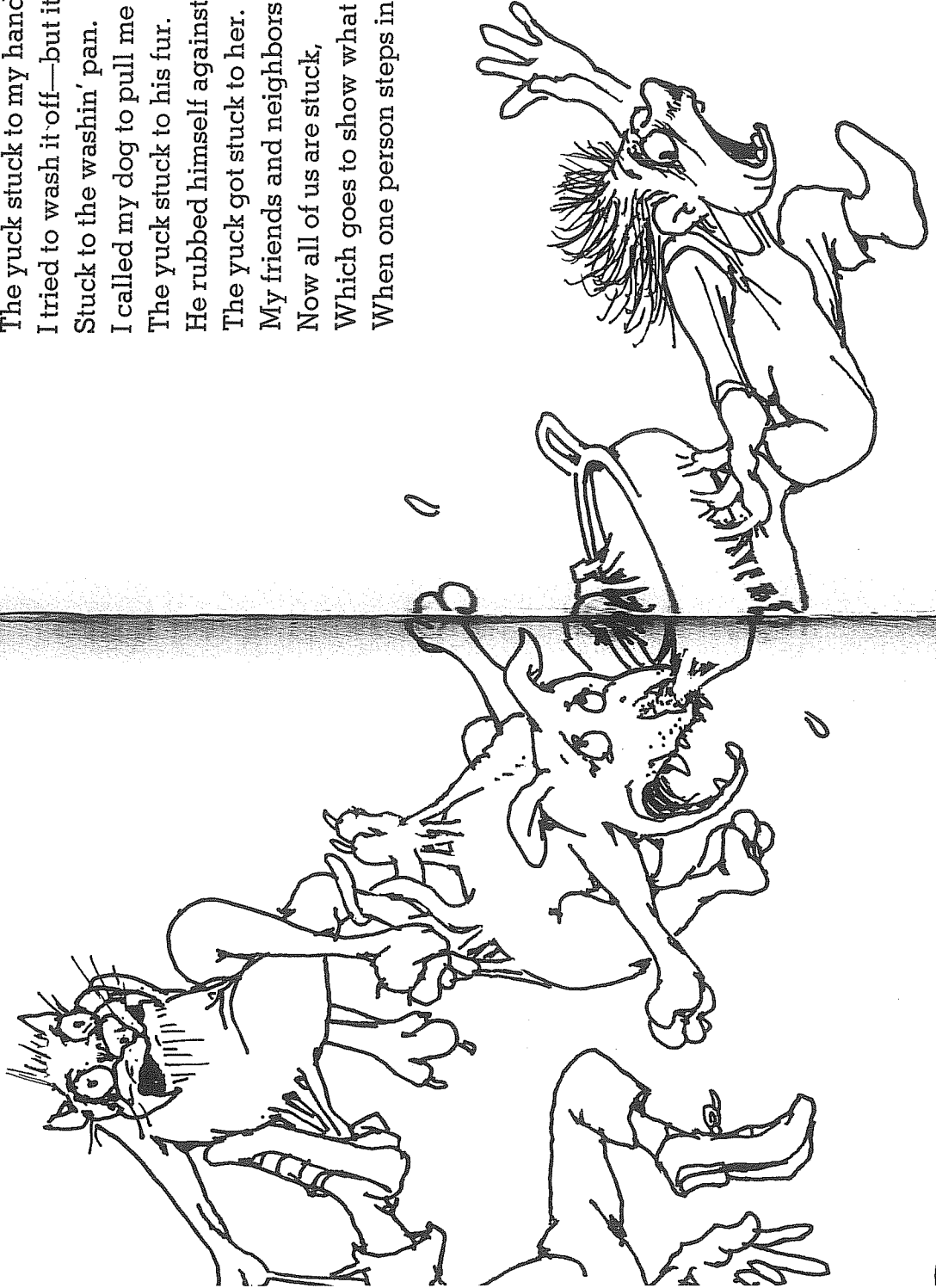
