

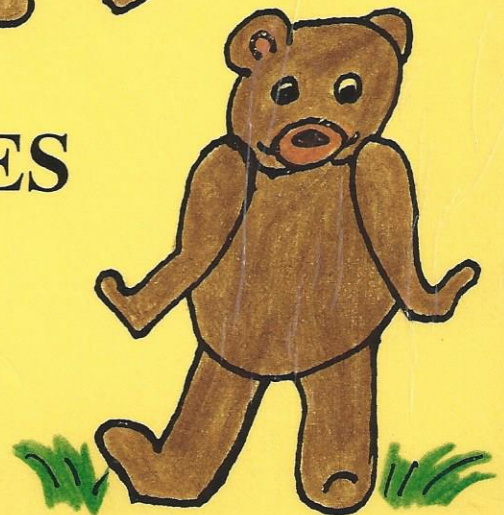
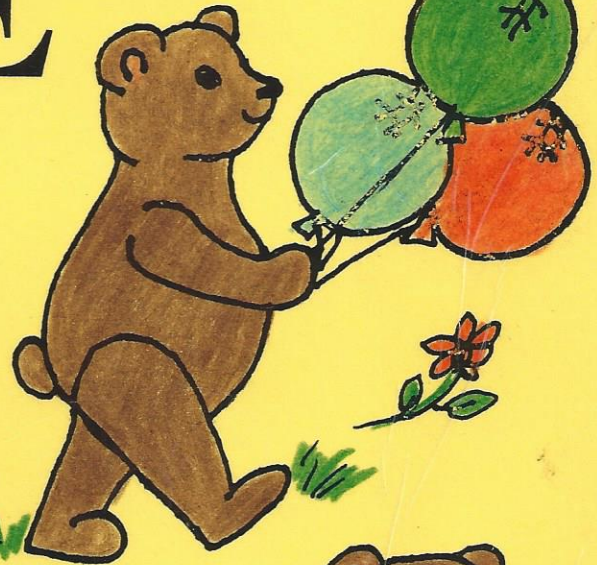
LAP TIME

POEMS

AND

RHYMING STORIES

By
Elaine J. Roark



LAP TIME

POEMS

AND

RHYMING STORIES

Written and Illustrated

by

Elaine J. Roark

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CRAWLING IN BED WITH MOM AND DAD

Sometimes I sneak in bed with Mom and Dad.

I crawl in-between where it's warm and snuggly.

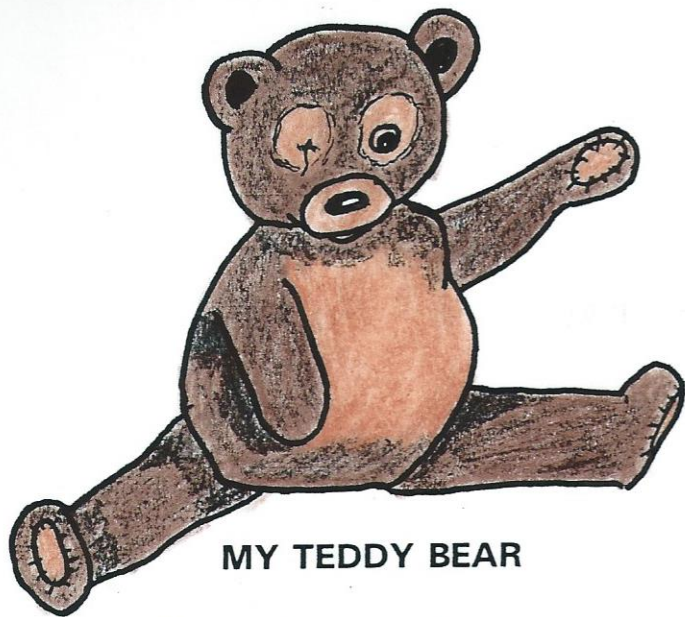
They wrap me tight in arms strong and huggly.

There I lie all warm and sof'
til Dad's strong arms
carry me off.

I wrap my arms around his head,
and ride on his back
to my own little bed.

