

Tiger, Tiger!

by Mona Lee

Oh, no! Tiger, tiger! What are you doing?
Books are for reading, not for chewing.
Stop, tiger, tiger! Don't eat the pages.
This kind of behavior is simply outrageous!
Books are not food for the belly, you see.
They're food for the mind, for you and for me.
Authors write stories and books to be read,
Not gobbled by you as if they were bread!
Tiger, tiger! Please listen and hear what I say!
You mustn't treat books in this terrible way.
The licking and tearing and chomping you do
Is turning fine literature into a stew!
Eating paper will give you an ache and a pain—
Please, tiger, tiger, I beg you—refrain.
Books are a feast of a different kind,
With so many favorites for us to find.

VOCABULARY

To *refrain* is to hold back from doing an activity.



Charlotte, that spider of E. B. White's
Has a message for us—let's read what she writes.
Beverly Cleary is such a good writer,
With Ramona, Leigh Botts and his loyal dog, Strider.
Eric Carle writes a story and adds pictures to it.
His so-hungry caterpillar eats holes right through it!
Aha, tiger, tiger! It's clear to me now
How to conquer your problem—you'll soon see how.
I'll rest this book gently upon your huge paws
Please hide those big teeth, and retract those sharp claws.

VOCABULARY

To retract is to pull back in.

Forget chewing pages—don't take one more bite.

Let *me* turn the pages; use only your sight.

Read over my shoulder; I'll show you the way.

Be ready for tales of the past and today.

We'll read every page, taking in every letter.

Relax by my side. Does your belly feel better?

Click, Clack, Moo is so funny! Let's read it right now.

You'll laugh to see typewriting done by a cow!

I can see, tiger, tiger, your hunger subside.

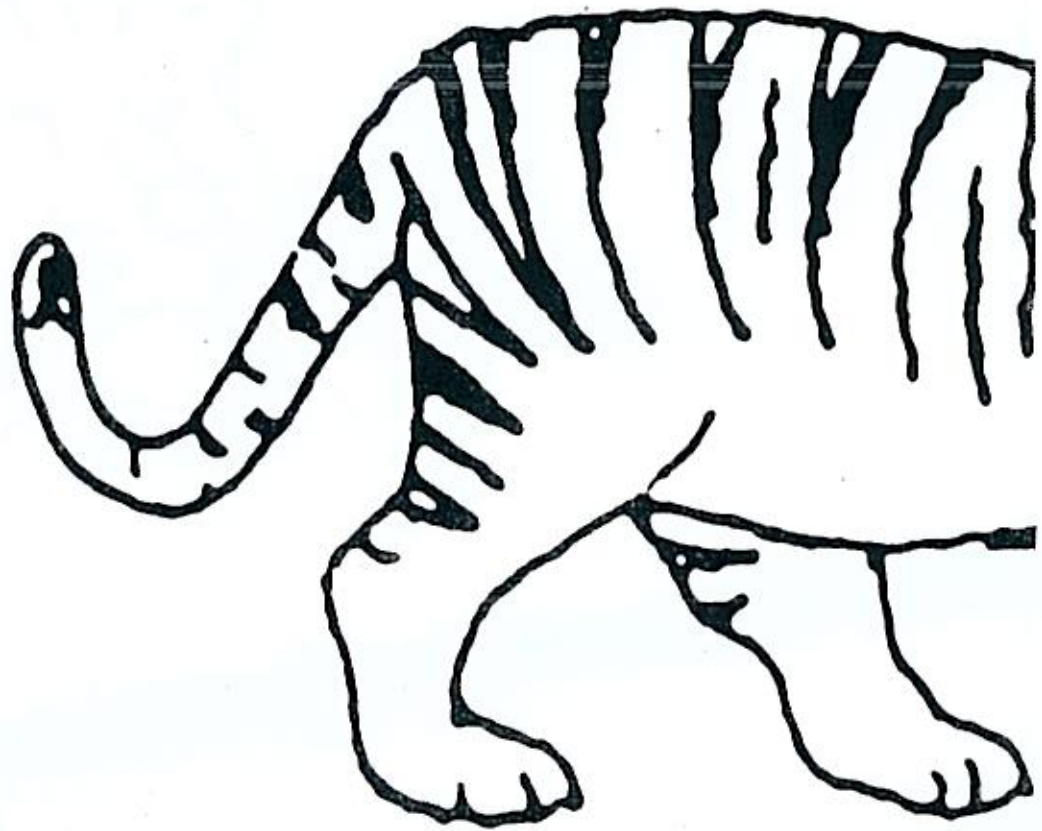
Your resistance to eating books fills me with pride.

Is fiction or nonfiction your "cup of tea"?

Give me your paw now, and come with me.

VOCABULARY

To *subside* is to become less.



I will take you to places unknown, far away—
Places where imagination can play.

You ask me about this big basket I carry?
I'm taking books back to our local library.

The poems are uneaten; the plays are quite dry.
You've learned to behave and give reading a try.

Would you like to come with me and choose your own book?
There are plenty of stories wherever you look.

Your happy smile shows me that you understand.
Your soft, furry paw is holding my hand.

Good job, tiger, tiger! My work here is done.
Your reading adventure has truly begun!

