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The Mysterious Bump

Robin Koch
Owensboro, Kentucky

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THE MYSTERIOUS BUMP

Every night my mother'd hear
 A tread and a thump,
And at the foot of my bed
 She'd find a funny-looking bump!

It happened every night
 For 'bout half a week,
Mom decided to investigate
 And take a little peek.

Well, she crept down the stairs,
 And hid behind the sink,
She gave a tiny gasp . . .
 As jumped down 'lil' Jinks!

Jinks gave a small meow,
 And crept softly up the stairs,
Mother followed Jinks
 Dodging tables, lamps, and chairs.

Mom crept softly up the stairs
 And peeked around the door,
Now she knows the little bump
 Isn't mysterious any more.

Robin Koch

Robin Koch is eleven years old and is in the sixth grade of the Parrish School in Owensboro, Kentucky. The publication of her poem has been made possible by her teacher, Mrs. Charles J. Ehresman.