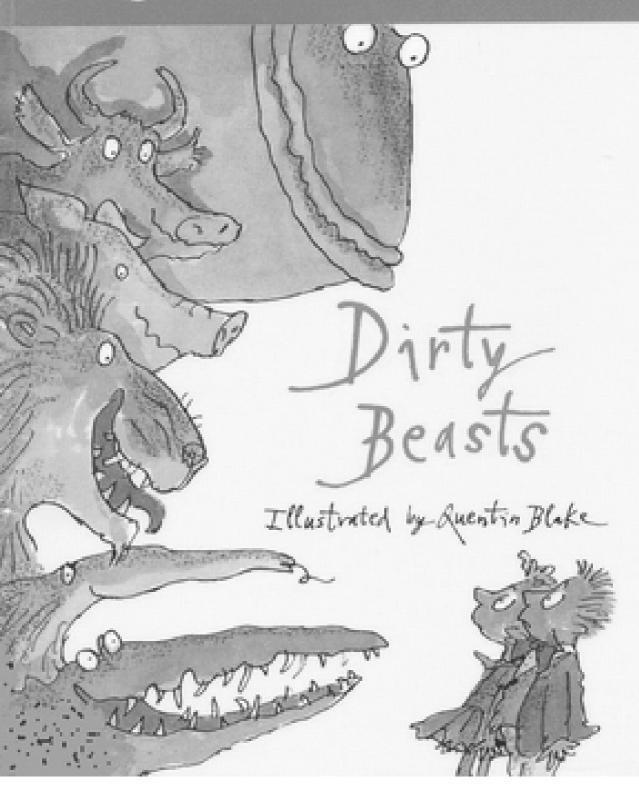
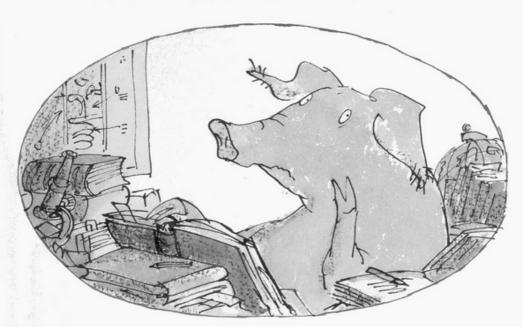
@ ROALD DAHL



The Pig

In England once there lived a big And wonderfully clever pig. To everybody it was plain That Piggy had a massive brain. He worked out sums inside his head, There was no book he hadn't read. He knew what made an airplane fly, He knew how engines worked and why. He knew all this, but in the end One question drove him round the bend: He simply couldn't puzzle out What LIFE was really all about. What was the reason for his birth? Why was he placed upon this earth? His giant brain went round and round. Alas, no answer could be found, Till suddenly one wondrous night, All in a flash, he saw the light. He jumped up like a ballet dancer And yelled, "By gum, I've got the answer!"





"They want my bacon slice by slice

"To sell at a tremendous price!

"They want my tender juicy chops

"To put in all the butchers' shops!

"They want my pork to make a roast

"And that's the part'll cost the most!

"They want my sausages in strings!

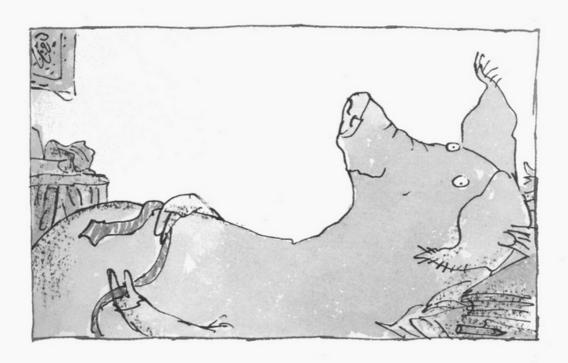
"They even want my chitterlings!

"The butcher's shop! The carving knife!

"That is the reason for my life!"

