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Adapted from the original text, *The Teacher from the Black Lagoon*, by Mike Thaler
It's the first day of school.

I wonder who my teacher is.
I hear Mr. Smith has dandruff and warts,
Mrs. Jones has a whip and a wig.
But Mrs. Green is supposed to be a real monster.

I have Mrs. Green as a teacher.

Adapted from the original text, *The Teacher from the Black Lagoon*, by Mike Thaler
I sit at my desk. Suddenly the door opens...
Mrs. Green enters. She's really green!
She has a tail. She scratches her name on the blackboard with her claws!
Freddy Jones throws a spitball. She breathes fire at him.

Freddy is gone.
There is a small pile of ashes on his desk.
"Talk about bad breath" laughs Eric Porter.

Adapted from the original text, *The Teacher from the Black Lagoon*, by Mike Thaler
She slithers over, unscrews his head, and puts it on the globe stand.
I bet she gives homework the first day of school.

"Your homework for today" grins Mrs. Green, "is page one to two hundred in your math book, all the fraction problems."

Adapted from the original text, *The Teacher from the Black Lagoon*, by Mike Thaler
"We've never had fractions", shouts Derek Bloom.

"Come here", she demands with her claw.
Derek stands by her desk.

"This is a whole boy," she smirks.
She takes a bite.

"This is half a boy. Now you've had fractions."
Doris Foodle cracks her gum.
Mrs. Green swallows her in one gulp.

"No chewing in class", she smiles.

Adapted from the original text, *The Teacher from the Black Lagoon*, by Mike Thaler
"Let's call the roll. Mrs. Green laughs.

"Freddy Jones is absent.

Derek Bloom is half here.

Eric Porter is here and there.

Doris Foodle is digesting.

Adapted from the original text, *The Teacher from the Black Lagoon*, by Mike Thaler
"What about spelling?" shouts Randy Potts.

"Spelling can be fun!" shouts Mrs. Green, wiggling her fingers at him.
"Zap!"

“That is tough to spell,” says Randy.

Suddenly there is a flash of light, a puff of smoke,

and Randy is a frog.

Adapted from the original text, *The Teacher from the Black Lagoon*, by Mike Thaler
Penny Weber raises her hand.

"Can I go to the nurse?" she asks.

"I have a huge headache" says Penny.

Mrs. Green wiggles her fingers. There is another flash of light, and Penny's head is the size of a pin.
"Now it is naptime. Everyone who still has one, put your head on your desk." says Mrs. Green. "Sweet dreams" she cackles as I close my eyes.
Suddenly the bell rings. I wake up.

There is a pretty woman writing her name on the board.
She has real skin and no tail. "I'm Mrs. Green,
your teacher", she smiles.
I jump out of my chair, run up, and hug her. "Well thank you", she says, "I'm glad to be here". Not as glad as me.