

This is a poem i wrote
about the every day
life of high school
assignment



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

At eight the bell rings And the classes will see Many hundreds of teens in complete misery. The lockers start closing in the halls Signaling the lurkers, against the walls The time has come, and now they must pay For staying up all night doing nothing but play. The final bell rings the teachers come out To tell the students what the day is about. They have multiple choices As to what their voice is, but the message is always the same: " Jabber and Jabber, had and had, turn in your homework or your grade will be Nadia! " The students' faces, all filled with pain, Make It clear that no matter how this advice Is laid plain

Some Spas will never clear one, And all those teens' parents deprive them of fun Next comes the chorus that will always bore us, " Open your books to page three-fifty-four For twenty pages of homework you've been walling for. " After, or before, this amazingly sad bore Yet another way to put your brain in a bind. " And look out, students! Tomorrow is due That huge project you've been putting off for a month or two. " In third period, they may feel a bit muddy, Although it is no part because Of that test for which they did not study. But the third period teacher allows a respite For this particular teacher does not bite;

His tests are challenging and his assignments fun, Making it seem that as if in a dream the school runs. Fourth period comes, And students' stomachs are rumbling; No luck for them in their studies, Despite all their grumbling At last, lunch arrives, and three dollars will be gone If its pizza this day that students hope to feed on. Laughing and eating are now a norm, Much like the atmosphere of a college dorm Fifth period is quiet, And deadly as well.