

## Extract 2

*'We may see a Creature with forty-nine heads  
Who lives in the desolate snow,  
And whenever he catches a cold (which he dreads)  
He has forty-nine noses to blow.*

*'We may see the venomous Pink-Spotted Scrunch  
Who can chew up a man with one bite.  
It likes to eat five of them roasted for lunch  
And eighteen for its supper at night.*

*'We may see a Dragon, and nobody knows  
That we won't see a Unicorn there.  
We may see a terrible Monster with toes  
Growing out of the tufts of his hair.*

*'We may see the sweet little Biddy-Bright Hen  
So playful, so kind and well-bred;  
And such beautiful eggs! You just boil them and then  
They explode and they blow off your head.*

*'A Gnu and a Gnocerous surely you'll see  
And that gnormous and gnorrible Gnat  
Whose sting when it stings you goes in at the knee  
And comes out through the top of your hat.*

*'We may even get lost and be frozen by frost.  
We may die in an earthquake or tremor.  
Or nastier still, we may even be tossed  
On the horns of a furious Dilemma.*

*'But who cares! Let us go from this horrible hill!  
Let us roll! Let us bowl! Let us plunge!  
Let's go rolling and bowling and spinning until  
We're away from old Spiker and Sponge!'*

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