

P.S.8  
4-211

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### A Day of Thanks

I wake up Thanksgiving morning,

I am thankful for my bed.

I go downstairs to eat breakfast,

I am thankful for my cereal.

I sit down on the couch and watch the parade,

I am thankful for my television.

I go out side to play,

I am thankful for my yard.

I open my eyes after my mom says "Grace",

I realize how foolish I have been.

I am thankful for everyone thats sits around my table.