

The Skatter Brak Flath Who Lives in My Bath

by Barry Louis Polisar

I think I'm pretty lucky, I'm sure you'll agree,
'Cause in my house there's a bath tub you see
And in that tub lives a Skatter-Brack Flath
Who won't let me take a shower or a bath.
I grab my robe, my soap and towel;
I hear a shriek and a deep, deep howl.
When Dad tells me, "get in the bath,"
I tell him all about the Skatter-Brack Flath.

He's as real as the Gutchum Gee-Gillie Gah-Ged
Or the Bottom-Bo, Bitty-Bree, Slock-Slo Sled
Or the Slotum-Slaw Silklie-See Sap-Sucking Sool
Who want me at home when I should be in school.
Or the Google Nosed Liddy Lap Licking La-Lude
Who never lets me finish all of my food.
Or the Gobbin Go Gittie-Gatch Gitchie-Gap Goo....
And you better watch out—so they don't get you!