

SYBIL THE MAGICIAN'S LAST SHOW

Magical Sybil was much too cheap
To buy her rabbit a carrot.
He grew so thin, just bones and skin,
So starved he couldn't bear it—
And so, as she reached into her hat
To grab him by the ears,
She felt a tug, she felt a pull,
And WHAP—she disappeared,
"The greatest act we've ever seen,"
We cheered for Magical Sybil.
But all that remained was a hat and a cape
And the sound of a bunny
Goin', "Nibble... nibble... nibble."



TH
A
H
A

T
I
I
I

LONG SCARF

You ask me to take off my scarf
And sit down and rest for a while?
That's sweet of you—but before I do,
I'll tell you a story, my child.

Some years ago I fought a duel
With the Count of Doomandread,
And I slipped or tripped

And his sword just clipped
My neck—and sliced off my head.

I scooped it up and put it back,

But it didn't quite connect,

So I tied this scarf around it

Just to keep it on my neck.

That's why I always keep it on,

'Cause if it did unwrap,

This wobbly chopped-off head of mine

Might tumble in your lap.

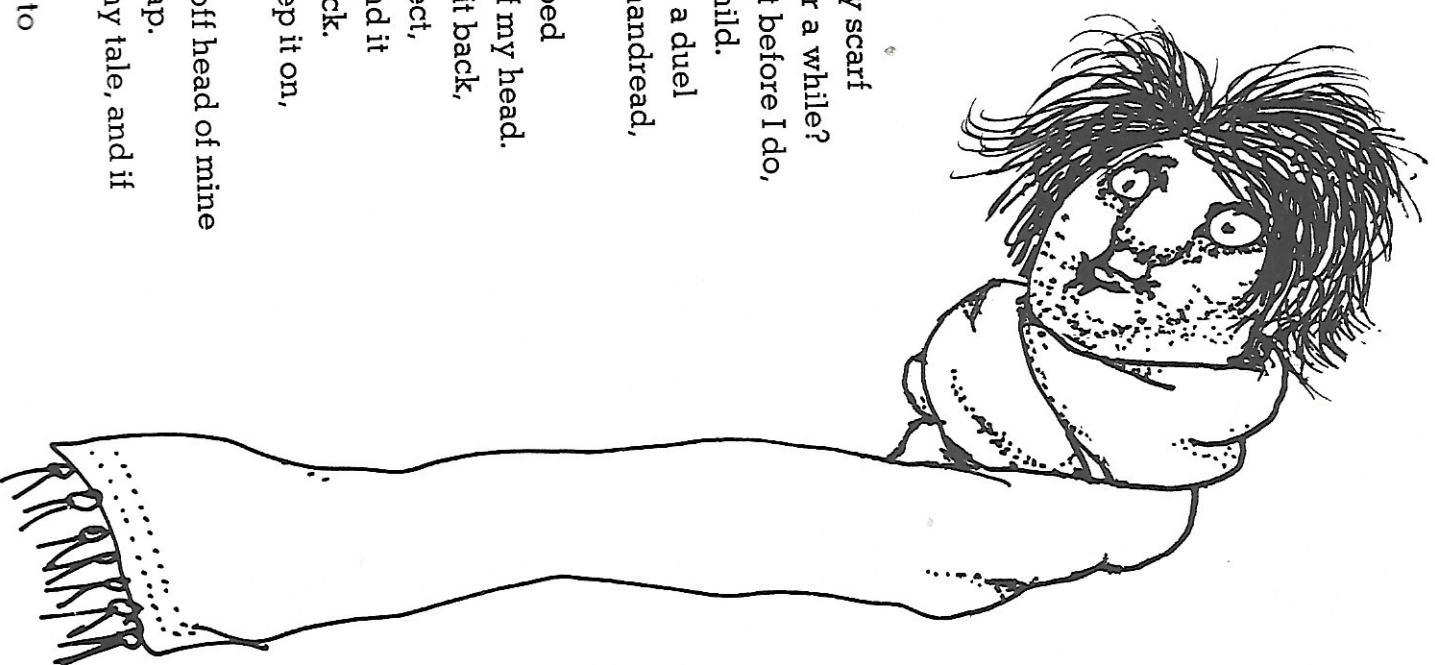
So now you've heard my tale, and if

It will not make you ill,

And you'd *still* like me to

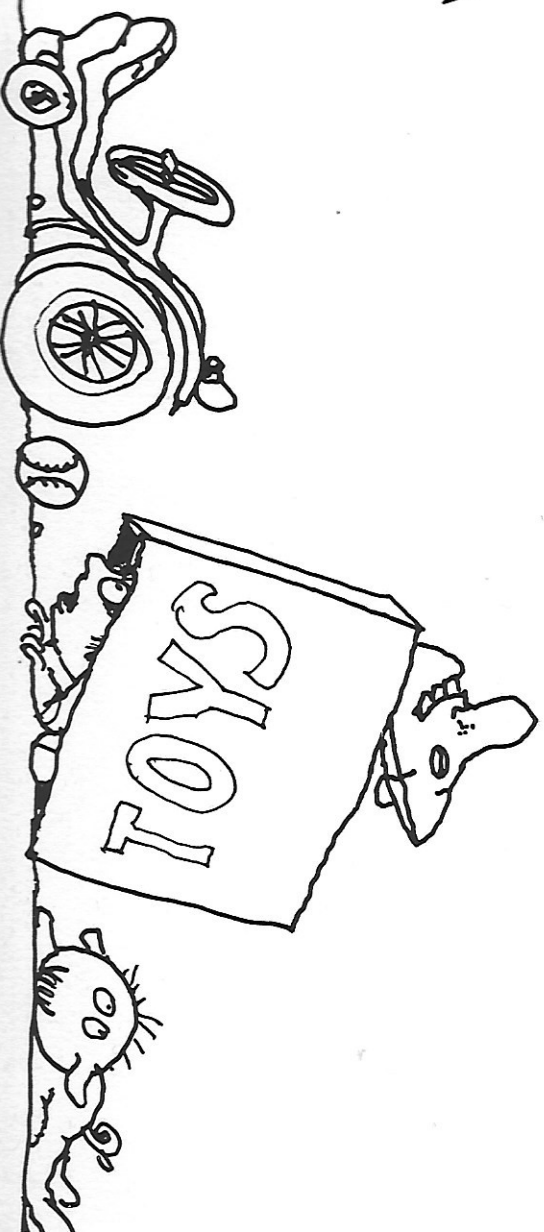
Take off my scarf . . .

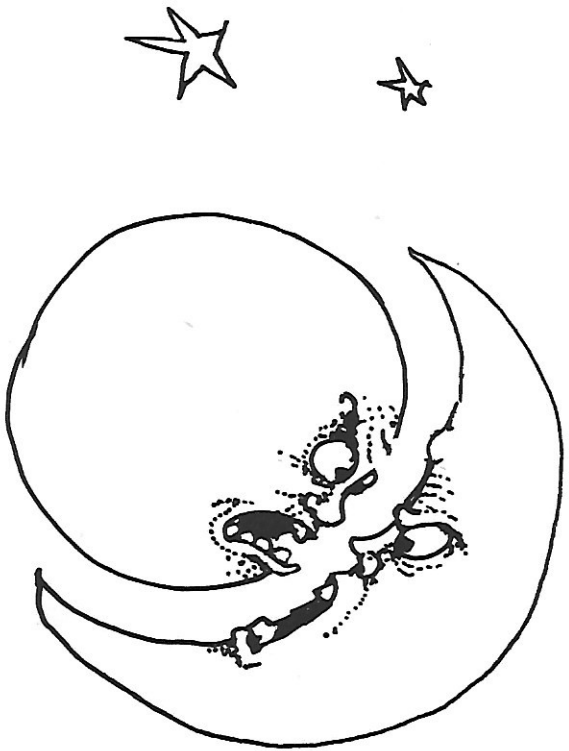
I will!



THE TOY EATER

You don't have to pick up your toys, okay?
 You can leave 'em right there on the floor,
 So tonight when the Terrible Toy-Eatin' Toogle
 Comes tiptoein' in through the crack in the door,
 He'll crunch all your soldiers, he'll munch on your trucks,
 He'll chew your poor puppets to shreds,
 He'll swallow your Big Wheel and slurp up your paints
 And bite off your dear dollies' heads.
 Then he'll wipe off his lips with the sails of your ship,
 And making a burpity noise,
 He'll slither away—but hey, that's okay,
 You don't have to pick up your toys.