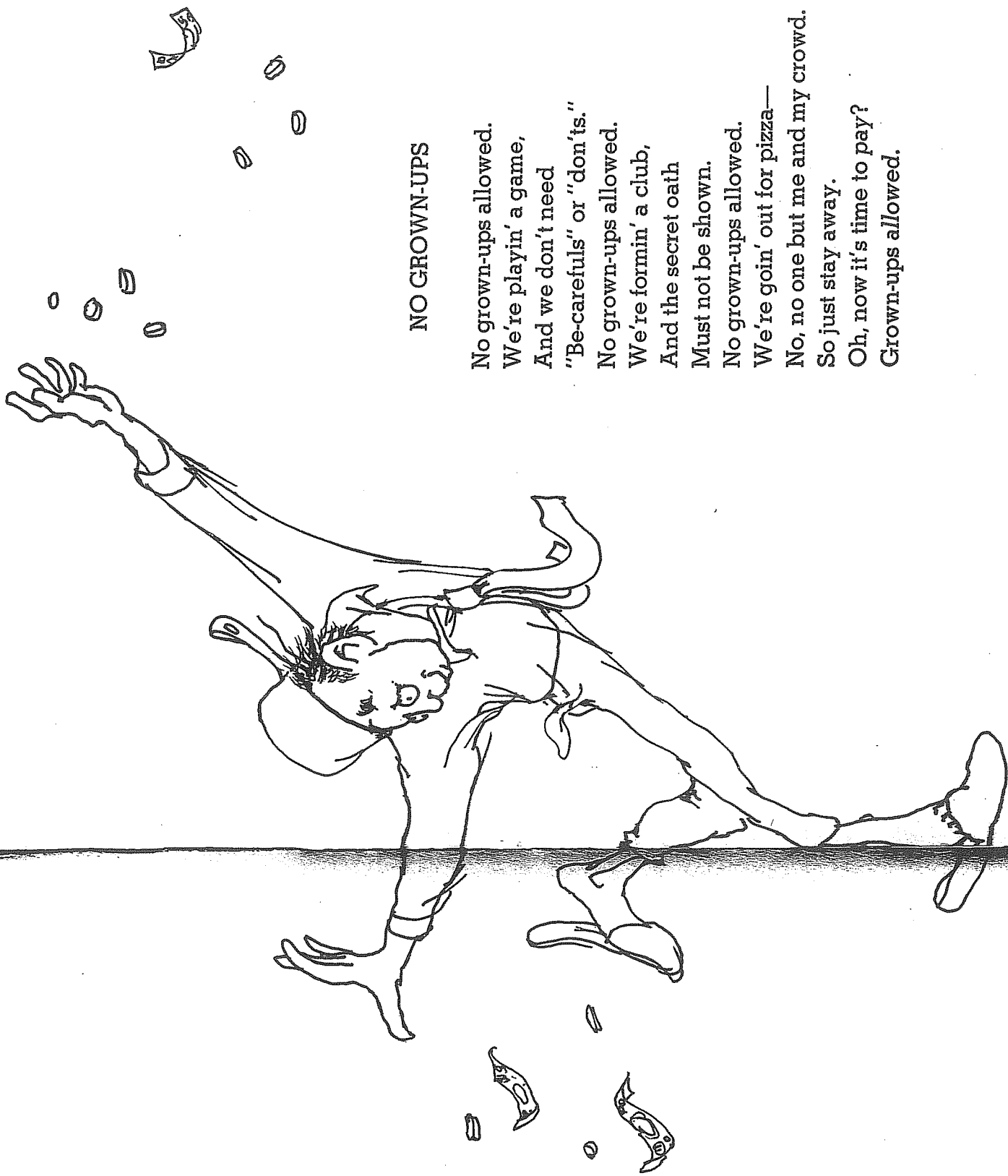


