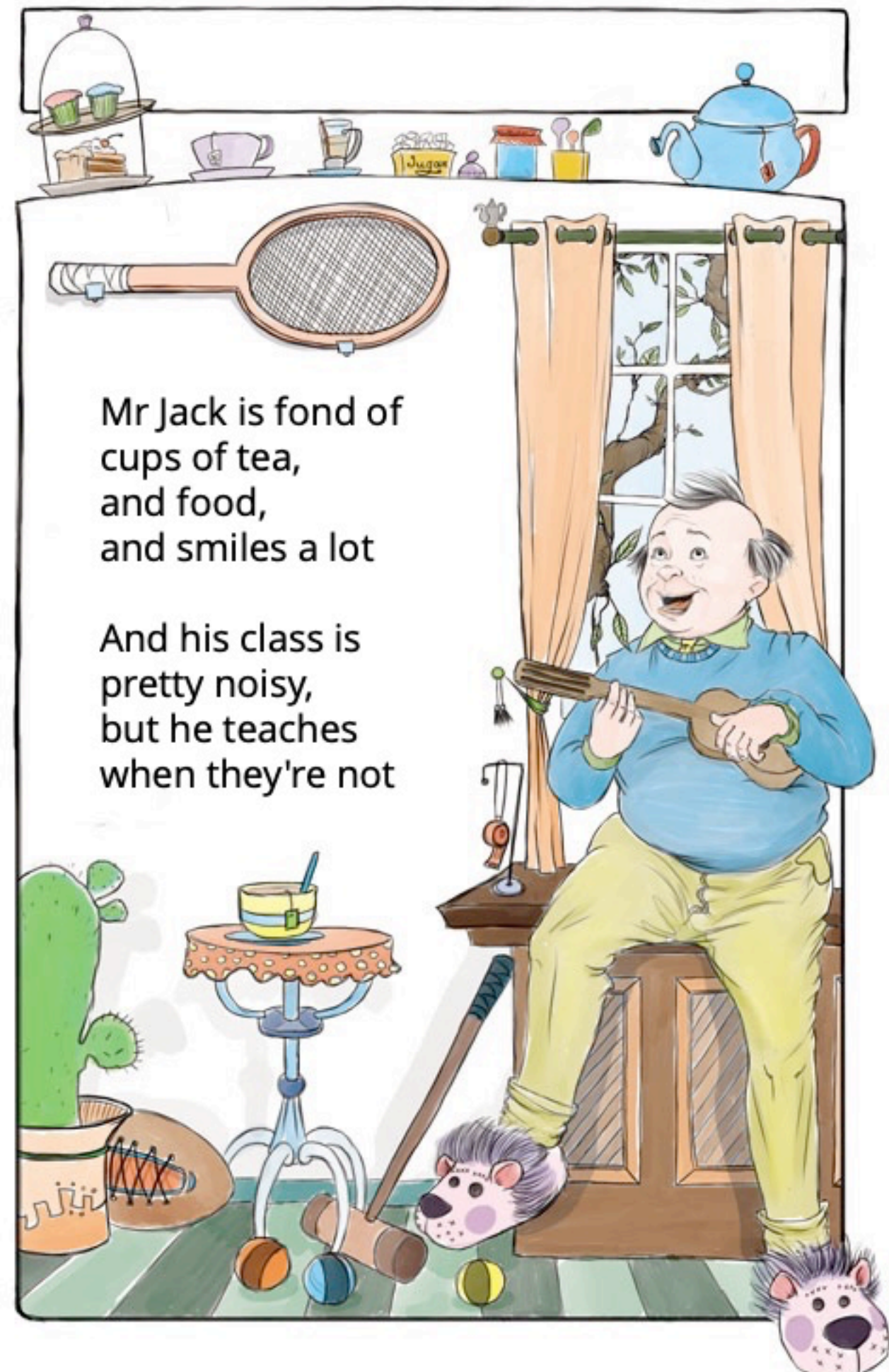






Mrs Barnum is a
clockwork teacher
(organised, precise)

And her students
almost like her
in the moments
when she's nice



Mr Jack is fond of
cups of tea,
and food,
and smiles a lot

And his class is
pretty noisy,
but he teaches
when they're not



Sascha Martin's rocket-ship
was twice the teacher's height.
He brought it in for news one day
(his mum had said all right).

