

Look! Look!

by Jack Prelutsky



Look! Look!

A book!

A book for me,

a book all filled

with poetry,

a book that I

can read

and read.

A book!

Exactly

what I need.

Look! Look!

A book

to open wide,

and marvel

at the words inside,

to sit

and savor

quietly.

Look! Look!

A book!

A book for me.

Good Books, Good Times!

Good books.

Good times.

Good stories.

Good rhymes.

Good beginnings.

Good ends.

Good people.

Good friends.

Good fiction.

Good facts.

Good adventures.

Good acts.

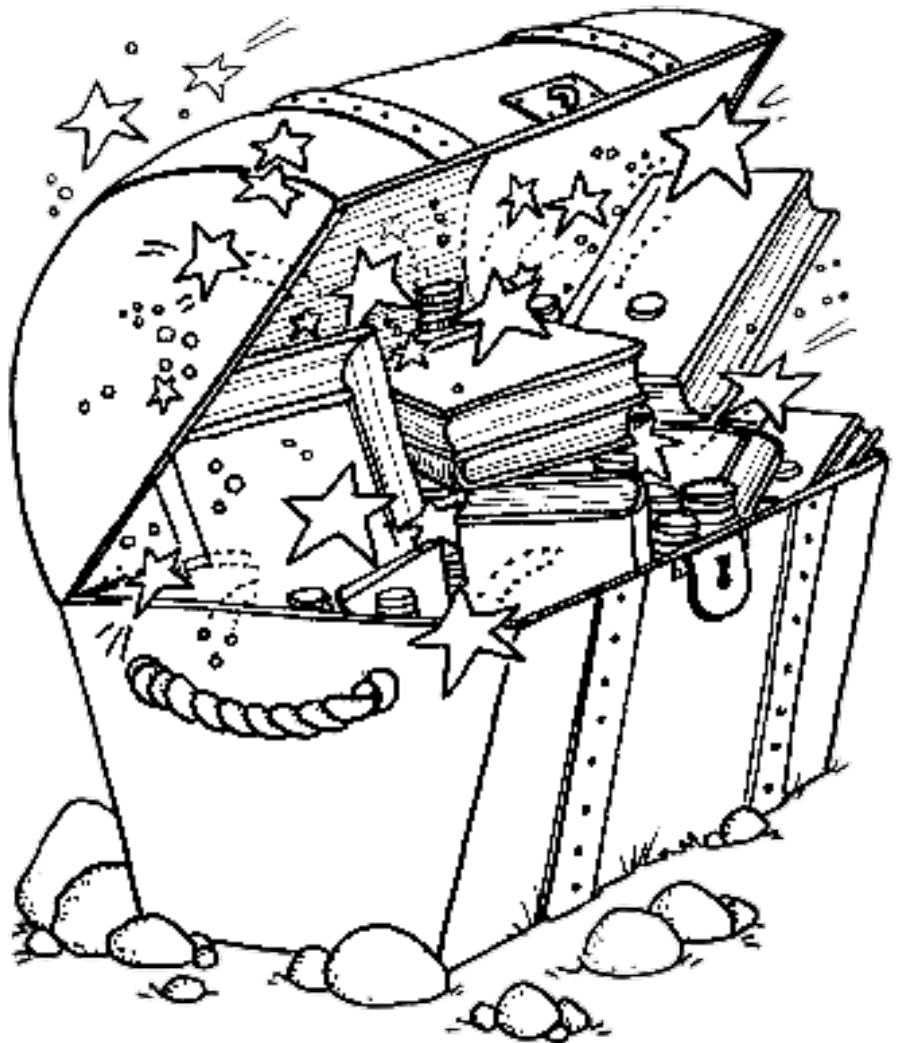
Good stories.

Good rhymes.

Good books

Good times.

Lee Bennett Hopkins



Source: Hopkins, L. B. (Ed.). (1990). *Good books, good times*. (H. Stevenson, Illus.). New York: HarperCollins. (p. 17)

Books to the Ceiling

Books to the ceiling, books to the sky.

