

I Cheated on My Spelling Test

I cheated on my spelling test,
Now I can't eat, sleep, read or rest.
I'm feeling dreadful, bad and wicked,
Miss thinks I am, but won't admit it.
I don't know how to tell my mum,
I couldn't stand to look so dumb.
The others all do fine, but me?
I even mix up 'd' and 'b.'

I cheated on my spelling test,
I went up straight away and 'fessed.
I really try to follow rules,
And use Miss Wilson's phonics tools,
But I can't wrap my head around
How 'u' 'g' 'h' would make that sound!
My letters always jumble up
Do no one else's run amok?

I cheated on my spelling test,
The fact of that I must digest.
I'm really good at other stuff,
But sometimes feel it's not enough
To be so good at maths and art;
If I can't read, I can't be smart.
And now I've got to face the court,
And probably get a bad report...

I cheated on my spelling test,
But just since now, I'm way less stressed.
Miss Wilson thinks the words are hectic
Because I might be dyslexic!
Which means it's difficult for me,
Because my brain works differently.
We're going to work on it together,
My whole day could not get much better.