

NOTES

Each year millions of young school children fall in love with their teachers. *Miss Thompson* is a first-person narrative poem and may be performed by either a female or male and should be entered in Poetry Interpretation. While performing the poem, it is important for the audience to see the gradual change of attitude toward the teacher. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer when to turn the pages of the manuscript. This poem is dedicated to all those adults, who, as children, died in the arms of compulsory education.

I am only eight years old, but I can spell many words.
So...you say...I can be in your Third Grade Class.
My long lithe legs are planted firmly on the floor.
Most of the other kids' feet dangle two inches off the ground.
My new retainer makes it difficult to talk,
But I don't mind...
Because I'm finally going to Third Grade...
To Miss Thompson's class...



Miss Thompson?...you are a living doll.
A brown-eyed Princess crowned with dark brown hair.
You tell me to walk to the front of the room
And read to all the other kids in the class,
To stand up straight, and to speak loud and clear.
"Once upon a time, there was a little ugly duckling...
The duckling didn't know it was ugly...
The little duck just thought everyone else was prettier...that's all."

*That was a very nice job, Jesse.
Bring your books and sit here...in the first row...first seat.*

That's for the smartest student in the class!
All of my classmates sit
According to how good they can do science and speak and spell...
All the way up to row five...last seat.



Miss Thompson, you also teach us Mathematics and Geography...
Grownup penmanship...not 'printing' like little kids.
You give us fun-size candy bars and smiley face stickers
For creative coloring and excellent papers.
And every day...you give us free time.

MISS THOMPSON

By Jesse Mora

We run around the playground.
And when the weather is bad,
We stay inside and put on plays.
I'm always the lead, but that's because I can make stuff up.
God is surely looking down on us.
I love you, Miss Thompson.



But, Miss Thompson...you are really strict.

*Sign your name in the top right corner of your paper
Or it's a ZERO.
You must all walk in a single file, straight line.
If you talk out of turn, you will receive a detention.*

When Rashad doesn't know the capital of Oregon,
You say he has bacon bits for brains...
And I believe you!

You make Stanley stand in the corner.
You send Gloria to the office for giggling too much.
You tell us that Charlie smells like moldy cheese
And that Larry is a loser!

Frank is your favorite, because he's the most handsome—
Not the *smartest!*
And you only ask Belinda to sing at our open house.

When he can't stop wiggling in his seat.
You call Winston a worm.
And you tell us that Marcos is nothing more than a squeaky mouse,
Because his sneakers always squeak when he walks down the hall.

Yes, you are very strict, Miss Thompson.
But so far...I feel safe...
Sitting in the first row...last seat.



But I am so afraid that I'll lose my seat.
At the end of the week, you change the seating chart.
I sit shaking so badly...I start throwing up in class.
I'm so humiliated...and wet...
But you won't let me go to the restroom.