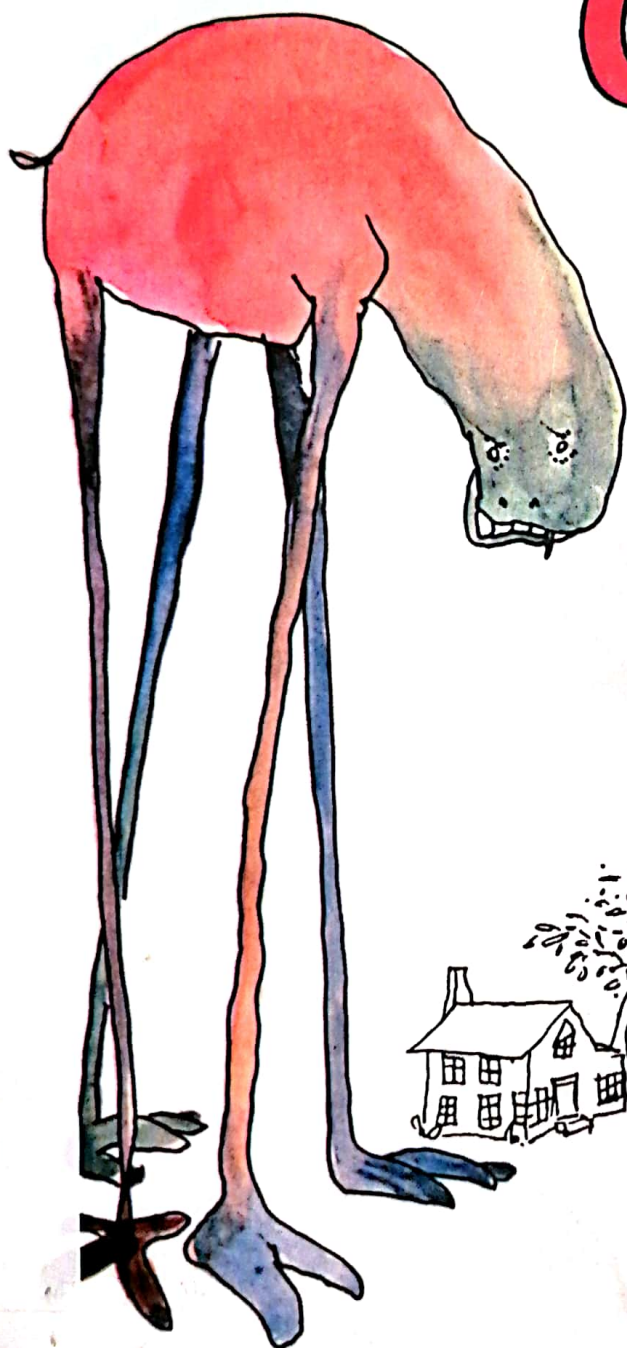


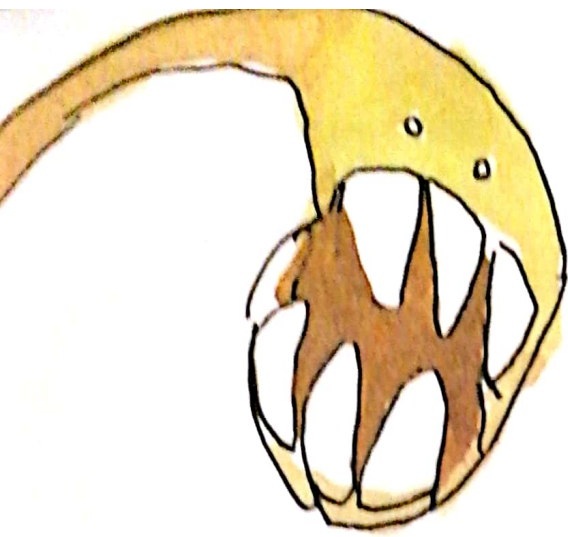
Shel  
Silverstein's  
*first*  
poetry  
collection!

# DON'T BUMP THE GLUMP!

and Other  
Fantasies

by  
Shel  
Silverstein





## PROLOGUE

*Now the Bears and the Bees and the Chinpanazees  
Are creatures with which we're familiar.  
But what do we know of the Humplebacked Mo,  
Or the Ring-Tailed Breckspeckled Hillyar?  
Or the Tongue-Twisted Rubber-Necked Bylliar?  
Or the Gorp-Eating Kallikozilliar?*



# GLUMP

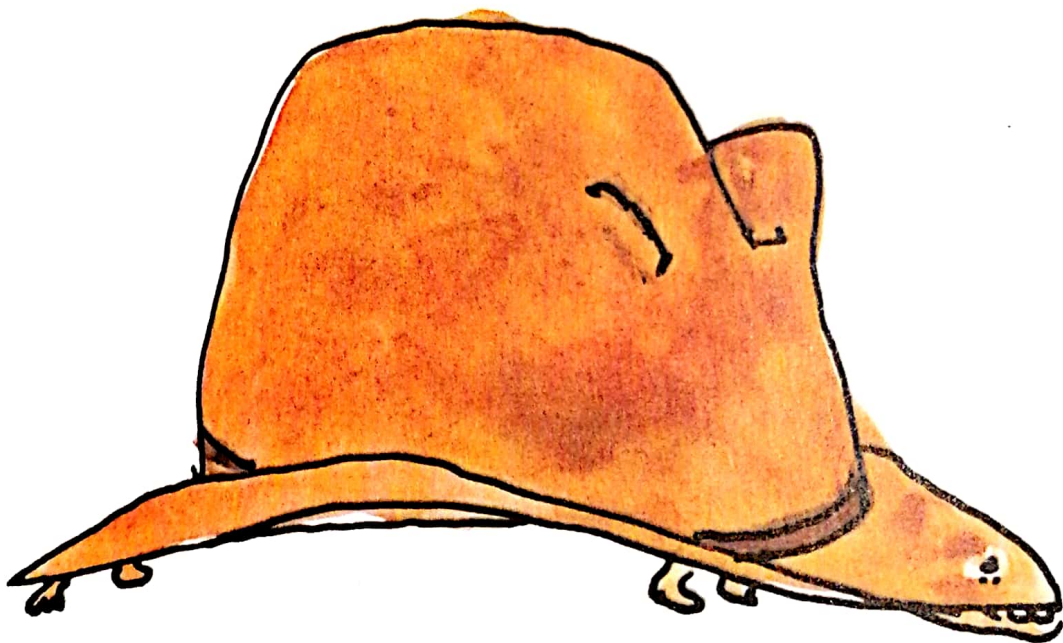
A WARNING FOR THOSE WHO CHANCE TO  
MEET A WILD GLUMP COMING HOME LATE  
AT NIGHT, DOWN A DARK STREET, PAST  
A GRAVEYARD, ALL ALONE IN A STORM

DON'T BUMP  
THE GLUMP.

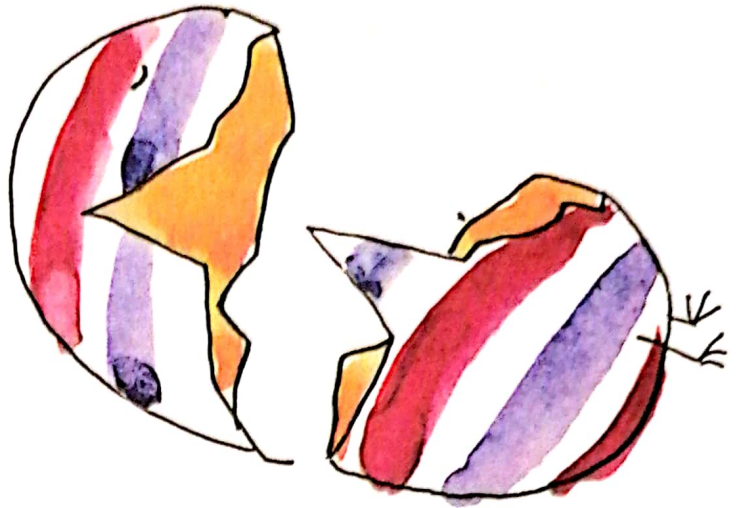


## QUICK-DISGUISED GINNIT

This is the Quick-Disguising Ginnit.  
Didn't he have you fooled for a minute?







## THE ACCIDENT

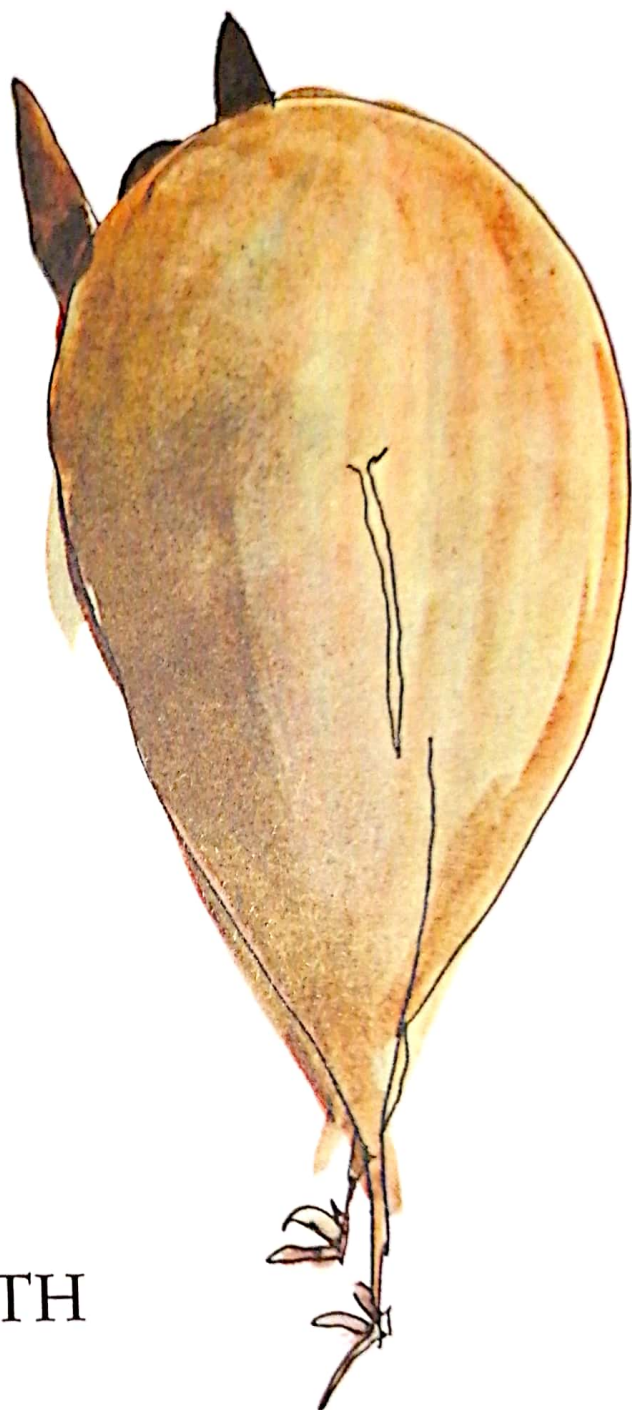
I think I've killed a Dickeree.  
I did it by mistake.  
I thought she was a ball,  
So I bounced her off the wall;  
I had no idea at all  
That she might break.

## THE CRAWFEE

That silly fish, the Crawfee,  
Has been swimming in my coffee.  
But now I've drunk it up  
And he isn't in the cup.  
And he's nowhere to be found. . . .  
Do you think that he has drowned?

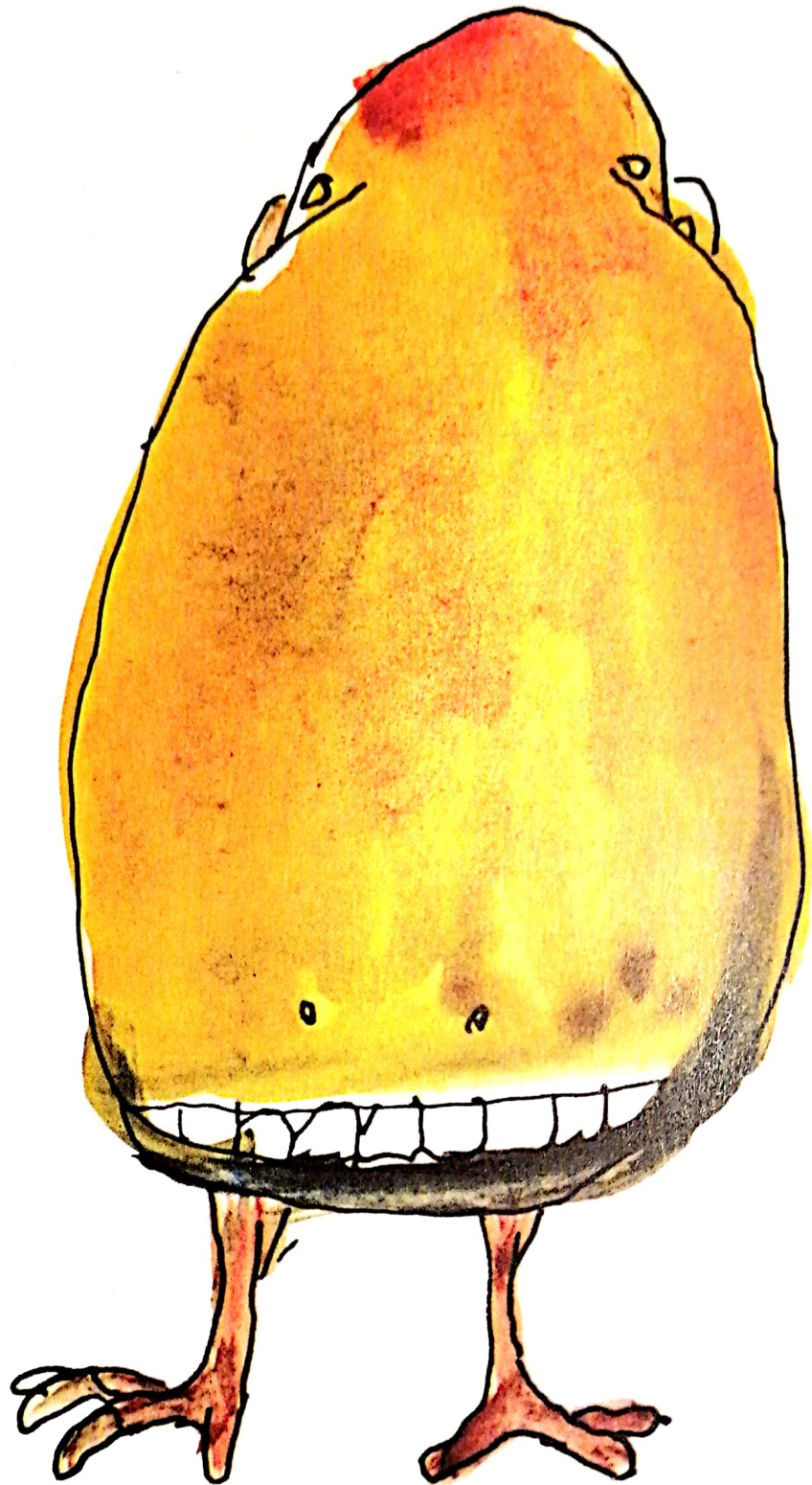
# UNDERSLUNG ZATH

I fear the wrath  
Of the Underslung Zath.  
Will someone else tell him  
It's time for his bath?