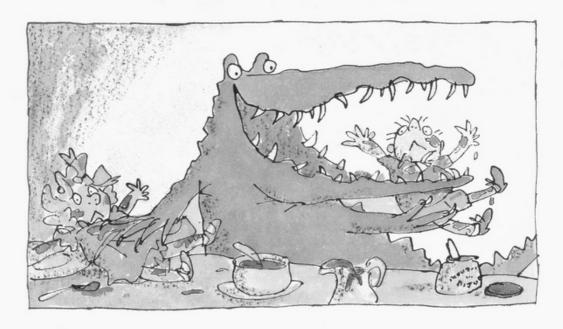
Such thoughts as these are not designed To give a pig great peace of mind.

Next morning, in comes Farmer Bland, A pail of pigswill in his hand, And Piggy with a mighty roar, Bashes the farmer to the floor . . . Now comes the rather grizzly bit So let's not make too much of it, Except that you must understand That Piggy did eat Farmer Bland, He ate him up from head to toe, Chewing the pieces nice and slow. It took an hour to reach the feet, Because there was so much to eat. And when he'd finished, Pig, of course, Felt absolutely no remorse. Slowly he scratched his brainy head And with a little smile, he said, "I had a fairly powerful hunch "That he might have me for his lunch. "And so, because I feared the worst, "I thought I'd better eat him first."



The Crocodile

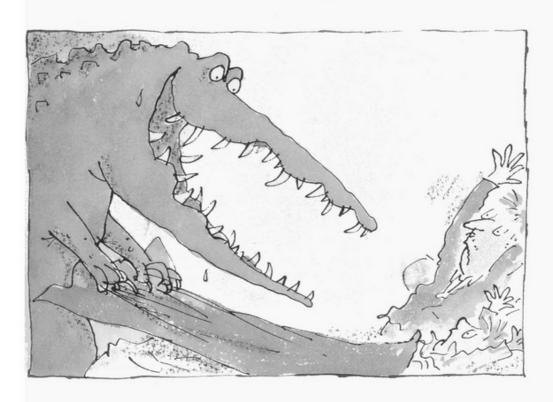
As Crocky-Wock the crocodile.
On Saturdays he likes to crunch
Six juicy children for his lunch,
And he especially enjoys
Just three of each, three girls, three boys.
He smears the boys (to make them hot)
With mustard from the mustard pot.



But mustard doesn't go with girls, It tastes all wrong with plaits and curls. With them, what goes extremely well Is butterscotch and caramel. It's such a super marvellous treat When boys are hot and girls are sweet. At least that's Crocky's point of view. He ought to know. He's had a few.

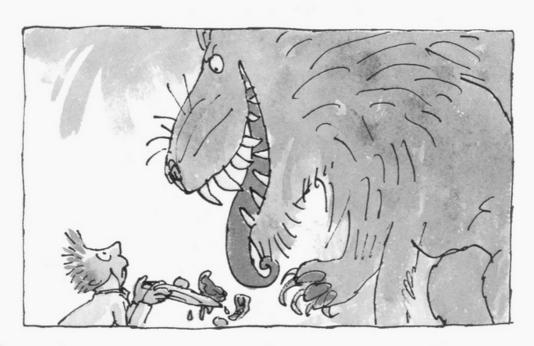


That's all for now. It's time for bed
Lie down and rest your sleepy head . . .
Ssh! Listen! What is that I hear
Gallumphing softly up the stair?
Go lock the door and fetch my gun!
Go on, child, hurry! Quickly, run!
No, stop! Stand back! He's coming in!
Oh, look, that greasy greenish skin!
The shining teeth, the greedy smile!
It's CROCKY-WOCK, THE CROCODILE!



The Lion

he lion just adores to eat A lot of red and tender meat, And if you ask the lion what Is much the tenderest of the lot, He will not say a roast of lamb Or curried beef or devilled ham Or crispy pork or corned beef hash Or sausages or mutton mash. Then could it be a big plump hen? He answers no. What is it, then? Oh, lion dear, could I not make You happy with a lovely steak? Could I entice you from your lair With rabbit-pie or roasted hare? The lion smiled and shook his head. He came up very close and said, "The meat I am about to chew Is neither steak nor chops. IT'S YOU."



