

FIREWORK NIGHT



Bang!
What's that?
Bang-bang!
Oh hark,
The guns are shooting in the dark!
Little guns and big ones too,
Bang-bang-bang!
What *shall* I do?
Mistress, Master, hear me yelp,
I'm out-of-doors, I want your help.
Let me in, oh, LET ME IN
Before those fireworks begin
To shoot again — I can't bear that;
My tail is down, my ears are flat,
I'm trembling here outside the door,
Oh, don't you love me any more?
BANG!

I think I'll die with fright
Unless you let me in tonight.
(*Shall we let him in, children?*)
Ah, now the door is opened wide,
I'm rushing through, I'm safe inside,
The lights are on, it's warm and grand —
Mistress, let me lick your hand
Before I slip behind the couch.
There I'll hide myself and crouch
In safety till the BANGS are done —
Then to my kennel I will run
And guard you safely all the night
Because you understood my fright.

Bu Enid Bluton

