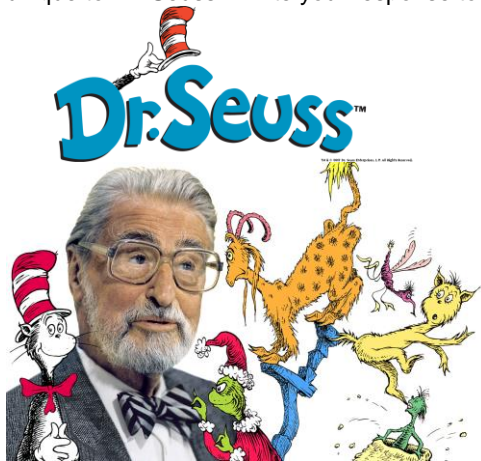


## Could You, Would You, Be Dr. Seuss?

Analyze the following poems for their sound devices, figurative language, and anything else you think is unique to Dr. Seuss. Write your response to the poems below.



(1902 – 1991)

**Theodor Seuss Geisel**, A.K.A. Dr. Seuss, was born on March 2, 1904 in Springfield, Massachusetts. He began cartooning while in college at Dartmouth University. He was editor of the college humor magazine until he was forced to quit after getting caught drinking (Prohibition was still in effect at the time). His friends helped him to continue writing for the magazine by sneaking his writing in under the pen name "Seuss"

Although he attended Oxford University in order to pursue a PhD. In English, he soon dropped out, got married, and became a full-time cartoonist.

Early on, Seuss made his living drawing advertisements for various companies, but in 1936, Seuss wrote a poem called "And to Think I Saw it on Mulberry Street", which later he turned into a book. Despite having it rejected by over 30 publishers, he eventually found someone to publish it. He published four books before World War II.

After the war, he published some of the most famous children's stories ever. *Horton Hears a Who!* (1955), *If I Ran the Circus* (1956), *The Cat in the Hat* (1957), *How the Grinch Stole Christmas!* (1957), and *Green Eggs and Ham* (1960) all became classics.

Dr. Seuss died in 1991 from cancer in La Jolla, California. He was a Pulitzer Prize winner, won two Oscars (for short films), two Emmys, and has a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. In 1956, Dartmouth University awarded him an honorary doctorate degree, officially making him...a doctor.

### The Zax

One day, making tracks  
In the prairie of Prax,  
Came a North-Going Zax  
And a South-Going Zax.

And it happened that both of them came to a place  
Where they bumped. There they stood.  
Foot to foot. Face to face.

"Look here, now!" the North-Going Zax said. "I say!  
You are blocking my path. You are right in my way.  
I'm a North-Going Zax and I always go north.  
Get out of my way, now, and let me go forth!"

"Who's in whose way?" snapped the South-Going Zax.  
I always go south, making south-going tracks.  
So you're in MY way! And I ask you to move  
And let me go south in my south-going groove."

Then the North-Going Zax puffed his chest up with pride.  
"I never," he said, "take a step to one side.  
And I'll prove to you that I won't change my ways  
If I have to keep standing here fifty-nine days!"

"And I'll prove to YOU," yelled the South-Going Zax,  
"That I can stand here in the prairie of Prax  
For fifty-nine years! For I live by a rule  
That I learned as a boy back in South-Going School.  
*Never budge!* That's my rule. *Never budge in the least!*  
*Not an inch to the west! Not an inch to the east!*  
I'll stay here, not budging! I can and I will  
If it makes you and me and the whole world stand still!"

Well...  
Of course the world *didn't* stand still. The world grew.  
In a couple of years, the new highway came through  
And they built it right over those two stubborn Zax  
And left them there, standing un-budged in their tracks.



## The Sneetches

Now, the Star-Belly Sneetches-  
Had bellies with stars.  
The Plain-Belly Sneetches-Had none upon thars.  
Those stars weren't so big. They were really so small.  
You might think such a thing wouldn't matter at all.  
But, because they had stars, all the Star-Belly Sneetches  
Would brag, "We're the best kind of Sneetch on the  
beaches.  
With their snoots in the air, they would sniff and they'd  
snort  
"We'll have nothing to do with the Plain-Belly sort!"