My piles of books are a mile high.

How I love them!

How I need them!

I'll have a long beard by the time I read them.

-Arnold Lobel



What I Told Mrs. Morris When She Asked How I Was Feeling Today

“Grumbly, grouchy,
groggy, grumpy,
sleepy, slouchy,
fussy, frumpy,
whiny, weary,
cranky, crazy,
dingy, dreary,
loopy, lazy,
dizzy, drowsy,
crusty, crummy,
loony, lousy,
scruffy, scummy,
bleary, batty,
shaky, shabby,
rusty, ratty,
cruddy, crabby.
That describes it,
Mrs. Morris.
Thank you for the
new thesaurus.”



Ken Nesbitt

Source: Nesbitt, K. (2007). *Revenge of the Lunch Ladies*. New York: Simon & Schuster. (p. 24)
Learning Target: Adjectives

Cinderella's Double Life

Isn't life unfair?

Stuck in a corner,

while they're waiting for a

chance

with the prince,

dancing waltz after waltz

at the ball,

I'll be shining

these shoes

till the clock strikes midnight.

Till the clock strikes midnight,

these shoes!

I'll be shining

at the ball,

dancing waltz after waltz

with the prince

while they're waiting for a

chance,

stuck in a corner.

Isn't life unfair?



Source: Singer, M. (2010). *Mirror mirror*. (J. Masse, Illus.). New York: Dutton.

My Sister Is a Sissy

My sister is a sissy,
she's afraid of dogs and cats,
a toad can give her tantrums,
and she's terrified of rats,
she screams at things with stingers,
things that buzz, and things that crawl,
just the shadow of a spider
sends my sister up the wall.

A lizard makes her shiver,
and a turtle makes her squirm,
she positively cringes
at the prospect of a worm,
she's afraid of things with feathers,
she's afraid of things with fur,
she's scared of almost everything—
how come I'm scared of her?

Jack Prelutsky



Source: Prelutsky, J. (1984). *The new kid on the block*. (J. Stevenson, Illus.). New York: Greenwillow. (p. 138).

Slow Sloth's Slow Song

I am a sloth
a sloth am I
I live in trees
But I can't fly
I do not run
I am so slow
But I am where
I want to go.

.....Jack Prelutsky

Source: Prelutsky, J. (1990). *Something Big Has Been Here*. (J. Stevenson, Illus.). New York: Greenwillow. (p. 65)



Twaddletalk Tuck
by Jack Prelutsky



I'm Twaddletalk Tuck and I talk and I talk
and I talk when I run and I talk when I walk
and I talk when I hop and I talk when I creep
and I talk when I wake and I talk when I sleep
and I talk when it's wet and I talk when it's dry
and I talk when I laugh and I talk when I cry
and I talk when I jump and I talk when I land
and I talk when I sit and I talk when I stand
and I talk and I talk into anyone's ear
and I talk and I talk when there's nobody near
and I talk when I'm hoarse and my voice is a squawk
for I'm Twaddletalk Tuck and I talk and I talk.

Shout! by Brod Bagert

Shout it! Shout it! POETRY!
Fun for you and fun for me.

Clap your hands! Stomp your feet!
Feel the rhythm! Feel the beat!

Chunky words all chopped in chips!
Silky sounds upon your lips.

Tell a story—happy, sad;
Silly, sorry; good or bad.

Leap a leap, hop a hop.
See the ocean in one drop.

Shout it! Shout it! POETRY!
Fun for you and fun for me.

Bagert, B. (2007). *Shout! Little Poems that Roar*. (S. Yoshikawa, Illus.). New York: Dial.