He left it on the table
with a note that said "Don't Touch!"
So someone pushed a button
and the rocket started such

A roaring, then went silent,
then it gave a mighty





It flew across the playground
with a piercing kind of wail
(That was Sascha hanging screaming
from the rocket's burning tail).

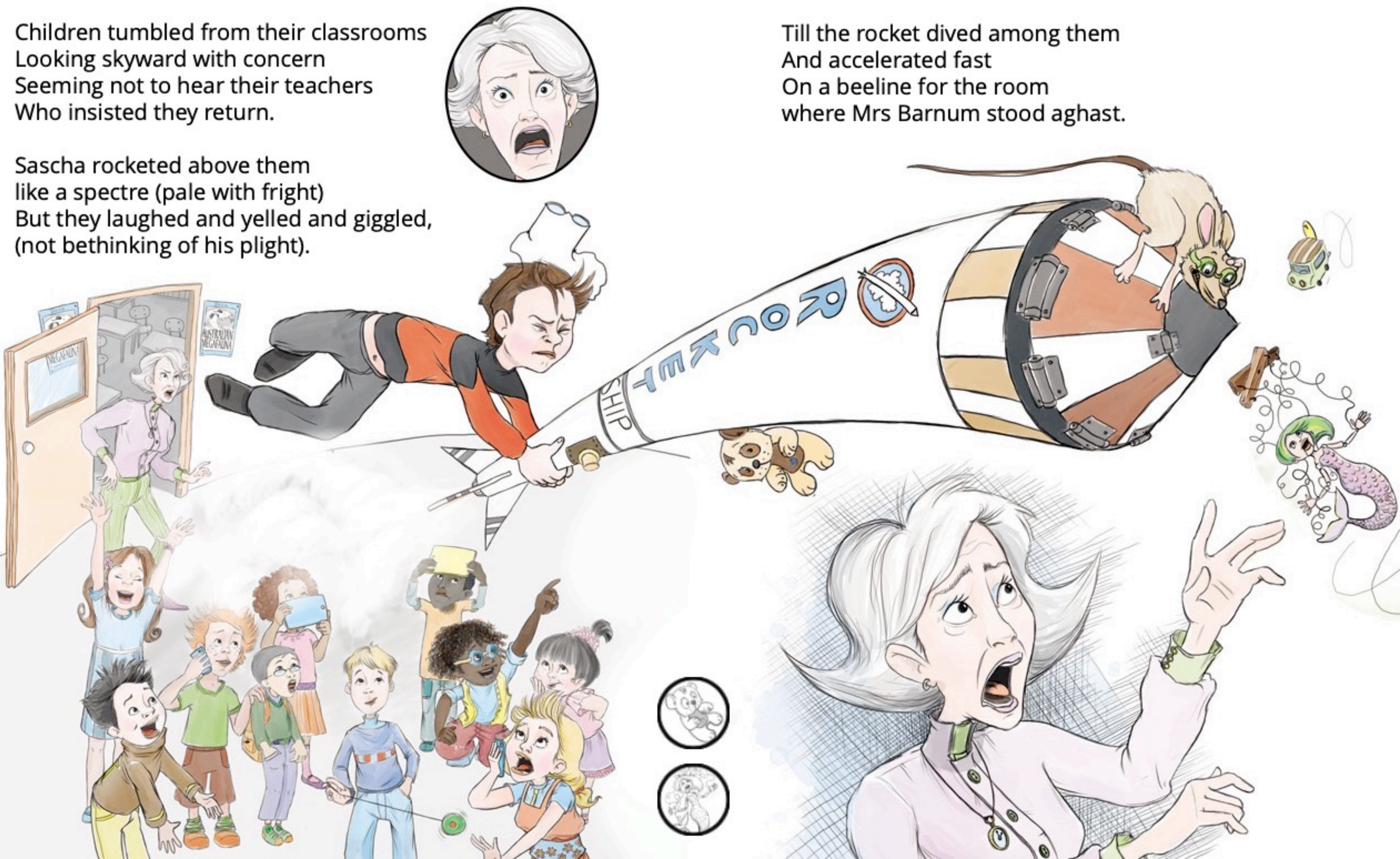
And Sascha grabbed the rocket
as the rocket left the room.