YUCK

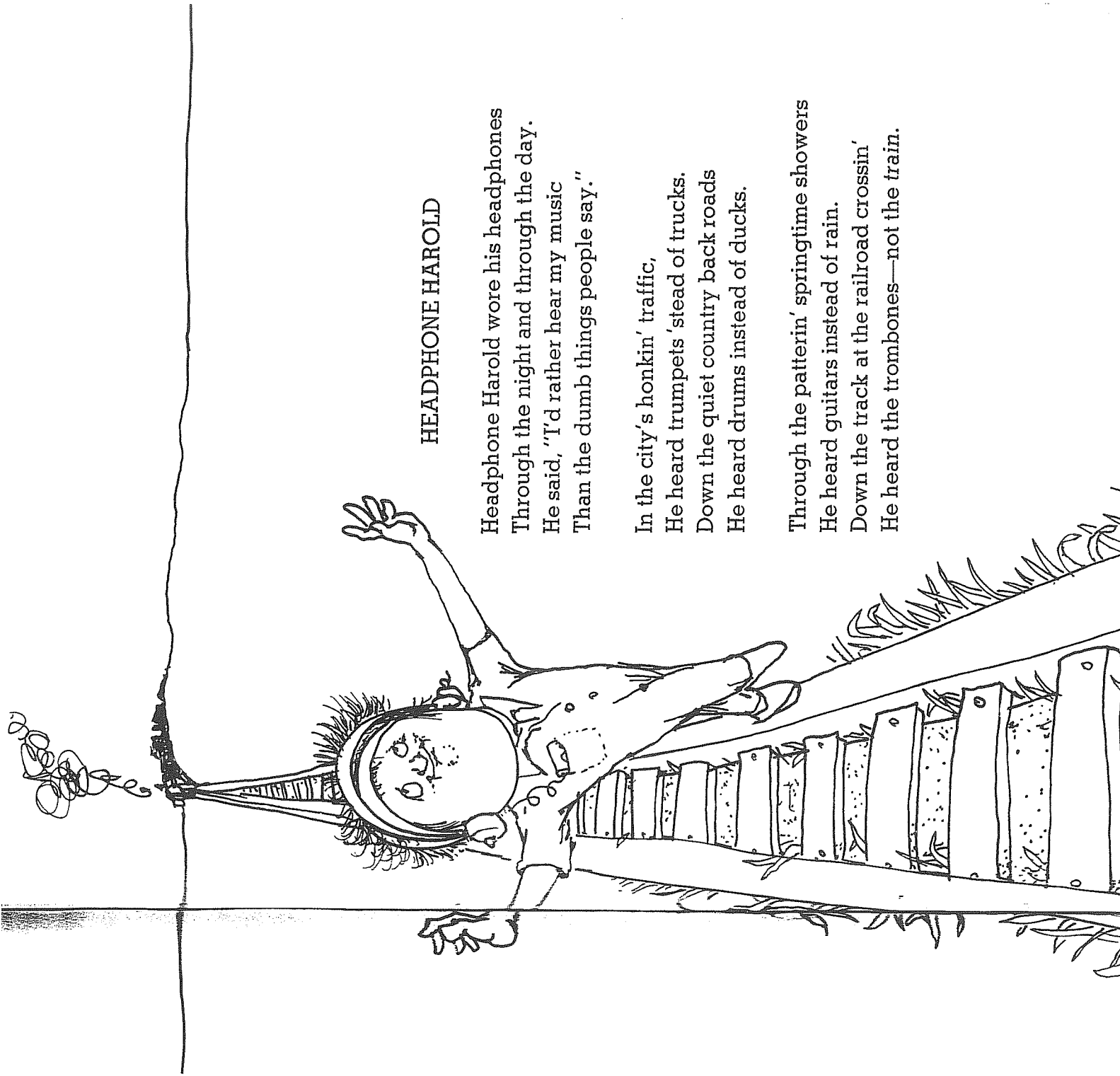
I stepped in something yucky
As I walked by the crick.
I grabbed a stick to scrape it off,
The yuck stuck to my stick.
I tried to pull it off the stick,
The yuck stuck to my hand.
I tried to wash it off—but it
Stuck to the washin' pan.
I called my dog to pull me loose,
The yuck stuck to his fur.
He rubbed himself against the cat,
The yuck got stuck to her.
My friends and neighbors came to help—
Now all of us are stuck,
Which goes to show what happens
When one person steps in yuck.





NO GROWN-UPS

No grown-ups allowed.
We're playin' a game,
And we don't need
"Be-carefuls" or "don'ts."
No grown-ups allowed.
We're formin' a club,
And the secret oath
Must not be shown.
No grown-ups allowed.
We're goin' out for pizza—
No, no one but me and my crowd.
So just stay away.
Oh, now it's time to pay?
Grown-ups allowed.



HEADPHONE HAROLD

Headphone Harold wore his headphones
Through the night and through the day.
He said, "I'd rather hear my music
Than the dumb things people say."

