

The Sneetches

BY DR. SEUSS

If you go to Aw-WawHoo
And walk down the beach,
You'll notice a sort-of-a-bird called the Sneetch.
In fact, there are *two* sorts of Sneetches you'll find:
The Star-Belly kind, and the Plain-Belly kind.
The Star-Belly Sneetches have bellies with stars.
The Plain-Belly Sneetches don't have them on thars.

Now those stars...
They're not big. They are really so small
You'd think such a thing wouldn't matter at all.
But, because of their stars, all the Star-Belly Sneetches
Believe *they're* the best kind of Sneetch on the beaches.
Won't talk to the others! They pass them right by
With their snoots high-and-mighty, stuck up in the sky.
Won't ask them to go to their parties or sleigh rides,
Their ball games, their marshmallow roasts or their hay rides.
And the Plain-Belly Sneetches...
Well, *they* get so mad
That they sometimes do things that are really quite bad,
And they throw dreadful things at the Star Bellies' heads...
Like oysters and clams and the springs of old beds!

How they fight on those beaches,
Those unfriendly Sneetches!
And all because Sneetches whose bellies have stars
Think they're better than Sneetches with none upon thars.
(And, really, it's sort of a terrible shame,
For, except for those stars, every Sneetch is the same.)



The Zaks

BY DR. SEUSS

One day, in the wilds of the Prairie of Prack,
Coming different directions along the same track,
Came a North-going-Zak and a South-going Zak.
And, suddenly, both of them came to a place
Where they bumped! And they stood.
Foot to foot. Face to face.

And the North-going-Zak snorted, "Look here! I say!
You are blocking my path. You are right in my way.
I'm a North-going-Zak, and I always go north.
Get out of my way, now, and let me go forth!"

Then the other replied, with a very sour mouth,
"I'm a South-going-Zak, and I always go south.
So I'm *NOT* in your way. You are standing in *MINE*.
And, so, I command you to step out of line...
Just a foot to the east or a foot to the west...
And then I'll continue my journey, you pest!"

Then the North-going-Zak huffed his chest up with pride,
And he shouted, "I can't and I won't step aside!
Not an inch to the west! Not an inch to the east!
A North-going-Zak does not budge in the least!"

"My!" sneered the South-going-Zak. "My! My! My!
You certainly *are* a most obstinate guy.
And if *that's* how you feel, you will *never* pass by
If I have to stand here on this spot till I die."

"*VERY WELL!*" yelled the North-going-Zak. "*SO SHALL I!*"

And that is, exactly, what both of them said.
And they *DID* both stand there, till they both were quite dead.



The Ruckus

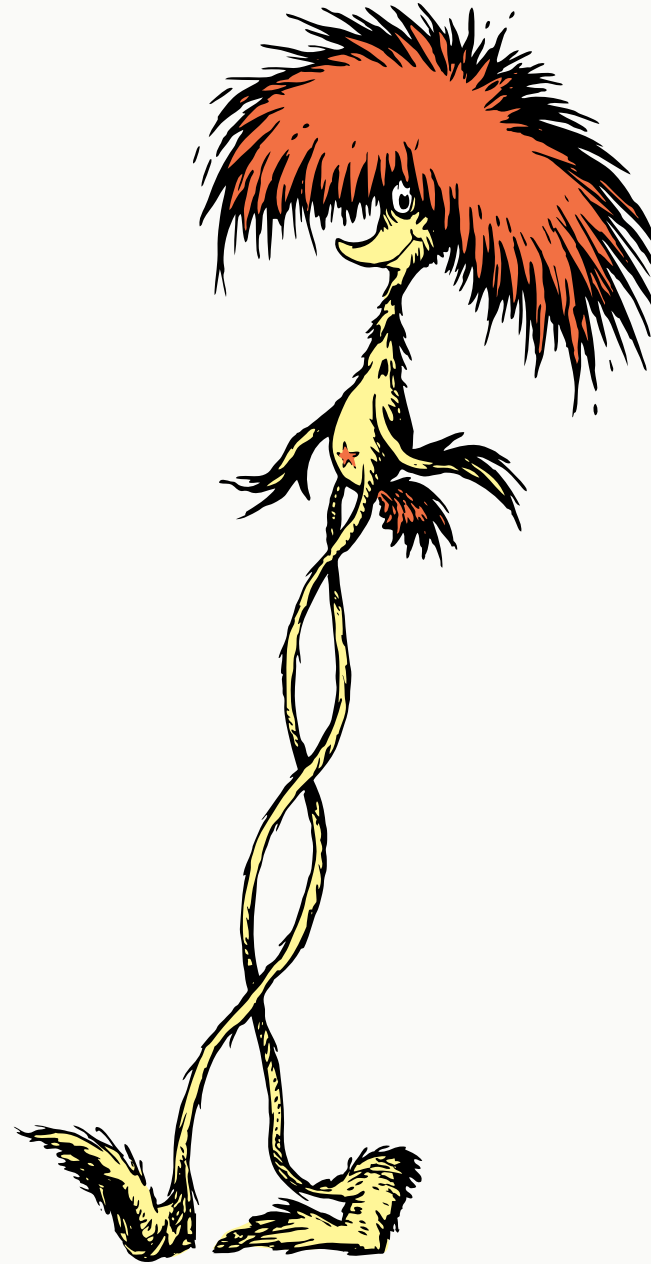
BY DR. SEUSS

On the top of a hill on the Island of Zort
Lived a bird called the Ruckus, whose favorite sport
Was making loud noises. It gave him a thrill
To be known as the loudest-mouthed bird on the hill.
Then, one day, he thought, "I can be louder still!
"My voice is terrific. It ought to be heard
"On many more islands than this," said the bird.
So he made his voice stronger, 'till, one day, he found
That he'd learned how to make a tremendous big sound
That shook every island for fifty miles 'round!