A BATTLE IN THE SKY

It wasn't quite day and it wasn't quite night,
'Cause the sun and the moon were both in sight,
A situation quite all right
With everyone else but them.

So they both made remarks about who gave more light
And who was the brightest and prettiest sight,
And the sun gave a bump and the moon gave a bite,
And the terrible sky fight began.

With a scorch and a sizzle, a screech and a shout,
Across the great heavens they tumbled about,
And the moon had a piece of the sun in its mouth,
While the sun burned the face of the moon.

And when it was over the moon was rubbed red,
And the sun had a very bad lump on its head, -
And all the next night the moon stayed home in bed,
And the sun didn't come out 'till noon.

A CAT, A KID, AND A MOM

"Why can't you see I'm a cat," said the cat,

"And that's all I ever will be?"

Why are you shocked when I roam out at night?

Why are you sad when I meow and I fight?

Why are you sick when I eat up a rat?

I'm a cat."

"Why can't you see I'm a kid?" said the kid.

"Why try to make me like you?"

Why are you hurt when I don't want to cuddle?

Why do you sigh when I splash through a puddle?

Why do you scream when I do what I did?

I'm a kid."

"Why can't you see I'm a mom?" said the mom.

"Why try to make me wise?"

Why try to teach me the ways of the cat?

Why try to tell me that 'kids are like that'?

Why try to make me be patient and calm?

I'm a mom."



POISON-TESTER

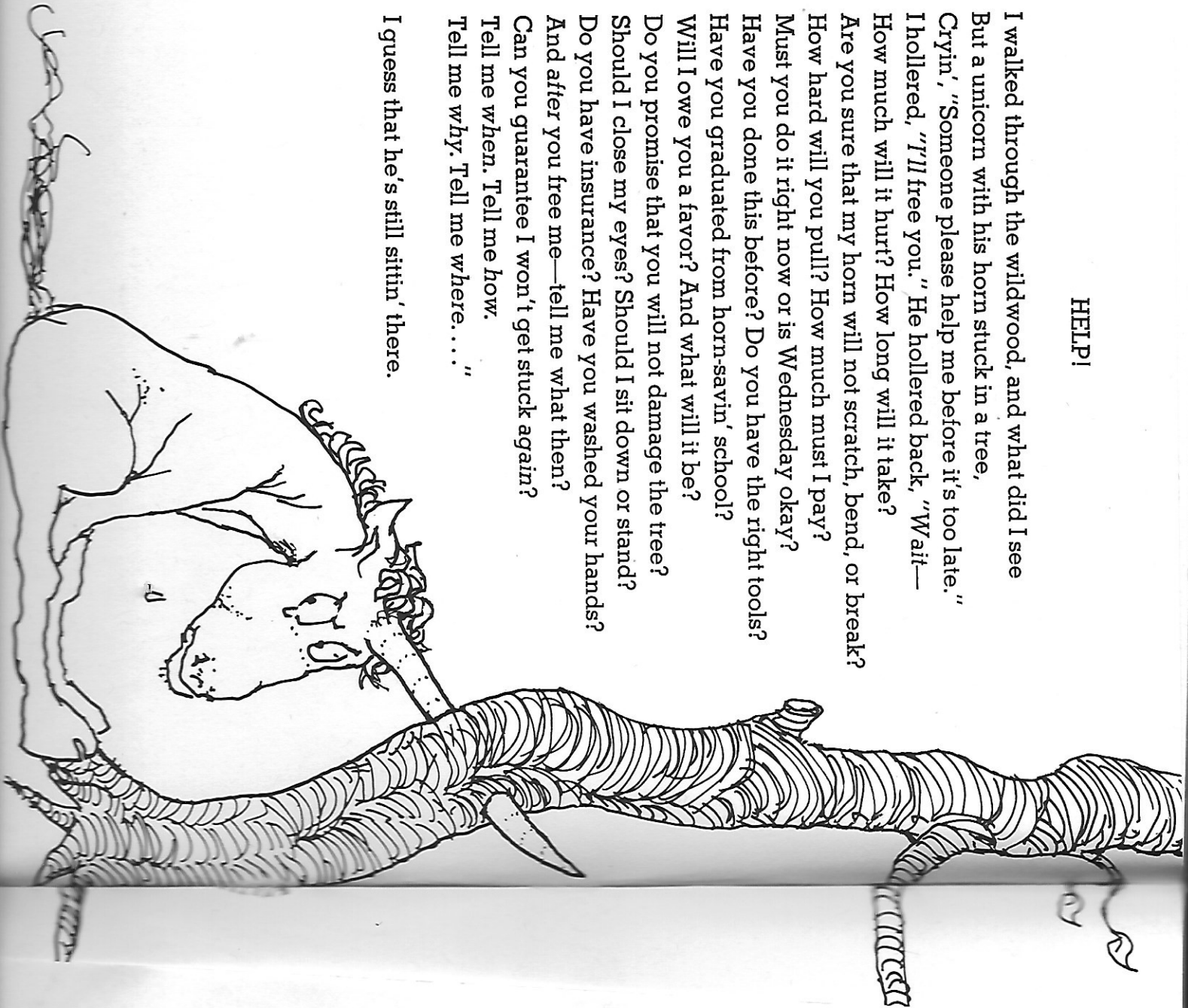
I'm poison-tester-taster Tru.
I'm here to taste your food for you,
'Cause you could die in half a minute
If there's one drop of poison in it.
That lemonade to quench your thirst?
You'd better let me taste it first.
Mmm—it's OK, but these boysenberries—
I'll make sure they're not poisonberries.
Mmm—no, they're safe, but that burger might
Be deadly—mmm—no, it's all right.
And now I'll test your hot fudge sundae;
Let's hope I'm not dead by Monday.
Mmm—it seems OK, but the poison could be
In the very last bite, so leave it for me.
Mmmm—well, it's all safe and my job is through.
See how I risked my life for you?



