

HIPPO.HIPPO.HIPPO. HURRAY.

By Elizabeth Burdis

Granny has done it again, made cabbage soup:

The last lot she mixed just gave me the croup:

I coughed and spluttered for many a day,

while the flesh on my body wasted away.

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"Well," said one hippopotamus to another,

"It could be good for us, my fatted brother."

"Speak for yourself." his brother replied,

smoothing in the mirror, his thick grey hide.

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So one drank the soup and the other did not,

one coughed and barked and the other laughed a lot;

As one grew skinny the other grew fatter,

but young lady hippopotami preferred the latter.