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The Spider

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The Spider Cheryle Krzyzak

The air whistles by As I contemplate Your early demise - I must seal your fate

I don't hate you Not at all It's just survival of the fittest - And you're on my wall

You have your purpose I do understand But not in my house - I must demand

Your crossed the line When you crossed my door So I must squash you - heel to floor

Wicked insect Eight-legged beast Of all God's creatures - I love you the least

N a n c y Patricia Ganoas

I have a doll named Nancy I always feed her peas, She gets them on her face, she gets them on her knees.

I clean her up and tell her that I think she's so sweet, I give her some more peas, but she drops them on her feet.

Peas are not for Nancy, I give her bread instead, She won't eat a bit of it, she puts it on her head.

I put some jam upon the bread, I think oh what a treat, But Nancy throws it in the air, she glues it to her seat.

Nancy is a problem doll I think I'll trade her in, I'll get myself another doll, I'll trade her for a him!!!