HELP!

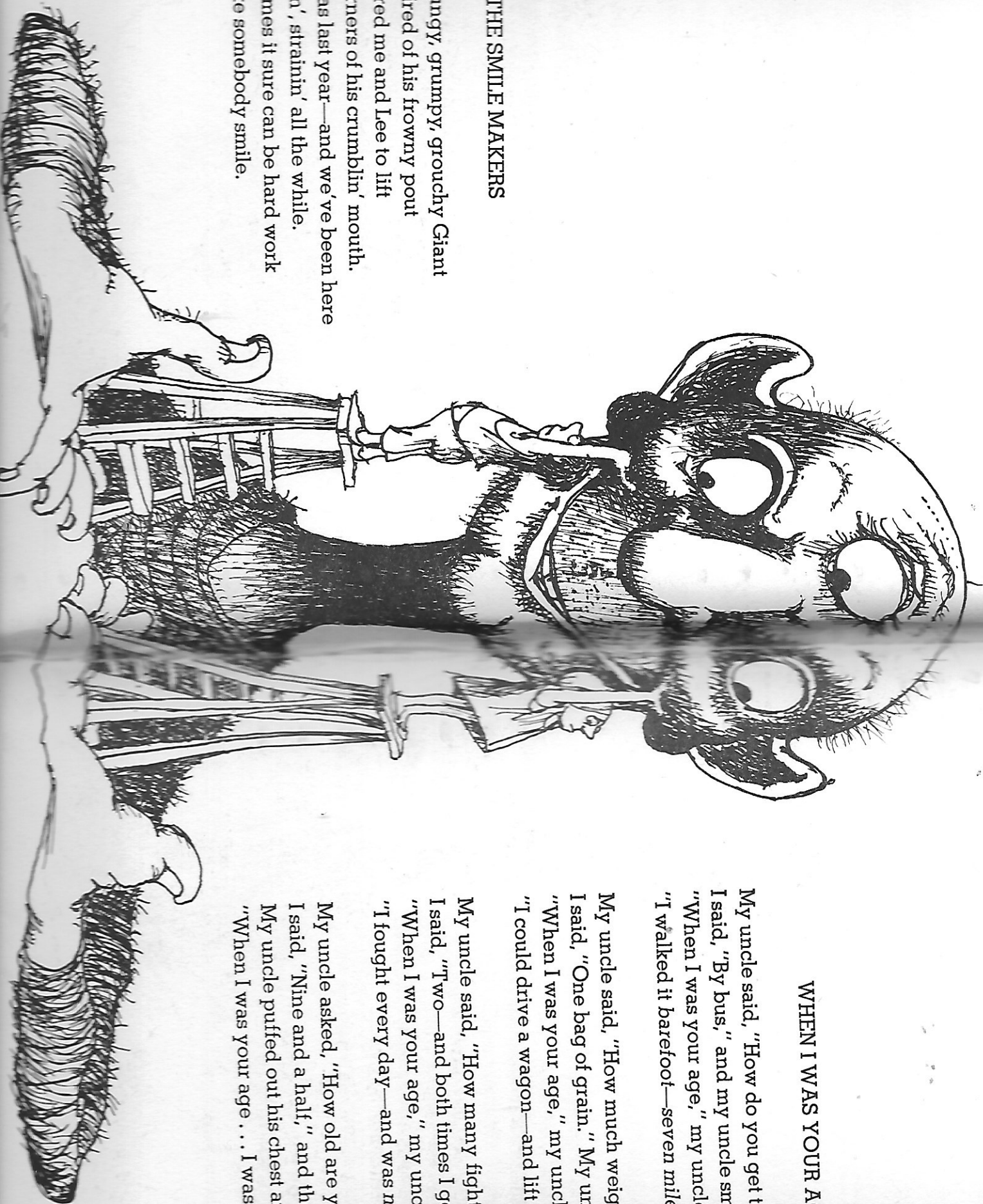
I walked through the wildwood, and what did I see
But a unicorn with his horn stuck in a tree,
Cryin', "Someone please help me before it's too late."
I hollered, "I'll free you." He hollered back, "Wait—
How much will it hurt? How long will it take?
Are you sure that my horn will not scratch, bend, or break?
How hard will you pull? How much must I pay?
Must you do it right now or is Wednesday okay?
Have you done this before? Do you have the right tools?
Have you graduated from horn-savin' school?
Will I owe you a favor? And what will it be?
Do you promise that you will not damage the tree?
Should I close my eyes? Should I sit down or stand?
Do you have insurance? Have you washed your hands?
And after you free me—tell me what then?
Can you guarantee I won't get stuck again?
Tell me when. Tell me how.
Tell me why. Tell me where.... "

