

An Acrostic Poem for Christmas

Directions: Use a rhyming pattern to fill in the missing words.

C is for Christmas
I wait all year

H is for holly
that brings so much _____

R is for reindeer
that pull Santa's sleigh

I is for icicles
dripping all _____

S is for Santa
who seldom is seen

T is for tree
that is lovely and _____

M is for mistletoe
hugs and a _____

A is for angel
who looks just like **this**

S is for stockings all loaded with toys
from all of the elves
to the girls and the _____



The Snowman

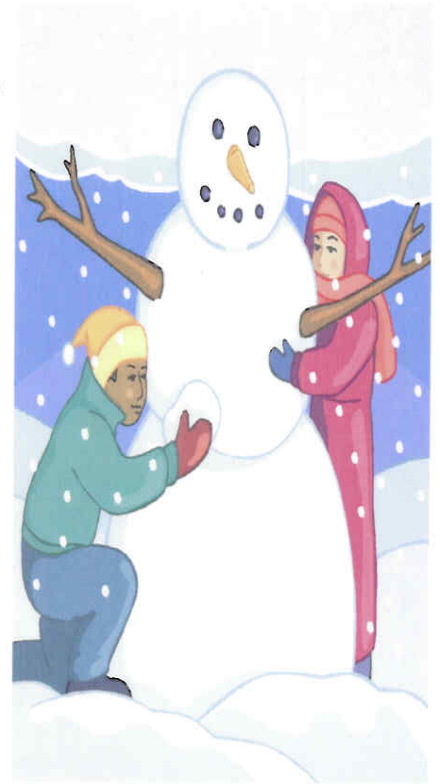


One day we built a snowman,
We built him out of snow;
You should have seen how fine he was,
All white from top to toe.

We poured some water over him,
To freeze his legs and ears;
And when we went indoors to bed,
We thought he'd last for years.

But, in the night a warmer kind
Of wind began to blow;
And Jack Frost cried and ran away,
And with him went the snow.

When we went out next morning
To bid our friend "Good Day",
There wasn't any snowman there...
He'd melted right away!



How to Build a Snowman

Materials Needed:

Directions:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

The Snowman



I made a great tall snowman
with two huge coal black eyes
And just to reach around his neck
took two of Daddy's ties.

I put a hat of mother's
upon his rounded head.
And then I ran and left him
and hurried off to bed.

When I awoke next morning
imagine my surprise.
My snowman had run away
and left his hat, ties, and eyes.



S is for _____

N is for _____

O is for _____

W is for _____

M is for _____

A is for _____

N is for _____

A Question About Penguins

When do penguins change their clothes?

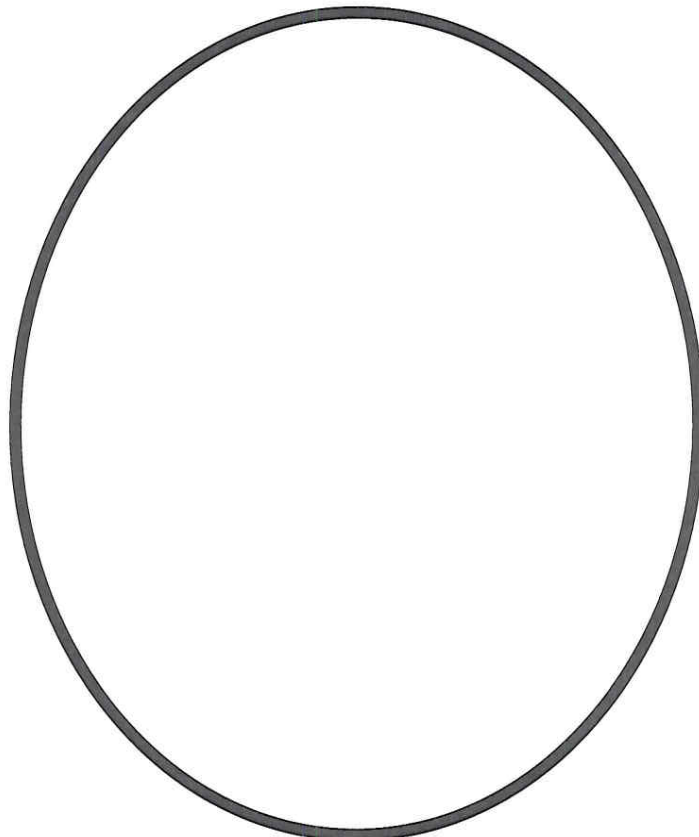
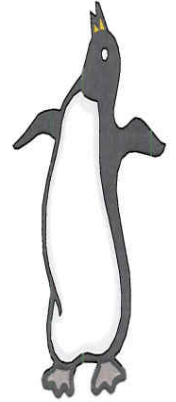
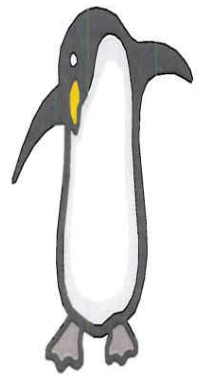
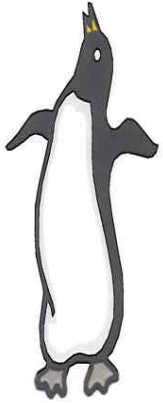
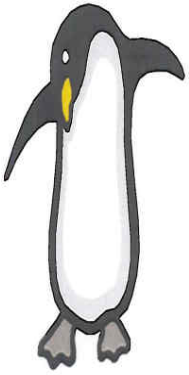
They must have others I suppose.

