



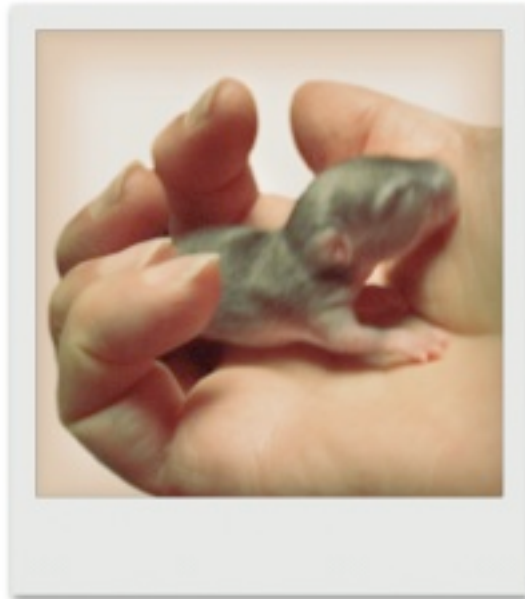
SQUEAKY
POEMS:

RHYMES
ABOUT
MY RAT



Jack Handey

Squeaky was bald
And pink and blue;
I had to laugh:
It's Uncle Lou!



The rest of Squeaky's family
Was carried off by jays --
Which I suppose is something that
We all wish we could say.



Rats have been in every war,
And yet where is their statue?
When you bring the subject up,
There's silence, then an "Achoo!"



A cowboy trapped by Indians
Ran out of bullets for his guns;
A pack rat came and gave him some,
Just when he figured he was done.

Reloading then, he used the shells
To drive his foes back to the hills;
The rat was gone -- where did he go?
That's the legend of Pack Rat Joe.



The Middle Ages was the best
Of times to be a rat;
You could point to a man with plague
And say, “I gave him that.”



When Squeaky finally passes on,
Should I then get her stuffed?
Or would most tasteful people say
A ratskin hat's enough?

