

# 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.

