

Pencil of Wisdom

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There was a boy named Simon, just six years old,
He hated school, if the truth be told.
He hated his classmates, teachers, and lunch,
Anything school-related, he had a hunch.

One day in class, as he sat in his chair,
Mrs. Wilson asked, "What's your Christmas wish,
to share?"

Simon replied with a mischievous cheer,
"I wish the whole school system would disappear!"

"And I'd have holidays that never end,"
He grinned at the thought, with a dream to defend.
Mrs. Wilson smiled, and then she said,
"Without school, Simon, where would you be led?"





"You wouldn't know how to count or to read,
Life would be difficult, yes indeed."
She explained to the class, her voice so clear,
"Learning is important, and that's why we're here."

Simon was a naughty boy, with no doubt,
He never did chores, just moped about.
Always talked back when his mom gave him a call,
Ignored her requests, big and small.

His mom worked hard and had no time
To teach Simon manners or keep him in line.
His dad was away, a soldier so brave,
Simon felt lonely, with no friends to save.





One day on his way to school, Simon walked through
the park,
He met an old lady with bags, looking quite a lark.
She struggled and strained with her heavy load,
But Simon just ignored her, continuing down the
road.

The lady walked towards the school, her bags heavy
and full,
Crossing the zebra crossing, she stumbled, poor
soul.
She fell to the ground, bags scattered all around,
Simon was near, but no help could be found.





Simon glanced back, saw her fall,
But turned away, not helping at all.
He looked back again, and what did he see?
The lady had left something, lying by a tree.
He hid in the bushes, waiting for her to leave,
Then he turned back to see what she did cleave.

It was a pencil case, shiny and bright,
Filled with cool pencils and erasers, pure delight.
He took it to school, feeling no shame,
Ready to use it in his mathematics game.







Once at school, he pulled it out with pride,
A cool pencil he chose, nothing to hide.
He drew a small monster on his math sheet,
And to his surprise, it jumped to its feet!

The monster was tiny, just as he'd drawn,
It looked at him and grinned, making him frown.
Simon, now scared, grabbed the eraser quick,
Hoping to make the monster vanish with a flick.