ZRBANGDRALDNK



The Zrbangdraldnk has just arrived  
And it's up to me to announce him. . . .  
Uh . . . how do you pronounce him . . . ?

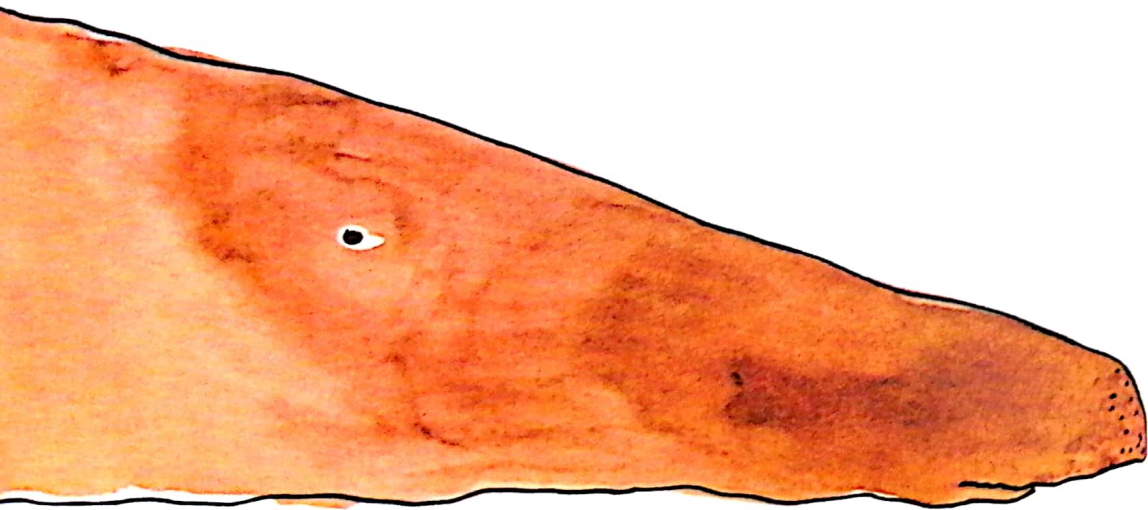
## THE GLETCHER



See the Gletcher in his cage,  
His claws are sharp, his teeth are double.  
Thank heaven he's locked up safe inside,  
Or we'd all be in terrible trouble!

## THE TRAP

Let us set a little trap for the Grinch, Grinch, Grinch.  
We can catch him if we wait, wait, wait.  
I shall be the hunter, and bold, bold, bold,  
And you shall be the bait, bait, bait, bait, bait.







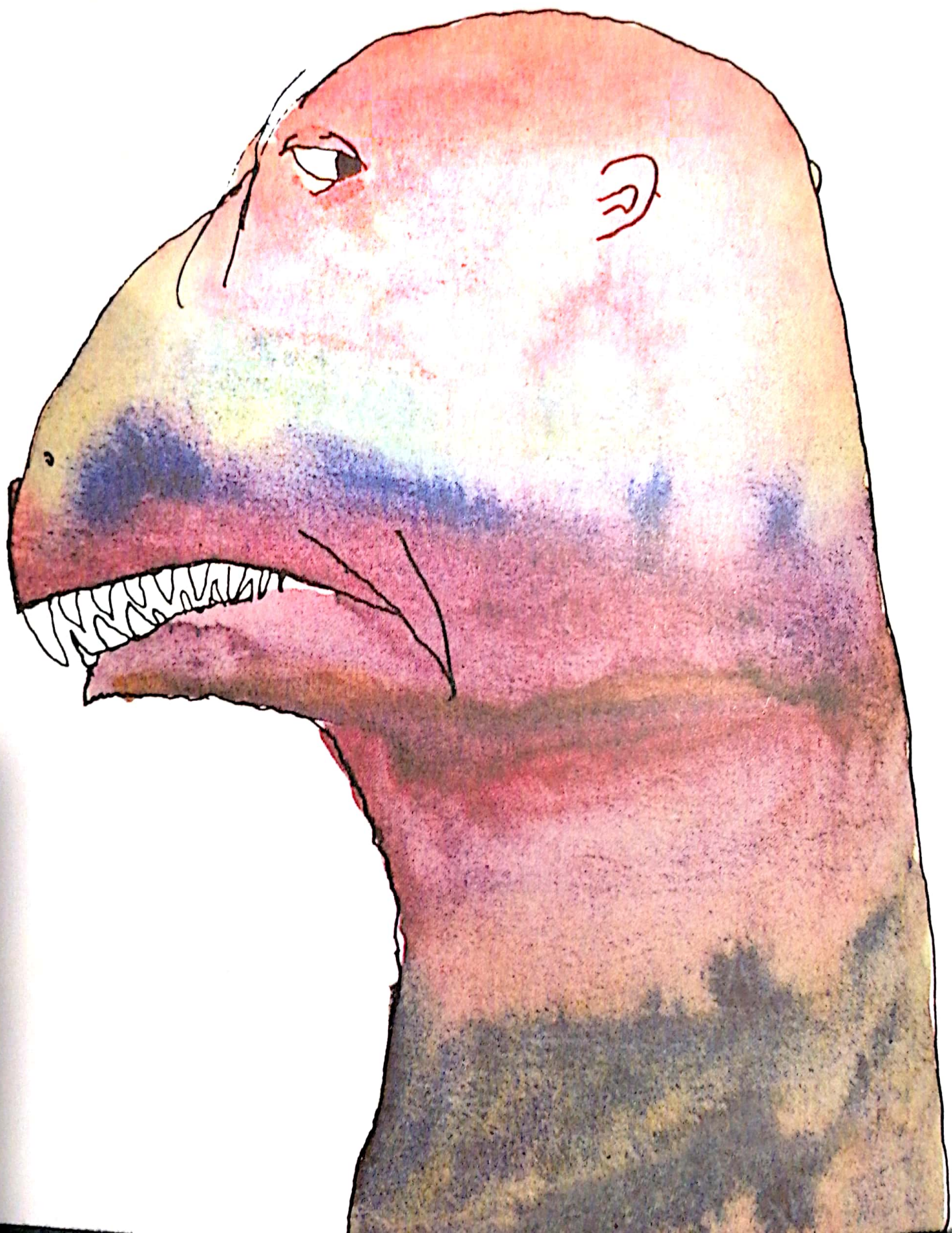
## THE BIBELY

The Bibely's habits are rather crude  
He shuns all ordinary food  
And rather enjoys  
Girls and boys.  
So when you sense him drawing near  
Pour some ketchup in your ear  
And pretend you're a roast  
Or a poached egg on toast  
Or a small piece of blueberry pie—  
And maybe he'll walk right by.

WHO?

So once again I find some sand in my chicken soup  
Now I'm not accusing the Floop  
And I don't say that it was the Goppitt,  
But whoever it is better stop it . . .  
You hear?

**WHOEVER IT IS BETTER STOP IT!**



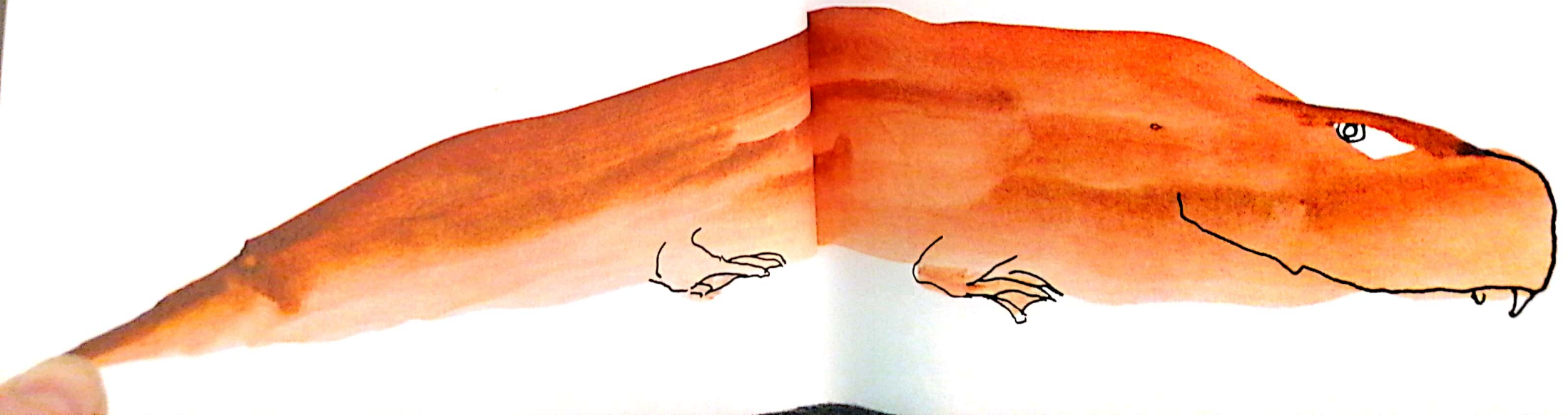


# THE TERRIBLE FEEZUS

There is a terrible twenty-foot Feezus.  
Shhh . . . I don't think he sees us.

## SLITHERGADEE

The Slithergadee has crawled out of the sea.  
He may catch all the others, but he won't catch me.  
No you won't catch me, old Slithergadee,  
You may catch all the others, but you wo—





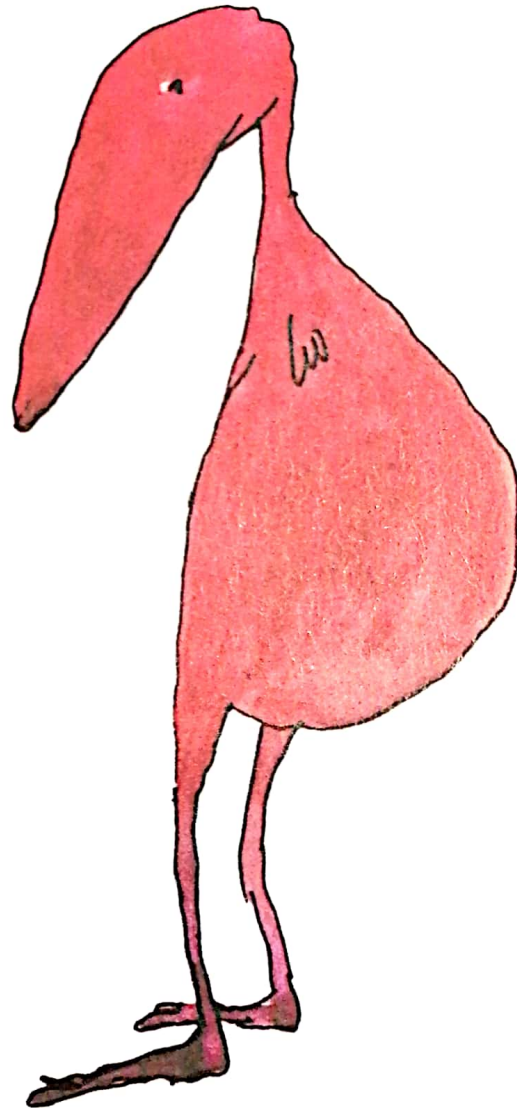
## THE WILD GAZITE

Late last night  
I'd a terrible fight  
With a wild Gazite  
With eyes of white  
And a fifty-foot height  
And he gave me a fright  
When he gave me a bite  
And then squeezed me so tight.  
But I fixed him, alright—  
I turned on the light!