ELAINE J ROARK





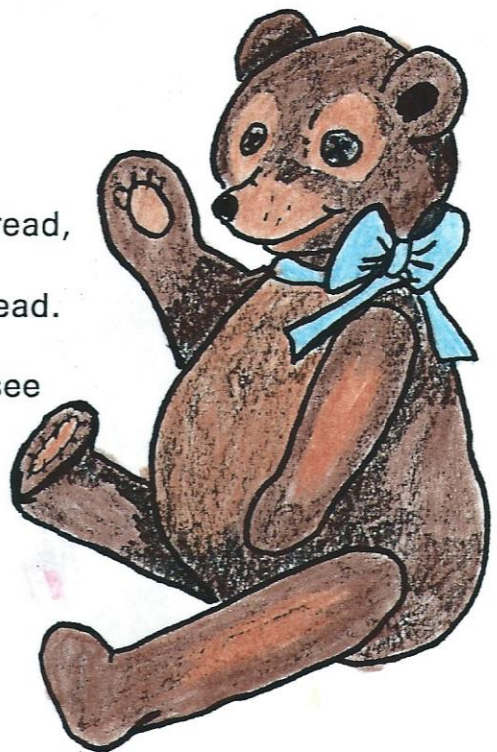
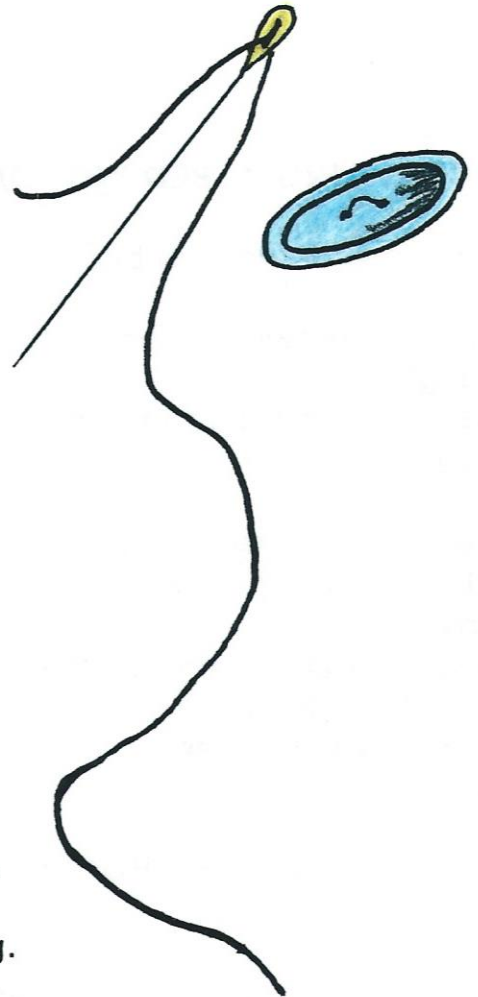
MY TEDDY BEAR

Teddy bear lost his eye.
Yet he didn't even cry.
So I took him to my mom.
But she couldn't sew it on.

He looked strange with one eye gone.
Everything about him looked all wrong.
Mom removed the other eye.
Still Teddy didn't even cry.

She took two buttons and some thread,
and sewed them both to Teddy's head.
Now he has buttons for eyes, you see
and he looks just fine to me.