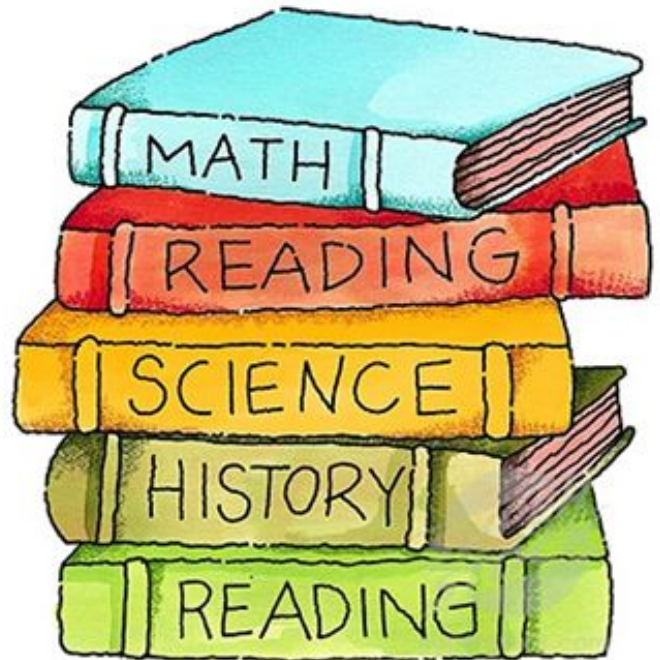
Homework! Oh, Homework!

By Jack Prelutsky

Homework! Oh, Homework!
I hate you! You stink!
I wish I could wash you
away in the sink,
if only a bomb
would explode you to bits.
Homework! Oh, homework!
You're giving me fits.

I'd rather take baths
with a man-eating shark,
or wrestle a lion
alone in the dark,
eat spinach and liver,
pet ten porcupines,
than tackle the homework,
my teacher assigns.

Homework! Oh, homework!
You're last on my list,
I simple can't see
why you even exist,
if you just disappeared
it would tickle me pink.
Homework! Oh, homework!
I hate you! You stink!



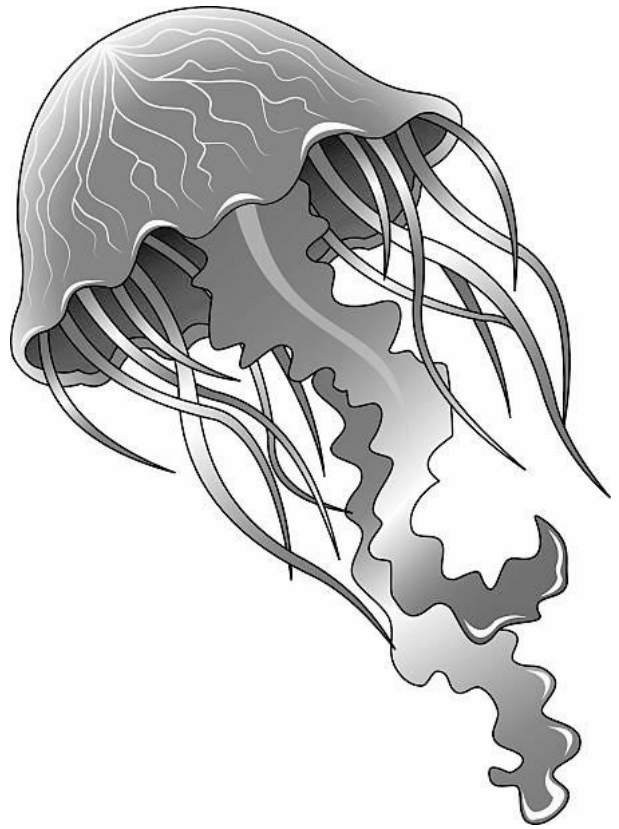
Source: Prelutsky, J. (1984.) *The New Kid on the Block*. (J. Stevenson, Illus.). New York: Greenwillow. (p. 54)

JELLYFISH STEW

By Jack Prelutsky

Jellyfish stew,
I'm loony for you,
I dearly adore you,
Oh, truly I do,
You're creepy to see,
Revolting to chew,
You slide down inside
With a hullabaloo.

