



Untimely
Demises

and other
LIMERICAL
Delights!

By: Raia

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INTRO

Limericks in all shapes and sizes,
some with untimely demises.
Like them or not,
they are what you've got,
so read them until the sun rises.

LIMERICS ABOUT MY TEACHER

Poems about my 5th grade teacher,
who made jokes about any living creature.
He made boring things fun,
like getting the job done.
With him it will be my last year.

I once had a teacher called Mr. C,
who'd make you laugh 'till you were crazy.
He made jokes about math,
and being in the bath,
and even on some days P.E. !

There once was a sad lonely day,
where no one was laughing and gay.
For our teacher named John,
happened to be gone.
He was needed at a conference, so he was away.

I once had a teacher who was crazy,
but not the tiniest bit lazy.
He designed a tissue prank,*
(the highest in rank),
and even the pranked found it daisy.

**Mrs. Crandall had substituted for Mr. C one day. When she substitutes she always opens tons of tissue boxes. (We usually have one open in the room.) One time she substituted for the class next door (Mrs. Mahr's room) two days after she had been here for Mr. C. So as a prank we hid all the tissues in both rooms. They were in lockers, desks, cabinets, everywhere! So many tissues come in every year that we always have about two years' worth of tissues at any given time. It would be completely unreasonable for us to run out. (One time we even did a math problem, Issues with Tissues, where we calculated how many nose blows per day per kid would use all the tissues in one year. Astronomical figure.) Mrs. Crandall ran down the hall to find more tissues. At one point in the afternoon, every kid pulled a tissue out of their pocket and waved it at her. Mrs. Crandall found this prank hilarious.*

LIMERICS WITH UNTIMELY DEMISES

Here are the poems I have written,
one about a man in the kitchen.

Most people die,
though nobody will cry,
when an untimely demise meets a kitten.

There once was a polite young sister,
who addressed all the young men as "mister."

But she had an evil side,
just like Mr. Hyde.
And destroyed the world in a twister.

There once was a fat gentleman,
so large he couldn't dance the Can-can.
He said "Hi" to the cook,
she gave him a look,
then promptly sautéed him in the pan.

There once was a small silly brat,
who would cry at the drop of a hat.
She'd whine and she'd scream,
when she got no ice cream,
So one day I squished her like a gnat.

I suddenly have gotten a curse,
given to me from the old witch's purse.
I was so hungry
I ate what she gave me,
And now I can just speak in verse.

I am allergic to cats,
specifically their fur on mats.
If I go where there's hair,
I'll sneeze into the air,
Then be devoured by ravenous bats.

A kitten was fluffy and cute,
although, 'twas exceptionally mute.
Along came a big truck,
Squished it into a fine muck,
and the sight made me puke on my boot.

There once was an ugly old lyre,
made out of a smelly fat tire.
It stank of some muck,
(and made sounds like a duck)
so I threw it away in a fire.

There was a lady named Maurice,
who had a pretty young niece.
She was absurd,
and would caw like a bird.
So the niece ate her aunt in one piece.

Hello, hello, my young King,
here is your silvery ring.
It is deadly,
poisoned with a medley,
of potions, the death bells will sing.

There once was a limerick that didn't rhyme,
oh it was a poetic crime!
I'd tell it to you,
(if only I knew)
but it has definitely been forgotten.

OTHER LIMERICS

The ones that don't fit in,
are in this chapter- to make you grin!
Some are quite sad,
while others make you glad,
and nobody gets done in.

There once was a man from Baling-o,
who had a pet flamingo.
His pet wasn't trained,
so whenever it rained,
his flamingo would begin to sing-o.

There once was a gal from Montana,
who's favorite food was the banana.
She ate it for lunch,
or in a big bunch,
but never in a sweaty bandanna.

There once was an old little man,
who lived in a rusty tin can.
There he kept all his things,
(including some rings)
but a bull came along and he ran.

Darkness knocked out the sun,
shadows covered every one.
A bit of light gave a roar,
and they were at war,
but after the battle light won.

As I was out walking along,
peacefully singing a song,
out jumped a man,
and kicked me like a can.
When his foot met my shin it went "dong" .

There once was a tiny young gal,
who did not have even one pal.
So she talked to herself,
and not even an elf,
would dare ask about her "friend" Al.

THE END

You can ask "hey why?"
"are you sure this isn't a lie?"
you may look 'round the bend,
but this is the end,
so now I must say bye-**B**

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