

**My Teacher Wants to See Me**

by J. Richards

My teacher wants to see me  
 But I don't know what it's for  
 So I'm standing here, just trembling,  
 Outside the staff room door

I don't know if she's in there  
 In fact, I hope she's not –  
 But then she's waiting somewhere else  
 And thinks that I forgot!

My teacher wants to see me  
 But I don't know what I've done  
 I'm sure she'll have her reasons  
 But I can not think of one

I've not been impolite for days  
 Well nothing worth a mention,  
 So I'll be quite unhappy  
 If I end up in detention.

My teacher wants to speak to me  
 But hasn't told me why  
 Apologising's not my strength  
 But I may have to try

I'll just listen with my eyes down  
 To find out what I've done wrong  
 Oh, I'm missing all my play time  
 I do hope she won't be long!

My teacher wants a little chat  
 She told me with a smile:  
 "Please come and see me later  
 It will just take a short while."

But I'm starting to feel nervous  
 That I've made a big mistake  
 For my teacher hasn't come  
 And I've been standing here all break

Perhaps I should go looking for her  
 All around the school  
 But if she turns up here  
 She'll think I didn't come at all!

Perhaps I'll get my friends  
 To go and look on my behalf  
 But, seeing me stuck here  
 They may just run away and laugh

Perhaps I'll write some lines for her  
 "I must be good in class"  
 And she'll be pleased I did it  
 Though she didn't even ask.

But I still don't know what I've done  
 Though I've been here an age  
 And now I'm starting to feel like  
 A monkey in a cage

For staff and pupils walking past  
 All turn around and stare  
 And whisper, but I hear them,  
 "I wonder why he's there!"

Well, there's the bell and break is over –  
 Now what should I do?  
 I dread my teacher saying:  
 "I've been waiting here for you!"

If I try to say what happened  
 It will sound like an excuse  
 Grown ups always say 'be honest'  
 But, well, really, what's the use?

I'd better think of ways I can improve  
 To put things right  
 I'll help a lot in class  
 And do my homework every night.

I'll listen during lessons  
 And my work will be so neat  
 And I'll never walk around the class  
 But sit still in my seat

I'll come to school on time each day  
 With all the things I need  
 And if my teacher's been delayed  
 I'll take a book to read.

Well the classroom will be filling up  
And if I'm last one in  
My teacher will be cross with me  
And won't care where I've been

"Hello, dear, what's the matter?  
What? You're waiting here for me?  
Oh, no dear, you're mistaken  
That's not what I meant, you see –

And furthermore, you came at break  
And I did have a hunch  
That you weren't really listening  
When I said come at lunch

But never mind just come and see me later  
As I've said  
Please eat your fill  
Then meet me outside by the flower bed

I heard your Dad's a gardener  
So I'll be picking you  
Each time there is a spot of  
Messy gardening to do

You like to mess about as well  
So this should suit you fine  
A little bit of hard work in the garden  
And you'll shine!

*("A little toil upon the soil should bring him into  
line!")*

Well, now I know what was in store  
But had I known this long before  
I wonder if I would have stood  
So long outside the staff room door!