

## ILLMAR AND THE CHRISTMAS TREE

The third grade class was filled with glee  
As a parent delivered their Christmas tree.  
The teacher said: "Class, listen to me:  
Please work on this test till quarter to three.  
Each child must earn at least a C  
To earn the right to trim the tree."



Illmar struggled but it was plain to see,  
It wouldn't be he who would trim the tree.  
His test came back graded for all to see,  
The scarlet letter, that terrible D.  
So Illmar sat and scratched his knee  
While his classmates laughed and trimmed the tree.

But Illmar was spunky, and his spirit was free,  
"I'll find a way to trim that tree."  
When the holiday came and the children were free  
Into the dumpster went the Christmas tree.  
Later that evening when no one could see,  
In went Illmar, among the debris.

He dragged his tree home, and his mother said "Gee"  
As their hearts brightened with that beautiful tree.  
Illmar trimmed his tree to a fine degree  
With yarn, and tinfoil, and a golf-ball tee.  
He worked so hard that all would agree.  
That Illmar created a magnificent tree!

And distant bells sang out with glee,  
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree  
For Illmar had earned, for all to see,  
A big "A Plus" for his Christmas Tree.

By

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