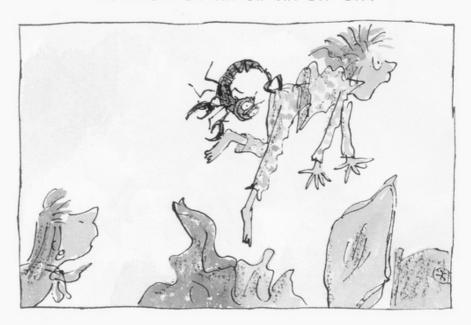
The Scorpion

You ought to thank your lucky star That here in England where you are You'll never find (or so it's said) A scorpion inside your bed. The scorpion's name is Stingaling, A most repulsive ugly thing, And I would never recommend That you should treat him as a friend. His scaly skin is black as black With armour-plate upon his back. Observe his scowling murderous face, His wicked eyes, his lack of grace, Note well his long and crinkly tail. And when it starts to swish and flail, Oh gosh! Watch out! Jump back, I say, And run till you're a mile away. The moment that his tail goes swish He has but one determined wish, He wants to make a sudden jump And sting you hard upon your rump.





"What is the matter, darling child?
"Why do you look so tense and wild?"
"Oh mummy, underneath the sheet
"There's something moving on my feet,
"Some horrid creepy crawly thing,
"D'you think it could be Stingaling?"
"What nonsense child! You're teasing me."
"I'm not, I'm not! It's reached my knee!
"It's going . . . going up my thigh!
"Oh mummy, catch it quickly! Try!
"It's on . . . it's on my bottom now!
"It's . . . Ow! Ow-ow! Ow-ow! OW-OW!"

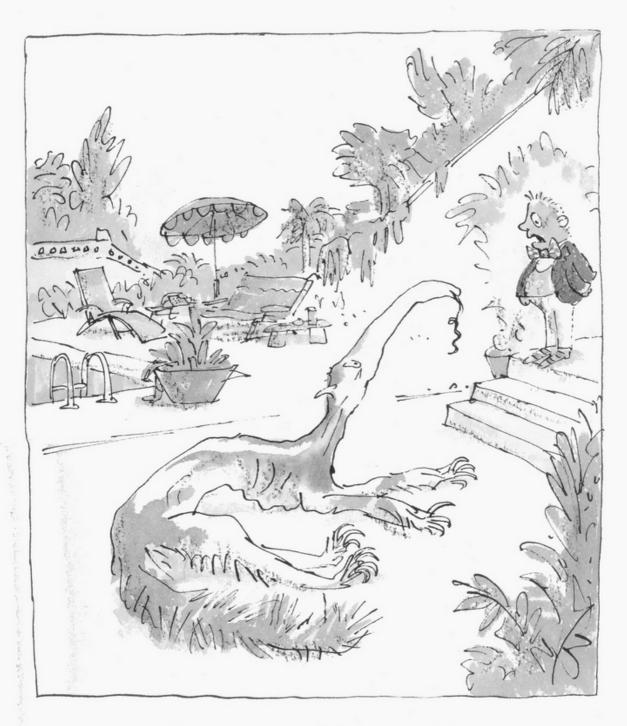


The Ant-Eater

ome wealthy folks from U.S.A., Who lived near San Francisco Bay, Possessed an only child called Roy, A plump and unattractive boy -Half-baked, half-witted and half-boiled, But worst of all, most dreadfully spoiled. Whatever Roy desired each day, His father bought him right away – Toy motor-cars, electric trains, The latest model aeroplanes, A colour television-set, A saxophone, a clarinet, Expensive teddy-bears that talked, And animals that walked and squawked. That house contained sufficient toys To thrill a half a million boys. (As well as this, young Roy would choose, Two pairs a week of brand-new shoes.) And now he stood there shouting, "What "On earth is there I haven't got? "How hard to think of something new! "The choices are extremely few!"