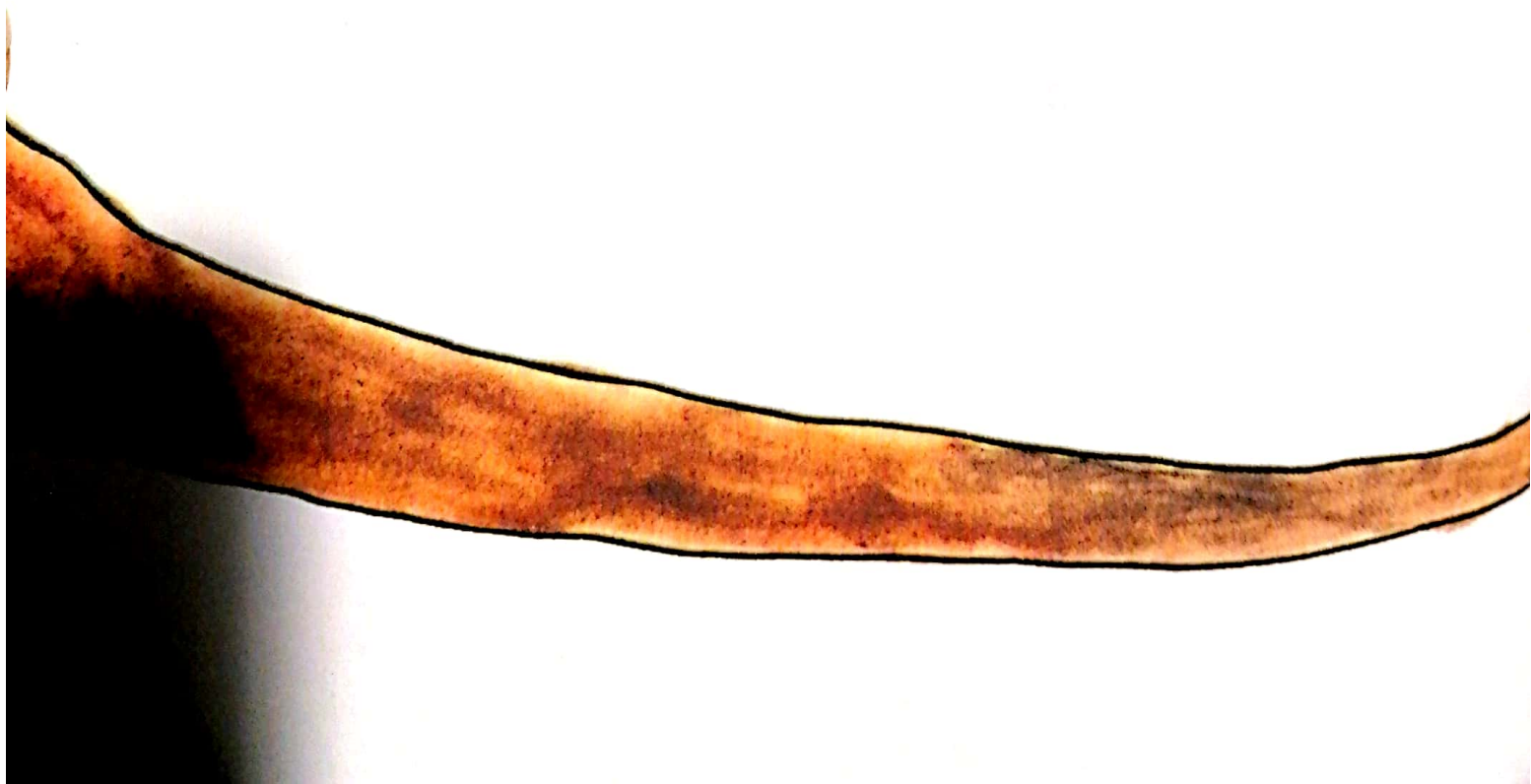
## POINTY-PEAKED PAVARIUS

The Pointy-Peaked Pavarius,  
A creature most gregarious,  
Who's never taken serious,  
Poor thing.  
It doesn't matter where he is,  
He's jeered by persons various,  
Who shout out, "Lookee, there he is!"  
Then wait for him to sing.



# MAN-EATING FULLIT

This is the tail of the  
Man-Eating Fullit.  
Let's not pull it.



# SOMETHING

Something's been eating my mustache again—  
I think it's the Skittering Skeep again—  
It's gotten to me in my sleep again.

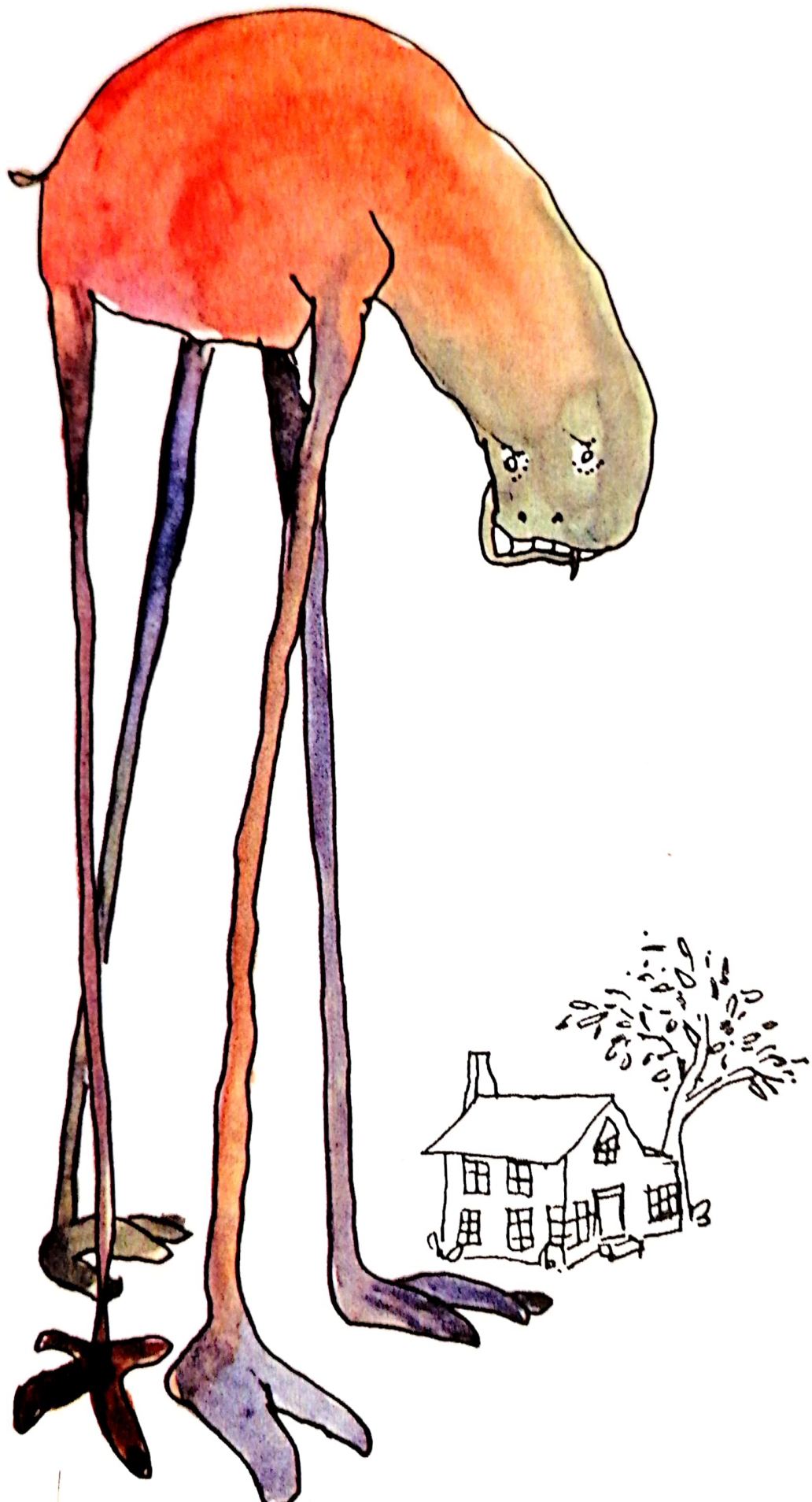
When the Glub-Toothed Sline  
Comes to my house to dine,  
You may find me in France or Detroit  
Or off in Khartoum,  
Or in the spare room  
Of my Uncle Ed's place in Beloit.

You may call me in Philly,  
Racine or Rabat.  
You may reach me in Malmö or Ghor.  
You may see me in Paris,  
And likely as not,  
You will run into me at the store.

You may find me in Hamburg,  
Or up in St. Paul,  
In Kyoto, Kenosha or Nome.  
But one thing is sure,  
If you find me at all,  
You *never* shall find me at home.