I guess that he's still sittin' there.



THE SMILE MAKERS

The grungy, grumpy, grouchy Giant
Grew tired of his frowny pout
And hired me and Lee to lift
The corners of his crumblin' mouth.
That was last year—and we've been here
Sweatin', strainin' all the while.
Sometimes it sure can be hard work
To make somebody smile.



WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE

My uncle said, "How do you get to school?"
I said, "By bus," and my uncle smiled.
"When I was your age," my uncle said,
"I walked it barefoot—seven miles."

My uncle said, "How much weight can you tote?"
I said, "One bag of grain." My uncle laughed.
"When I was your age," my uncle said,
"I could drive a wagon—and lift a calf."

My uncle said, "How many fights have you had?"
I said, "Two—and both times I got whipped."
"When I was your age," my uncle said,
"I fought every day—and was never licked."

My uncle asked, "How old are you?"
I said, "Nine and a half," and then
My uncle puffed out his chest and said,
"When I was your age . . . I was ten."

A CAT, A KID, AND A MOM

"Why can't you see I'm a cat," said the cat,

"And that's all I ever will be?"

Why are you shocked when I roam out at night?

Why are you sad when I meow and I fight?

Why are you sick when I eat up a rat?

I'm a cat."

"Why can't you see I'm a kid?" said the kid.

"Why try to make me like you?"

Why are you hurt when I don't want to cuddle?

Why do you sigh when I splash through a puddle?

Why do you scream when I do what I did?

I'm a kid."

"Why can't you see I'm a mom?" said the mom.

"Why try to make me wise?"

Why try to teach me the ways of the cat?

Why try to tell me that 'kids are like that'?

Why try to make me be patient and calm?

I'm a mom."



CAMP WONDERFUL

I'm going to Camp Wonderful
Beside Lake Paradise
Across from Blissful Mountain
In the Valley of the Nice.
They say it's sunny, cool, and green,
They say the angels made it.
The motto is "Be Fair and Care."
I know I'm gonna hate it.

QUALITY TIME

My father is a golfer—
He lets me be his tee.
He puts the ball upon my nose
And hits it right off me.
He says that I can share the joy
Of every ball he hits.
Oh, ain't it grand to have a dad
Who spends time with his kids.