Children tumbled from their classrooms
Looking skyward with concern
Seeming not to hear their teachers
Who insisted they return.

Sascha rocketed above them
like a spectre (pale with fright)
But they laughed and yelled and giggled,
(not bethinking of his plight).

Till the rocket dived among them
And accelerated fast
On a beeline for the room
where Mrs Barnum stood aghast.





Through the window went the rocket

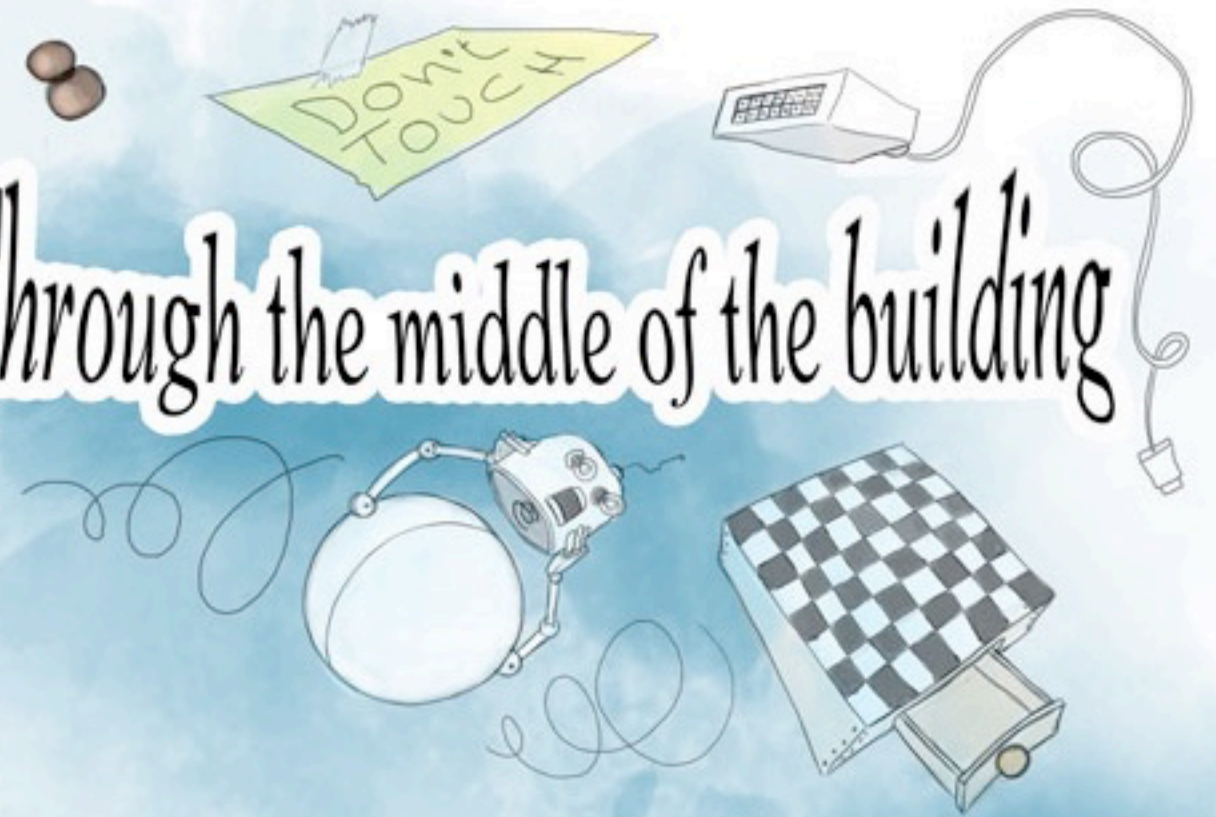
Through the room



and out the door



Through the middle of the building



Setting fires on the floor.



At the end it made an exit
through the solid staff-room wall,



Thank you for reading

This has only been a sample;
did you think it fun, or vile?
My intention, when I'm writing,
is to leave you with a smile.

Should you wish to say hello
or ask a question, or whate'er
On my website is a contact page
and [this](#) will take you there :)



Buy Me a Coffee?



Buy My Books?