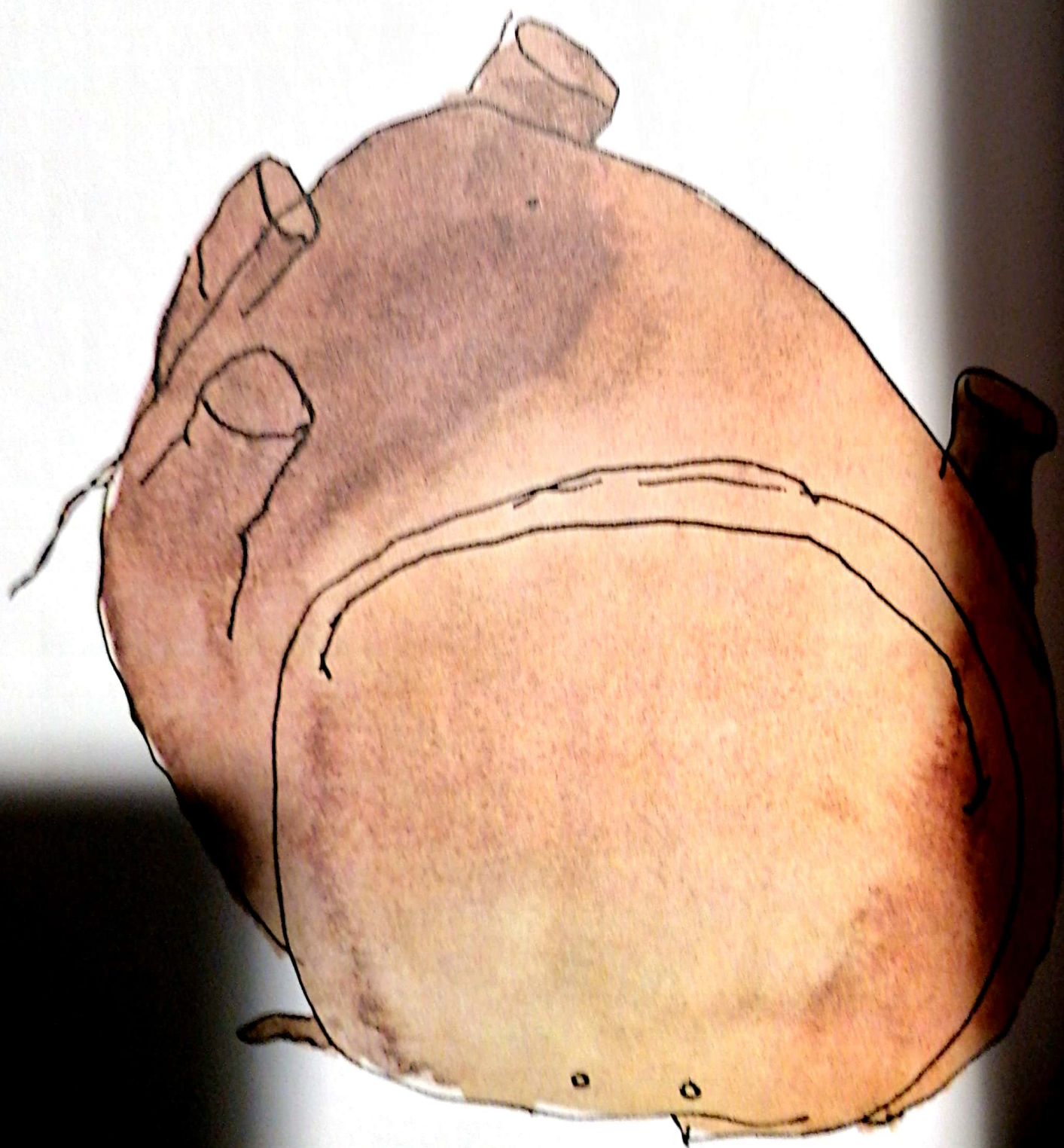


# GLUB-TOOTHED SLINE



# THE GHELI

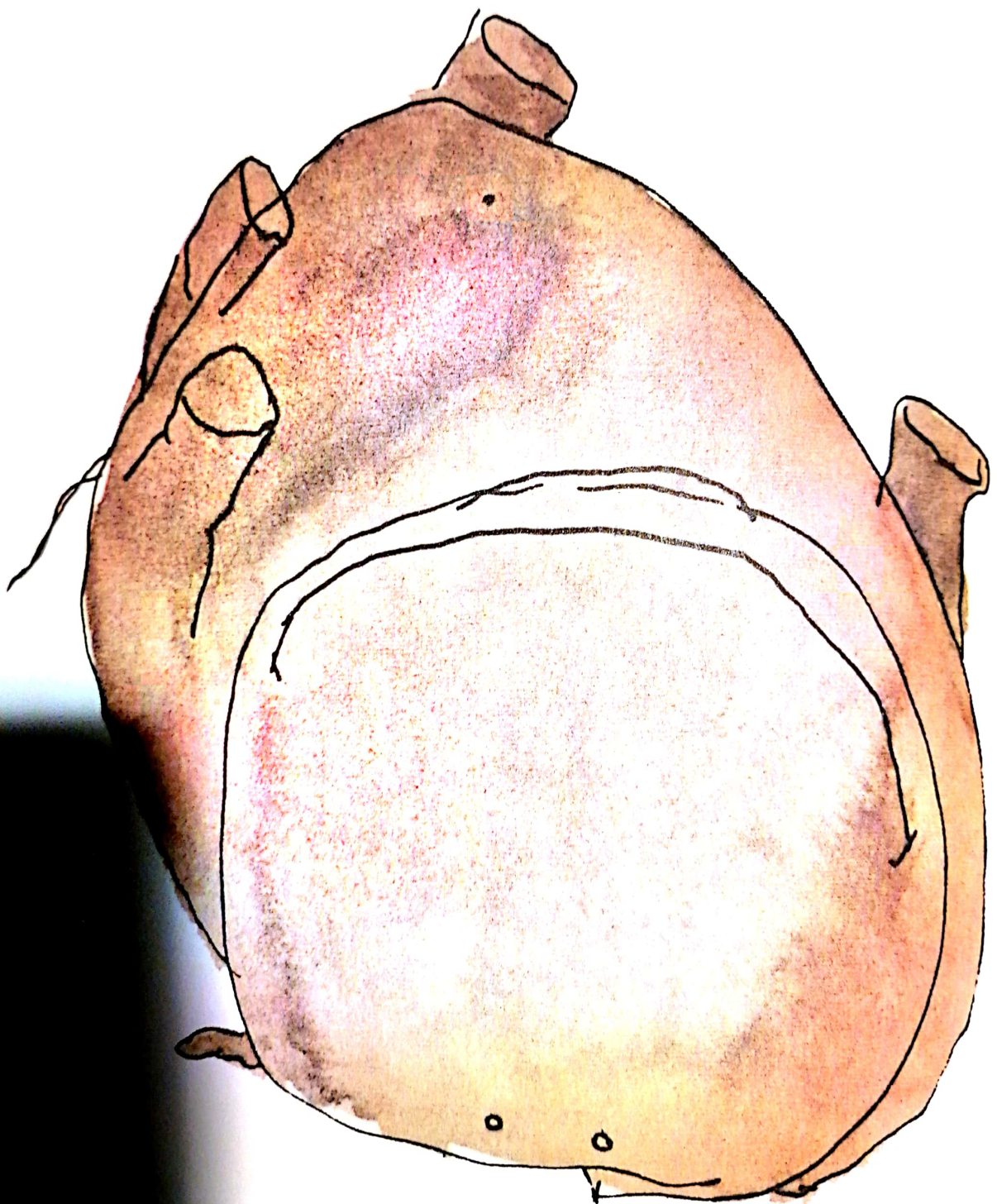
See the Twenty-Eight-Ton Gheli,  
He'd love for you to scratch his belly.





# THE GHELI

See the Twenty-Eight-Ton Gheli.  
He'd love for you to scratch his belly.







## THE SLURM

The Slavery Slurm at the first sign of trouble will squiver and squimmer and bend himself double and worgle his elbow up into his ear and pull in his ankles and just disappear.

# THE FLUSTERING PHANT

Some animals pop from cocoons,  
While others spring up from the clay.  
I've heard that some drop from balloons  
Or arrive in some other ridiculous way.  
But the Tiny-Toed Flustering Phant  
(And please don't repeat that I said it)—  
He grows from the stem of the Bibulous plant,  
And the snob never lets you forget it.



# THE CONSIDERATE SOFT-SHELLED PHIZZINT

You'll never know an animal  
more considerate of human feelings  
than the Soft-Shelled Phizzint.  
Someone has mistaken this one  
for a pincushion  
and he's too polite to say he isn't.







# LONG- NECKED PREPOSTEROUS

This is Arnold,  
A Long-Necked Preposterous,  
Looking around for a female  
Long-Necked Preposterous.  
But there aren't any.

## ABOUT THE BLOATH

In the undergrowth  
There dwells the Bloath  
Who feeds upon poets and tea.  
Luckily I know this about him;  
While he knows almost nothing of me.



## SEE THE MUFFER

Above, you see the Muffer, who . . .  
You don't?

Well anyway, you see his tracks, the Muffer has gone to sup—  
You don't?

Why that sly old beast . . .  
I do believe he's gone and covered them up!



# THE GALLOPING GRISS

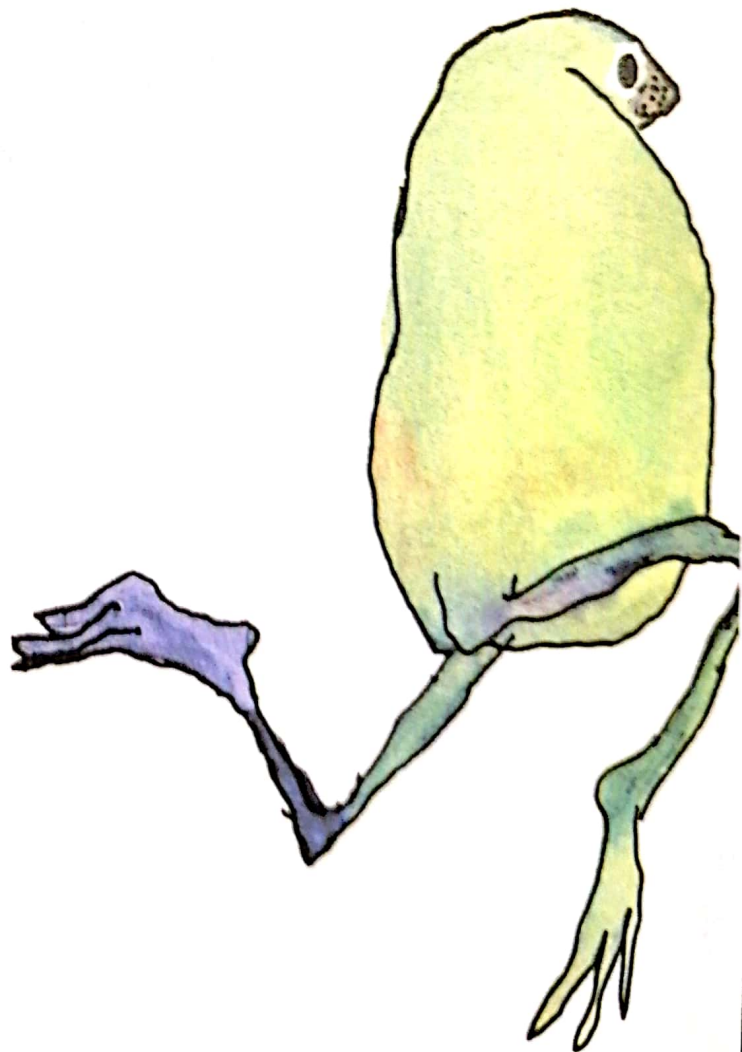
Have you seen anything of the Galloping Griss?  
Purple-eyed and dripping fat?

If he went that way,

I'll go this.

If he went this way,

I'll go that!





## THE GURSDÉE

Does anyone here talk Gursdee talk?  
Do you know how to say "goodbye"?  
For I'd like the Gursdee to leave next Thursday,  
And all I can say is "Hi"!

# THE PLIGHT OF THE PANADA

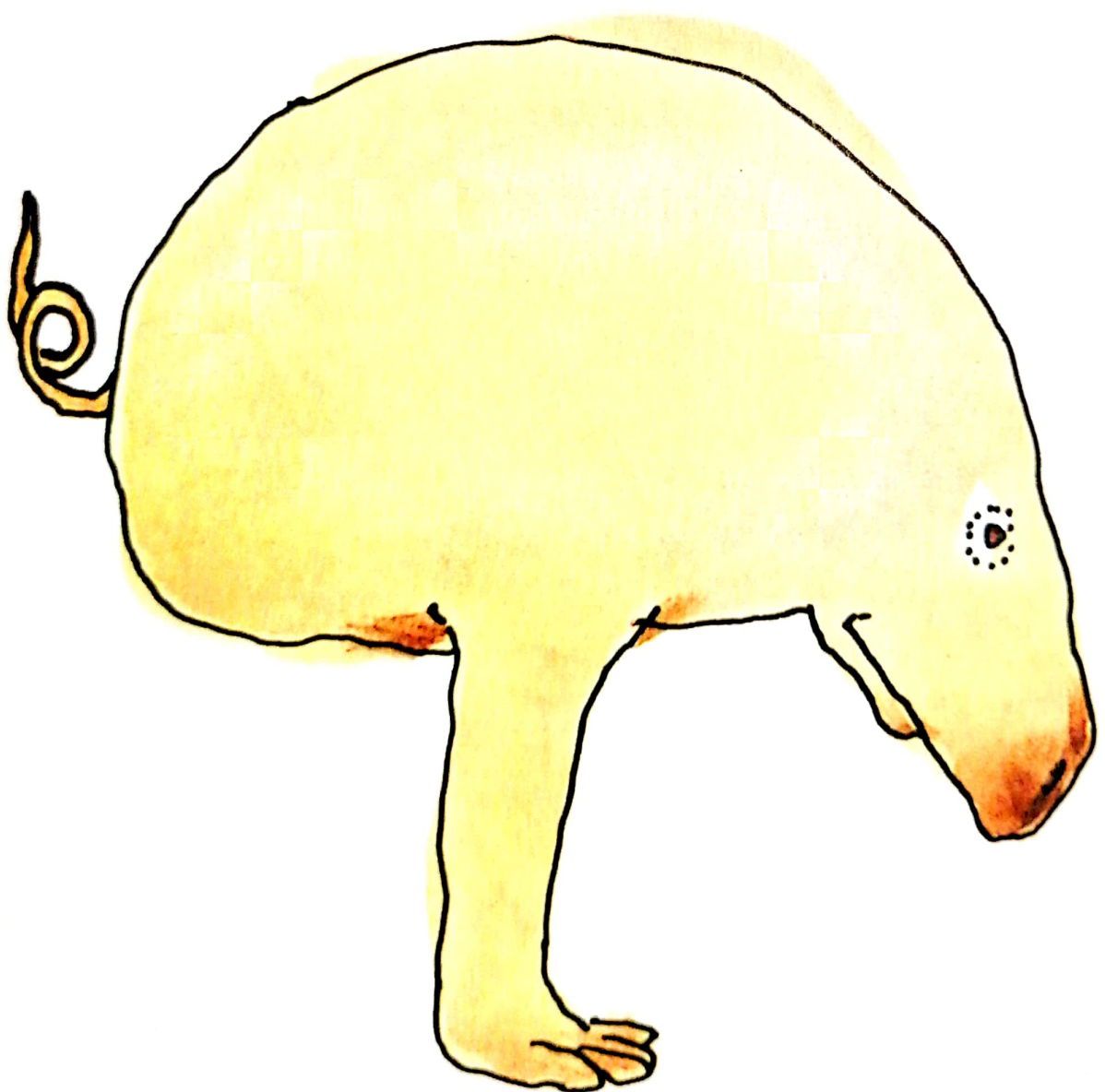
In Manitoba, Canada,  
There dwells the lop-eared Panada,  
A native of Uganada  
Who sort of lost his way.

The strangest beast I've ran inta,  
He's tended by a janita  
Who comes from South Atlanata  
Atlanata, G. A.



# ONE-LEGGED ZANTZ

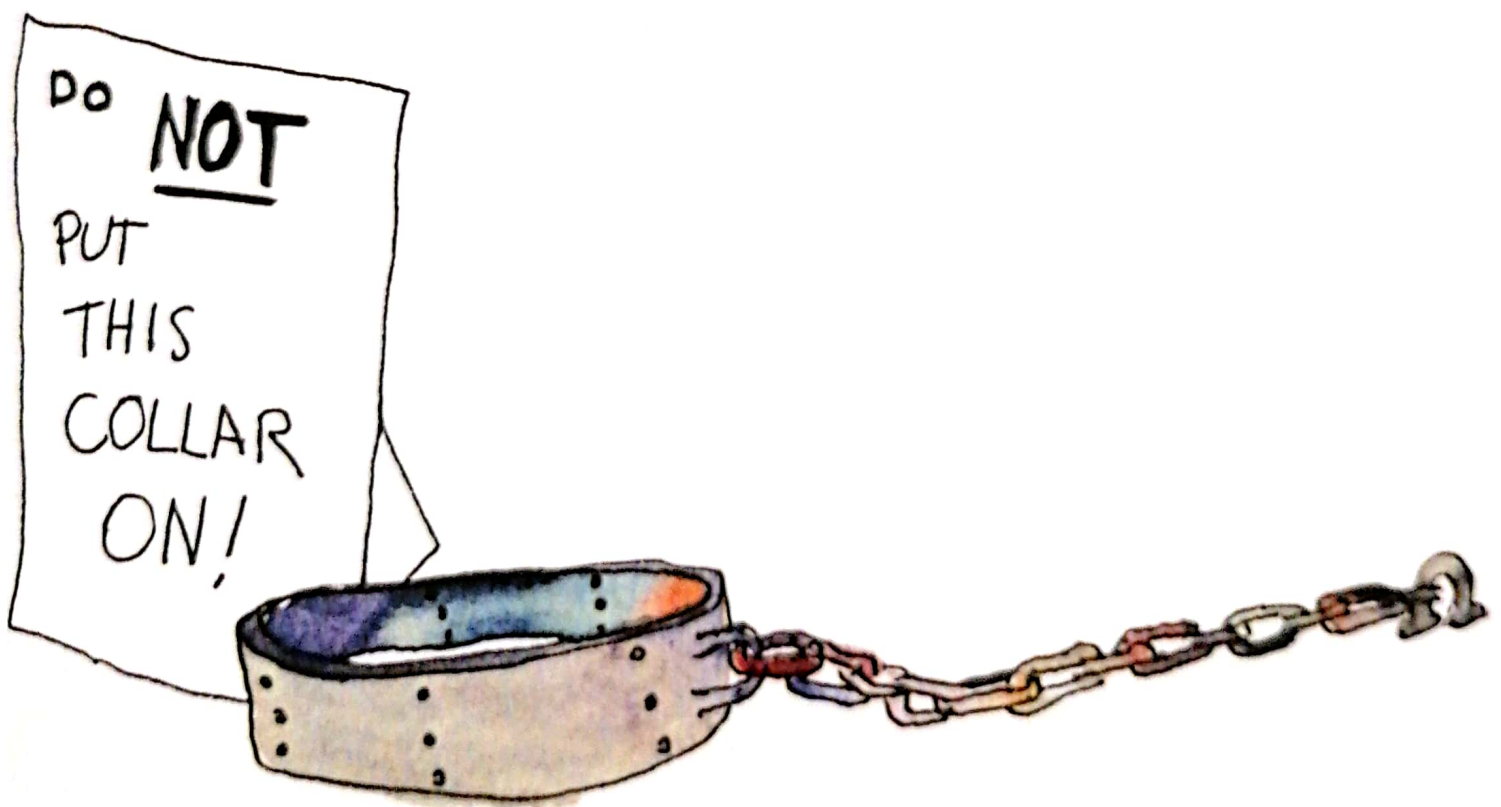
Please be kind to the One-Legged Zantz.  
Consider his feelings—  
Don't ask him to dance.





