



FIVE HALLOWEEN POEMS FROM BROD BAGERT.

For you and your students...

- The Witches' Ball..... 2**
(72 LINES — PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE)
It's Halloween, so saddle up a giant bat and fly to the famous Witches' Ball, where Tammy Troll plays lead guitar, Werewolf Willie howls the blues, Zell Zombie misplaces an eyeball, and the hungry stare of Queen Witch tells us it's time for our imaginations to get us back to home sweet home.
- All Wet..... 5**
12 LINES — PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE
An older sibling is frightened by his kindergarten sister with disastrous consequences.
- Dressing Up..... 6**
16 LINES — PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE
An ordinarily prim 2nd grader discovers that she loves to be a “scary sight for just one night.”
- The Kissing Zombie..... 7**
16 LINES — PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE
A 5th grader, in the face of impending puberty, is horrified by the sight of her high school sister being kissed by her “zombie” boyfriend and realizes that “growing up is what scares me the most.”
- Candy-Corn Forever – or - Taking a Stand on Halloween” 8**
37 LINES — PRIMARY & INTERMEDIATE
A 6th grade, captain of the volley ball team, straight-A student overcomes peer-pressure to take a stand to wear her favorite Halloween costume.

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The Witches' Ball

by Brod Bagert

Leaves are swirling in the air,
pumpkins smiling everywhere,
stars are dancing round the moon,
Halloween will be here soon.

So grab your wizard wand and hat,
saddle up a giant bat,
hold on tight so you don't fall,
we're flying to the Witches' Ball.

Up we go above the trees,
soaring with enchanted ease,
flying over trick-or-treaters,
all those happy candy-eaters.

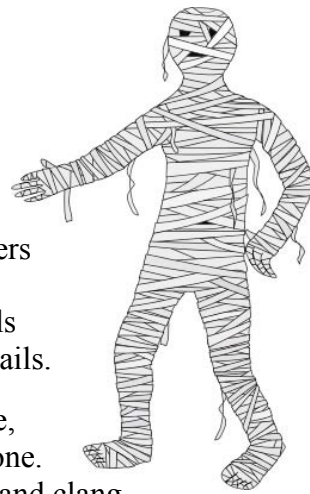


Hear that music in the air?
I think that means we're almost there.
Yes look, straight down, what have we got?
A witches' broomstick parking lot.



The witches come here every Fall,
it's where they have the Witches' Ball,
On Halloween it's what they do,
and you and I can do it too.

So in we go, right through the door,
into a monster-music roar,
where goblins serve the thirsty masses
dragon blood in crystal glasses.



Skeletons feed hungry snackers
tiny toads on crispy crackers.
Mummies hand out rusty nails
that witches use for eating snails.

Skeletons dance bone to bone,
but ghosts prefer to dance alone.
Their rusty chain-links clink and clang
past vampires waltzing fang to fang.



Headless Heather's so forlorn,
she couldn't get her lipstick on.
Warlock Dan's so scared to dance
he put himself into a trance.

Zell Zombie's mad as she can be,
her eye fell in a cup of tea.
Then Ghoulish George, that silly clown,
he grabbed her tea and drank it down.

On lead guitar it's Tammy Troll,
she's playing wicked Rock'n'Roll.
And center stage amid the ooze
ole Werewolf Willy howls the blues.





And on that stage a little higher,
witches dance around a fire.
Round and round a giant pot
filled with water boiling hot.

Holding hands they form a ring
as all the witches start to sing:
Bubble single, bubble double,
Little children, you're in trouble.

And there she is, the witchy queen
the biggest witch you've ever seen.
Her nose is dripping purple snot.
She throwing stuff into the pot.

Now please be calm, don't make a fuss,
but look, that witch is watching us.
Oh no! She's got a giant scoop!
She wants to throw us in her soup!

We've had enough, it's time to quit,
our moms and dads would throw a fit,
Too high to fly! Too far to roam!
Imagination, take us home!

Leaves are swirling in the air,
pumpkins smiling everywhere,
stars are dancing round the moon,
Halloween is coming soon.

So grab your wizard wand and hat,
saddle up that giant bat,
but please remember, most of all,
DO NOT GO NEAR THE WITCHES' BALL!



All Wet

by Brod Bagert

My brain feels like a volcano.
My heart feels like a blister.
And what's the cause of all this pain?
My kindergarten sister!

With pointy claws and a scary mask
and a big, red Cyclops eye,
she hid behind the classroom door
and pounced when I walked by.

Will I ever live it down?
I don't think there's a chance,
cause when my sister shouted BOO!
I think I wet my pants.

PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE - SE. 2. 73





Dressing Up

by Brod Bagert

I'm always nice and sweet,
I have a pretty smile,
but once a year, at Halloween,
I'm ugly for a while.

My face is yucky-yellow,
my hair is gizzard-green,
I wear a pair of monster fangs
that make me look real mean.

My fingernails are claws,
my lips are grimy-gray,
and everyone who looks at me
just screams and runs away.

At Halloween I make myself
as scary as can be.
A scary sight for just one night,
then PUFF! I'm back to me.

The Kissing Zombie

by Brod Bagert

My sister loves makeup, there's never enough,
she's in high school this year and she thinks she's hot stuff.
But her Halloween party was totally cool.
One guy was a ghost, two girls came as ghouls.
There were vampires and werewolves and Frankensteins too,
a witch all in black, and a zombie all blue.
The zombie was ugly, his face was a blister,
and he growled as he started to dance with my sister.
My sister was dressed like a cat so she hissed,
then they danced very slowly and started to KISS!
I had to do something, I had to think quick,
so I shouted, "Please stop! You're making me sick!"
I'm not bothered by monsters, I'm okay with the witches,
but the mere thought of kissing can fill me with twitches.
I'm not scared of goblins, I'm not scared of ghosts,
but I think growing up is what scares me the most.

PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, & MIDDLE - SE. 2. 75



Candy-Corn Forever or Taking a Stand on Halloween

by Brod Bagert

I am a sixth grade straight-A student,
captain of the volleyball team,
and, judging from the way boys fall on their face
when I walk into a room,
I am on the sizzling side of hot.
But tonight is Halloween,
and I and all my friends are about to face a very difficult decision—
To costume... Or not to costume... That is the question.
Why is this such a difficult matter, you ask?
Simple.

This is what people tell us:

Don't be such a baby.

Don't be so immature.

It's crazy for a young adult
to be so insecure.

We hear it, or something very much like it,
almost every day,
which makes us a little reluctant to do anything childlike,
which means we can no longer do any of the stuff
we have always loved to do,
which includes trick-or-treat and Halloween costumes.

Well I am not a baby,
I am not remotely immature,
and though it's possible I may have a flaw or two,
insecurity is not one of them.
So tonight,
this Halloween night,
I am going to wear a costume,
I am going to wear my very favorite costume of all time.
I... am going to be... a candy-corn!

Growing-up is okay,
but we're not in a big rush to get it done,
and we refuse to let growing-up get in the way of good clean fun.
So don't act like a baby,
and don't be immature,
but young adults can still have fun,
if we aren't insecure.

