Fantastic Adventures with Dragons, Gods, and Giants

Third Grade Unit 6

**Poetry**

**Poems (Stories)**

**Adventures of Isabel**

Isabel met an enormous bear,  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;  
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,  
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.  
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,  
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up,  
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.  
Once in a night as black as pitch  
Isabel met a wicked old witch.  
the witch's face was cross and wrinkled,  
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.  
Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,  
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,  
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,  
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.  
Isabel met a hideous giant,  
Isabel continued self reliant.  
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,  
He had one eye in the middle of his forhead.  
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,  
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She nibled the zwieback that she always fed off,  
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head off.  
Isabel met a troublesome doctor,  
He punched and he poked till he really shocked her.  
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills  
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.  
The doctor said unto Isabel,  
Swallow this, it will make you well.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She took those pills from the pill concocter,  
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor.

* Ogden Nash

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| **A Dragon’s Lament**  I'm tired of being a dragon, Ferocious and brimming with flame, The cause of unspeakable terror When anyone mentions my name. I'm bored with my bad reputation For being a miserable brute, And being routinely expected. To brazenly pillage and loot.  I wish that I weren't repulsive, Despicable, ruthless and fierce, With talons designed to dismember And fangs finely fashioned to pierce. I've lost my desire for doing The deeds any dragon should do, But since I can't alter my nature, I guess I'll just terrify you.   * Jack Prelutsky |

**The Dragons are Singing Tonight**

Tonight is the night all the dragons  
Awake in their lairs underground,   
To sing in cacophonous chorus  
And fill the whole world with their sound.   
They sing of the days of their glory,   
They sing of their exploits of old,   
Of maidens and Knights, and of fiery fights,   
And guarding vast caches gold.   
Some of their voices are treble,   
And some of their voices are deep,   
But all of their voices are thunderous,   
And no one can get any sleep.   
I lie in my bed and I listen,   
Enchanted and filled with delight,   
To songs I can hear only one night a year--  
The dragons are singing tonight.

* Jack Prelutsky

**Life Doesn’t Frighten Me at All**

Shadows on the wall  
Noises down the hail  
Life doesn’t frighten me at all  
Bad dogs barking loud  
Big ghosts in a cloud  
That doesn’t frighten me at all.

Mean old Mother Goose  
Lions on the loose  
They don’t frighten me at all  
Dragons breathing flame  
On my counterpane  
That doesn’t frighten me at all.

I go boo  
Make them shoo  
I make fun  
Way they run  
I won’t cry  
So they fly  
I just smile  
They go wild  
Life doesn’t frighten me at all.

* Maya Angelou

Tough guys in a fight  
All alone at night  
Life doesn’t frighten me at all.  
Panthers in the park

Strangers in the dark  
No, they don’t frighten me at all.

That new classroom where  
Boys pull all my hair  
(Kissy little girls  
With their hair in curls)  
They don’t frighten me at all.

Don’t show me frogs and snakes  
And listen for my scream,  
If I’m afraid at all  
It’s only in my dreams.

I’ve got a magic charm  
That I keep up my sleeve,  
I can walk the ocean floor  
And never have to breathe.

Life doesn’t frighten me at all  
Not at all  
Not at all  
Life doesn’t frighten me at all.

**Poems (Read Aloud)**

**The Tale of Custard the Dragon**

Belinda lived in a little white house,   
With a little black kitten and a little gray mouse,   
And a little yellow dog and a little red wagon,   
And a realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Now the name of the little black kitten was Ink,   
And the little gray mouse, she called her Blink,   
And the little yellow dog was sharp as Mustard,   
But the dragon was a coward, and she called him Custard.

Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,   
And spikes on top of him and scales underneath,   
Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,   
And realio, trulio, daggers on his toes.

Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of bears,   
And Ink and Blink chased lions down the stairs,   
Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,   
But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful,   
Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called him Percival,   
They all sat laughing in the little red wagon   
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Belinda giggled till she shook the house,   
And Blink said Week!, which is giggling for a mouse,   
Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,   
When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty sound,   
And Mustard growled, and they all looked around.   
Meowch! cried Ink, and Ooh! cried Belinda,   
For there was a pirate, climbing in the winda.

Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,   
And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,   
His beard was black, one leg was wood;   
It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

Belinda paled, and she cried, Help! Help!   
But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,   
Ink trickled down to the bottom of the household,   
And little mouse Blink strategically mouseholed

But up jumped Custard, snorting like an engine,   
Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon,   
With a clatter and a clank and a jangling squirm   
He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.

The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,   
And gulped some grog from his pocket flagon,   
He fired two bullets but they didn't hit,   
And Custard gobbled him, every bit.

Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,   
No one mourned for his pirate victim   
Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate   
Around the dragon that ate the pyrate.

Belinda still lives in her little white house,   
With her little black kitten and her little gray mouse,   
And her little yellow dog and her little red wagon,   
And her realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Belinda is as brave as a barrel full of bears,   
And Ink and Blink chase lions down the stairs,   
Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,   
But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe cage.

* Ogden Nash