# THE FURLESS FLATCHIM

The most contrary beast alive  
Is the Furless Flatchim.  
What do you think of this clever trap  
That I've invented to catch him?



# THERE'S A GRITCHEN IN MY KITCHEN

There's a Skaverbacked Gritchen  
Who lives in my kitchen  
And makes his home under the sink,  
And he lives upon Gipes  
that crawl out of the pipes  
And he takes only Postum to drink.

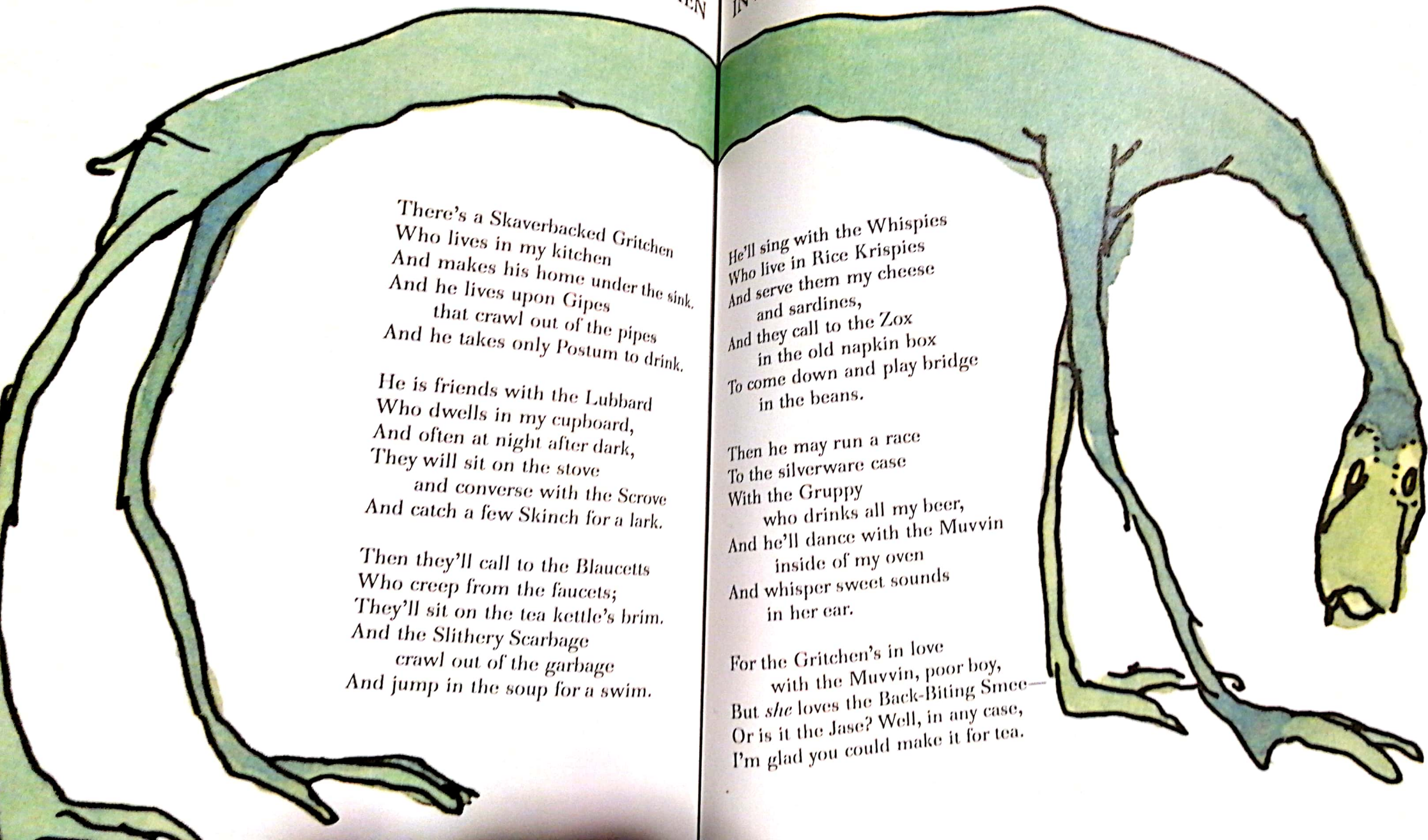
He is friends with the Lubbard  
Who dwells in my cupboard,  
And often at night after dark,  
They will sit on the stove  
and converse with the Scrove  
And catch a few Skinch for a lark.

Then they'll call to the Blaucetts  
Who creep from the faucets;  
They'll sit on the tea kettle's brim.  
And the Slithery Scarbage  
crawl out of the garbage  
And jump in the soup for a swim.

He'll sing with the Whispies  
Who live in Rice Krispies  
And serve them my cheese  
and sardines,  
And they call to the Zox  
in the old napkin box  
To come down and play bridge  
in the beans.

Then he may run a race  
To the silverware case  
With the Gruppy  
who drinks all my beer,  
And he'll dance with the Muvvin  
inside of my oven  
And whisper sweet sounds  
in her ear.

For the Gritchen's in love  
with the Muvvin, poor boy,  
But *she* loves the Back-Biting Smee—  
Or is it the Jase? Well, in any case,  
I'm glad you could make it for tea.



## A FAMILY AFFAIR

Oh, the Bulbulous Brole  
Is a beast with a soul  
And a manner serene and sedate.  
A model of meekness,  
With only one weakness,  
And that is for eating his mate.  
Heigh-ho,  
A masculine need for his mate.

Now the White-Breasted Murd  
Is a delicate bird,  
With a song that is tenderly sung.  
She is gentle and shy,  
With a matronly eye,  
And a fondness for eating her young.  
Heigh-ho,  
A motherly love for her young.

The young Gross-Bottomed Grood—  
He takes milk for his food  
And goopies and bran for his tummy.  
And he goos with delight,  
When sometime at night,  
He can swallow his daddy and mummy.  
Heigh-ho,  
A filial love fills his tummy.



And, oh, were you here  
For the wedding, my dear?  
And the quiet buffet that ensued?  
When the Bulbulous Brole  
Wed the Murd, I am tole,  
And produced a young Gross-Bottomed Grood.  
Heigh-ho,  
A gurgling Gross-Bottomed Grood.

