

CLASS - II A

## **The Pig**

BY ROALD DAHL

In England once there lived a big  
And wonderfully clever pig.  
To everybody it was plain  
That Piggy had a massive brain.  
He worked out sums inside his head,  
There was no book he hadn't read,  
He knew what made an airplane fly,  
He knew how engines worked and why.  
He knew all this, but in the end  
One question drove him round the bend:  
He simply couldn't puzzle out  
What LIFE was really all about.  
What was the reason for his birth?  
Why was he placed upon this earth?  
His giant brain went round and round.  
Alas, no answer could be found,  
Till suddenly one wondrous night,  
All in a flash, he saw the light.  
He jumped up like a ballet dancer  
And yelled, "By gum, I've got the answer!"  
"They want my bacon slice by slice  
"To sell at a tremendous price!  
"They want my tender juicy chops  
"To put in all the butchers' shops!  
"They want my pork to make a roast  
"And that's the part'll cost the most!  
"They want my sausages in strings!  
"They even want my chitterlings!  
"The butcher's shop! The carving knife!  
"That is the reason for my life!"  
Such thoughts as these are not designed  
To give a pig great peace of mind.



## The Crocodile

"No animal is half as vile  
As Crocky-Wock, the crocodile.  
On Saturdays he likes to crunch  
Six juicy children for his lunch  
And he especially enjoys  
Just three of each, three girls, three boys.  
He smears the boys (to make them hot)  
With mustard from the mustard pot.  
But mustard doesn't go with girls,  
It tastes all wrong with plaits and curls.  
With them, what goes extremely well  
Is butterscotch and caramel.  
It's such a super marvelous treat  
When boys are hot and girls are sweet.  
At least that's Crocky's point of view  
He ought to know. He's had a few.  
That's all for now. It's time for bed.  
Lie down and rest your sleepy head.  
Ssh. Listen. What is that I hear,  
Galumphing softly up the stair?

Go lock the door and fetch my gun!  
Go on child, hurry! Quickly run!  
No stop! Stand back! He's coming in!  
Oh, look, that greasy greenish skin!  
The shining teeth, the greedy smile!  
It's Crocky-Wock, the Crocodile!

Roald Dahl



The Duck and the Kangaroo BY EDWARD LEAR

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,

'Good gracious! how you hop!

Over the fields and the water too,

As if you never would stop!

My life is a bore in this nasty pond,

And I long to go out in the world beyond!

I wish I could hop like you!

~~Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.~~

'Please give me a ride on your back!'

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

'I would sit quite still, and say nothing but "Quack,"

The whole of the long day through!

And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,

Over the land, and over the sea;—

Please take me a ride! O do!'

~~Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.~~

(P.T.O)

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Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,

‘This requires some little reflection;

Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,

And there seems but one objection,

Which is, if you’ll let me speak so bold,

Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,

And would probably give me the roo-

Matiz!’ said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, ‘As I sate on the rocks,

I have thought over that completely,

And I bought four pairs of worsted socks

Which fit my web-feet neatly.

And to keep out the cold I’ve bought a cloak,

And every day a cigar I’ll smoke,

All to follow my own dear true

Love of a Kangaroo!’

Said the Kangaroo, ‘I’m ready!

All in the moonlight pale;

But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady!

And quite at the end of my tail!’

So away they went with a hop and a bound,

And they hopped the whole world three times round;

And who so happy,—O who, As the Duck and the Kangaroo?.

## THE BALLAD OF RUM

A dog wandered into our garden one day,  
A friendly old mutt, didn't look like a stray.  
We never discovered whence he had come,  
But we brushed him and fed him and the kids called him Rum.

Now as family members, even dogs must work hard,  
So we put Rum on duty next door in our yard,  
Bright eyed and watchful by night and by day,  
But not much of a guard dog, I'm sorry to say.

He barked at the cats and he'd bark at a toad,  
He barked at the cattle outside on the road,  
He barked at the horses - so where did he fail?  
You see, Rum liked people, and he just wagged his tail.

He liked the yard labour, an amiable bunch.  
They fed our dog tidbits and scraps from their lunch.  
Rum wolfed it all down, but to our dismay  
He seemed to get fatter with each passing day.

Then one night when Rum was laid at his ease,  
A burglar crept in just as quiet as you please.  
He saw no alarms, heard now siren howling,  
No guard dog for sure, there'd be barking and growling.

But Rum was awake and he'd seen him alright,  
Delighted with company this time of the night,  
He flew through the yard, his new friend to greet,  
And his weight bowled the burglar right off of his feet.

The intruder got up and ran off with a wail  
And Rum right behind him still wagging his tail.  
He departed the yard he'd come in to burgle  
Like a champion athlete clearing a hurdle.

But Rum couldn't jump gates, so sadly instead  
He picked up the thief's wallet and went back to bed.  
Next morning the evidence everyone viewed,  
When Rum brought it to us, (just a little bit chewed).

We all howled with laughter when we heard the story,  
And Rum was our hero, he was basking in glory.  
There's been no attempts since to burgle our yard,  
For everyone knows now that Rum is on guard.

## Class II E

### Elocution

#### The Plaint of the Camel

'Canary- birds feed on sugar and seed,  
Parrots have crackers to crunch:  
And, as for poodles, they tell me the noodles  
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.  
But there's never a question  
About MY digestion-  
Anything does for me!

'Cats you're aware, can repose in a chair,  
Chickens can roost upon rails;  
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,  
And oysters can slumber in pails.  
But no- one supposes  
A poor Camel dozes-  
Any place does for me!

'Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,  
Coops are constructed for hens:  
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,  
And pigs are protected by pens.  
But a camel comes handy  
Wherever its sandy-  
Anywhere does for me!

'People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,  
Or mounted the back of an ox;  
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,  
Or try to bestraddle a fox.  
But as for a camel, he's  
Ridden by families-  
Any load does for me!

'A snake is as round as a hole in the ground  
And weasels are wavy and sleek;  
And no alligator could ever be straighter  
Than lizards that live in a creek,  
But a camel's all lumpy  
And bumpy and humpy-  
Any shape does for me!'

\_\_\_\_ Charles E. Carryl



## CHOOSING THEIR NAMES

*By Thomas Hood*



Our old cat has kittens three –  
What do you think their names should be?

One is tabby with emerald eyes,  
And a tail that's long and slender,  
And into a temper she quickly flies  
If you ever by chance offend her.  
I think we shall call her this –  
I think we shall call her that –  
Now, don't you think that Pepperpot is a nice name for cat?

One is black with a frill of white,  
And her feet are all white fur,  
If you stroke her she carries her tail upright  
And quickly begins to purr.  
I think we shall call him this –  
I think we shall call her that –  
Now, don't you think Sootikin  
Is a nice name for a cat?

One is tortoiseshell, yellow and black,  
With plenty of white about him:  
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back,  
He's is a quarrelsome one, ne'er doubt him.  
I think we shall call him this –  
I think we shall call her that –  
Now, don't you think that Scratchaway  
Is a nice name for a cat?

Our old cat has kittens three  
And I fancy these their names will be:  
Pepperpot, Sootkin, Scratchaway – there!  
Were ever kittens with these to compare?  
And we call the old mother –  
Now what do you think? –  
Tabitha Longclaws Tiddley Wink.