

The Dentist and the Crocodile

By Roald Dahl

The crocodile, with cunning smile, sat in the dentist's chair.

He said, "Right here and everywhere my teeth require repair."

The dentist's face was turning white. He quivered, quaked and shook.

He muttered, "I suppose I'm going to have to take a look."

"I want you", Crocodile declared, "to do the back ones first.

The molars at the very back are easily the worst."

He opened wide his massive jaws. It was a fearsome sight—

At least three hundred pointed teeth, all sharp and shining white.

The dentist kept himself well clear. He stood two yards away.

He chose the longest probe he had to search out the decay.

"I said to do the *back ones* first!" the Crocodile called out.

"You're much too far away, dear sir, to see what you're about.

To do the back ones properly you've got to put your head

Deep down inside my great big mouth," the grinning Crocodile said.

The poor old dentist wrung his hands and, weeping in despair,

He cried, "No no! I see them all extremely well from here!"

Just then, in burst a lady, in her hands a golden chain.

She cried, "Oh Croc, you naughty boy, you're playing tricks again!"

"Watch out!" the dentist shrieked and started climbing up the wall.

"He's after me! He's after you! He's going to eat us all!"

"Don't be a twit," the lady said, and flashed a gorgeous smile.

"He's harmless. He's my little pet, my lovely crocodile."

Sick Shel Silverstein

Sick "I cannot go to school today,"

Said little Peggy Ann McKay.

"I have the measles and the mumps,

A gash, a rash and purple bumps.

My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,

I'm going blind in my right eye.

My tonsils are as big as rocks,

I've counted sixteen chicken pox

And there's one more - that's seventeen,

And don't you think my face looks green?

My leg is cut, my eyes are blue -

It might be instamatic flu.

I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,

I'm sure that my left leg is broke -

My hip hurts when I move my chin,

My belly button's caving in,

My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,

My 'pendix pains each time it rains.

My nose is cold, my toes are numb,

I have a sliver in my thumb.

My neck is stiff, my spine is weak,

I hardly whisper when I speak.

My tongue is filling up my mouth,

I think my hair is falling out.

My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,

My temperature is one-o-eight.

My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,

There is a hole inside my ear.

I have a hangnail, and my heart is -

what? What's that? What's that you say?

You say today is ... Saturday?

G'bye, I'm going out to play!"

Jabberwocky, Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through

The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!

He left it dead, and with its head

He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?

Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”

He chortled in his joy.

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

O Captain! My Captain! By Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

The Great Chili Cook-Off by Eric Ode

At the Great Chili Cook-Off of Tenderfoot Valley,
the whole town was gathered—each Tom, Dick, and Sally—
to see who would win and be given the crown
of Chili Bean Princess of Tenderfoot Town.

Now, Millicent Milkweed was graceful and stunning,
and she'd been the winner for seven years running.
She stood near her kettle with beauty and style
and waved to the crowd with a confident smile.

The other contestants expected the worst:
that Millicent's chili would surely be first.
The best they could hope for, as far as they reckoned,
was coming in third or perhaps even second.

A sweet, spicy smell filled the fall afternoon
as bravely they waited with kettle and spoon.
Then in walked a lady quite new to the town,
with sun-speckled freckles of cinnamon brown.

She carried a kettle that gurgled and bubbled

and sheepishly grinned, looking timid and troubled.

Her hair, like a bison's, was woolly and shaggy.

Her apron was rumpled. Her bonnet was baggy.

She set down her kettle on top of the table

and brushed from her fingers the dirt from her stable.

She smoothed out her dress for a moment or two

and pulled out a spoon she had tucked in her

shoe.

Then Millicent glared at this strange-looking lady,

who said to her, "Howdy. I'm Isabelle Grady.

I came here as soon as I finished my chores.

I hope I ain't late for this contest of yours."

The judge entered in with a top hat and suit.

He turned to the crowd, and he gave a salute.

He said not a word, but was off like a shot

to see what he'd find in the first chili pot.

This chili belonged to one Bernadette Bly,

who watched as the judge gave her chili a try.

He grunted, and soon without further ado,

he moved down the table to pot number two.

Now, pot number two the judge met with a yawn.

He sniffed and he nibbled, but soon he was gone.

And three, four, and five were each greeted the same.

That judge hurried on just as quick as he came.

But pot number six—that was Millicent’s chili.

She smiled at the judge, and he winked back at Millie.

He said as he tasted, “Well, Millicent dear,

that’s pretty good chili you’ve cooked up this year.”

“But still,” said the judge, “there’s no need to be hasty.

There’s one kettle left, and it smells rather tasty.”

He lowered a spoon into Isabelle’s pot

and said to her, “Now then, let’s see what you’ve got.”

The judge took a bite, and he blinked and he shivered.

His mouth, it dropped open. His mustache, it quivered.

And long wisps of steam drifted up from his nose

while billows of smoke left his fingers and toes.

And then before anyone there was the wiser,

he flew through the air as if shot from a geyser.

But Isabelle heard as he vanished from sight,

“Now, that pot of chili is just about right!”

Hungry Mungry by Shel Silverstein

Hungry Mungry sat at supper,
Took his knife and spoon and fork,
Ate a bowl of mushroom soup, ate a slice of roasted pork,
Ate a dozen stewed tomatoes, twenty-seven deviled eggs,
Fifteen shrimps, nine bakes potatoes,
Thirty-two fried chicken legs,
A shank of lamb, a boiled ham,
Two bowls of grits, some black-eye peas,
Four chocolate shakes, eight angel cakes,
Nine custard pies with Muenster cheese,
Ten pots of tea, and after he,
Had eaten all that he was able,
He poured some broth on the tablecloth
And ate the kitchen table.

His parents said, "Oh Hungry Mungry, stop these silly jokes."
Mungry opened up his mouth, and "Gulp," he ate his folks.
And then he went and ate his house, all the bricks and wood,
And then he ate up all the people in the neighborhood.
Up came twenty angry policeman shouting, "Stop and cease."
Mungry opened his mouth and "Gulp," he ate the police.

Soldiers came with tanks and guns.

Said Mungry, "They can't harm me."

He just smiled and licked his lips and ate the U.S. Army.

The President sent all his bombers--Mungry still was calm,

Put his head back, gulped the planes, and gobbled up the bomb.

He ate his town and ate the city--ate and ate and--

And then he said, "I think I'll eat the whole United States.

And so he ate Chicago first and munched the Water Tower,

And then he chewed on Pittsburgh but he found it rather sour.

He ate New York and Tennessee, and all of Boston town,

Then drank the Mississippi River just to wash it down.

And when he'd eaten every state, each puppy, boy and girl

He wiped his mouth upon his sleeve and went to eat the world.

He ate the Egypt pyramids and every church in Rome,

And all the grass in Africa and all in ice in Nome.

He ate each hill in green Brazil and then to make things worse

He decided for dessert he'd eat the universe.

He started with the moon and stars and soon as he was done

He gulped the clouds, he sipped the wind and gobbled up the sun.

Then sitting there in the cold dark air,

He started to nibble his feet,

Then his legs, then his hips

Then his neck, then his lips
Till he sat there just gnashin' his teeth
'Cause nothin' was nothin' was
Nothin' was nothin' was
Nothin' was left to eat.

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