

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT

Dear Mr. President, I am in second grade.
My teacher thought that I should write this down for you.
I don't know why he thinks that you'd be interested.
You have so many things to do.
Last week at show and tell, I shared my sticker book,
And Michael Urgo said that he had one like mine.
I said I had about two hundred stickers now.
He said he had five hundred nine.

A-Em9/A
D-G
A-A7-D
D-G
A-A7-D
G-D
A-A7-D
G-D
E-E7-A7sus4-A7

I got home after school, picked up my piggy bank,
Emptied it out, and then I laughed and put it down.
I went to "Favorite Things." It's like a sticker store.
Maybe they have one in your town.
I got more stickers than I prob'ly should have got.
I brought 'em home and then I stuck 'em in my book.
It took me very long, like maybe half a day.
Well, I'm not sure how long it took.

I brought 'em all to school, and Michael laughed at me.
He said at home he had a whole lot more than me.
He said his father owns a sticker factory,
And brought him home ten thousand three!
Called him a "dirty liar!" He called me something else,
Something my parents said a person shouldn't say.
I told him "Cut it out!" He said "You make me stop!"
I hate when people talk that way.

Then I hit Michael's arm. I know I shouldn't hit,
But I was angry as an eight-year-old can be.
He hit me back of course. Soon we were fighting hard.
Me hitting him, him hitting me.
My mouth was full of blood. His nose was bleeding too.
We had to talk about it 'stead of having gym.
We should have gone to gym. The talk was really dumb,
Him blaming me, me blaming him.

I got home mad that day, threw out my sticker book.
I don't know why I like those stickers anyway.
You just keep buying them to say you have the most.
That's such a boring thing to say.
I save my money now. Soon I'll buy better stuff,
Stuff that is useful, like a bicycle or sled.
And Michael's friends with me. Showed me his sticker book,
Not quite as many as he said.

I cannot figure out why I am writing this.
Maybe my teacher thinks that you have stickers too.
Well, if you really do, why don't you throw them out?
Sincerely, your friend, Tommy Drew.