**The Supply Teacher**

Here he comes

Grey hair and beard

Why are supply teachers

Always so weird?

What’s he looking at?

The strange-looking geek!

He’s just standing there staring

Is he going to speak?

He looks really frightened

And we’re only year five

Does he think we’ll attack him?

Or skin him alive?

At last he does something

He’s clapping his hands

To get attention (I think)

But no-one understands

They just keep on talking

Ignoring his clapping

He’ll have to do better

Or we’ll just keep on chatting

“Right, now sit down and listen,

It’s register time.”

He repeats it again

At least seven times

But still we’re all talking

Now he’s started to shout

But the kids hardly notice

And still mess about

He’s getting more desperate

He’s got fear in his eyes

Nothing is working

Whatever he tries

The noise just gets louder

And they pretend he’s not there

So he’s wasting his time

With that ‘strict teacher’s stare’

He thinks of escaping

He stares at the door

He can’t believe this lot

Are worse than year four

He takes a deep breath

And shouts once again

But I’m afraid that the outcome’s

Exactly the same

I almost feel sorry for him

But then I think, why?

He’s a teacher after all

And worse, he’s supply!