"I say!" laughed the Ruckus. "I *am* a great guy!
"But I can do better than *that* if I try.
"I'll build up my voice. Why, I'll practice a year!
"I'll cook up a noise that the *whole world* will hear!"
And, after he'd practiced for fifty-two weeks,
The Ruckus let loose with a mouthful of shrieks
That burst from his throat like the moans and the groans
Of ten thousand elephants blowing trombones!
He yapped and he yodeled! He yelped and he yilped!
He gargled! He snargled! He burped and he bilped!
And the sound went to China and knocked down three cats.
And, in England, it blew off eight bus drivers' hats!

"Oh, boy!" bragged the Ruckus. "I'm really some bird!
"I've opened my mouth and I've made myself heard!"

Then a little old worm crawled up out of the ground.
"That's true," said the worm. "That was quite a big sound.
"But I have a question to ask, if I may...
"You made yourself heard...*but just what did you say?*"
And the worm turned his back and slid softly away.



The Munkits

BY DR. SEUSS

In the midst of the dusty, hot Desert of Dreer
Stand a couple tall rocks. One is There. One is Here.
And

One day, two Munkits just happened to stop
By the rock that was Here. It looked fine up on top.
It looked like such sport and such wonderful fun
That the Munkits climbed up to the top of that one.

Then one of them noticed the rock over *There*.
“Say!” he said, pointing far off in the air.
“This isn’t much fun over *Here* where we are.
“I’ll bet it’s more fun over *There*, where it’s Far!”

So the Munkits climbed down off *Here*, to the heat
Of the simmering desert which blistered their feet,
And they hiked many miles in the broiling hot sun,
And they climbed to the top of the far-distant one.
But when they got up on the rock that was Far,
Then one of them said, “Say! This rock where we are...
“It used to be THERE. Why this really is queer!
“It’s no longer THERE because now it is HERE!
“So this far-away rock isn’t FAR! It is NEAR!
“If we want to have fun on a rock, I declare,
“*We’ll have to go straight back to HERE, which is THERE!*”

So the Munkits slid down off of THERE (which was *Here*),
And they raced to the rock that was FAR (which was *Near*),
And those Munkits are *still* racing round there, I fear,
Between those two rocks on the Desert of Dreer.
And they never enjoy *either* rock where they are
'Cause there’s always more fun on the rock that is far.



The Flustards

BY DR. SEUSS

Of all the animals I've ever met
The Flustards, I think, are the silliest yet.
Poor Flustards! They spend every hour every day
In front of their house in a most stupid way...
Standing. Just standing. They're waiting, they say.

But waiting for *what...?*
Well, they stare at the sky
Looking for things that will NEVER come by...
Like very small elephants
Two inches high.
They wait to see things that can't possibly come...
Like five hundred bluebirds
Inside a bass drum.

They stand and watch for things like these:
Steering wheels on apple trees
And roller skates made out of cheese
And peanuts floating in the breeze
And three-cent stamps on bumble bees
And thimbles on the thumbs of fleas
And icicles that never freeze.

They never have fun.
Never play. Never run.
They've never found out that it's terribly dumb
Just to stand around waiting for things that can't come.



Did I Ever Tell You..?

BY DR. SEUSS

Did I ever tell you about the young Zode
Who came to two signs at the fork of a road?
One said: TO PLACE ONE. And the other: PLACE TWO.
So the Zode had to make up his mind what to do.
Well... the Zode scratched his head. And his chin.
And his pants.

And he said to himself. "I'll be taking a chance
"If I go to Place One. Now, that place may be hot!
"And, so, how do I know if I'll like it or not?
"On the other hand, though, I'll be sort of a fool
"If I go to Place Two and I find it too cool.
"In *that* case I may catch a chill and turn blue!
"So, maybe, Place One is the best. Not Place Two.
"On the *other* hand, though, if Place One is too *high*,
"I may catch a terrible earache and die!
"So Place *Two* may be best!

On the other hand, though...

"What might happen to me if Place Two is *too low*...?
"I might get some very strange pain in my toe!
"So Place One may be best." And he started to go.
Then he stopped. And he said, "On the OTHER hand, though..
"*On the other hand ... other hand*
...*other hand though...!*"

And for 36 hours and ½, that poor Zode
Made starts and made stops at that fork in the road,
Saying, "Don't take a chance. No! You may not be right."
Then he got an idea that was wonderfully bright!
"Play safe!" cried the Zode. "I'll play safe! I'm no dunce!
"I'll simply start off for both places at once!"

And that's how the Zode, who would not take a chance,
Got to No Place at All, with a split in his pants.