You're soggy, you're smelly,
You taste like shampoo,
You bog down my belly
With oodles of goo,
Yet I would glue noodles
And prunes to my shoe
For one oozy spoonful
Of jellyfish stew.



Be Glad Your Nose Is on Your Face

BY JACK PRELUTSKY

Be glad your nose is on your face,
not pasted on some other place,
for if it were where it is not,
you might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose
were sandwiched in between your toes,
that clearly would not be a treat,
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread
were it attached atop your head,
it soon would drive you to despair,
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be
an absolute catastrophe,
for when you were obliged to sneeze,
your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,
remains between your eyes and chin,
not pasted on some other place—
be glad your nose is on your face!



As Soon As Fred Gets Out of Bed

By Jack Prelutsky

As soon as Fred gets out of bed,
his underwear goes on his head.
His mother laughs, "Don't put it there,
a head's no place for underwear!"
But near his ears, above his brains,
is where Fred's underwear remains.



At night when Fred goes back to bed,
he deftly plucks it off his head.
His mother switches off the light
And softly croons, "Good night! Good night!"
And then, for reasons no one knows,
Fred's underwear goes on his toes.

Grasshopper Gumbo

GRASSHOPPER GUMBO

IGUANA TAIL TARTS

TOAD A LA MODE

PICKLED PELICAN PARTS

ELEPHANT GELATIN

FROG FRICASSEE

PUREE OF PLATYPUS

BOILED BUMBLEBEE

PORCUPINE PUDDING

STEAMED CENTIPEDE SKINS

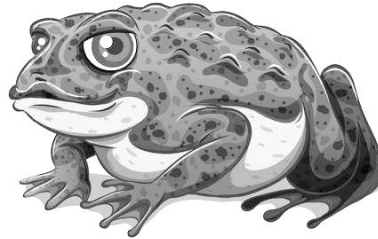
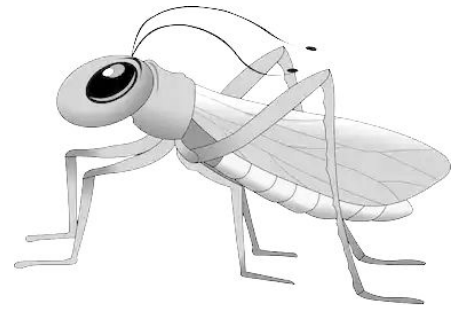
SQUID SUCKER SUNDAES

FRIED FLYING FISH FINS

MEADOW MOUSE MORSELS

CRACKED CROCODILE CRUNCH

The school cafeteria serves them for lunch.