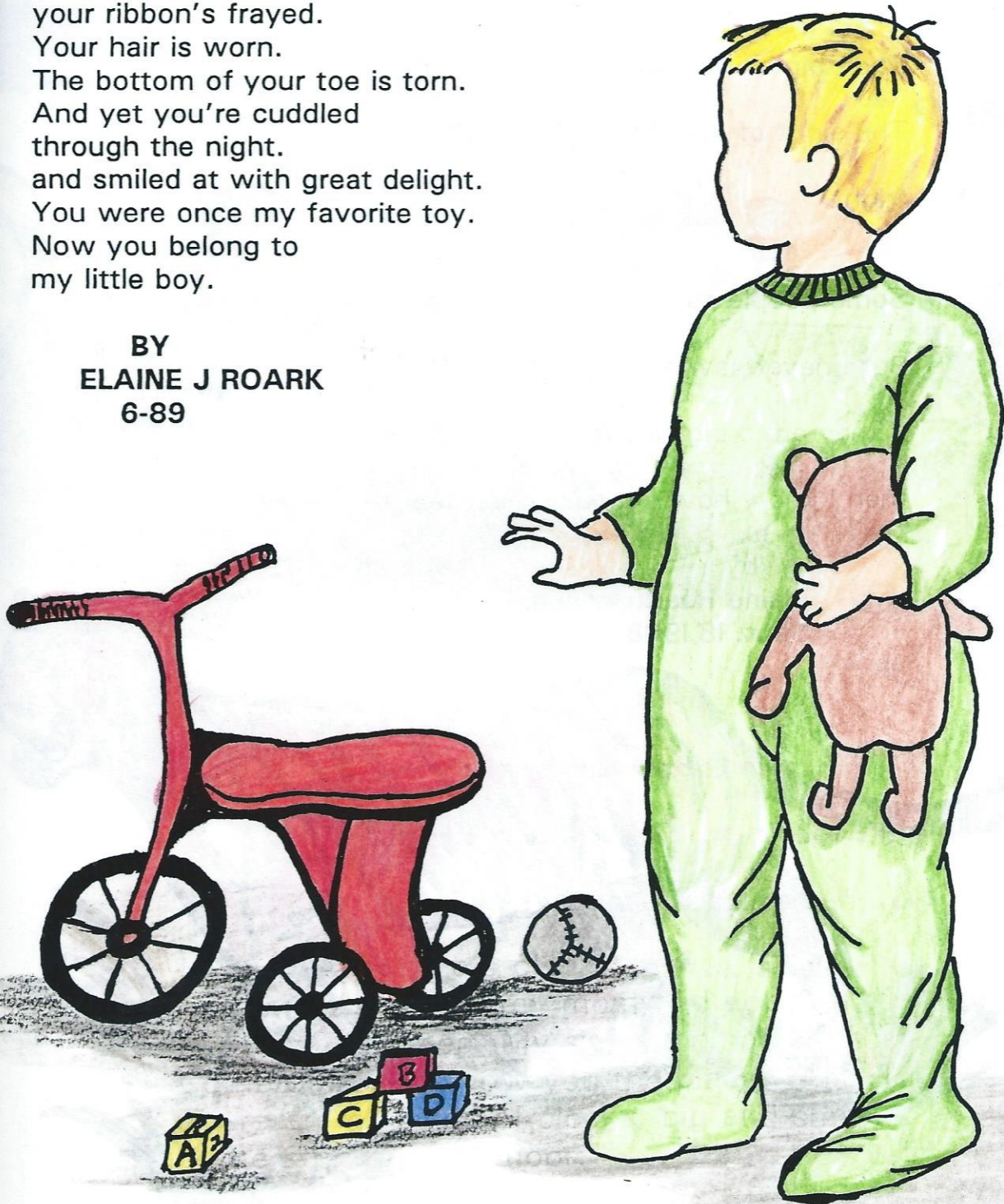
BY
ELAINE J ROARK
5-88



FAVORITE TOY

Teddy bear, Teddy bear,
your ribbon's frayed.
Your hair is worn.
The bottom of your toe is torn.
And yet you're cuddled
through the night.
and smiled at with great delight.
You were once my favorite toy.
Now you belong to
my little boy.

BY
ELAINE J ROARK
6-89



TIGERS

Tigers have stripes and big hairy paws.

They have big sharp teeth and lots of
claws.

Their big shiny eyes can see at night.

The sight of one might give you a
fright.

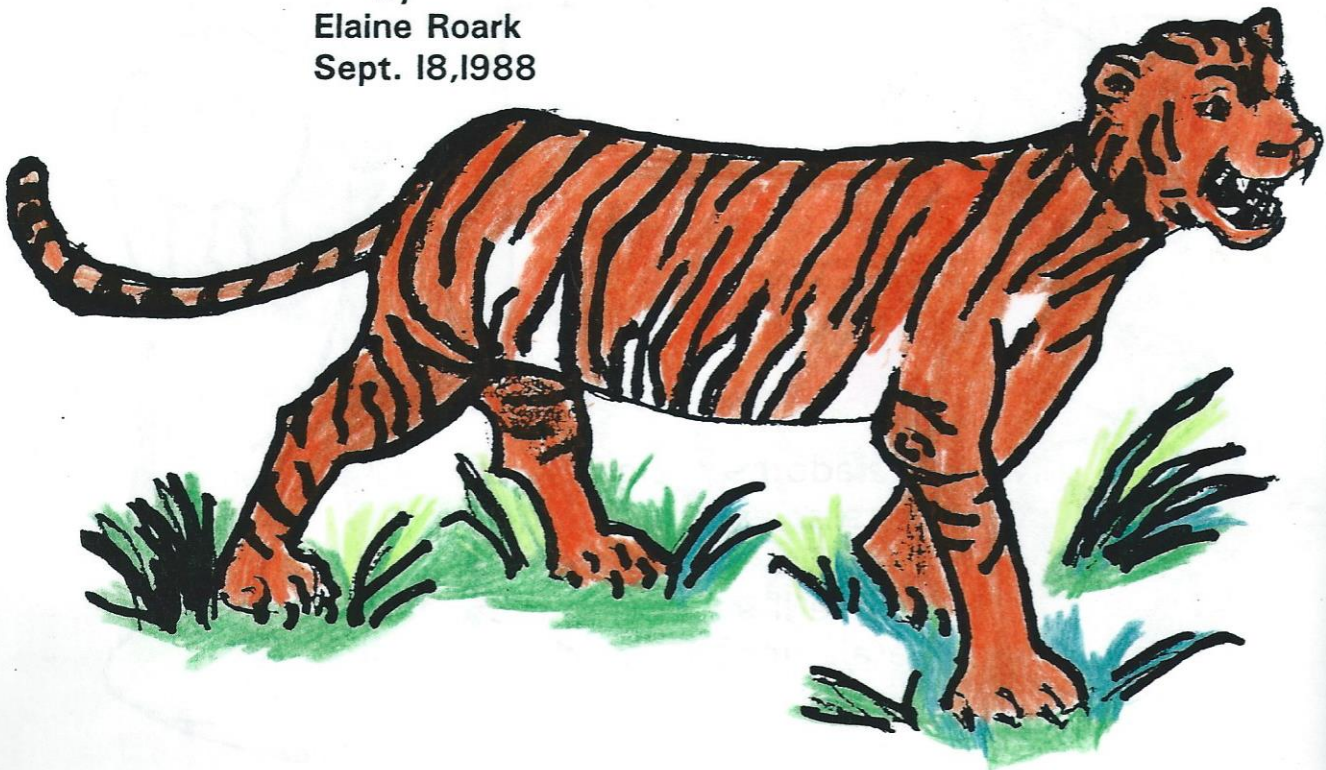
Some people say they're just a big cat.

