

Bad Luck Boy

by Julie Newton

The blowing vent sucks him in
He crashes and falls to the ground
Chewing, and sucking on a pen
It explodes in his wide trap
Blue ink covers his teeth
He smiles and grins
As he walks out to get a toothbrush
The morning begins
Always the wrong shoes and sometimes the wrong pants
He wore his Teva's to school one day
It made me laugh
They were far from the dress code
But he never gets lunch duty,
It's not fair
Leaning back in the roly chair
He falls to the ground
Once again Ross is down
He sleeps in class
Or does his math homework
When Gieson makes fun,
Sunshine rises and says, "Huh?"
Without a clue in the world
He just sits back with a confused look
And lives his unlucky life

Some people are unlucky
Not just him
People have unlucky moments
But some people have it always
Luck is a gift

Flight

by Mary Beth Wilk

We approach the plane,
For our trip to Spain
It was late one night
When we got on our flight

Sat in row four
Placed my bag on the floor
I buckled my seatbelt
And propped up my feet

The flight attendant came by
And announced we were ready to fly
She handed me a tasty snack
Then I happily laid back



Fishing

Mason Johnston

The fisherman
Waits patiently for his prey
In the shade of the bay
He casts out his line
For a chance to dine
And waits

Seeing the lure
Can't resist its great allure
Bites down on his meal
Being pulled in by the reel
Then suddenly he's no longer swimming