

If I Were a Pencil

by Kate Mu

If I were a pencil, I'd wait to be bought at the store.

If I were a pencil, I would write wild stories about ancient castles.

If I were a pencil, I would draw comics that go out of this world.

If I were a pencil, I would plead not to be pushed inside the shredder machine, shrinking me
into pieces of horror and sadness.

If I were a pencil, my adventures would go wherever my dreams would take me.

If I were a pencil, I wouldn't want my tip to get dull or else I'd have to go in the pencil
sharpener.

If I were a pencil, my lead would swirl up a drawing that belongs in a museum of million-dollar
pictures.

If I were a pencil, people who read my cartoons would laugh so hard, it would knock their socks
off.

If I were a pencil, with my smart little brain, my answers would be accurate, and my owner's
homework an A+ every time.

If I were a pencil, my sharp tip would be unbreakable.

If I were a pencil, I'd wish my owner would take the best care of me.