But I never saw a cat like that!

If they are a big cat, for real,

then I know how a mouse must feel.

by
Elaine Roark
Sept. 18, 1988

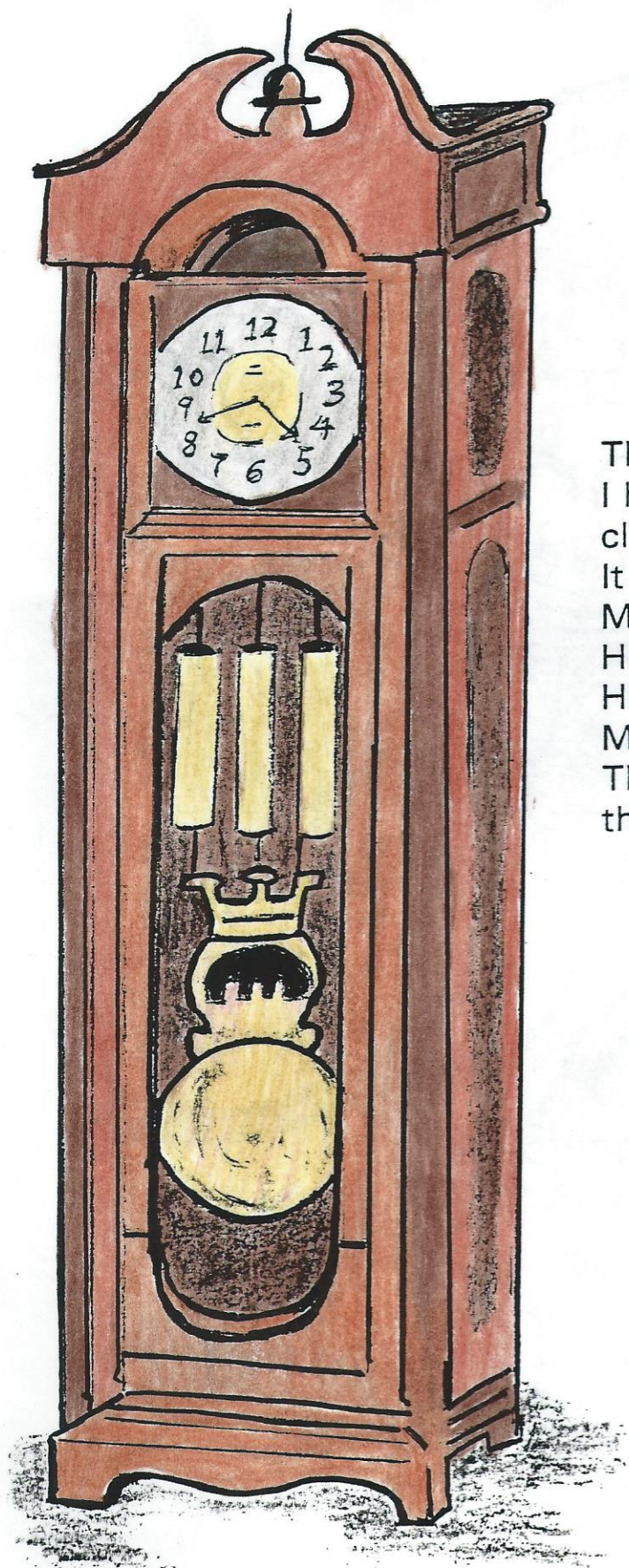


C L O C K S



KALADOME'S CLOCK SHOP

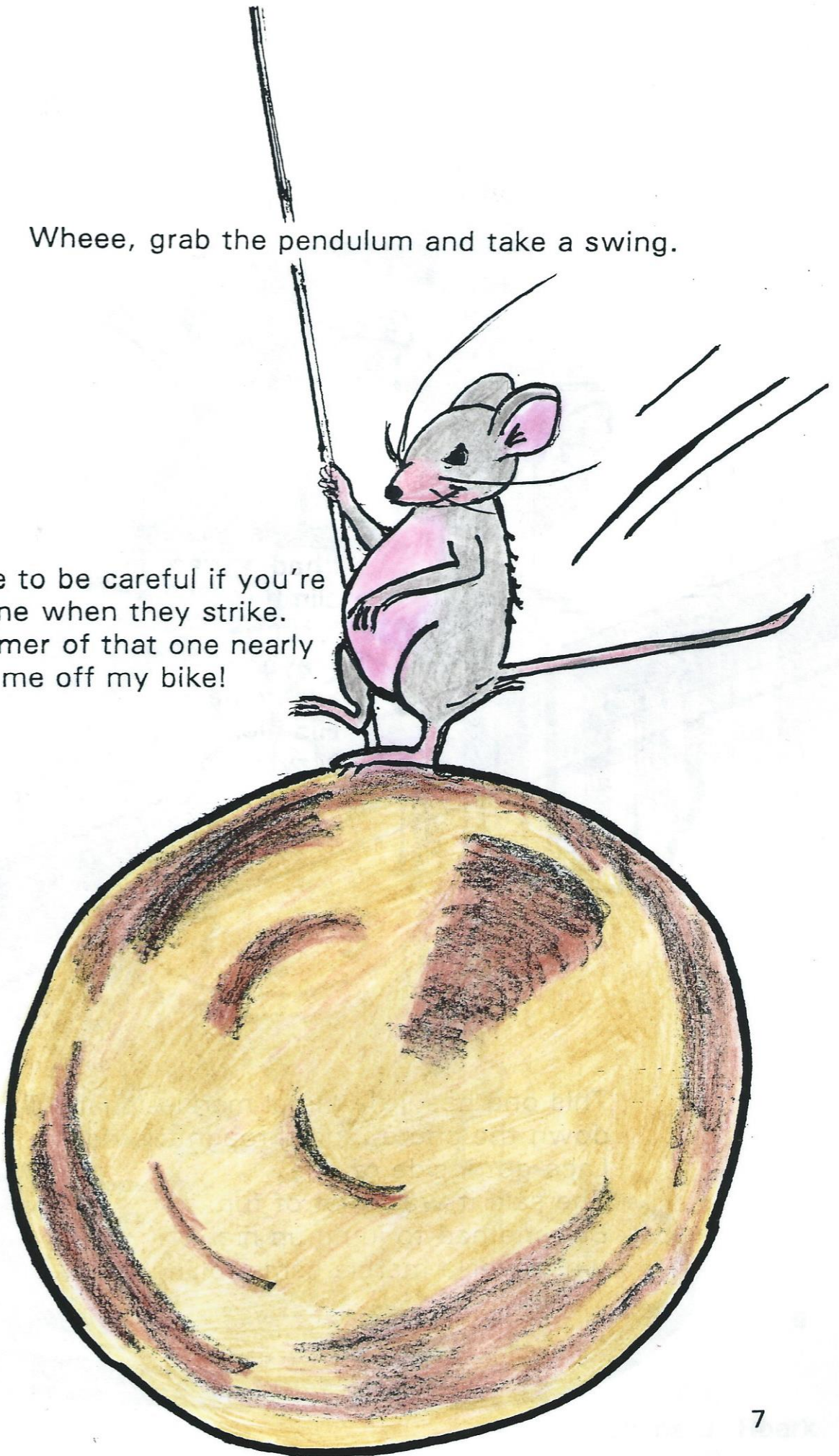
I live in Kaladome's clock shop,
with my sister and my mom and pop.
My name is Treep. My sister's name is Lace.
Come on, we'll show you the place.
There are all kinds of clocks, big and small.
Some stand on the floor.
Some hang on the wall.



This is a Grandfather's clock.
I had a great uncle who, just for fun,
climbed all the way to the top of one.
It brought him fame.
Maybe you've heard of his name.
His name was Hickory Dickory.
His nick-name was Doc.
Maybe you've heard of him and the c
They wrote a song about him,
that the children sing.

Wheee, grab the pendulum and take a swing.

You have to be careful if you're behind one when they strike. The hammer of that one nearly knocked me off my bike!





This one has little metal marbles that roll,
down the chute, and through the hole.
Lace got inside of one.
She said it was a lot of fun.
But she had to jump up high,
whenever a marble came rolling by.

Of all the clocks in the house,
my favorite one is Mickey Mouse.



TURTLE'S HOUSE

Whenever I go on a trip
I take suitcases, and bags that zip.
But I don't complain that it isn't fair.
Because my turtle carries
his whole house everywhere!

