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Opening extract from

Brian Moses' School Report
Very Funny Poems About School

Written by

Brian Moses

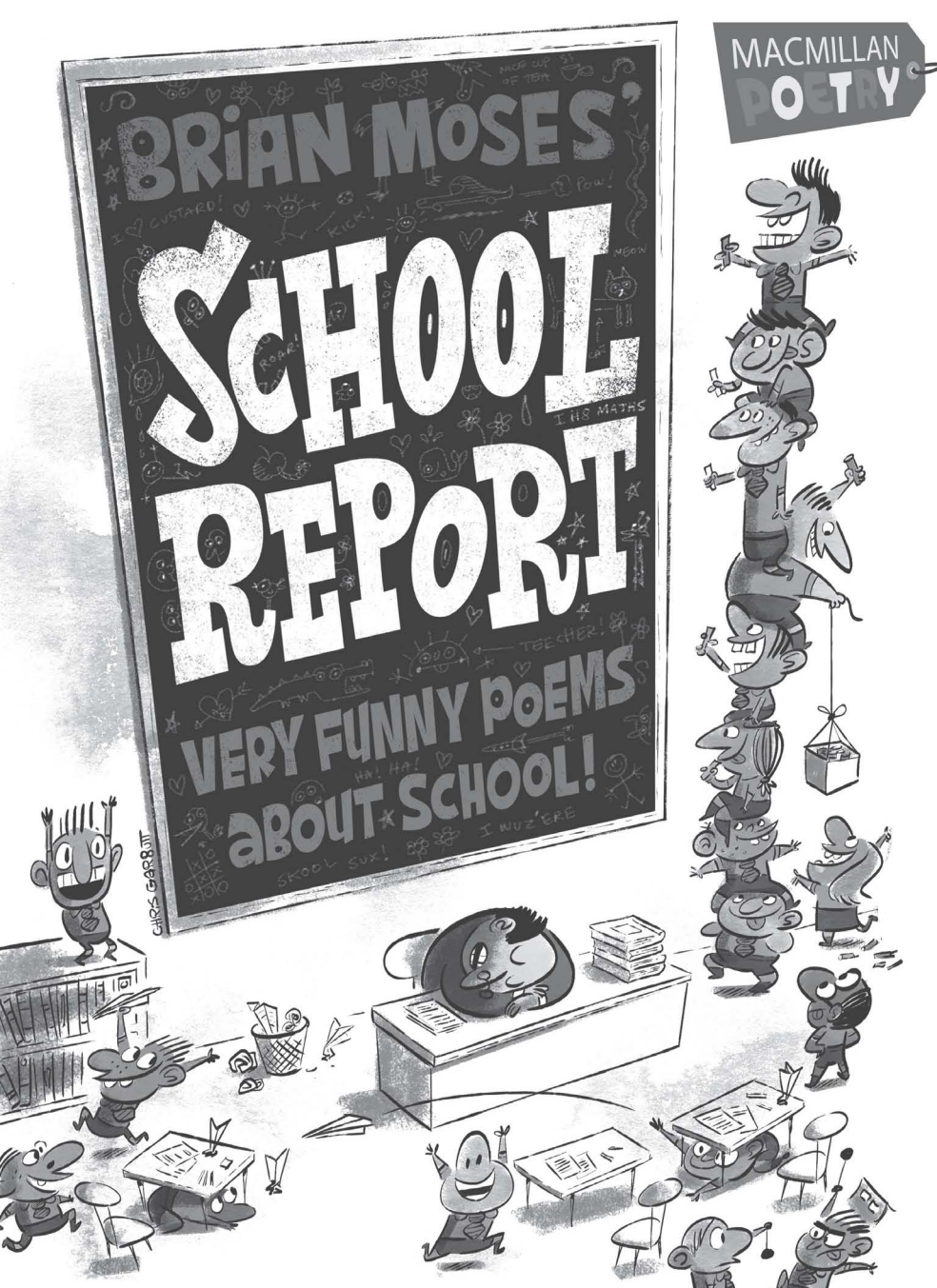
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Illustrated by David Parkins

MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Middle Names

Do you know your teacher's middle name?

