

# 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.