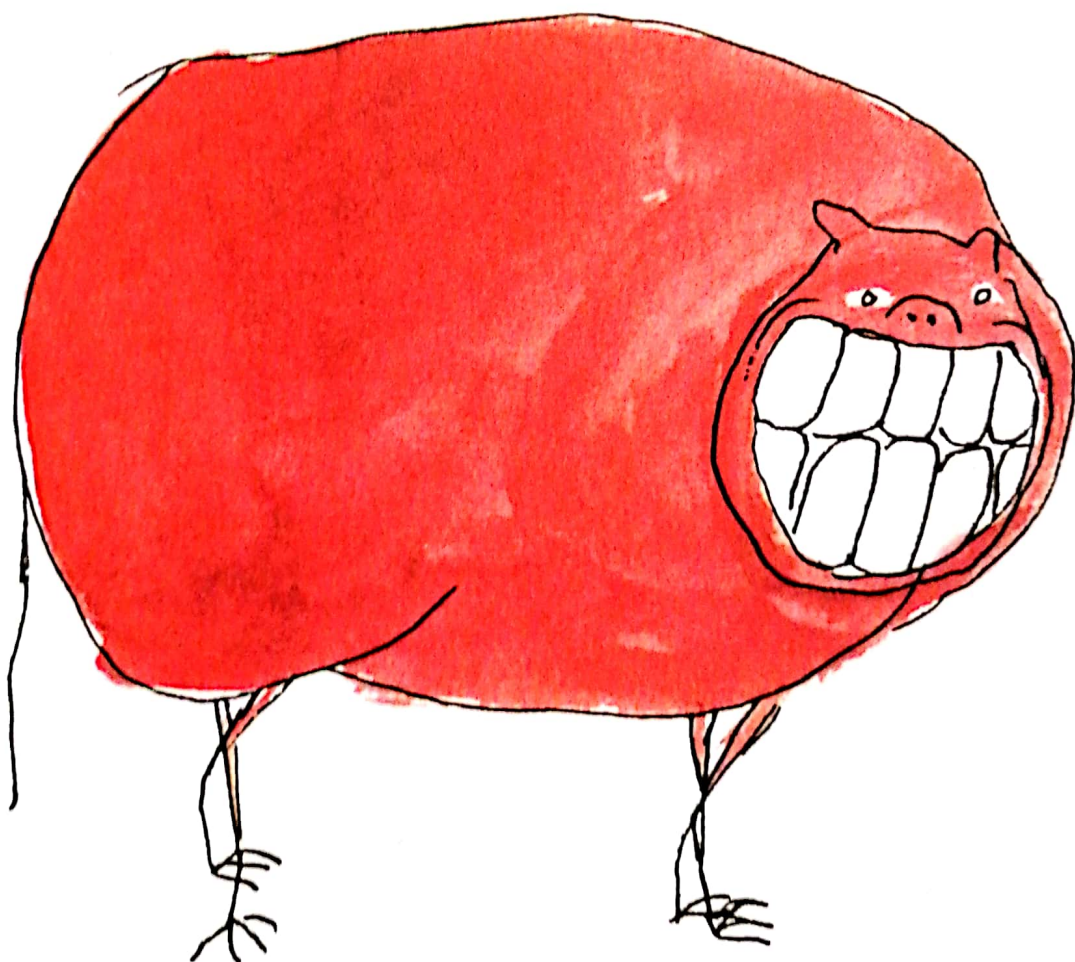


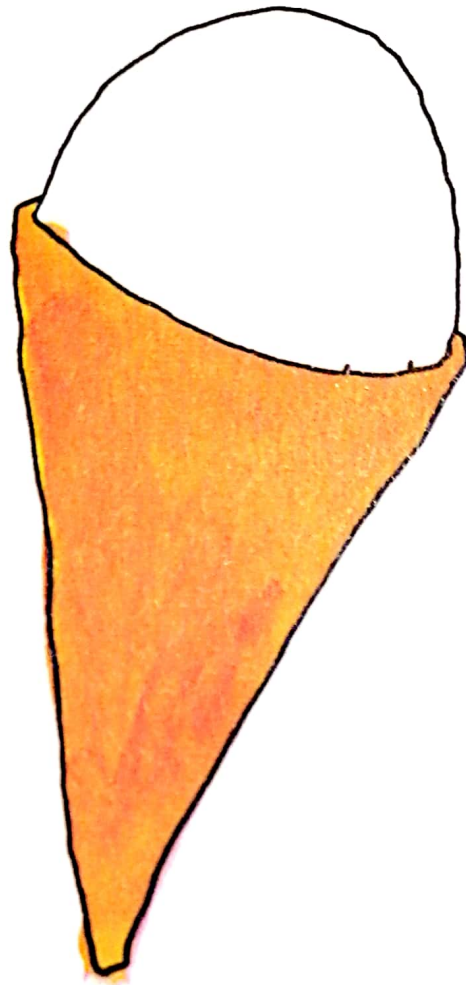


# GRU

## HOW TO DEAL WITH THE GRU

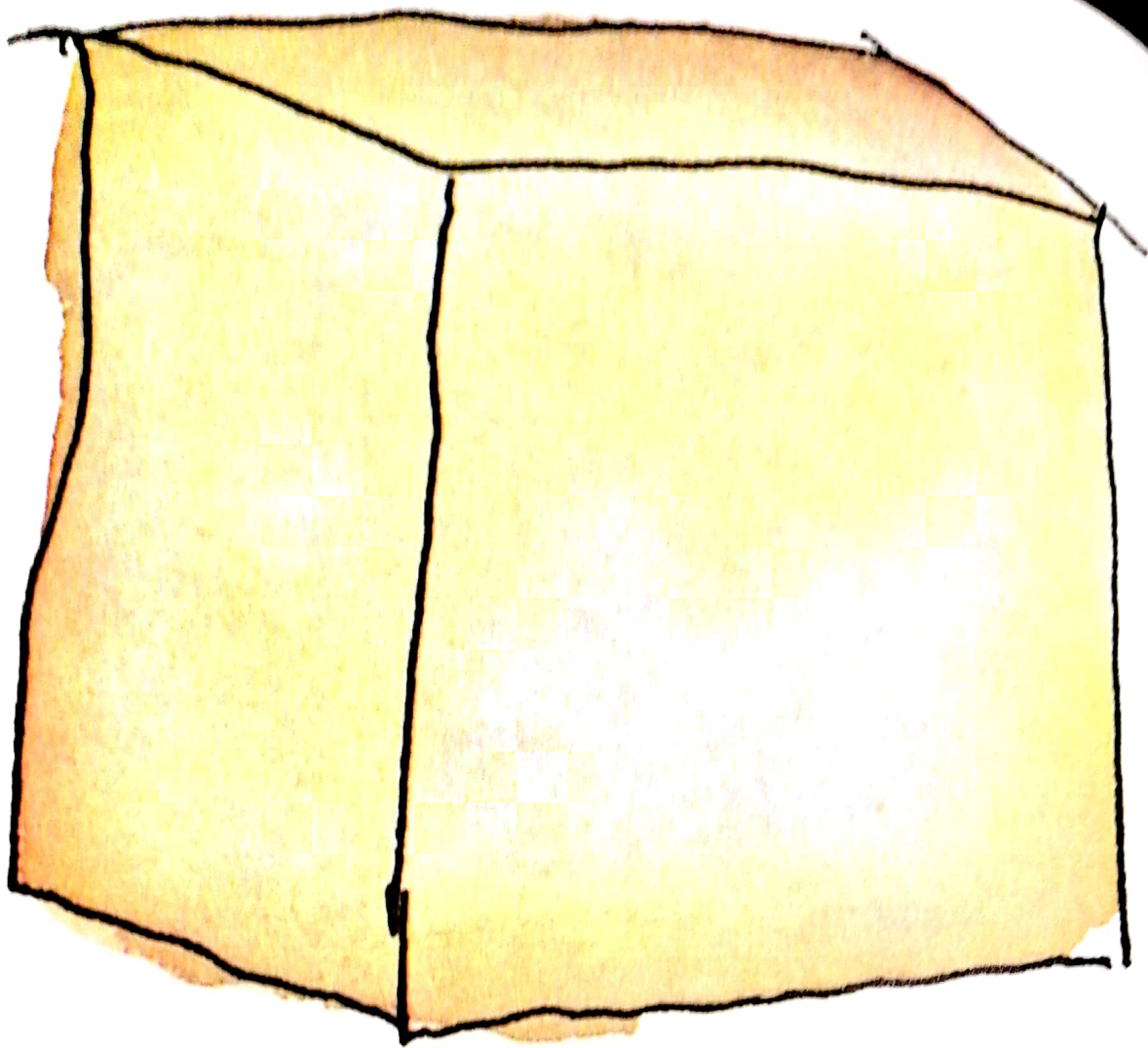
Don't pooh-pooh the Gru,  
For if you do,  
He'll bite you through,  
And chomp and chew,  
And swallow you.  
But if you don't,  
Don't think he won't.





## THE BALD-TOP DROAN

I see you there, old Bald-Top Droan  
Hiding in that ice-cream cone.  
I'll get awful, awful sick  
If I give your head a lick.



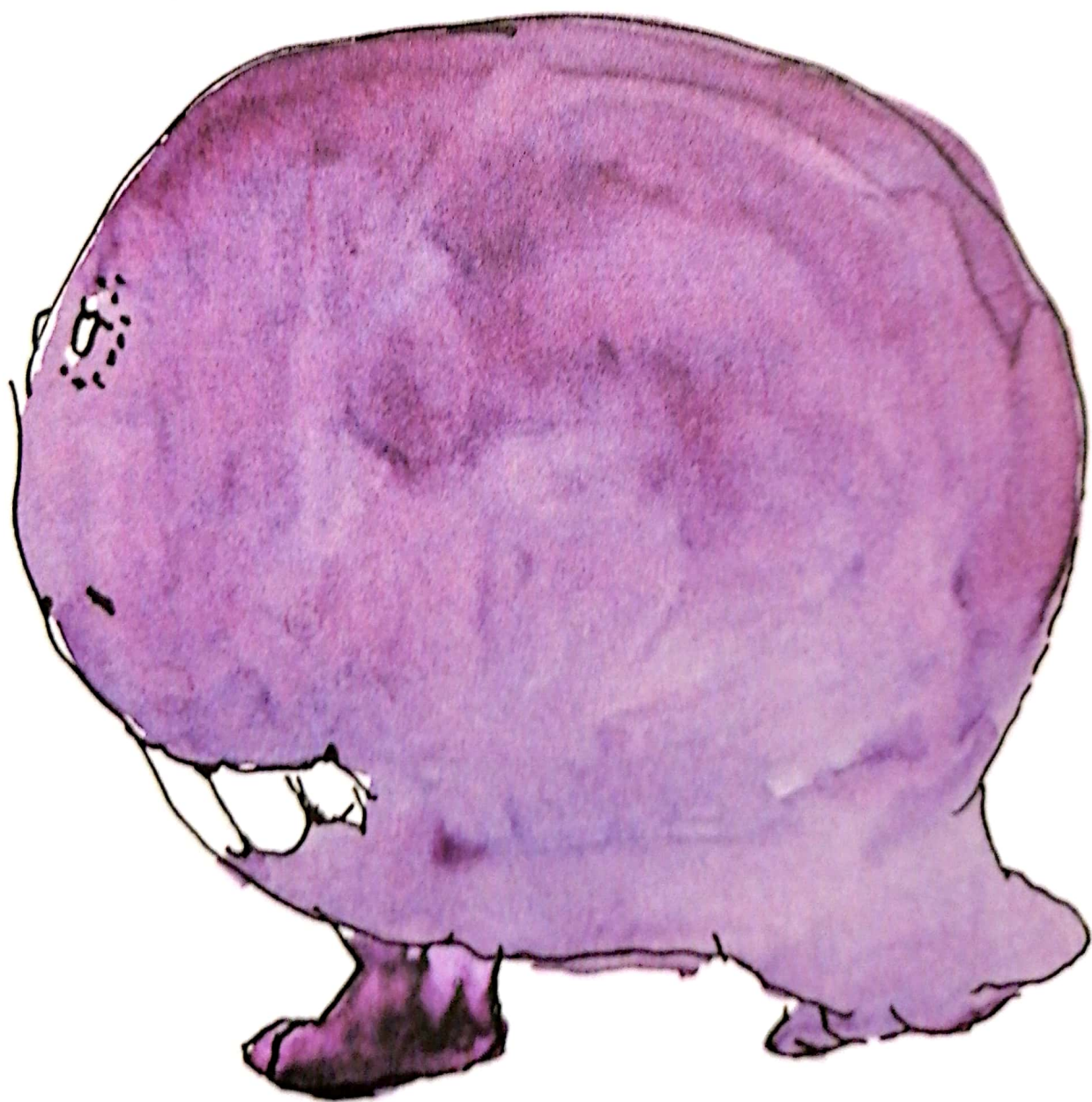
## HOW TO CATCH A GLEEECH

If you want to catch a Gleeech,  
Take a paper bag  
Find a cardboard box  
Dig a little hole  
Put the bag in the box  
Put the box in the hole  
Put the Gleeech in the bag  
and there you are.



# THE EGG OF THE GREEL

This egg is the Feather-Breasted Greel's.  
If it makes you feel funny just looking at it,  
Imagine how the *Greel* feels!





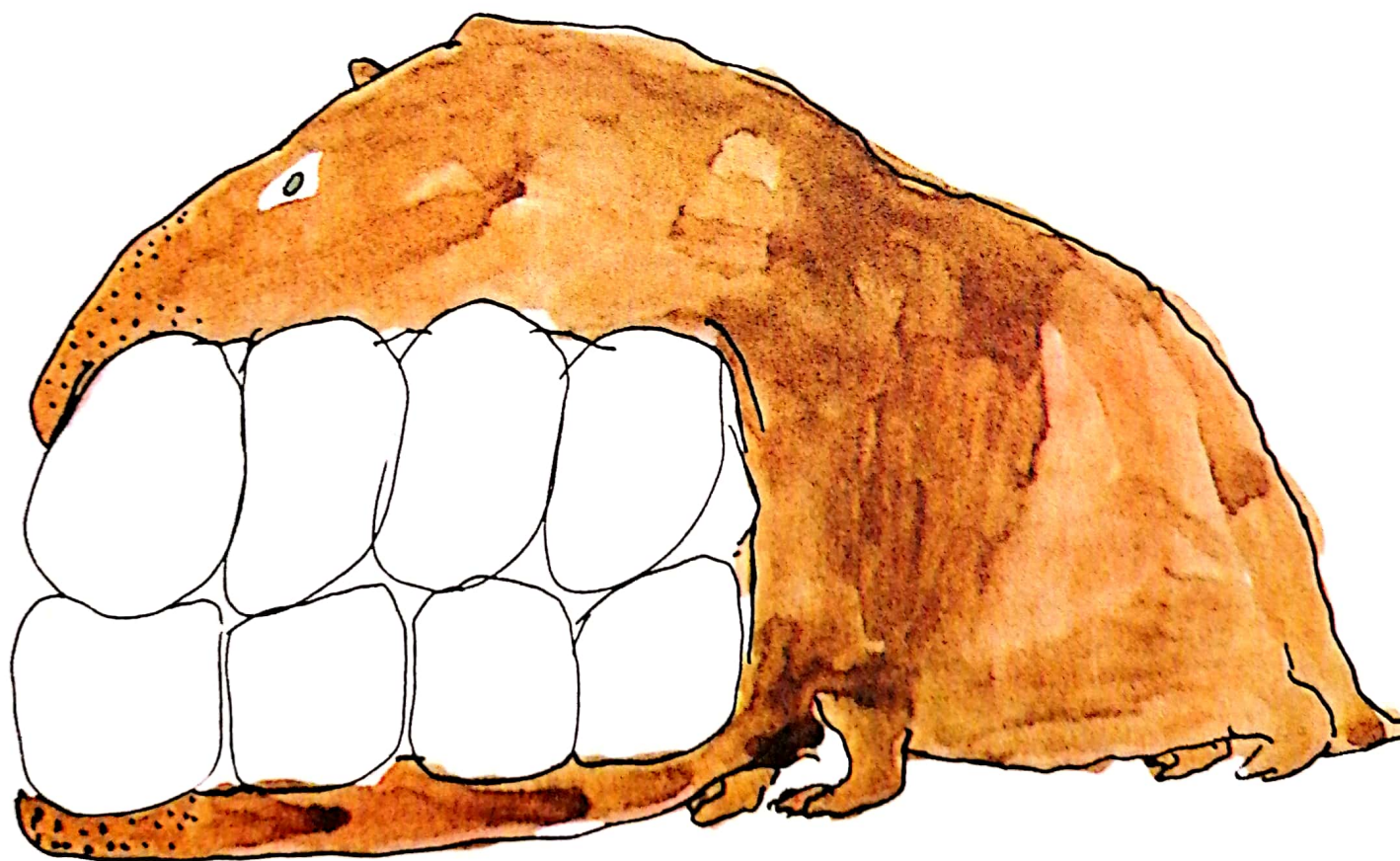


## THE SKINNY ZIPPITY

O pity the poor, poor Zippity,  
For he can eat nothing but Greli—  
A plant that grows only in New Caledoni,  
While the Zippity lives in New Delhi.

# OOPS!

We've been caught by a Quick-Digesting Gink  
And now we are dodging his teeth  
And now we are restin'  
In his small intestine,  
And now we're back out on the street. . . .

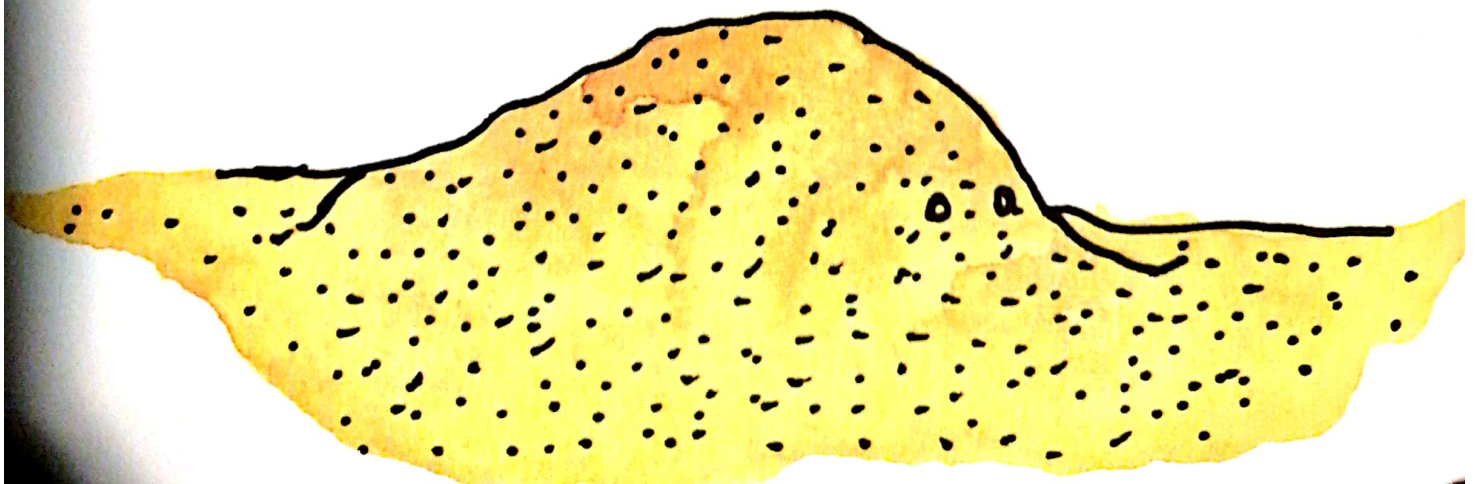


## THE ZUMBIES

The Ostrich is known to bury his head.  
The Zumby, so much more discreetly,  
At the very first inkling of danger or dread,  
Will bury himself most completely.