Then added, as he scratched his ear. "Hold it! I've got a good idea! "I think the next thing I must get "Should be a most peculiar pet – "The kind that no one else has got -"A giant ANT-EATER! Why not?" As soon as father heard the news. He quickly wrote to all the zoos. "Dear Sirs," he said, "My dear keepers, "Do any of you have ant-eaters?" They answered by return of mail. "Our ant-eaters are not for sale." Undaunted, Roy's fond parent hurled More messages across the world. He said, "I'll pay you through the nose "If you can get me one of those." At last he found an Indian gent (He lived near Delhi, in a tent), Who said that he would sacrifice His pet for an enormous price (The price demanded, if you please, Was fifty thousand gold rupees). The ant-eater arrived half-dead. It looked at Roy and softly said, "I'm famished. Do you think you could "Please give me just a little food? "A crust of bread, a bit of meat? "I haven't had a thing to eat "In all the time I was at sea, "For nobody looked after me." Roy shouted, "No! No bread or meat! "Go find some ants! They're what you eat!" The starving creature crawled away. It searched the garden night and day, It hunted every inch of ground, But not one single ant it found.



"Please give me food!" the creature cried.

[&]quot;Go find an ant!" the boy replied.

By chance, upon that very day, Roy's father's sister came to stay -A foul old hag of eighty-three Whose name, it seems, was Dorothy. She said to Roy, "Come let us sit "Out in the sun and talk a bit." Roy said, "I don't believe you've met "My new and most unusual pet?" He pointed down among the stones Where something lay, all skin and bones. "Ant-eater!" he yelled. "Don't lie there yawning!

"This is my ant! Come say good morning!"

(Some people in the U.S.A.

Have trouble with the words they say. However hard they try, they can't Pronounce a simple word like AUNT. Instead of AUNT, they call it ANT, Instead of CAN'T, they call it KANT.) Roy yelled, "Come here, you so-and-so! "My ant would like to say hello!" Slowly, the creature raised its head.

"D'you mean that that's an ant?" it said. "Of course!" cried Roy. "Ant Dorothy! "This ant is over eighty-three." The creature smiled. Its tummy rumbled. It licked its starving lips and mumbled,

"A giant ant! By gosh, a winner! "At last I'll get a decent dinner!

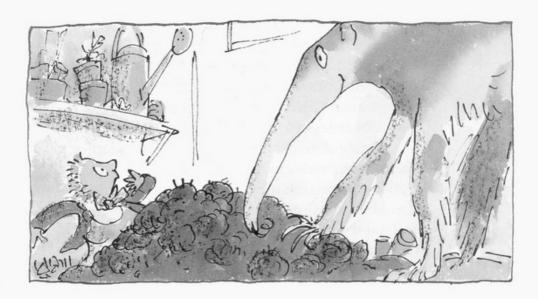
"No matter if it's eighty-three.

"If that's an ant, then it's for me!"

Then, taking very careful aim, It pounced upon the startled dame. It grabbed her firmly by the hair And ate her up right then and there, Murmuring as it chewed the feet, "The largest ant I'll ever eat."



Meanwhile, our hero Roy had sped In terror to the potting-shed, And tried to make himself obscure Behind a pile of horse-manure. But ant-eater came sneaking in (Already it was much less thin) And said to Roy, "You little squirt, "I think I'll have you for dessert."



The Porcupine

For that's my pocket-money day, (Although it's clearly understood I only get it when I'm good.) This week my parents had been told That I had been as good as gold, So after breakfast 50p My generous father gave to me. Like lightning down the road I ran Until I reached the sweet-shop man, And bought the chocolates of my dreams, A great big bag of raspberry creams. There is a secret place I know Where I quite often like to go, Beyond the wood, behind some rocks, A super place for guzzling chocs. When I arrived, I quickly found A comfy-looking little mound, Quite clean and round and earthy-brown Just right, I thought, for sitting down. Here I will sit all morning long And eat until my chocs are gone. I sat. I screamed. I jumped a foot! Would you believe that I had put That tender little rump of mine Upon a giant porcupine! My backside seemed to catch on fire! A hundred red-hot bits of wire A hundred prickles sticking in And puncturing my precious skin! I ran for home. I shouted, "Mum!