Can it be they're always dressed
in party clothes that can't be messed?

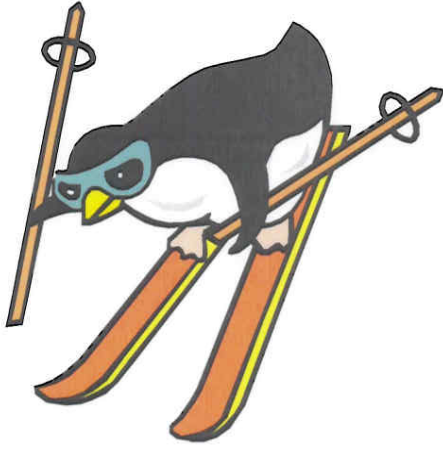
Gathered in suits of black and white
perfect for some formal night.

Do they expect a king or queen
to grace their distant glacial scene?

It would make me feel much better
If I knew each one owned a sweater.

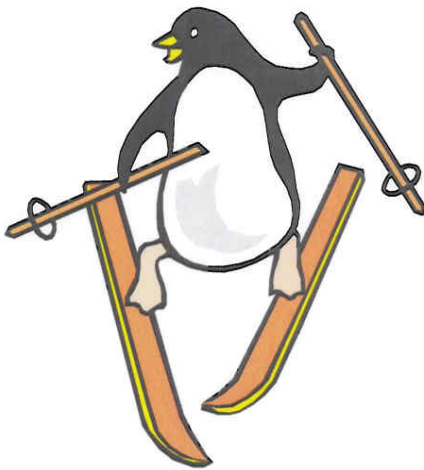


Mr. Penguin



On top of an iceberg,
all covered with snow.
I saw my first penguin.
I wanted to know.
Oh is it a bird?
Or is it a fish?

I looked at his feathers
And knew which was which.
I said, "Mr. Penguin,
which species are you?"



He said, "I'm an emperor,
and not a gentoo."

I said, "Mr. Penguin,
what's under your patch?"

He said, "It's an egg
that is ready to hatch."

I said, "Mr. Penguin,
oh where is your wife?"



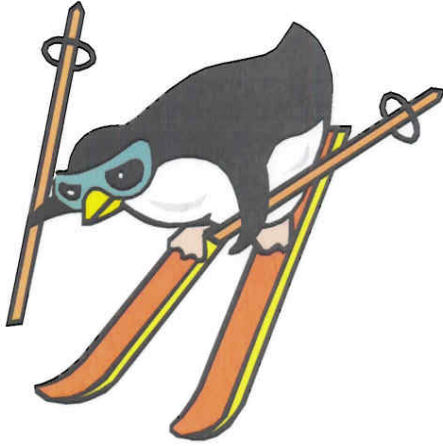
"She's out in the ocean.
She'll be back tonight."

Said Mr. Penguin,
"Her name is Jill.
She's out in the ocean
feeding on krill."

The next thing I knew,
I heard a peep.
And I saw a chick
at the emperor's feet.