Would it be one that they'd be
too embarrassed to reveal?

Maybe it's something potty like Dotty
or silly like Chantilly,
something divine like Columbine
or medicinal like Calamine,
something modern like Ikea
or historical like Boadicea.

Perhaps it's something seasonal
like Primrose,
or a name that gets up your nose
like Hyacinth.

Maybe it's American like Hank
or solid and British like Frank.
Maybe it's barbaric like Conan
or boy-bandish and poppy
like Ronan.

Perhaps it's old-fashioned
like Dora and Norah,
or something buttery
like Flora.

Maybe it's expensive like Pearl
or with a country twang like Merle.
Is it something classy like Clancy
or fancy like Nancy,
something Biblical like Zachariah,
Amos, Moses or Jeremiah?

Is it witchy like Winnie
or moany like Minnie,
sensible like Fred,
countrified like Ned?

Is it tragic like Romeo
or Italian like Antonio?

Is it Zebedee or Gertrude,
Marvin or Ermintrude?
Is it Cecil or Boris,
Marmaduke or Doris?

Now go spread rumours
all around school.
Your teachers have names
that just aren't cool.

It's sure to embarrass them!

Cakes in the Staffroom

Nothing gets teachers more excited
than cakes in the staffroom at break-time.
Nothing gets them more delighted
than the sight of plates
piled high with jammy doughnuts
or chocolate cake.

It's an absolute stampede
as the word gets round quickly.

And it's, 'Oooh, these are really delicious,'
and, 'Aaah, these doughnuts are great.'

And you hear them say, 'I really shouldn't,'
or, 'Just a tiny bit, I'm on a diet.'

Really, it's the only time they're quiet
when they're cramming cakes into their
mouths,
when they're wearing a creamy moustache
or the jam squirts out like blood,
or they're licking chocolate
from their fingers.

You can tell when they've been scoffing,
they get lazy in literacy,
sleepy in silent reading,
nonsensical in numeracy,
look guilty in assembly.

But nothing gets teachers more excited
than cakes in the staffroom at break-time,
unless of course,
it's wine in the staffroom at lunchtime!



Day Closure

We had a day closure on Monday
and I spent the morning in bed,
but the teachers went in as usual
and someone taught them instead.



And I thought of them all in the classroom,
stuck to their seats in rows,
some of them sucking pen lids,
head teacher scratching his nose.

Perhaps it's a bit like an MOT
to check if teachers still know
the dates of our kings and queens
or the capital of so-and-so.

Perhaps they had tables and spellings,
did the head give them marks out of ten?
And then, if they got any wrong,
did he make them learn them again?

I thought of them out at break-time
playing football or kiss-chase or tag,
picking up teams in the playground
or scoffing crisps from a bag.

If I'd been a fly on the wall,
I might have watched while they slaved,
I'd have seen who asked silly questions
or if anyone misbehaved.

I thought of them all going home,
crossing the road to their mums.
They looked very grim the next day.
It couldn't have been much fun.

I'd Rather Be Doing Anything Today Than . . .

I'd rather be doing anything today
than going to school.

I'd rather tightrope-walk across the Grand
Canyon
or tumble over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

I'd rather have my feet nibbled by piranhas
or try to tiptoe past a sleepy lion.

I'd rather eat Brussels sprouts for my birthday
tea
or bungee-jump from the Empire State Building.

I'd rather wander through the town in my
underwear
or practise juggling with dynamite.

I'd rather kiss a pot-bellied pig
or sleep in a nest of vipers.

I'd rather walk through a haunted forest at
night
or be invited to tea at Dracula's Castle.



I'd rather have a spitting contest with a camel
or be forced to eat sardine sandwiches.

Yes, I'd rather be doing anything today
than going to school . . .

Because school's just not cool enough
for me.

*(I'm sure you can add other
ideas to this yourself . . .)*

