

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.