If he glimpses the sound or the odor of man,  
He envisions a horrible death,  
So he burrows himself deep down into the sand,  
And sits there, just holding his breath.

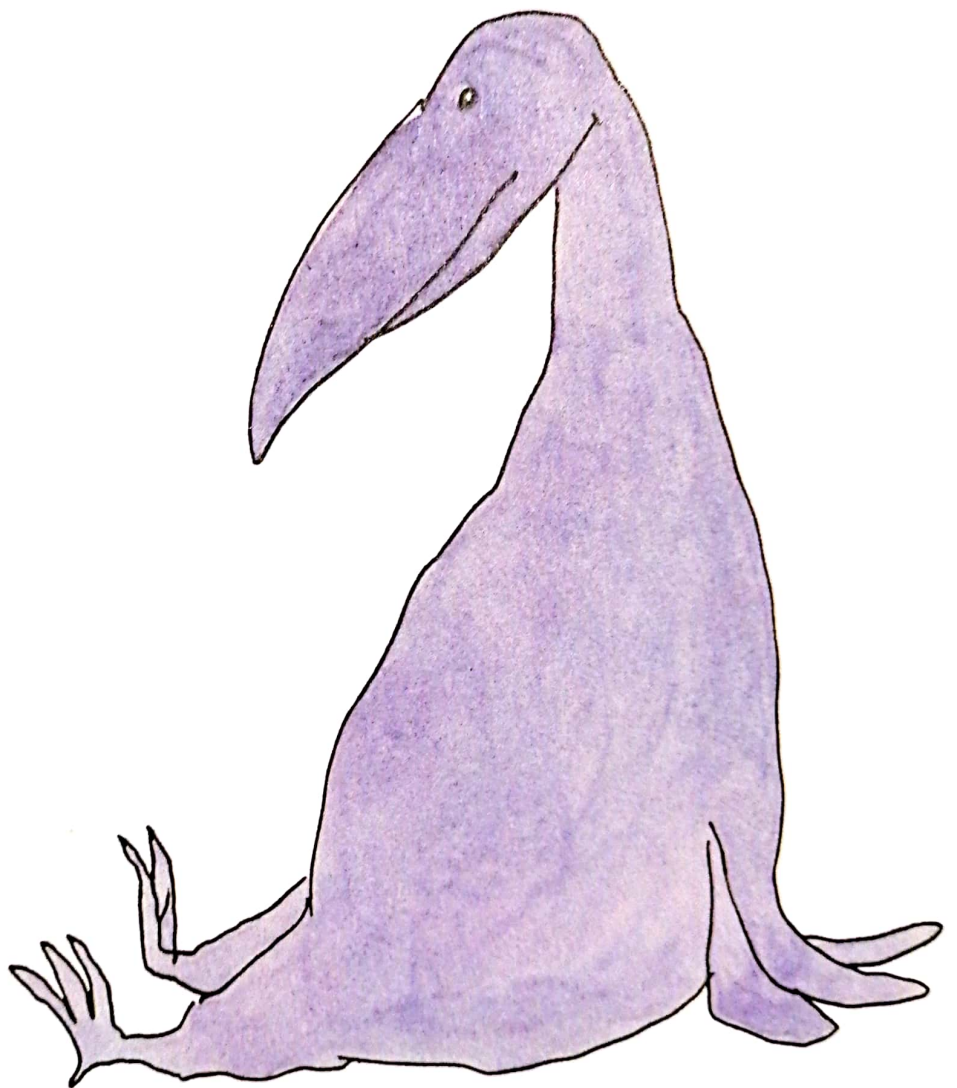
So the next time you're down to the beach at the strand,  
So sunny and splashy and gay,  
Remember, the Zumbies sit under the sand,  
Just waiting for you to go 'way.





# THE FLYING FESTOON

I am going to ride on the Flying Festoon,  
I'll jump on his back and I'll whistle a tune,  
And we'll fly to the outermost tip of the moon,  
The Flying Festoon and I.



Oh, I'm taking some crackers, a ball and a prune,  
And we're leaving this evening precisely at noon,  
For I'm going to fly with the Flying Festoon,  
Just as soon as he learns how to fly.

# IN WAUKESHA WISC.

In Waukesha Wisc.

You take quite a risk

Whenever you go to the movies,  
For there in the dark lurks the Double-Toed Vaark  
And the man-eating Scale-Faced Scoovies.

There are Gobble-Eyed Gohrks  
And Slimy-Tailed Borks  
And Hunchlings, and Broggy-Beaked Byzes  
And Gumboons and Grobs and Globamabobs  
And Creelzies of various sizes.

There are Bony-Backed Bleaks  
And Razor-Toothed Kleeks  
And Wailees and Glumpaching Gorkle,  
And the shivery shrieks from the Gaitering Geeks  
Are worse than the snort of the Snorkle.

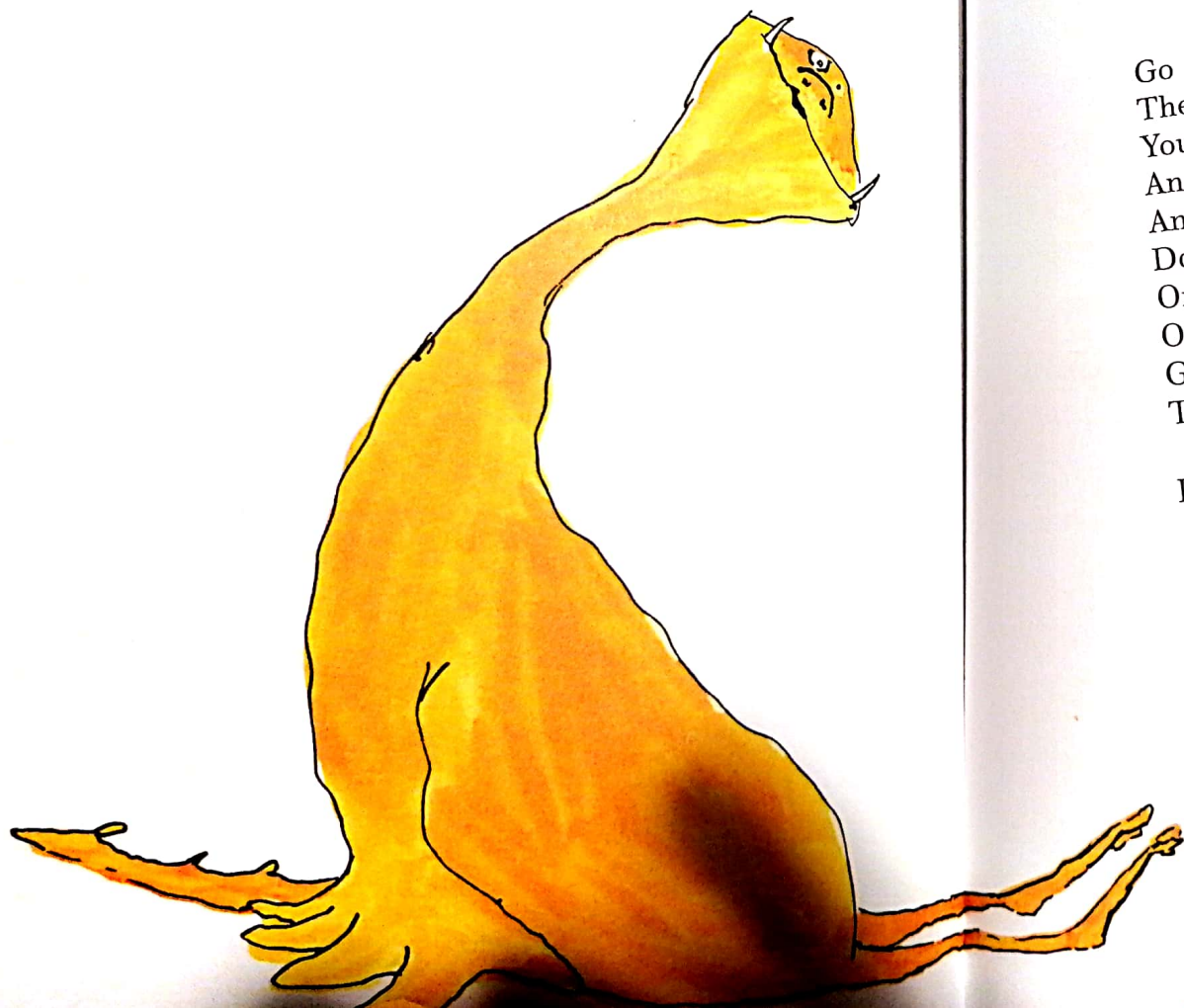
There are Glumgurds and Speem,  
And the Grizimy's scream  
May awaken the Foul-Tempered Fisk  
And the Scale-Faced Scoovies that dwell in the movies  
Right here in Waukesha Wisc.







# GUMPLEGUTCH



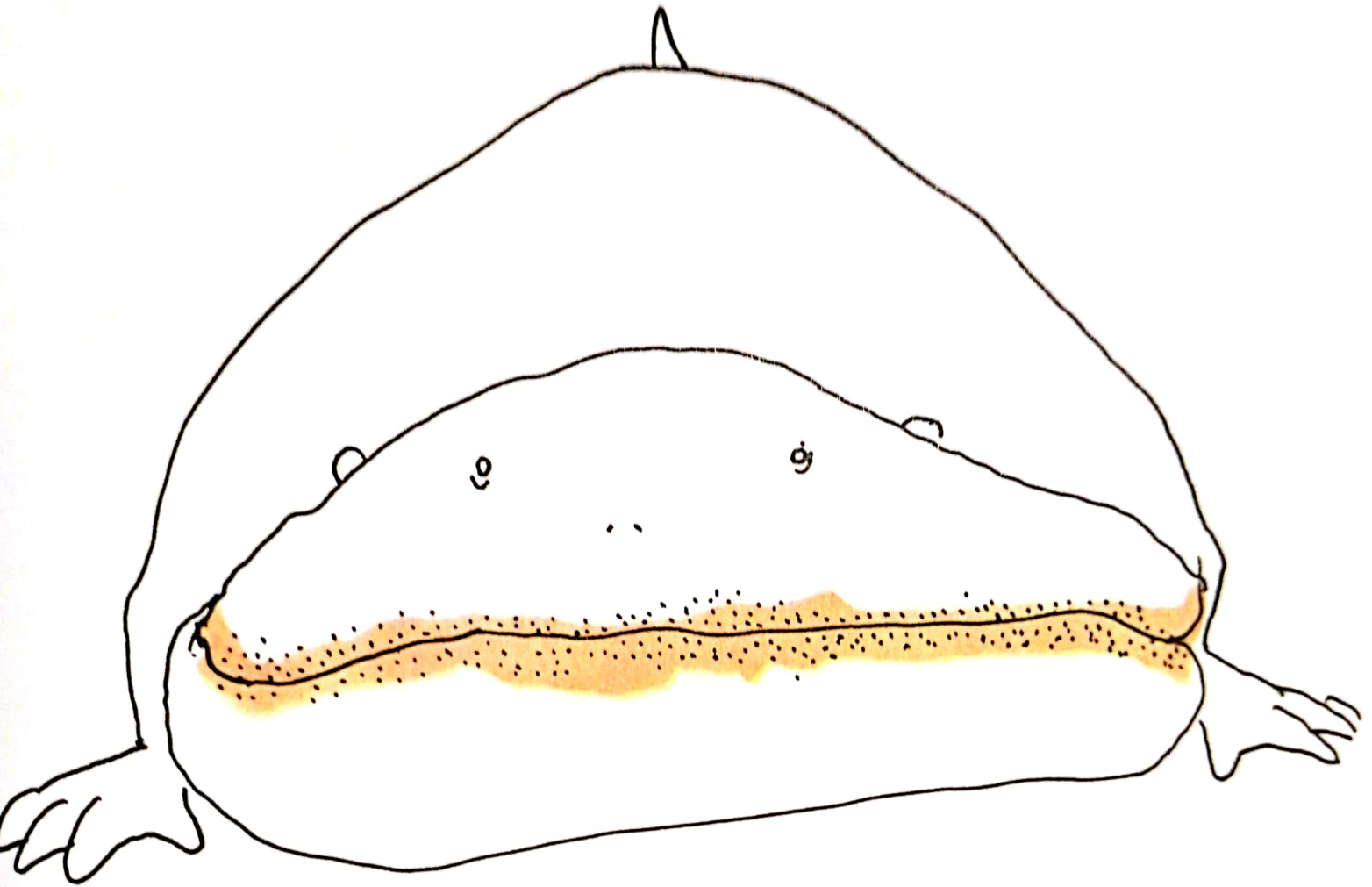
Go over and play with the Gumplegutch, Tommy,  
The Gumplegutch loves to play.  
You may bounce on his belly  
And call him old Nelly  
And fill up his nostrils with clay.  
Don't be 'fraid of his fangs  
Or that one yellow eye  
Or the scales on his tail, my dear.  
Go over and play with the Gumplegutch, Tommy,  
There's nothing at all to fear.  
  
I'll wait for you here.

# THE WILD CHEROTE

I'd like a coat of Wild Cherote.  
It's warm and fleecy as can be.  
But note: What if the Wild Cherote  
Would like a coat of Me?



