**Dust Bunnies**  
By Dave Wilson

I used to think the monsters under the bed were scary! But when I looked under the bed and saw what was under there it was worse than I could ever imagined, there they were looking back at me Dust Bunnies as big as beagles. With their little beady eyes staring right at me as I slowly tried to back out and jump back in bed, they seemed to slowly creep toward me but all of a sudden, I sneezed, and they disappeared and when the dust settled there were a bunch of little baby dust bunnies! They were so cute and not so scary after all!

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**Jokes, Jokes, Jokes, Jokes, Jokes!!!!**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Joke 1: What's the difference between a horse and the weather?</th>
<th>Joke 2: Why did the turkey cross the road twice?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(One is reined up and the other rains down!)</td>
<td>(To prove he wasn't chicken!)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<tr>
<th>Joke 3: Why was the cucumber mad?</th>
<th>Joke 4: Knock Knock!</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(Because it was in a pickle!)</td>
<td>Who's there?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cowsgo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cowsgo who?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No they don't, cows-go moo!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<tr>
<th>Joke 5: Why shouldn't you tell a secret on a farm?</th>
<th>Joke 6: What's the difference between a horse and the weather?</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(Because the potatoes have eyes and the corn has ears!)</td>
<td>(One is reined up and the other rains down!)</td>
</tr>
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</table>

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**Last Night I Dreamed of Chickens**  
Jack Prelutsky, 1940

Last night I dreamed of chickens, there were chickens everywhere, they were standing on my stomach, they were nesting in my hair, they were pecking at my pillow, they were hopping on my head, they were ruffling up their feathers as they raced about my bed.

They were on the chairs and tables, they were on the chandeliers, they were roosting in the corners, they were clucking in my ears, there were chickens, chickens, chickens for as far as I could see... when I woke today, I noticed there were eggs on top of me.
The shades are drawn, the lamps are lit
Across the walls vague shadows flit.
And Mother, smiling, gently rocks
And dreams above her button box.

The Button Box

These sparkling bits of glass recall
A Christmas feast, a New Year’s ball;
And who that saw her could forget
When grandma wore these rounds of jet.

And, oh, what memories of pride,
Of dread, of hope and joy abide
In this bronze button beloved the best,
That gleamed through flame and battle storm
Upon a khaki uniform!

The button box of long ago!
Its true delights the children know
Who threads its many colored gems
For necklaces and diadems;
Or in their vivid play behold,
A pirate chest of pearls and gold!
And this worn coffer they who will
Mau find a fairy casket still,
When Memory her stores inlocks
And pours them from her button box.

-Arthur Guiterman

Save the date for Annual Meeting and Volunteer Appreciation Social

Sunday, May 19th

Look for your invitation in the mail!