

# Inferring With Poetry



## What Am I?

Name \_\_\_\_\_

# Feeling Tied Down

Poem	Clues/ My Background
When I was born, I was little and perfectly flat. Now I'm big, round and puffy; (or some might say fat.)	
When I was born, I was free; Not a thing held me down. Now I'm bound to a string which is bound to a clown.	
When I was born, I was sure that I'd float through the air. But that dream has deflated, and it's just not fair!	
When I was born, I was brave. Nothing hurt me at first. Now I'm so scared of pins, I'm afraid I might burst!	

I'm inferring \_\_\_\_\_  
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# Sitting Pretty

Poem	Clues/ My Background
<p>I am very important and I'm very excited! I'm in love with myself and I don't plan to hide it.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>I've got beautiful legs and such lovely, strong arms. Nobody's behind is immune to my charms.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>My soft, fluffy cushions are often admired and my curvy, sleek back is just right when you're tired.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>I've been dripped on and spilled on and chewed by a mouse But I'll still always be the best seat in the house</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>

**I'm inferring** \_\_\_\_\_  
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# Cracking Up

Poem	Clues/ My Background
<p>Crabs have me and snails have me and turtles have me too. Peanuts have me and eggs have me but I'm not the part that you chew.</p>	<hr/> <hr/>
<p>I crack under pressure, but that's quite alright. 'Cause it makes me feel open and free. Besides, what's inside me is often more fun than the outward protection you see.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>Sometimes it's the same way with people, they think that they need me when they are real shy. But once they break through me and bravely come out, they find that their limit's the sky.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>Whether I am protecting a vulnerable life or just lounging around by the sea know I'm important 'cause folks even named a big gas station chain after me!</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>

**I'm inferring** \_\_\_\_\_  
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# Just Call Me Mo!

Poem	Clues/ My Background
<p>People either push me around. or they spend the day trying to ride me. It's not that I'm wimpy, or spineless, I just tend to keep lots of stuff inside me.</p>	<hr/> <hr/>
<p>Just pull my string and I'll grumble real loud while I gobble that green stuff outside. The entire street hears me, and little kids fears me, but the very worst blow to my pride</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>is that after you've used me, you lock me away in a dark, smelly, boring tool shed. And the rake next to me, he keeps looking at me like he wants me to choke and play dead.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>I want out of here - I'm so happy when I get to stuff my big stomach with grass. 'Course after I've eaten 'bout half of your lawn I tend to get filled up with gas!</p>	<hr/> <hr/>

I'm inferring \_\_\_\_\_

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# Holding it Together!

Poem	Clues/ My Background
<p>I hang out in a little hole in the wall. I'm sharp but I'm also blunt. And if you drive me home, I promise I'll stay there as long as you want.</p>	<hr/> <hr/>
<p>Although you can easily move me around, It's my job to keep things in place. Lots of stuff would fall down if I didn't exist, but luckily, that's not the case.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>There are plenty of things you can hang on me, like pictures and clocks and your coat. There are even more things your can build with me, like a house or a chair a boat.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>Sometimes I get a pounding headache from you hammering away at me. But I don't get mad. If I did you would see - I'd be fighting you tooth and me.</p>	<hr/> <hr/>

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# Fitting In!

Poem	Clues/ My Background
<p>I fit inside your door just right wherever you reside. But put me in your neighbour's door and you'll still be outside.</p>	<hr/> <hr/>
<p>There's just one hole that I fit in made especially for me. There's just one door, one safe, one skate and one locked diary,</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>which makes me feel real special, like I am one of a kind. Of course, sometimes folks copy me in case I'm hard to find.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>I share a ring with others of my type; I'm rarely single. But that's okay 'cause when we touch each other, then we jingle.</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>

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