

Lady Death comes to BIS

Twas the night-mare before November and all through
Building G

Not a student was stirring and most were half-asleep

Our young zombies arrived to English, sharp at 7 AM

But little did they know, their BIS teacher prepared an exam.



One by one, Miss Lucy called them to present in front of class.

One by one, each left tormented for not one of them could pass.

She proclaimed her test too easy and said, "My son of 9 could pass!"

And when she thought there were no more, still one remained at last.



Tall and skinny was her aspect, her eyes so hollow and cold
On her head she wore a large brimmed hat, adorned with
marigolds.

Miss Lucy did not know her, but just before she could ask

The ghostly girl interrupted, "Please teacher, tell me the task?"

"Oh, but wait! Before we begin, allow me to explain our pact."

"Should I fail to pass this 'easy' test, your precious life you may keep.

But should I answer all questions correctly, your soul is mine to reap."

Well Lucy felt certain this girl was *loquita*, so she played along for fun.

"Sure, why not." She responded. "Are you ready for question one?"

Then came two, then three and four,

And still our pale maiden maintained a perfect score.

Then came five, then six,

And all the way to ten not one question did she miss.

And now the self-assured Miss Lucy began to feel quite uneasy
And the grim, ghostly girl grinned a sinister smile, ever so creepy.

Pale as a ghost our Lucy turned, then gasped her last breath
and the last words she heard, would come from Lady Death,
"There'll be no more tests, my dear," then blew her a farewell kiss.
She then turned to the group and declared, "Class is dismissed."



Teacher Gabriel was very busy reviewing memes in his chat
When in walked a lovely lass, wearing a flowered hat
Disguised as a cute girl, our Lady Death shyly inquired,
Promptly, our teacher replied "What is it that you require?"
"Can you help me sir with grammar, I hear you are the best."
"Well of course, I'm always ready to help a damsel in distress."

With this she smiles and giggles softly, and Gabriel smiles back.
Then continues her noble question, with intentions painted black.
"I don't understand the difference between *will* and *going to*
So when talking about the future teacher, which one should I use?"

And with this Gabriel did smile, a sure and knowing smirk
and assured our cloaked cadaver, "Let me tell you how it works."

"We use *going to* when we've decided, and we have a prior plan.
We also use it to talk about something most likely to happen.
And for things we decide in the moment, that's what *will* is for
He smiled and offered an example, "I *will* gladly help you more!"

“Oh, dear teacher,” she sweetly cooed “you really saved my day.”
“Though your help, no longer *will* I need, it’s clear what I must say
You see, I know what’s *going to* happen, so I *will* say bye-bye
Because Baby there’s no *maybe*, you’re surely *going to* die!”

Continuing on a bit, she finds our beloved Leo
In the midst of showing students his favorite tattoo.
As she approached in ghostly guise, he soon realized
The deadly intent looming in our huntress’s empty eyes.



But our Leo remains calm, cool, collected and quick
As he readies his offer for our Lady, one therapeutic
For sure she’ll agree, he thinks, and her plan he’ll sabotage
“For you my Lady a free fifty-minute, full-body massage!”
“Oh how sweet, my Dear Leo, but I must gracefully decline.
I am but beauty and bones, but your flesh will soon be mine.”

Next, our Miss Mortita visits a popular Chefito.
Renowned for his food, and now as an English teacher.
She finds our Carlos teaching traditional recipes to GA-4.
He stops to smile warmly and greet death’s mistress at the door.

“Welcome my dear Lady, you’re just in time for our tasting.
Please come in and sample, what our students have been baking.
We’ve prepared you a special treat, known as *Pan de Muertos*.”
“Oh how thoughtful”, she replied “Maybe I’ll like it who knows.”

“And I’ve also prepared a very special treat just for you.”
grinned Lady Grim Reaper as Carlos’ anticipation grew.



“It’s not so sweet, mostly bitter, but I made it with my own hands.
“I’m no Chef, but I assure you, I make a lovely *Muertos sin Pan*.”

“Oh my,” replies a paling Carlos, “I’ve never heard of this dish.”
“No worries, my sweet Chefito, I’ll let you taste it in English?
But no matter what we call it, whatever name we use instead
Let’s just call it your very last meal, Dead without Bread.



Our Lady kept this grisly rhythm and did not miss a beat.
Each one that she would visit, flowers found at their feet.

There were others in other parts and she took part in their departures,
All teachers BIS, going about their biz, in varied forms and postures.

Miss Marbella, one of the first to go, wasn’t much of a threat.
Lady Death found her early, and she hadn’t drank her coffee yet.

Miss Aracely sang *La Llorona* while her students covered their ears.
She now has something to cry about, but dead people have no tears.

And Teacher Rafa just below her was composing a different tune.
Perhaps the dead will dance for him when he's playing from his tomb.

Miss Lore was explaining how to conjugate the verb to be.
A great teacher yes, she *was* and *is*, but no longer *will* she *be*.

And Miss Hope inspired her students to correct all of their errors.
Hopefully, they’re inspired enough to look for a new English teacher.

Miss Conchi rallied her students to play a fun learning game,
But who will declare the winner? ...Aww so sad, such a shame.

Miss Angie shared candy and a Halloween hug with Miss Anastasia
But the next hug she gave cost her the grave, for waiting was Miss Katrina.

And Miss Paula was teaching TOEFL when Lady Death strolled in.
The last words heard from our beloved Miss Pau, “Hijo a la chin...”

Teacher Edgar played Baby Shark, and he would've sung too
but now our Edgar's dead...doo, doo, doo-doo.

And with all our teachers retired, still there is one who stays
hidden in her cubicle, but soon spotted, our Miss Morales.
“I would've called you my Dear,” quipped our Lady of Bone,
“But I was forced to find you, since you still have no phone.



But do not worry my pet, for all your workmates are waiting
in the ghostly, grim reunion that soon you will be making.”

And so ends our tragic tale, rest in peace program BIS
Though not all despair, and many our students rejoice,
For they fear little a cadaverous, death-bringing Miss
Compared to the sheer, grueling terror of learning English.

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