Mr. Penguin



On top of an iceberg,
all covered with snow.
I saw my first penguin.
I wanted to know.
Oh is it a bird?
Or is it a fish?

I looked at his feathers
And knew which was which.
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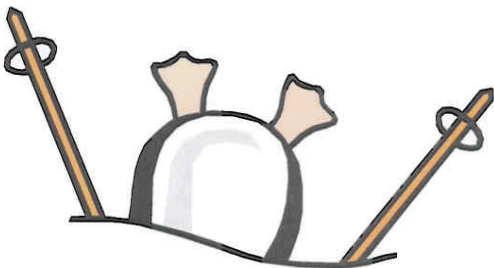
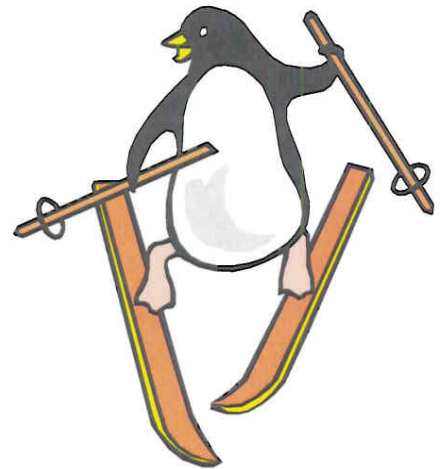
__She's out in the ocean.
She'll be back tonight__ __

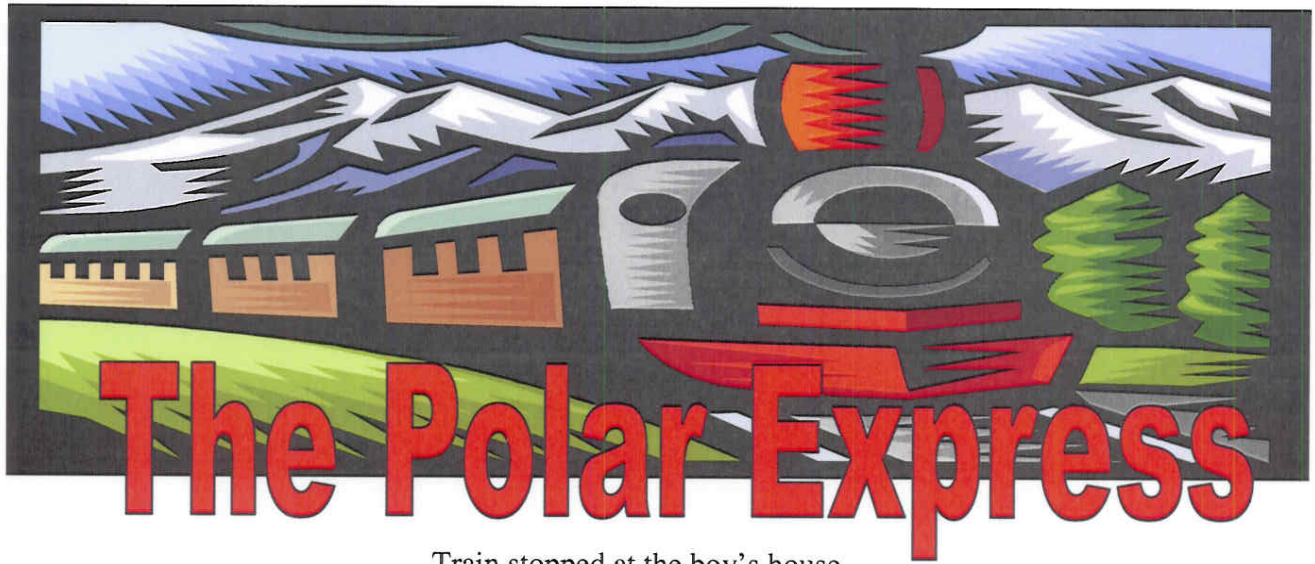
Said Mr. Penguin,
__Her name is Jill.
She's out in the ocean
feeding on krill__ __

The next thing I knew,
I heard a peep.
And I saw a chick
at the emperor's feet.

**Directions: Look back at
the poem on the next page.**

**Now, fill in the missing
punctuation.**





Train stopped at the boy's house.
He got on the Polar Express.
Express trains don't stop to pick up people.

