

A Poem About School

"I don't want to go" he said from his bed
"I'd rather stay home and eat ice cream instead.
I can't stand the teachers and the kids are as bad
And that's without mentioning their mums and their dads.
The dinners are nasty. They make me feel sick.
And there's always some joker with a plethora of tricks.
The playground's unfriendly and inhabited by bullies
And they pick on me daily, which is a bit of a worry;
They all call me names and say they're going to hurt me.
Oh, and the toilets are smelly and also quite dirty.
I think that I've learned all I'll ever know
And nobody likes me so I am not going to go."
His wife rolled her eyes as she stood at the door.
"But darling, you're headmaster. That's what you're paid for!"