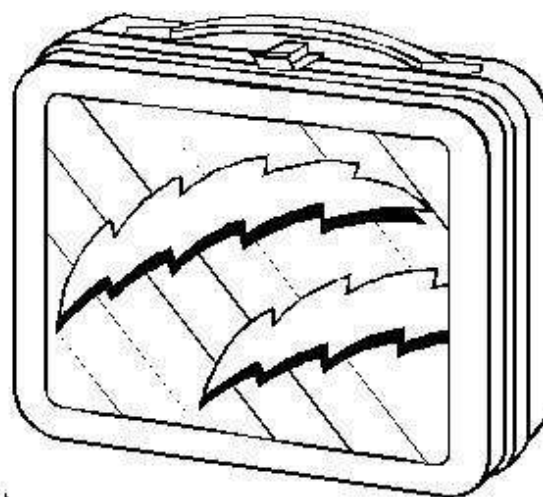


# Almost Lunchtime

by Helen H. Moore

I could eat  
a great big bunch  
of chips and salsa  
for my lunch,  
and  
top it off  
with fruity punch,  
and then some more chips,  
CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH!



# The Coin Song

Five pennies make a nickel.  
Two nickels make a dime.  
Two dimes and a nickel  
make a quarter every time.

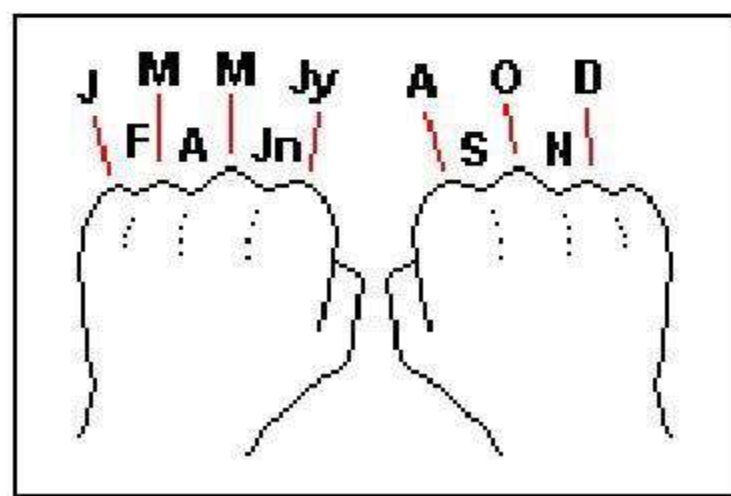
Four quarters make a dollar  
And that is quite a lot.  
I'll learn to count my money  
So I know how much I've got.

# How Many Days in a Month?

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November.

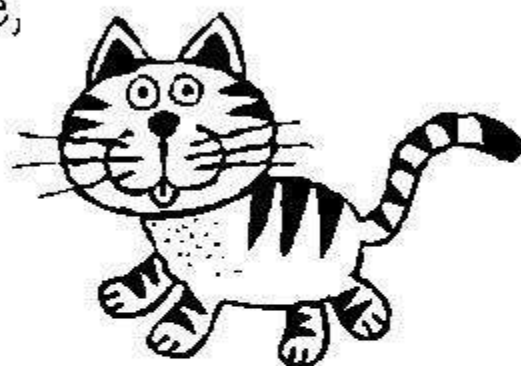
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Except for February, all alone  
Which has 4 and 24

Till Leap Year gives it one  
day more!



# Do You Like Me?

Do you like me,  
Or do you not?  
You told me once,  
But I forgot.



I like you skinny.  
I like you fat.  
I like you better  
Than my cat.

I like you little.  
I like you big.  
I like you better  
Than my pig.



# Granny Gooding

Granny Gooding lost her footing,  
fell into a pudding vat.

There was pudding on her jacket,  
pudding, pudding on her hat.

There was pudding in her slippers,  
pudding, pudding on her dress.

Ever since she lost her footing,  
Granny Gooding's been a mess!

# BOT THEN

by Aileen Fisher

A tooth fell out  
and left a space  
so big my tongue  
can touch my FACE!

And every time  
I smile, I show  
a space where some-  
thing used to grow.

I miss my tooth  
as you may guess,  
but then-I have to  
brush one less.