# THE FRIENDLY OLD SLEEPY-EYED SKURK

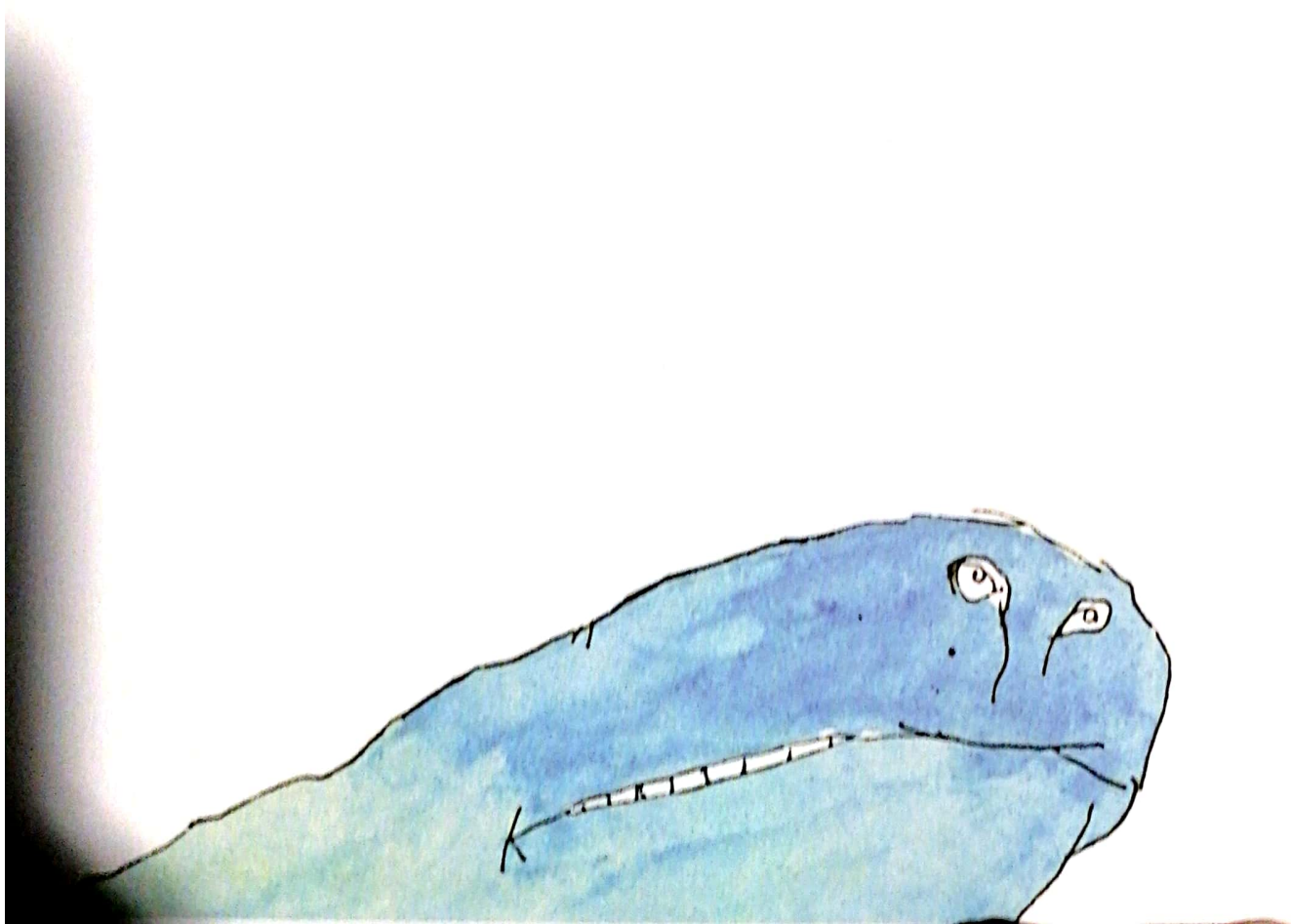


The Sleepy-Eyed Skurk, he's a nice old thing.  
He'll let you sit inside his mouth.  
If you knock on his chin,  
He'll let you in.  
But I rather doubt  
He'll let you out.



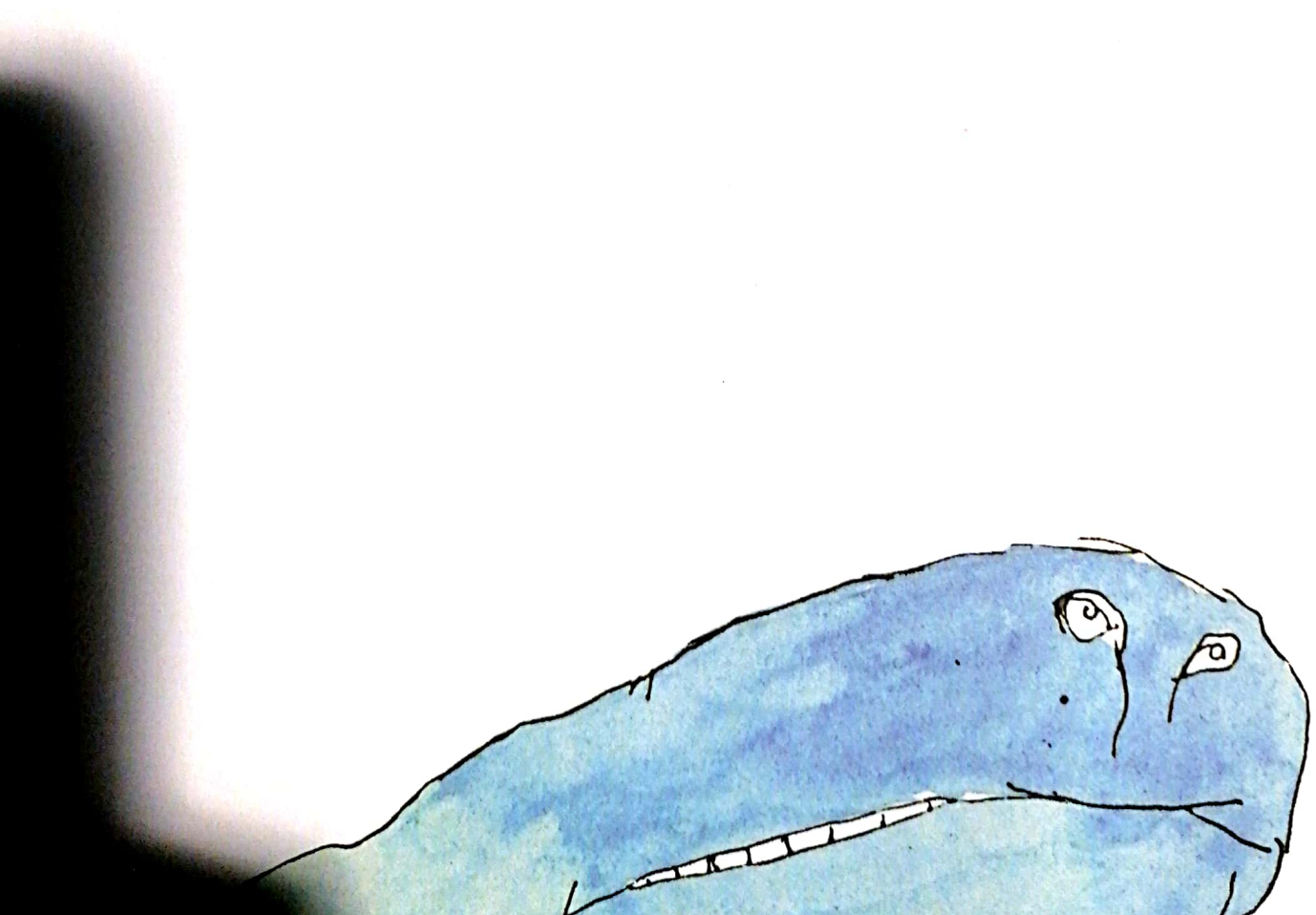
# SQUISHY SQUASHY STAGGITALL

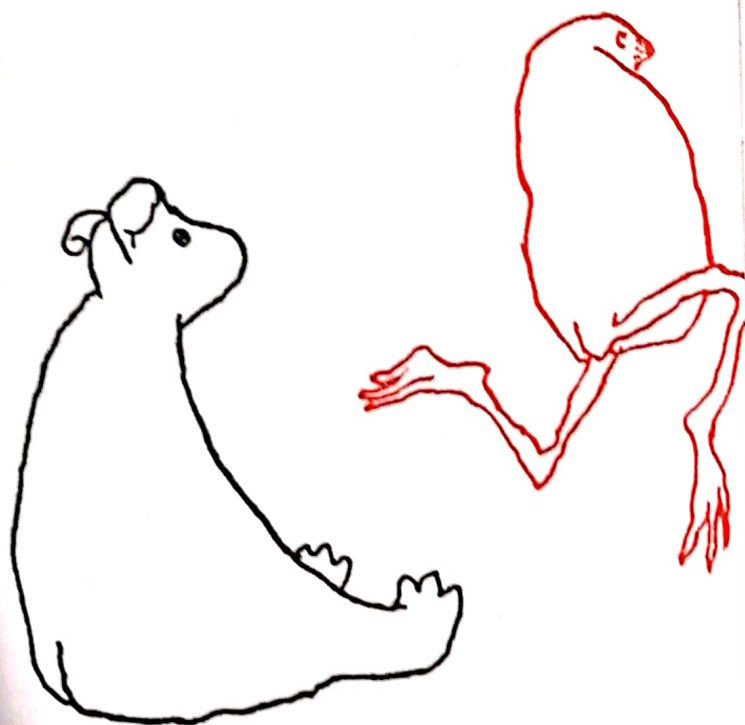
When  
Singing songs of  
Scaryness,  
Of bloodyness  
And hairyness,  
I-feel-obligated-at-this-moment-to-remind-you  
Of-the-most-ferocious-beast-of-all,  
Six thousand tons,  
And nine miles tall,  
The Squishy Squashy Staggitall . . .  
That's standing right behind you.



# SQUISHY SQUASHY STAGGITALL

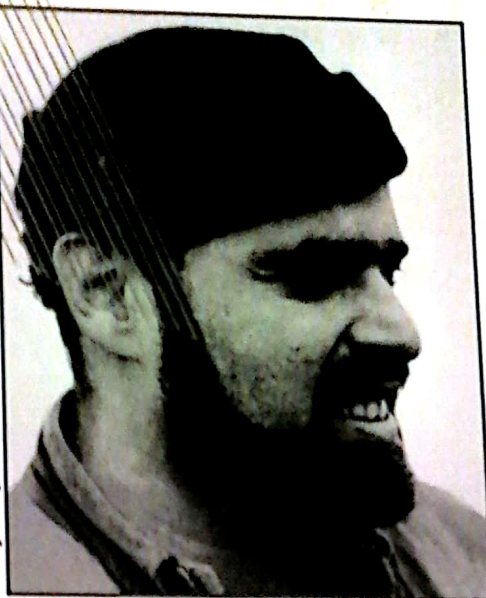
When  
Singing songs of  
Scaryness,  
Of bloodyness  
And hairyness,  
I-feel-obligated-at-this-moment-to-remind-you  
Of-the-most-ferocious-beast-of-all,  
Six thousand tons,  
And nine miles tall,  
The Squishy Squashy Staggitall . . .  
That's standing right behind you.





LEON VALLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY  
6425 EVERS RD.  
LEON VALLEY, TX 78238-1453

Larry Moyer circa 1962



Shel Silverstein is the author-artist of many beloved books of prose and poetry. He was a cartoonist, playwright, poet, performer, recording artist, and Grammy-winning, Oscar-nominated songwriter.

*Also by Shel Silverstein*

LAFCADIO, THE LION  
WHO SHOT BACK

THE GIV

A GIRA

WHERE THE

Poems and Drawings

THE MISSING PIECE

THE MISSING PIECE  
MEETS THE BIG O

A LIGHT IN THE ATTIC  
Poems and Drawings

FALLING UP  
Poems and Drawings

RUNNY BABBIT  
A Billy S...

[www.shelsilverstein.com](http://www.shelsilverstein.com)

Jacket art © 1964, renewed 1992 by Evil Eye, LLC



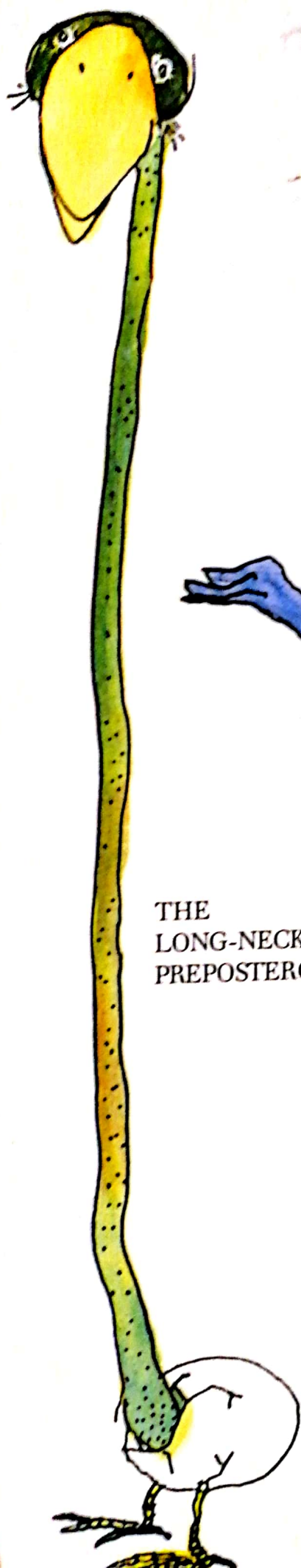
THE WILD GAZITE



THE  
GAL  
GRIN



THE  
LONG-NECKED  
PREPOSTEROUS



THE TERRIBLE FEEZUS



www.harpercollinschildre  
BOOK NEWS, GAMES, CONT

US \$17.99 / \$21.00

ISBN 978-0-06-149338-6



9 780061 493386

UO-831-211\*