By
E. J. Roark
1988



MY YELLOW RAIN SLICKER

See my pretty yellow rain slicker,
and my boots shiny and red.
They keep me dry
from my toes up to my head.
I can splash in the puddles,
catch rain drops with my tongue,
and still be warm and dry,
when rain clouds fill the sky.

E. J. Roark
1989





HOW MANY PIGS CAN DANCE ON A PIE?

How many pigs can dance on a pie?

How many elephants really can fly?

How many birds are up in the sky?

If you had money, what would you buy?

If you were green, what color tears would you cry?

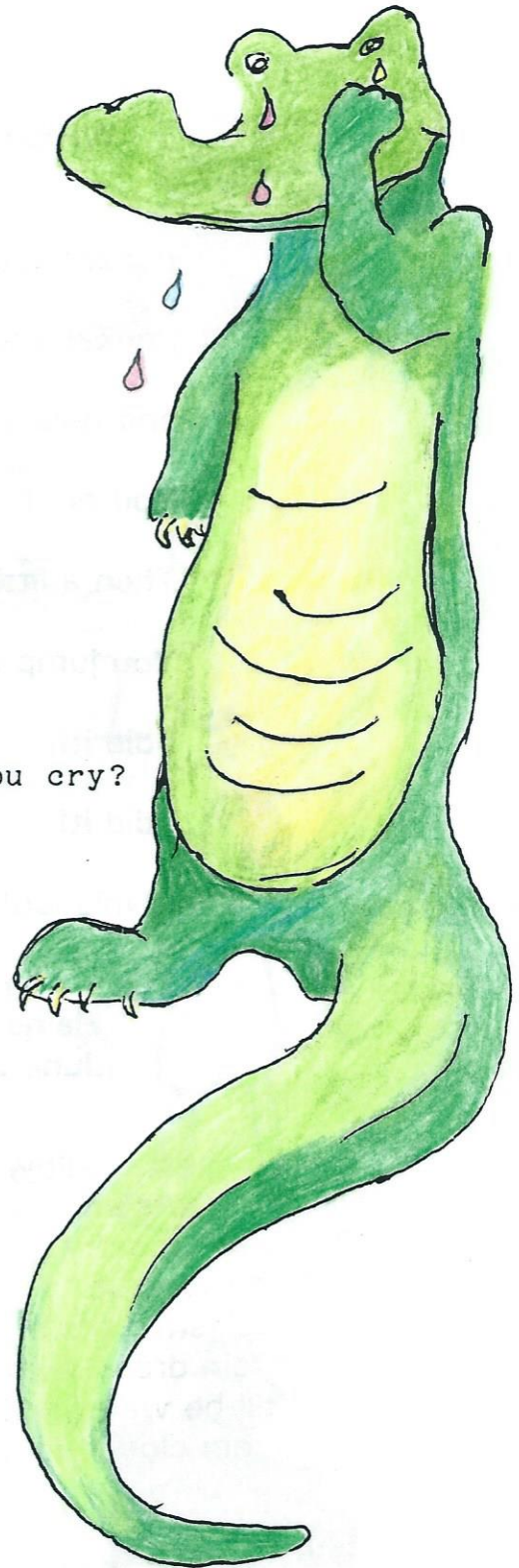
Now please don't spoil my questions

by asking me...why!

By

E.J. Roark

1991



WHISTLING

Pucker and blow
Pucker and blow
and hold your tongue just so.
You do it over and over again.
Then a little sound comes out.
You jump up and shout,
I did it!
I did it!
I whistled!

by
Elaine Roark
June 27, 1988



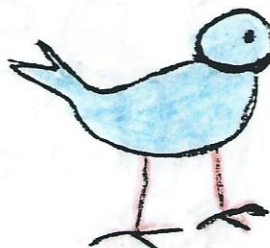
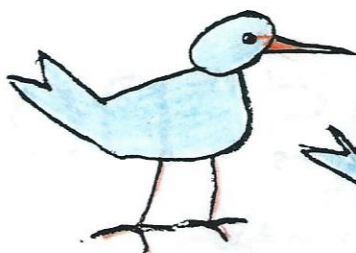
Teddy bear walking.



Teddy bear still.



Long billed bird.



Bird without bill.

One of those.



One of those, without clothes.



Bear in chair.



Bear in chair, combing his hair.

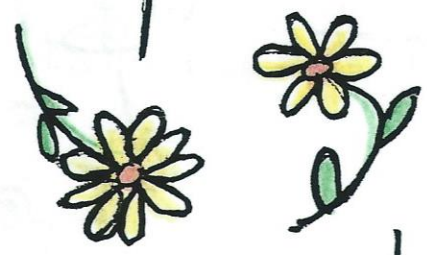


Perhaps



or

Perhaps not



Perhaps what?

