

Week 25

The First Day of School

by Ruth Donnelly

I've got a brand-new lunchbox.
My shoes are shiny clean.
I've got a cool, new bookbag
And a pencil box that's green.



But I don't know my teacher,
Or where my desk will be.
I don't know if I'll like the kids,
Or if they'll play with me.

I peek inside my classroom.
I stand there for a while.
My teacher's tall and kind of loud,
But has a great big smile.

And, best of all, she's got my
Favorite book upon the shelf!
I kiss my mother at the door
And walk in by myself.

*Please help me by practising this
poem at home.*