

Name: _____

Poetry

The Tale Of Custard The Dragon

By Ogden Nash

Belinda lived in a little white house,
With a little black kitten and a little gray
mouse,
And a little yellow dog and a little red
wagon,
And a realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Now the name of the little black kitten was
Ink,
And the little gray mouse, she called her
Blink,
And the little yellow dog was sharp as
Mustard,
But the dragon was a coward, and she
called him Custard.

Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,
And spikes on top of him and scales
underneath,
Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,
And realio, trulio, daggers on his toes.

Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of
bears,
And Ink and Blink chased lions down the
stairs,
Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him
unmerciful,
Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called
him Percival,
They all sat laughing in the little red wagon
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Belinda giggled till she shook the house,
And Blink said Week! , which is giggling for
a mouse,
Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,
When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty
sound,
And Mustard growled, and they all looked
around.
Meowch! cried Ink, and Ooh! cried Belinda,
For there was a pirate, climbing in the
winda.

Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,
And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,
His beard was black, one leg was wood;
It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

Continue....

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Belinda paled, and she cried, Help! Help!
But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,
Ink trickled down to the bottom of the
household,
And little mouse Blink strategically
mouseholed.

But up jumped Custard, snorting like an
engine,
Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon,
With a clatter and a clank and a jangling
squirm
He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.

The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,
And gulped some grog from his pocket
flagon,
He fired two bullets but they didn't hit,
And Custard gobbled him, every bit.

Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,
No one mourned for his pirate victim
Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate
Around the dragon that ate the *pyrate*.

But presently up spoke little dog Mustard,
I'd been twice as brave if I hadn't been
flustered.

And up spoke Ink and up spoke Blink,
We'd have been three times as brave, we
think,
And Custard said, I quite agree
That everybody is braver than me.

Belinda still lives in her little white house,
With her little black kitten and her little gray
mouse,
And her little yellow dog and her little red
wagon,
And her realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Belinda is as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chase lions down the
stairs,
Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe
cage.