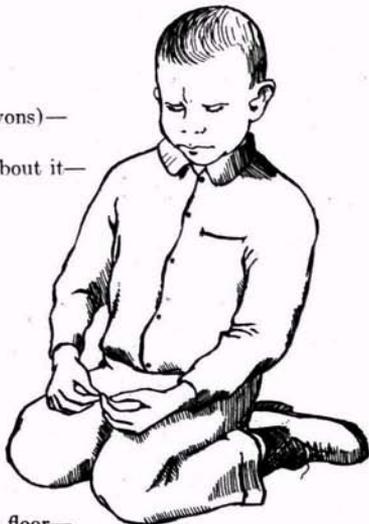
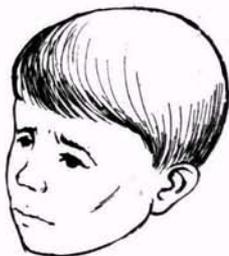


# Who Am I?

I am Negro—  
    I am bad.  
I am poor white trash—  
    I am bad.  
My mother whips me to make me good—  
    I am bad.  
My preacher says the devil will get me—  
    I am bad.  
Jesus don't love me—  
    I am bad.  
I don't know what that teacher says—  
    I am bad.  
I don't understand her so I don't listen—  
    I am bad.  
I don't know them funny black marks in my book—  
    I am bad.  
I can't make them marks stay on the lines—  
    I am bad.  
My teacher puts a paper on my desk—  
    I don't know what to do—  
    I do nothin'—  
    I am bad.  
I make pretty colored marks on the paper (I like my crayons)—  
    It makes me feel good—  
    I want to show it to the kid next to me and tell him about it—  
    I talked—  
    I marked up my paper—  
    I am very, very bad.  
That kid next to me—he is good—  
    The teacher likes his paper—  
    He went to play with some trucks and blocks—  
    I want to play with blocks and trucks—  
    No! I am bad.  
I marked up my paper—  
    Blocks and trucks are for good kids—  
    Bad boys put their heads on their desks—  
    I am very bad.  
I don't feel good—  
    I made marks on that kid's paper and threw it on the floor—  
    It made me feel good—  
    Now I am very, very bad.  
The bell rings—  
    I can go!

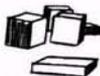


Who am I?

I run—  
I shout—  
I hit that kid next to me—  
I am Negro—  
I am poor white trash—  
I don't know nothin'—  
I don't listen—  
I am lazy—  
I don't sit still—  
I mark on my papers—  
I mark on other kids' papers—  
I hit kids—  
I know who I am—  
I am the bad-dest kid in the room—  
Everybody knows it—  
*I am so bad.*



Today the teacher smiled at me!  
"Hello—I like that red shirt!"  
I don't say nothin'—  
I see some trucks—  
I'd like to roll them on the rug—  
She don't care—  
I roll them and roll them—  
That makes me feel real good.  
I'll take them blocks and make me a garage for my trucks—  
I make me a good garage and put my trucks in it—  
I lie on the rug and look at it—  
I feel good.



My teacher says, "Tony, you made a good garage.  
You used some red blocks.  
Let's count together and see how many red blocks you used.  
1—2—3—4.  
Let's see how many wheels are on that truck.  
1—2—3—4.  
Tony, you are a smart boy!  
You can count!"  
I feel very, very good!

That kid next to me—  
He wanted to make a garage too—  
I helped him—  
We made a garage—  
It was a big garage—  
We put a big truck in it—  
That boy said we had 2 garages and 2 trucks—  
We used some green blocks—  
That boy and me counted—



He helped me count 8 green blocks—

I feel good!

We got some paper—

A big stack is over there where we can get it anytime we want it—

We made big colored marks all over our papers—

It looked pretty!

My teacher said, "Tony and Jeff, you made some pretty pictures!

Get that roll of tape and we'll put them up.

I'll write your names with my big black pencil so everyone can see!

We have 2 pretty pictures!"

I feel good.

Them funny marks says my name—

I believe I can make one of them funny marks—

I made one on the board—

I feel good.

My teacher said, "My, that is good!

Some of these days you can write all your name.

You are a smart boy.

I'm glad you are in my room!"

She likes me!

I say, "I'll make you 'nuther good picture, better'n that!"

Me and that kid next to me went out to play.

*He likes me!*

Who am I?

I am a boy—

I am good!

I am Tony—

I am good!

I made a good garage—

I am good!

I counted—

I am good!

I know this is a red shirt—

I am good!

That kid likes me—

I am good!

The teacher likes me—

I am good!

I made a pretty picture—

I am good!

I know them funny marks says my name—

I am good!

I made one of them marks—

I am very, very good!

That kid next to me is good, too—

We're 2 good boys—

*I'm glad I'm me!*



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