# A Horrible Thing

A horrible thing is coming this way,  
Creeping closer day by day.

It's eyes are scary.  
It's tail is hairy.  
It's paws have claws.  
It snaps it's jaws.

It growls. It groans.  
It chews up stones.  
It spreads it's wings  
And does bad things.

It belches flame.  
It has no name.

I tell you, Judge,  
We all better pray!

From *The Judge: An Untrue Tale*

# Manners

by Helen H. Moore

We say "Thank you".

We say "Please"

And "Excuse me,"

When we sneeze.

That's the way

We do what's right.

We have manners.

We're polite.



# Mice

I think mice

Are rather nice.

Their tails are long.

Their faces small,

They haven't any

Chins at all.

Their ears are pink.

Their teeth are white,

They run about

The house at night.

They nibble things

They shouldn't touch

And no one seems

To like them much.

But I think mice

Are nice.

by Rose Fyleman

I woke up one morning  
Without any head,  
So I jumped to the floor  
And looked under the bed,  
Then under my pillow,  
The table,  
The Chair,  
But look where I would,  
My head wasn't there.

Not on the ceiling,  
Not on the floor,  
Not in the tree,  
Not near the door.  
Then at last I remembered--  
Sure enough, just like that,  
I found my old head!  
It was under my hat.

by Arnold Spilka

# Parts of a Story

When I read a story

It has more than one part!

The title and the author

Are just the places I start!

The setting, characters, and problem,

Are parts of the story, too.

Beginning, middle, end, and solution

Help me retell the story to you!

# PARTS of a STORY

Hey! Have you heard?

The author writes the words.

And the illustrator

Can draw an alligator.

Hey! Did you know?

The setting is where you go.

And the characters are  
the books movie stars!



Next in our song

The problem is what went wrong!

And the solution

is how they fixed it in the end!

# Shrinking Teacher

by Doug Evans

I saw my last year's teacher.  
Had she shrunk an inch or two?

It took me time to figure,

She was no shorter,

I grew!

# President's Day

By Alex Chung

In honor of the presidents  
We have a celebration.  
We celebrate George Washington,  
The Father of our nation.

We celebrate Abe Lincoln  
And other leaders, too.  
And maybe in the future  
We'll be celebrating you!

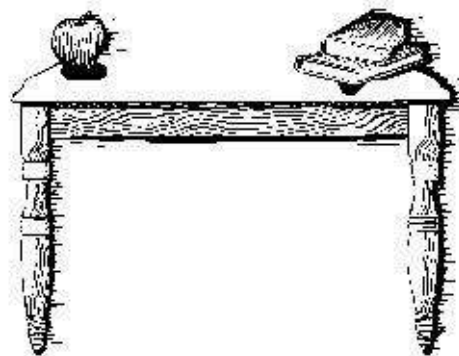
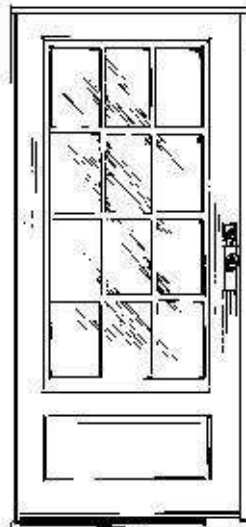
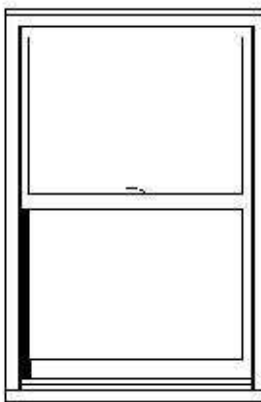


# Spooks

by Sandra Liatsos

There's a goblin at my window,  
A monster at my door.  
The pumpkin at my table  
Keeps on smiling more and more.

There's a ghost who haunts my bedroom,  
A witch whose face is green.  
They used to be my family,  
'Til they dressed for Halloween.



Wiggling girls and giggling boys  
Are drinking milk from mugs.  
Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle-glug!  
They gulp down eighteen jugs.

Author Unknown



# Slow Pokes

by Laura Arlon

Turtles are slow,

As we all know.

But

To them

It is no worry,

For

Wherever they roam,

They are always at home,

So

They do not

HAVE

To hurry.