"Behold the prickles in my bum!"
My mum, who always keeps her head,
Bent down to look and then she said.



"I personally am not about
"To try to pull those prickles out.
"I think a job like this requires
"The services of Mr Myers."
I shouted, "Not the dentist! No!
"Oh mum, why don't you have a go?"
I begged her twice, I begged her thrice,
But grown-ups never take advice.
She said, "A dentist's very strong.
"He pulls things out the whole day long."
She drove me quickly into town,
And then they turned me upside down
Upon the awful dentist's chair,
While two strong nurses held me there.



Enter the dreaded Mr Myers
Waving a massive pair of pliers.
"This is," he cried with obvious glee,
"A new experience for me.
"Quite honestly I can't pretend
"I've ever pulled things from this end."
He started pulling one by one
And yelling "My, oh my, what fun!"

I shouted "Help!" I shouted "Ow!" He said, "It's nearly over now. "For heaven's sake, don't squirm about! "Here goes! The last one's coming out!" The dentist pulled and out it came, And then I heard the man exclaim, "Let us now talk about the fees. "That will be fifty guineas, please." My mother is a gutsy bird And never one to mince a word. She cried, "By gosh, that's jolly steep!" He answered, "No, it's very cheap. "My dear woman, can't you see "That if it hadn't been for me "This child could go another year "With prickles sticking in her rear." So that was that. Oh, what a day! And what a fuss! But by the way, I think I know why porcupines Surround themselves with prickly spines. It is to stop some silly clown From squashing them by sitting down. Don't copy me. Don't be a twit. Be sure you LOOK before you SIT.



The Cow



please listen while I tell you now About a most fantastic cow. Miss Milky Daisy was her name, And when, aged seven months, she came To live with us, she did her best To look the same as all the rest. But Daisy, as we all could see Had some kind of deformity, A funny sort of bumpy lump On either side, above the rump. Now, not so very long ago, These bumpy lumps began to grow, And three or maybe four months later, (I stood there, an enthralled spectator) These bumpy lumps burst wide apart And out there came (I cross my heart) Of all the wondrous marvellous things, A pair of gold and silver wings! A cow with wings! A flying cow! I'd never seen one up to now. "Oh Daisy dear, can this be true?" She flapped her wings and up she flew! Most gracefully she climbed up high, She fairly whizzed across the sky. You should have seen her dive and swoop! She even did a loop the loop! Of course, almost immediately Her picture was on live T.V., And millions came each day to stare At Milky Daisy in the air. The shouted "Jeepers Creepers! Wow! "It really is a flying cow!" They laughed and clapped and cheered and waved, And all of them were well-behaved



Except for one quite horrid man
Who'd travelled from Afghanistan.
This fellow, standing in the crowd,
Raised up his voice and yelled aloud,
"That silly cow! Hey, listen Daisy!
"I think you're absolutely crazy!"
Unfortunately Daisy heard
Quite clearly every single word.
"By gosh," she cried, "what awful cheek!
"Who is this silly foreign freak?"
She dived, and using all her power
She got to sixty miles an hour.
"Bombs gone!" she cried. "Take that!" she said,
And dropped a cowpat on his head.



