**2.4.20**

**Jabberwocky**

It was 4’oclock in the afternoon,

and the slimy curious badgers,

were whirling and making grimaces

in the hill side.

Miserable were the birds and

the serious turtles squeaked

out.

Beware the monster, my son!

The jaws that bite the claws

that catch!

Beware the dangerous bird,

and shun the furious vulture.

He took he deadly sword

in hand;

long time the fearsome foe

he sought –

So rested he by the

drumming tree,

and stood awhile in

thought.

And in grumpy thought he stood

The monster, with eyes of flame, came

Whooshing through the dense wood.

And gurgled as it came!

One tow! One two! A through and through

The deadly blade went in and out

He left it dead, and with it’s

head

He went triumphantly back.

And hast thou slain the monster?

Come to my arms my bright boy!

Oh joyous day! Hallo! Hooray! He

laughed in his joy.

It was 4’oclock in the afternoon,

and the slimy curious badgers,

were whirling and making grimaces

in the hill side.

Miserable were the birds and the

serious turtles squeaked out.

Ben