**The Guppy**   
*(Ogden Nash)*

Whales have calves,   
Cats have kittens,   
Bears have cubs,   
Bats have bittens,   
Swans have cygnets,   
Seals have puppies,   
But guppies just have little guppies Betty Botter's Biting Beaver

*(Bruce Lansky)*

Betty Botter bought a beaver.  
But the beastly beaver bit her.  
So she bought a biting badger.  
And the badger bit the beaver.  
Since the badger bit the beaver,  
now the beaver will not bite her.  
So 'twas better Betty Botter  
bought a beaver-biting badger

A close up of a logo

Description automatically generated

A close up of a reptile

Description automatically generated

Snakes

*(Jordan Spikes)*

snakes

long, scaly

slithering, hissing, climbing

snakes are amazing

reptiles

Lions

*(Joshua Morton)*

Lions are as orange as the morning sun

They are as brave as men at war

Lions are as fast as cars at top speed

I think the lion in my heart helps me stand my ground

The roar of lions is as loud as thunder hitting rock

Statues of lions stand guard at castle doors

Lions are kings of the countryside.



The Cooper’s Hawk   
*(Don Sands)*

A hawk perched on a tree branch

Description automatically generated  
He sits, tall, slim, silhouetted   
against the evening sky.   
  
Watching, silently watching   
from his elevated woodland perch.   
  
He flies briefly on silent wings   
alighting again, his tall slim form   
resting, watching, ever watching.   
  
Then he flies off into the unknown   
on those powerful silent wings   
to haunts unseen, to rest again   
silently watching, watching.   
  
In his vigil he’s certainly   
unaware of the debate   
occupying other inhabitants   
about his origin and that   
of all living creatures.   
  
He rests and watches.   
Rests and watches   
as evening advances.   
  
How many evenings have advanced   
since of the beginning of time?   
  
How many of his ancestors   
have rested and watched;   
tall, slender, silhouetted   
against the evening sky?

## Bear In There

*(Shel Silverstein)*

There's a Polar Bear

In our Frigidaire--

He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.

With his seat in the meat

And his face in the fish

And his big hairy paws

In the buttery dish,

He's nibbling the noodles,

He's munching the rice,

He's slurping the soda,

He's licking the ice.

And he lets out a roar

If you open the door.

And it gives me a scare

To know he's in there--

That Polary Bear

In our Fridgitydaire

A picture containing text, drawing

Description automatically generated

Pig Limerick

*(Arnold Lobel)*

There was a sad pig with a tail   
Not curly, but straight as a nail.   
So he ate simply oodles   
Of pretzels and noodles,   
Which put a fine twist to his tail.

A close up of a logo

Description automatically generated

A picture containing indoor, drawing

Description automatically generated

Little Squirrel

*(Ethel Hopper)*

A little squirrel runs up and down

In our old Walnut tree.

All day he carries nuts away,

As busy as can be.

Mother says he stores them safe

For food when North winds blow;

I wonder how the squirrel knows

That some day there’ll be snow.

Insects World



*(Ethel Jacobson)*

Insects are creatures with three pairs of legs.

Some swim, some fly; they lay millions of eggs.

They don’t wear their skeletons in, but out.

Their blood just goes sloshing loosely about.

They come in three parts. Some are bare; some have hair.

Their hearts are in back; they circulate air.

They smell with their feelers and taste with their feet,

And there’s scarcely a thing that some insect won’t eat:

Flowers and woodwork and books and rugs,

Overcoats, people, and other bugs.

When five billion trillion keep munching each day,

It’s a wonder the world isn’t nibbled away!

A picture containing animal

Description automatically generatedA Queer Twig

*(Alice Crowell Hoffman)*

Out in the woods I found today

A queer thing, without doubt –

A picture containing animal

Description automatically generatedA wee twig that did not stay still,

But tried to walk about.

I thought this tiny twig had planned

To play a funny trick,

Until I learned it was a bug

Known as the Walking Stick.

A picture containing animal

Description automatically generatedA close up of a basketball hoop

Description automatically generated

The Spider Web

*(Truda McCoy)*

The spider spun a silver web

Above the gate last night.

It was round with little spokes

And such a pretty sight.

This morning there were drops of dew

Hung on it, one by one;

They changed to diamonds, rubies red,

When they were lit with sun.

A spider’s nice to have around

To weave a web so fine.

On which to string the drops of dew

That catch the bright sunshine.

Garden Snake

*(Muriel L. Sonne)*

I saw a snake and ran away…

Some snakes are dangerous, they say;

But mother says that kind is good,

And eats up insects for his food.

So when he wiggles in the grass

I’ll stand aside and watch him pass,

And tell myself, “There’s no mistake,

It’s just a harmless garden snake!”

A picture containing kite, flying, water, colorful

Description automatically generated

Dragonfly

*(Rebecca Kai Dotlich)*