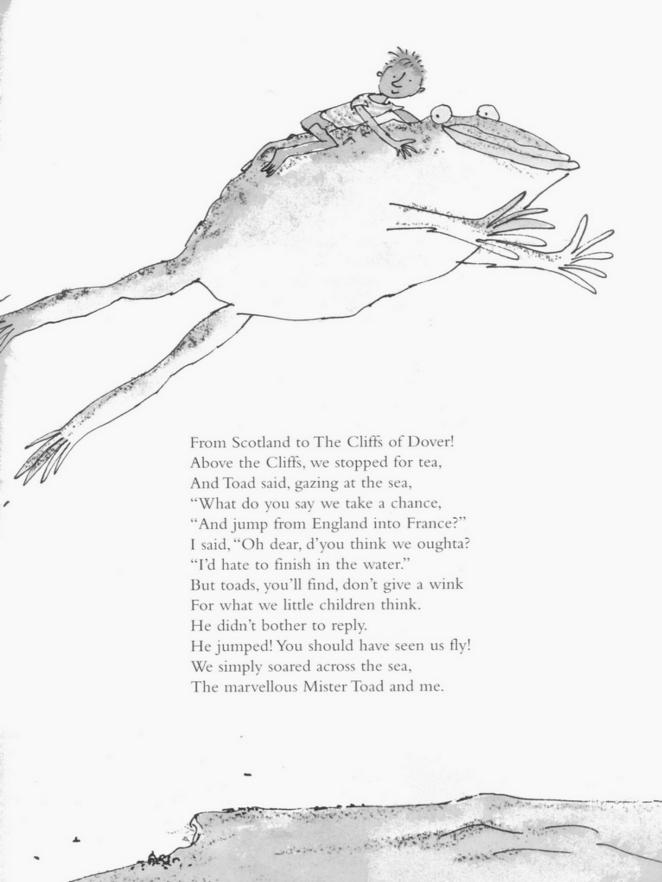
The Toad and the Snail

really am most awfully fond
Of playing in the lily-pond.
I take off shoes and socks and coat
And paddle with my little boat.
Now yesterday, quite suddenly,
A giant toad came up to me.
This toad was easily as big
As any fair-sized fattish pig.
He smiled and said "How do you do?
"Hello! Good morning! How are you?"



(His face somehow reminded me Of mummy's sister Emily.) The toad said, "Don't you think I'm fine? "Admire these lovely legs of mine, "And I am sure you've never seen "A toad so gloriously green!" I said, "So far as I can see, "You look just like Aunt Emily." He said, "I'll bet Aunt Emily "Can't jump one half as high as me. "Hop on my back, young friend," he cried, "I'll take you for a marvellous ride." As I got on, I thought, oh blimey, Oh, deary me. How wet and slimy! "Sit further back," he said. "That's right. "I'm going to jump, so hold on tight." He jumped! Oh, how he jumped! By gum, I thought my final hour had come! My wretched eardrums popped and fizzed. My eyeballs watered. Up we whizzed. I clung on tight. I shouted, "How "Much further are we going now?" Toad said, his face all wreathed in smiles, "With every jump, it's fifty miles!" Quite literally, we jumped all over,





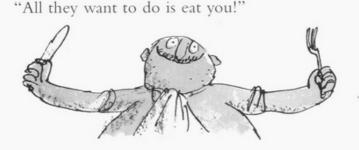
Then down we came, and down and down, And landed in a funny town. We landed hard, in fact we bounced. "We're there! It's France!" the Toad announced. He said, "You must admit it's grand "To jump into a foreign land. "No boats, no bicycles, no trains, "No cars, no noisy aeroplanes." Just then, we heard a fearful shout, "Oh, heavens above!" the Toad cried out. I turned and saw a frightening sight -On every side, to left, to right, People were running down the road, Running at me and Mister Toad, And every person, man and wife Was brandishing a carving-knife. It didn't take me very long To figure there was something wrong. And yet, how could a small boy know, For nobody had told me so, That Frenchmen aren't like you or me, They do things very differently. They won't say "yards", they call them "metres",



And they're the most peculiar eaters: A Frenchman frequently regales Himself with half-a-dozen SNAILS! The greedy ones will gulp a score Of these foul brutes and ask for more. (In many of the best hotels The people also eat the shells.) Imagine that! My stomach turns! One might as well eat slugs or worms! But wait. Read on a little bit. You haven't heard the half of it. These French go even more agog If someone offers them a FROG! (You'd better fetch a basin quick In case you're going to be sick.) The bits of frog they like to eat Are thighs and calves and toes and feet. The French will gobble loads and loads Of legs they chop off frogs and toads. They think it's absolutely ripping To guzzle frogs-legs fried in dripping. That's why the whole town and their wives Were rushing us with carving-knives. They screamed in French, "Well I'll be blowed! "What legs there are upon that toad! "Chop them! Skin them! Cook them! Fry them! "All of us are going to try them!" "Toad!" I cried. "I'm not a funk. "But ought we not to do a bunk? "These rascals haven't come to greet you.







