

I stare upon a completely silent room
And fifty eyes follow my every move
A stick of knowledge raised in my right hand
One wrong answer and a lightning quick KA BOOM.

A room full of children leap into the air
Like popcorn kernels thrown into a hot, greasy pan.
They thought they knew how school worked,
But now they know that learning can scare!

Liquid Learning at my side like a bottle of water.
My big eyes burning as bright as the red button of a dying XBOX 10
Horns rising from my forehead. Small pointy cones of hate.
Laughing at the kids crying for their mommy just like my daughter.

It's all just a day in my life of evil
Crushing the delicate flowers that are children's souls.
How can a school let me near young minds?
A "K" in my name, and mean as a weasel. 15

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