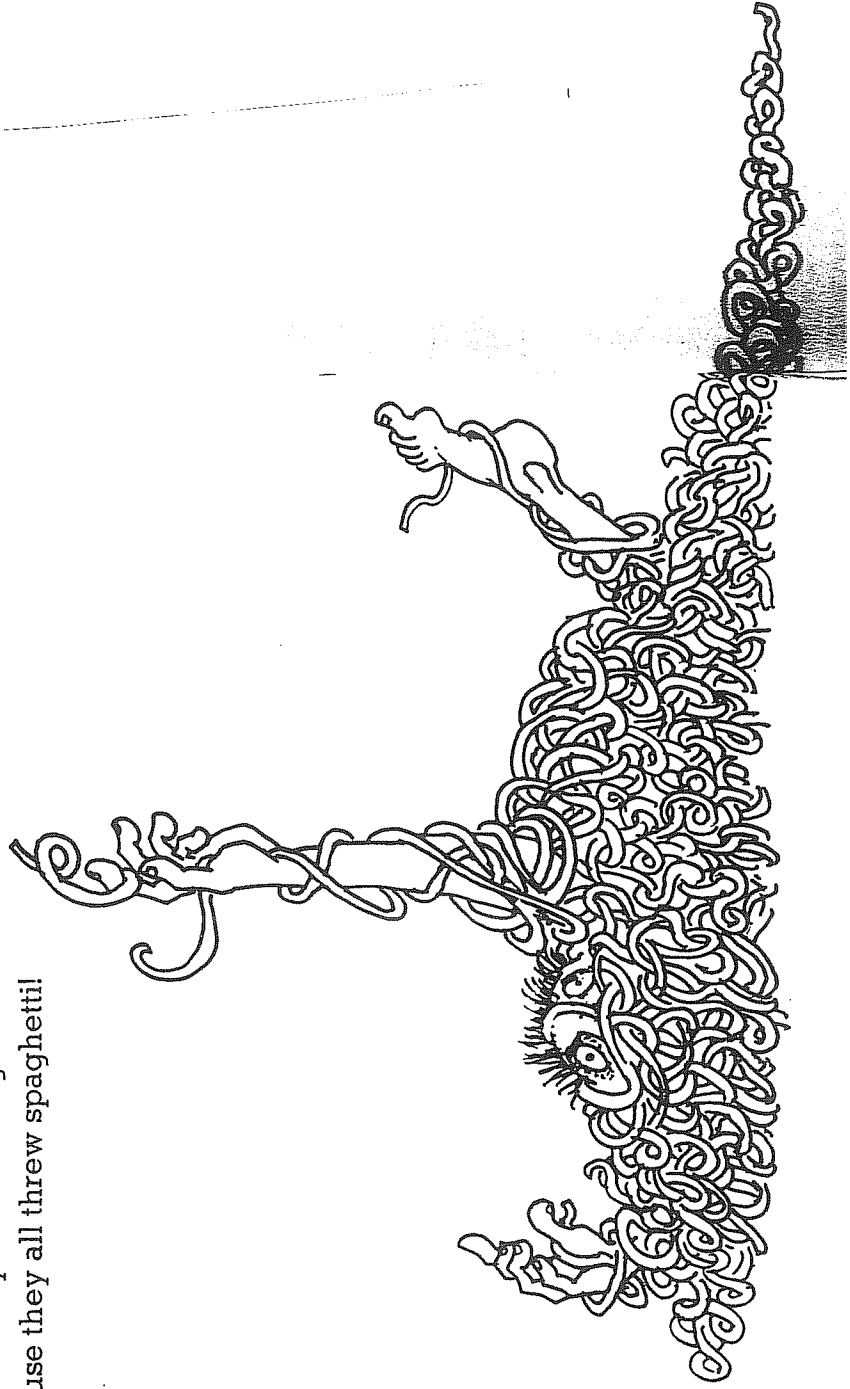
In the city's honkin' traffic,
He heard trumpets 'stead of trucks.
Down the quiet country back roads
He heard drums instead of ducks.

Through the patterin' springtime showers
He heard guitars instead of rain.
Down the track at the railroad crossin'
He heard the trombones—not the train.

SPAGHETTI

Spaghetti, spaghetti, all over the place,
Up to my elbows—up to my face,
Over the carpet and under the chairs,
Into the hammock and wound round the stairs,
Filling the bathtub and covering the desk,
Making the sofa a mad mushy mess.

The party is ruined, I'm terribly worried,
The guests have all left (unless they're all buried).
I told them, "Bring presents." I said, "Throw confetti."
I guess they heard wrong
'Cause they all threw spaghetti!



