

Knight School



Last Monday at Knight School,
we pulled close 'round a book
reading rhyme after rhyme
'till someone said, "Look!"



Outside we saw a man in a hat
who sputtered and spat
and shouted out, "Drat!
How come I'm not the one
who gets to do that?"



Then that old wizard leaped up to attack.
He waved his wand, WHACK, and he knocked us all back.
And he packed all our rhymes in his magic black sack.
Then he cried, "Crackerjack! Now I've got a whole sack!"

And he ran far away to his wizardy shack.



“What a horrible plight!” we called out in fright.
“Oh what might we do, as knights, that is right?”
So we jumped up to fight and we took off in flight.
We chased that old wizard through daylight and night!



We ran and we ran
and we thought once or twice,
“Our rhymes, yeah, they’re nice.
Are they worth this high price?”
Then we heard from below,
“Do you want our advice?”
And down on the ground
we saw three brown mice.





“That rock,” they said. “That rock over there.
If you knock on that block, it will chime like a clock.
It will tick, it will tock, and it will unlock.”
So we did what they said and it was quite a shock.





We tiptoed right in and stepped through a door
and there was the wizard we'd seen from before!



In a flash, in a CRASH, we got into a clash!
With a smash and a bash we broke his whole stash
of bubbling potions and magical trash.



SPLASH!





A blizzard of bubbles flew up in the air,
and pop pop pop POPPED over here, over there.
The wizard we'd fought was a wizard no more,
he'd shrunk to a lizard right there on the floor.

We picked up our rhymes
and marched back to school,
where we had some great fun
using those words as tools
for writing our own books,
full of rhyme after rhyme.
We wrote them all day,
what a wonderful time!