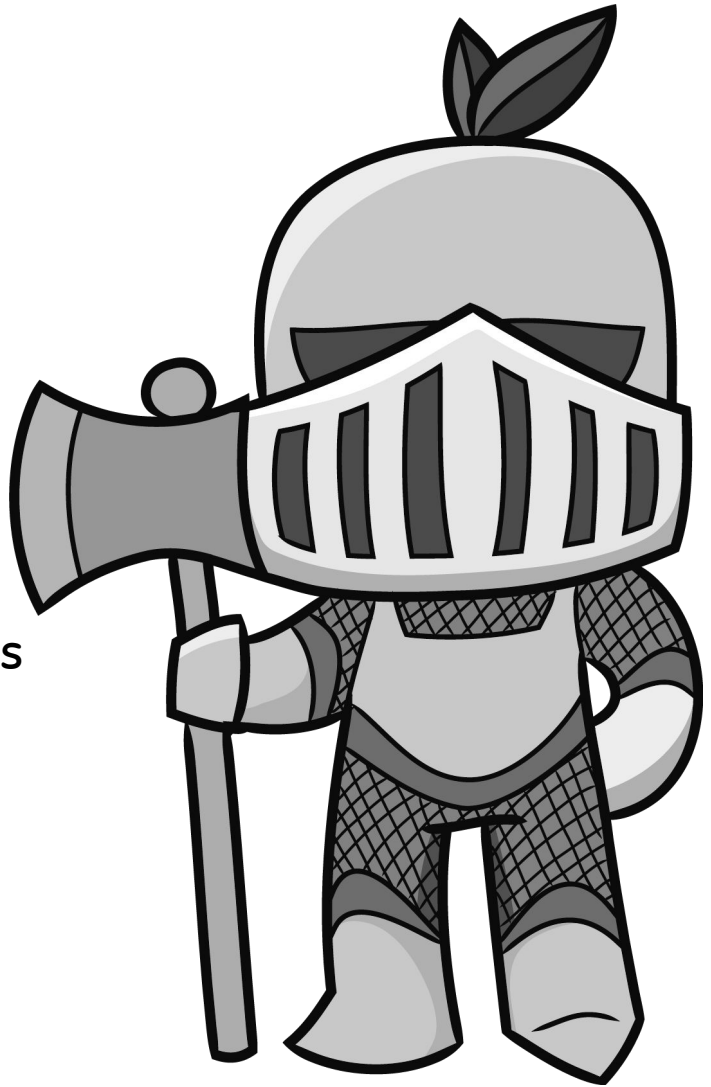


Sir Bottomwide

By Jack Prelutsky

Sir Bottomwide, a stalwart knight,
was absolutely blue,
he sniveled inconsolably,
he sobbed the whole day through,
he blubbered as he clanked about,
he cried astride his horse,
the teardrops flooded from his eyes
with unabated force.

They fell upon his pillow
while he slumbered in his bed,
they leaked into his regal ears,
they drenched his noble head.
Sir Bottomwide had cause to be
a most unhappy knight,
his cast-iron armored underwear
was half a size too tight.

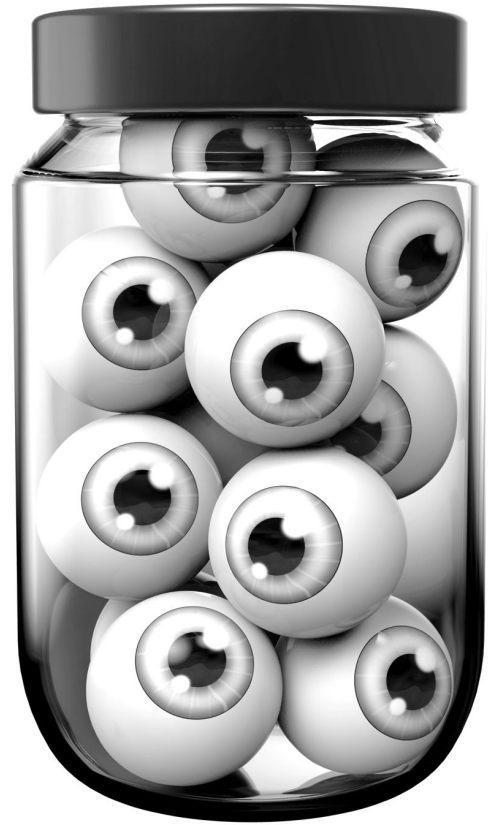


Eyeballs for Sale!

By Jack Prelutsky

Eyeballs for sale!
Fresh eyeballs for sale!
Delicious, nutritious,
not moldy or stale.
Eyeballs from manticores,
ogres, and elves,
fierce dragon eyeballs
that cook by themselves.

Eyeballs served cold!
Eyeballs served hot!
If you like eyeballs,
then this is the spot.
Ladle a glassful,
a bowlful, or pail--
Eyeballs! Fresh eyeballs!
Fresh eyeballs for sale!



My Fish Was Small

By Jack Prelusky

My fish was small,
my fish was gold,
but now my fish
is still and cold.

My fish no more
will splash and splish.

My fish is gone



I flush my fish.