Polar Express went to the North Pole.
On the train, children ate candy.
Lights flickered from the towns and villages.
At the North Pole there were a lot of elves.
Reindeer pranced up and down.

Everybody was excited.
X-marks the spot where Santa's sleigh stopped.
Presents were in Santa's giant bag.
Reindeer's bell is what the boy wanted.
Excited and happy is how the boy felt.
Sad little boy lost Reindeer's bell.
Santa put the bell, only children hear, under the tree.

The Highlights of the Story

Who?

What?

When?

Where?

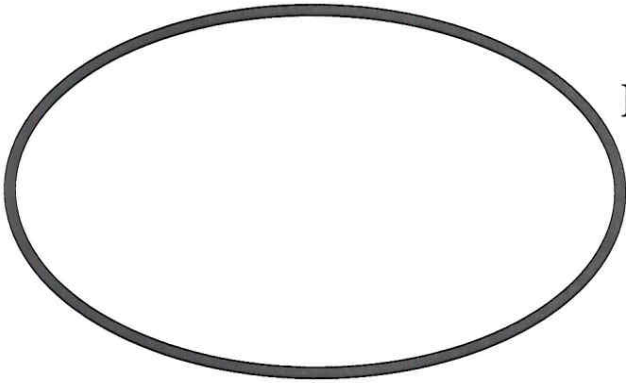
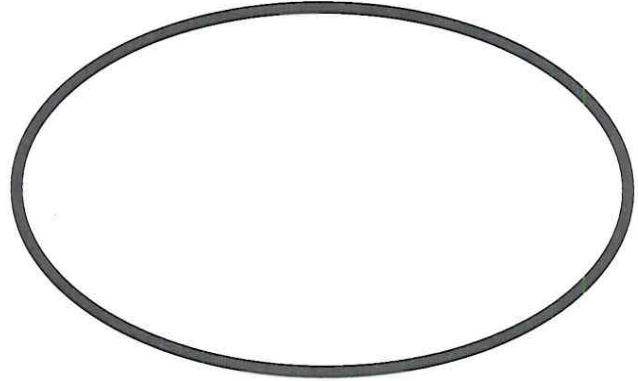
Why?

“The Four Seasons”

Directions: Illustrate the poet’s thoughts.

Summer

The earth is warm, the sun’s ablaze,
it is a time of carefree days;
and bees abuzz that chance to pass
may see me snoozing on the grass.

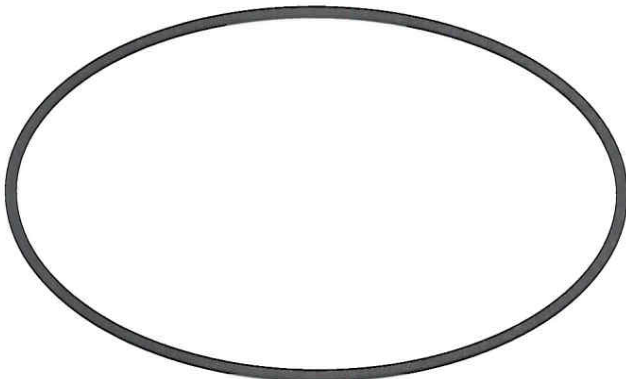
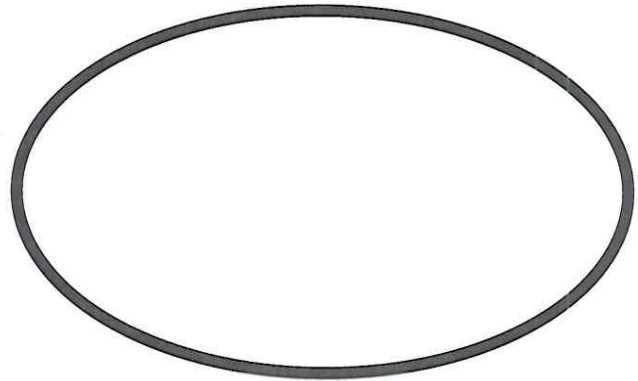


Fall

The leaves are yellow, red, and brown,
a shower sprinkles softly down;
the air is fragrant, crisp, and cool,
and once again I’m stuck in school.

