**And the Answer Is**

Teacher, please don't look at me
The answer is a mystery.
I'm staring into empty air,
I'm sliding underneath my chair.
I'm making myself very small,
I wish I wasn't here at all.
Teacher, teacher, pass me by,
Please pick on some other guy.

Teacher, teacher, call on me
I know the answer, can't you see?
This one's a wrap, a snap, a breeze.
Just look in my direction, please!
I'm almost bouncing off my chair.
I'm waiving both hands in the air.
Teacher, teacher, ask me first,
'Cause if you don't, I think I'll burst.

 **By Carol Diggory Shields**