

E – Comics

By

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Presents

The Elephant and the Doctor

The Elephant said to the doc,

"Oh, how I wish I could fly,

Oh, wouldn't it be nice,

To be soaring up in the sky?"

"But there's a slight problem,

The clouds might not like me so,

They might play tricks on me

And make me go."

The doc said: "Don't worry,
We'll paint you all blue
And put a little soap
On the tip of your trunk too."

The elephant cried, "You quack!
Tell me, how will that help?
The clouds will pull my ears
And I will yelp!"

The doctor said: "Don't fret,
I will come with you.
And if they pull your ears

They can pull mine too."

The elephant yelled, "You fool!
What will that do?
They will seize me by my nose
And put me into a boiling hot stew."

The doc said: "Never mind, if that is the case,
I'll cover you with sand,
Put you in a box

and ship you to Ireland."

The elephant cried, "That's it!

Doc, I'm done with you!"

The elephant lifted the doc with its trunk

And away the doc flew.

The doc thought; "To fly,

Isn't it grand?"

Then he fell in a box on a sandy beach

Which was going to be shipped to Ireland.

He stumbled out of the box

And it is said to be true

That he stepped in a bucket

filled with paint that was blue.

He hurried to a hotel and bathed,

But when in the mirror he looked close

He realised he had left

Some soap on the tip of his nose.

And then, while he was getting dressed
He struggled to put on his hat
But soon enough, his ears were
Being pulled this way and that.

The End

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