Winter

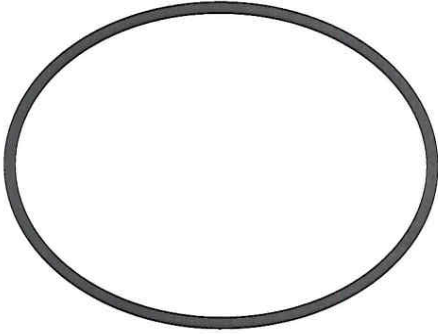
The birds are gone, the world is white,
the winds are wild, they chill and bite;
the ground is thick with slush and sleet,
and I can barely feel my feet.



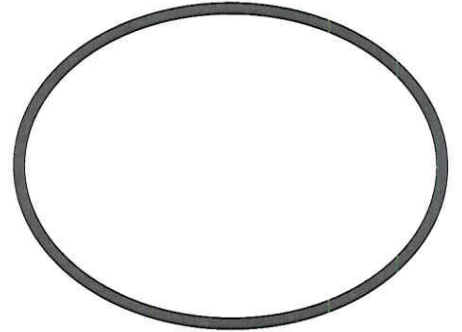
Spring

The fields are rich with daffodils,
a coat of clover cloaks the hills;
and I must dance, and I must sing
to see the beauty of the spring.

A Bad Case of the Giggles
by
Bruce Lansky

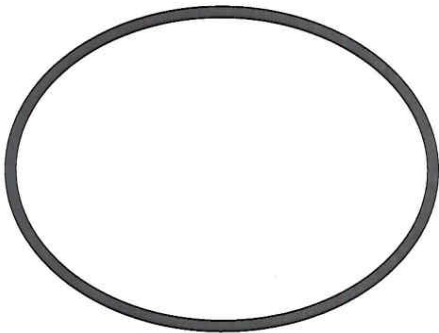


I found a book of poems.
I brought the book to school.
And every time I read it
I giggle like a fool.

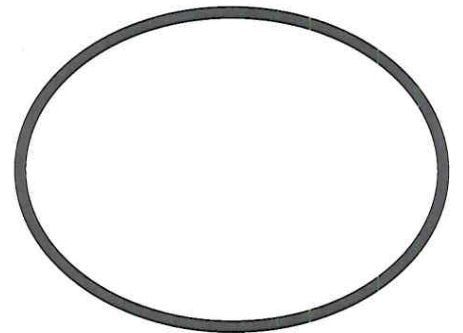


Today in social studies
I opened up the book.
I started giggling right away
just from a single look.

I'm croaking like a bullfrog.
I'm braying like a mule.
These aren't sounds you're supposed to make
while studying at school.

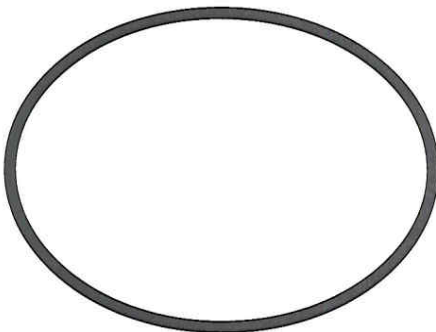


The more I try to stop it
the louder that I howl.
I'm squawking like a parrot,
and hooting like an owl!

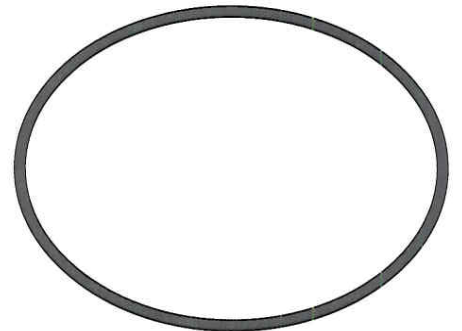


I'm making a commotion;
the teacher is upset.
I'm losing my position
as the teacher's favorite pet.

My giggling is contagious.
My friends have all joined in.
The teacher's getting angry.
We're making quite a din.



The whole big class is giggling.
Not one of us can stop.
The teacher says that if we can't
she'll call a hallway cop.
The room next door has heard us.
And now they're giggling, too.
The sound of giggling travels fast.
The school sounds like a zoo.



And now the teacher's giving up.
She cannot teach today.
The principal's declaring it
a giggling holiday.