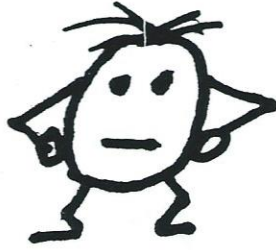


I don't

Know



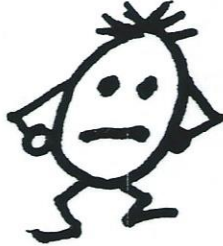
Tell me!



No!



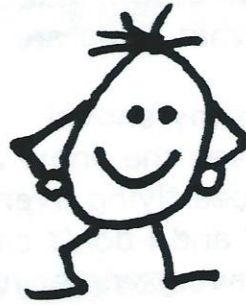
Tell me!



No!



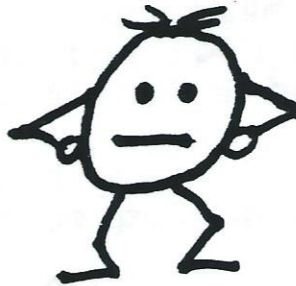
Please tell me.



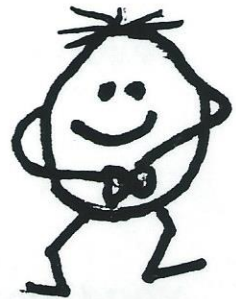
OK!



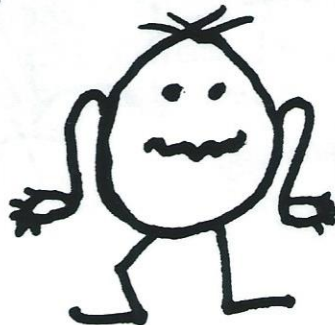
Well...tell me!



Tell you what?



I don't know.



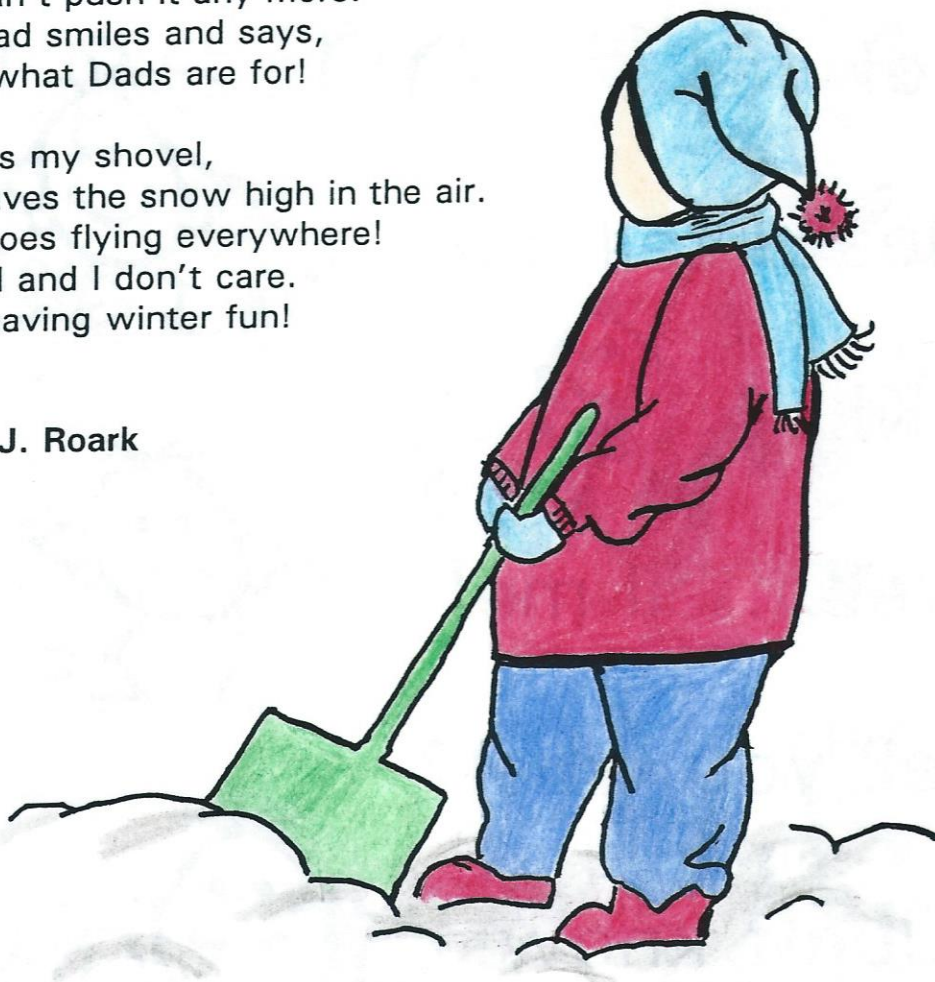
WINTER FUN

I like to help Daddy shovel snow
from the driveway and walk.
We shovel and shovel
and talk and talk.