Toad turned his head and looked at me. And said, as cool as cool could be. "Calm down and listen carefully please, "I often come to France to tease "These crazy French who long to eat "My lovely tender froggy meat. "I am a MAGIC TOAD!" he cried. "And I don't ever have to hide! "Stay where you are! Don't move!" he said, And pressed a button on his head. At once, there came a blinding flash. And then the most almighty crash, And sparks were bursting all around, And smoke was rising from the ground . . . When all the smoke had cleared away The Frenchmen with their knives cried, "Hey! "Where is the toad? Where has he gone?" You see, I now was sitting on A wonderfully ENORMOUS SNAIL! His shell was smooth and brown and pale, And I was so high off the ground That I could see for miles around. The Snail said, "Hello! Greetings! Hail! "I was a Toad, Now I'm a Snail. "I had to change the way I looked "To save myself from being cooked." "Oh Snail," I said, "I'm not so sure. "I think they're starting up once more." The French were shouting, "What a snail! "Oh, what a monster! What a whale! "He makes the toad look titchy small! "There's lovely snail-meat for us all! "We'll bake the creature in his shell "And ring aloud the dinner-bell! "Get garlic, parsley, butter, spices! "We'll cut him into fifty slices!



"Come sharpen up your carving-knives! "This is the banquet of our lives!" I murmured through my quivering lips, "Oh Snail, I think we've had our chips." The Snail replied, "I disagree. "Those greedy French, they'll not eat me." But on they came. They screamed, "Yahoo! "Surround the brute and run him through!" Good gracious, I could almost feel The pointed blades, the shining steel! But Snail was cool as cool could be. He turned his head and winked at me. And murmured, "Au revoir, farewell," And pulled a lever on his shell. I looked around. The Snail had gone! And now who was I sitting on? . . . Oh what relief! What joy! Because At last I'd found a friend. It was The gorgeous, glamorous, absurd, Enchanting ROLY-POLY BIRD! He turned and whispered in my ear, "Well, fancy seeing you, my dear!" Then up he went in glorious flight. I clutched his neck and hung on tight.



We fairly raced across the sky, The Roly-Poly Bird and I, And landed safely just beyond The fringes of the lily-pond. When I got home I never told A solitary single soul What I had done or where I'd been Or any of the things I'd seen. I did not even say I rode Upon a giant jumping toad, 'Cause if I had, I knew that they Would not believe me anyway. But you and I know well it's true. We know I jumped, we know I flew. We're sure it all took place, although Not one of us will ever know, We'll never, never understand Why children go to Wonderland.

The Tummy Beast

ne afternoon I said to mummy, "Who is this person in my tummy? "He must be small and very thin "Or how could he have gotten in?" My mother said from where she sat, "It isn't nice to talk like that." "It's true!" I cried. "I swear it, mummy! "There is a person in my tummy! "He talks to me at night in bed, "He's always asking to be fed, "Throughout the day, he screams at me, "Demanding sugar buns for tea. "He tells me it is not a sin "To go and raid the biscuit tin. "I know quite well it's awfully wrong "To guzzle food the whole day long, "But really I can't help it, mummy, "Not with this person in my tummy." "You horrid child!" my mother cried. "Admit it right away, you've lied! "You're simply trying to produce "A silly asinine excuse! "You are the greedy guzzling brat! "And that is why you're always fat!" I tried once more, "Believe me, mummy, "There is a person in my tummy." "I've had enough!" my mother said, "You'd better go at once to bed!"

Just then, a nicely timed event
Delivered me from punishment.
Deep in my tummy something stirred,
And then an awful noise was heard,
A snorting grumbling grunting sound
That made my tummy jump around.
My darling mother nearly died,



"My goodness, what was that?" she cried. At once, the tummy voice came through, It shouted, "Hey there! Listen you! "I'm getting hungry! I want eats! "I want lots of chocs and sweets! "Get me half a pound of nuts! "Look snappy or I'll twist your guts!" "That's him!" I cried. "He's in my tummy! "So now do you believe me, mummy?"