And whenever they met some, when they were out walking,  
They'd hike right on past them without even talking.  
When the Star-Belly children went out to play ball,  
Could a Plain- Belly get in the game...? Not at all.  
You only could play if your bellies had stars  
And the Plain-Belly children had none upon thars.  
When the Star-Belly Sneetches had frankfurter roasts  
Or picnics or parties or marshmallow toasts,  
They never invited the Plain-Belly Sneetches.  
They left them out cold, in the dark of the beaches.  
They kept them away. Never let them come near.  
And that's how they treated them year after year.

Then ONE day, seems...while the Plain-Belly Sneetches  
Were moping and dopping alone on the beaches,  
Just sitting there wishing their bellies had stars...  
A stranger zipped up in the strangest of cars!

"My friends," he announced in a voice clear and keen,  
"My name is Sylvester McMonkey McBean.  
And I've heard of your troubles. I've heard you're unhappy.  
But I can fix that. I'm the Fix-it-Up Chappie.  
I've come here to help you. I have what you need.  
And my prices are low. And I work at great speed.  
And my work is one hundred per cent guaranteed!

Then, quickly Sylvester McMonkey McBean  
Put together a very peculiar machine.  
And he said, "You want stars like a Star-Belly Sneetch...?  
My friends, you can have them for three dollars each!"  
"Just pay me your money and hop right aboard!"  
So they clambered inside. Then the big machine roared  
And it klonked. And it bonked. And it jerked. And it berked  
And it bopped them about. But the thing really worked!  
When the Plain-Belly Sneetches popped out, they had stars!  
They actually did. They had stars upon thars!

Then they yelled at the ones who had stars at the start,  
"We're exactly like you! You can't tell us apart.  
We're all just the same, now, you snooty old smarties!  
And now we can go to your frankfurter parties."  
"Good grief!" groaned the ones who had stars at the first.  
"We're still the best Sneetches and they are the worst.  
But, now, how in the world will we know," they all frowned,  
"If which kind is what, or the other way round?"

Then came McBean with a very sly wink.  
And he said, "Things are not quite as bad as you think.  
So you don't know who's who. That is perfectly true.

But come with me, friends. Do you know what I'll do?  
I'll make you, again, the best Sneetches on beaches  
And all it will cost you is ten dollars eaches."  
"Belly stars are no longer in style," said McBean.  
"What you need is a trip through my Star-off Machine.  
This wondrous contraption will take off your stars  
So you won't look like Sneetches who have them on thars."  
And that handy machine Working very precisely  
Removed all the stars from their tummies quite nicely.

Then, with snoots in the air, they paraded about  
And they opened their beaks and they let out a shout,  
"We know who is who! Now there isn't a doubt.  
The best kind of Sneetches are Sneetches without!"

Then, of course, those with stars all got frightfully mad.  
To be wearing a star now was frightfully bad.  
Then, of course, old Sylvester McMonkey McBean  
Invited them into his star-off machine.

Then, of course from THEN on, as you probably guess,  
Things really got into a horrible mess.  
All the rest of that day, on those wild screaming beaches,  
The fix-it-up Chappie kept fixing up Sneetches.  
Off again! On Again! In again! Out again!  
Through the machines they raced round and about again,  
Changing their stars every minute or two.  
They kept paying money. They kept running through  
Until neither the Plain nor the Star-Bellies knew  
Whether this one was that one...or that one was this one  
Or which one was what one ...or what one was who.

Then, when every last cent  
Of their money was spent,  
The Fix-it-Up Chappie packed up  
And he went.  
And he laughed as he drove  
In his car up the beach,  
"They never will learn.  
No. You can't teach a Sneetch!"

But McBean was quite wrong. I'm quite happy to say  
That the Sneetches got really quite smart on that day,  
The day they decided that Sneetches are Sneetches  
And no kind of Sneetch is the best on the beaches  
That day, all the Sneetches forgot about stars  
And whether they had one, or not, upon thars.