We have two shovels.
I push mine until it's full,
and I can't push it any more.
Then Dad smiles and says,
That's what Dads are for!

He takes my shovel,
and heaves the snow high in the air.
Snow goes flying everywhere!
But Dad and I don't care.
We're having winter fun!

E. J. Roark





GETTING DRESSED ALL BY MYSELF

I'm learning to get dressed all by myself.
I put my arms through the arm holes
and push my head through the collar.
"Look, Mommy, look. I did it," I holler.

But then there's some bad news.
Mommy still has to help me put on my shoes.

But I'm learning, and pretty soon
I'll be able to do that too,
just as good as Mommy, or you!
Next I'll learn to tie them in a bow,
because I'm a pretty fast learner, you know.

by
Elaine Roark

TAILS

Some tails are short.
Some tails are long.
Some tails are feathered,
and their owners sing a song.

Some tails are striped.
Some are spotted.
A few are sometimes
almost knotted.

Some tails are just a bunch
of long and flowing hair,
and the rabbit's tail is
hardly even there.

Some tails stick up like a flag.
Some are so long, they almost drag.
A beaver has a tail like a paddle.
When he slaps it on the water
that means ... Skedaddle!

When it comes to tails,
there are many different kinds.
But one thing is just the same.
They're always on behinds!

E. J. Roark
3- 1993

Polar Bear

A polar bear
doesn't need long underwear,
though he lives where
it's very cold.

As for a hat,
he has no need for that,
because he's covered
with hair.

E. J. Roark
3-1993



MY BABY SISTER

I have a baby sister
and her name is Cindy Lou.
There really isn't much to her,
or much that she can do.

She doesn't have any teeth
and not much hair.
I didn't know that babies came
not quite all there.

She really isn't the prettiest thing
that ever I did meet.
But when she coos and smiles at me,
I think she's pretty sweet.

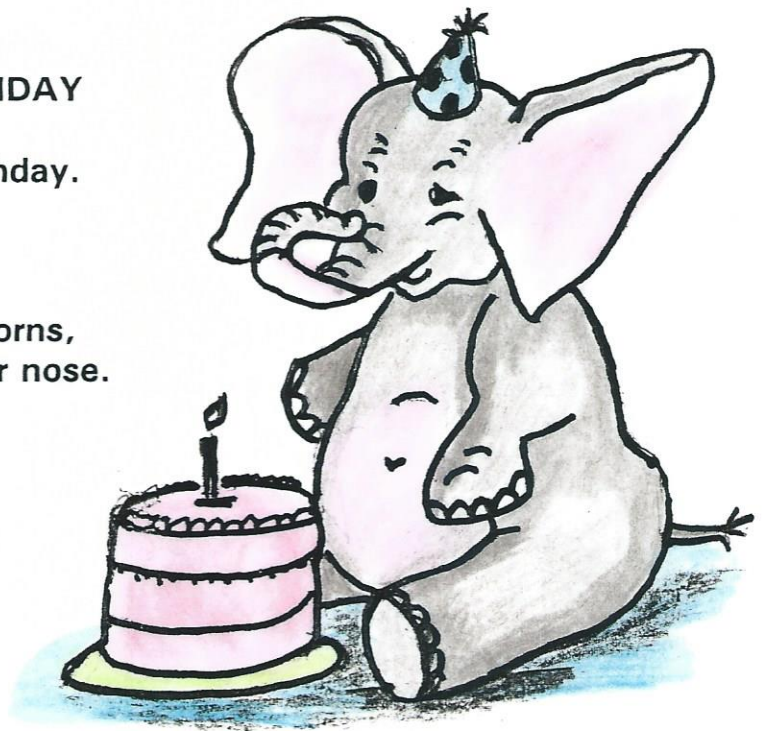
And though she can't play much yet,
because she's quite a sleeper,
Mom and Dad and I agree,
that we think we'll just keep her.

Elaine J. Roark
10-31-88



TAMMY ELEPHANT'S BIRTHDAY

It was Tammy Elephant's birthday.
She was only one.
We all wore funny paper hats
and had a lot of fun.
When we blew our birthday horns,
Tammy trumpeted through her nose.



And every time she did it,
she blew off someone's clothes.
We celebrated her birthday
with the biggest cake we could bake.
And when she blew the candles out,
she blew the frosting off the cake!

E.J. Roark