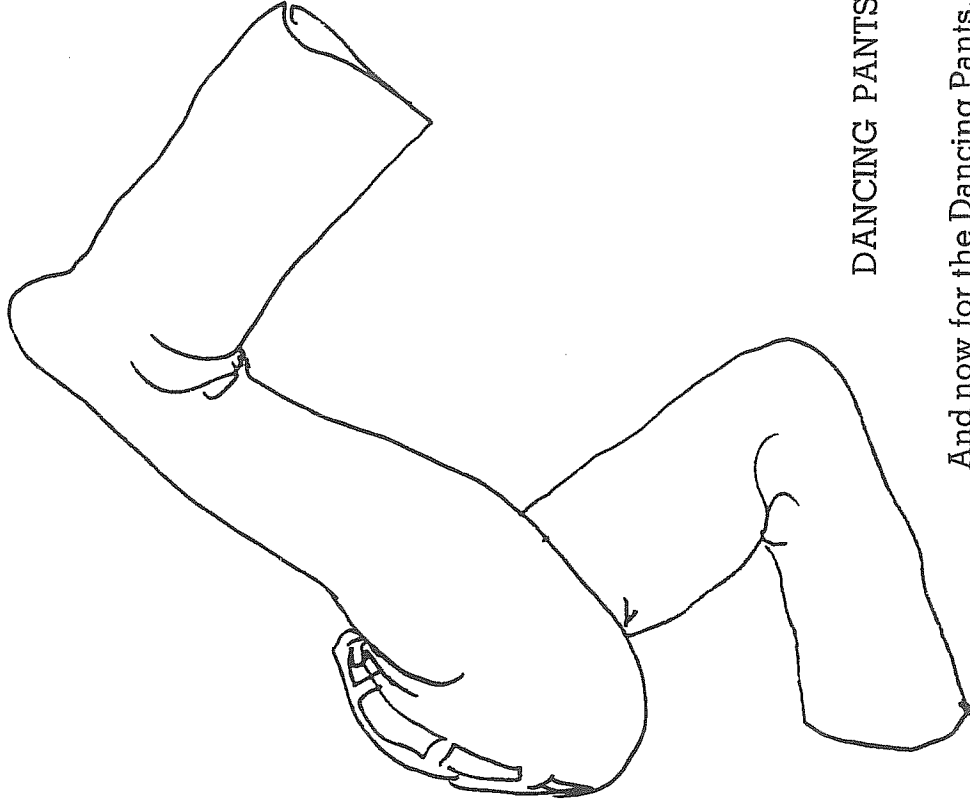
TRAFFIC LIGHT

The traffic light simply would not turn green
So the people stopped to wait
As the traffic rolled and the wind blew cold
And the hour grew dark and late.

Zoom-varoom, trucks, trailers,
Bikes and limousines,
Clatterin' by—me oh my!
Won't that light turn green?

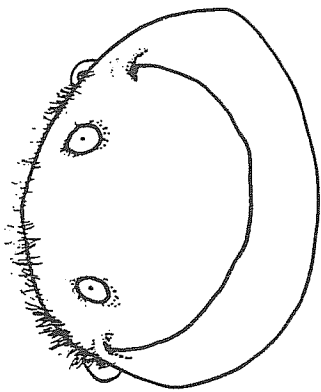
But the days turned weeks, and the weeks turned months
And there on the corner they stood,
Twiddlin' their thumbs till the changin' comes
The way good people should.

And if you walk by that corner now,
You may think it's rather strange
To see them there as they hopefully gaze
With the very same smile on their very same face
As they patiently stand in the very same place
And wait for the light to change.



DANCING PANTS

And now for the Dancing Pants,
Doing their fabulous dance.
From the seat to the pleat
They will bounce to the beat,
With no legs inside them
And no feet beneath.
They'll whirl, and twirl, and jiggle and prance,
So just start the music
And give them a chance—
Let's have a big hand for the wonderful, marvelous,
Super sensational, utterly fabulous,
Talented Dancing Pants!



THE LAND OF HAPPY

Have you been to The Land of Happy,
Where everyone's happy all day,
Where they joke and they sing
Of the happiest things,
And everything's jolly and gay?
There's no one unhappy in Happy,
There's laughter and smiles galore.
I have been to The Land of Happy—
What a bore!

IT'S DARK IN HERE

I am writing these poems
From inside a lion,
And it's rather dark in here.
So please excuse the handwriting
Which may not be too clear.
But this afternoon by the lion's cage
I'm afraid I got too near.
And I'm writing these lines
From inside a lion,
And it's rather dark in here.



I WON'T HATCH!

Oh I am a chickie who lives in an egg,
But I will not hatch, I will not hatch.
The hens they all cackle, the roosters all beg,
But I will not hatch, I will not hatch.
For I hear all the talk of pollution and war
As the people all shout and the airplanes roar,
So I'm staying in here where it's safe and it's warm,
And I WILL NOT HATCH!



SKY SEASONING

A piece of sky
Broke off and fell
Through the crack in the ceiling
Right into my soup,
KERPLOP!
I really must state
That I usually hate
Lentil soup, but I ate
Every drop!
Delicious delicious
(A bit like plaster),
But so delicious, goodness sake—
I could have eaten a lentil-soup lake.
It's amazing the difference
A bit of sky can make.