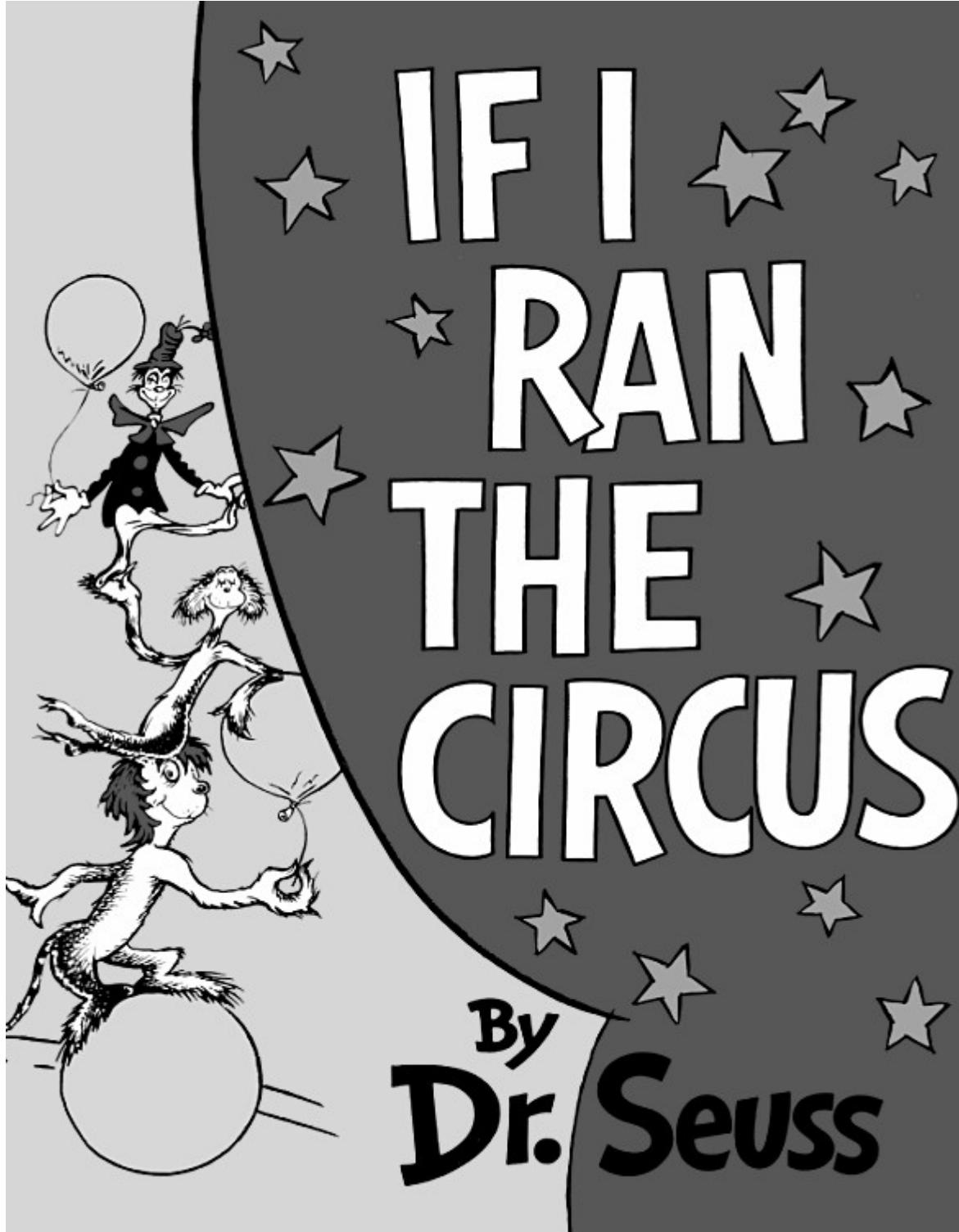


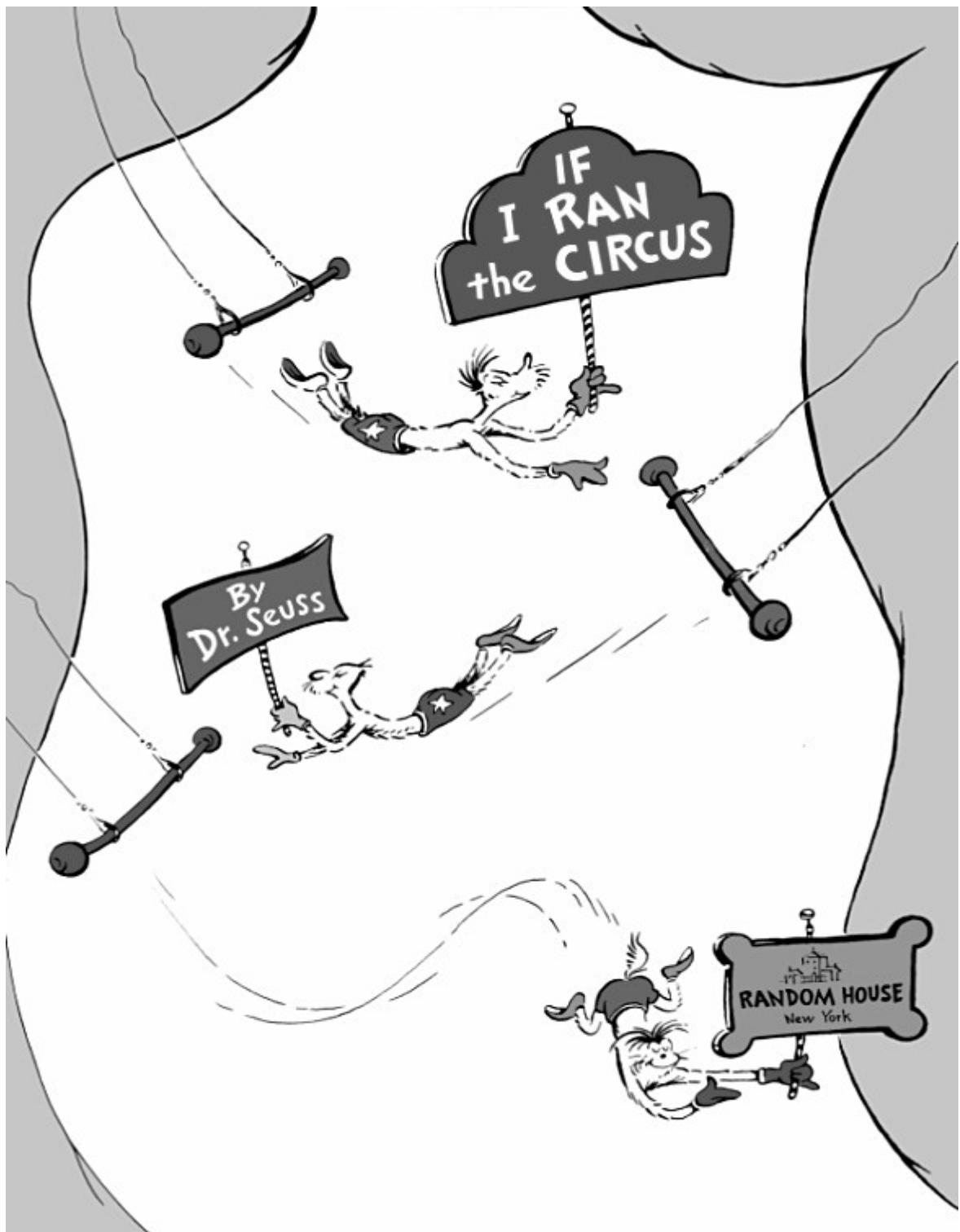


# IF I RAN THE CIRCUS

By  
**Dr. Seuss**



**IF  
I RAN  
the CIRCUS**



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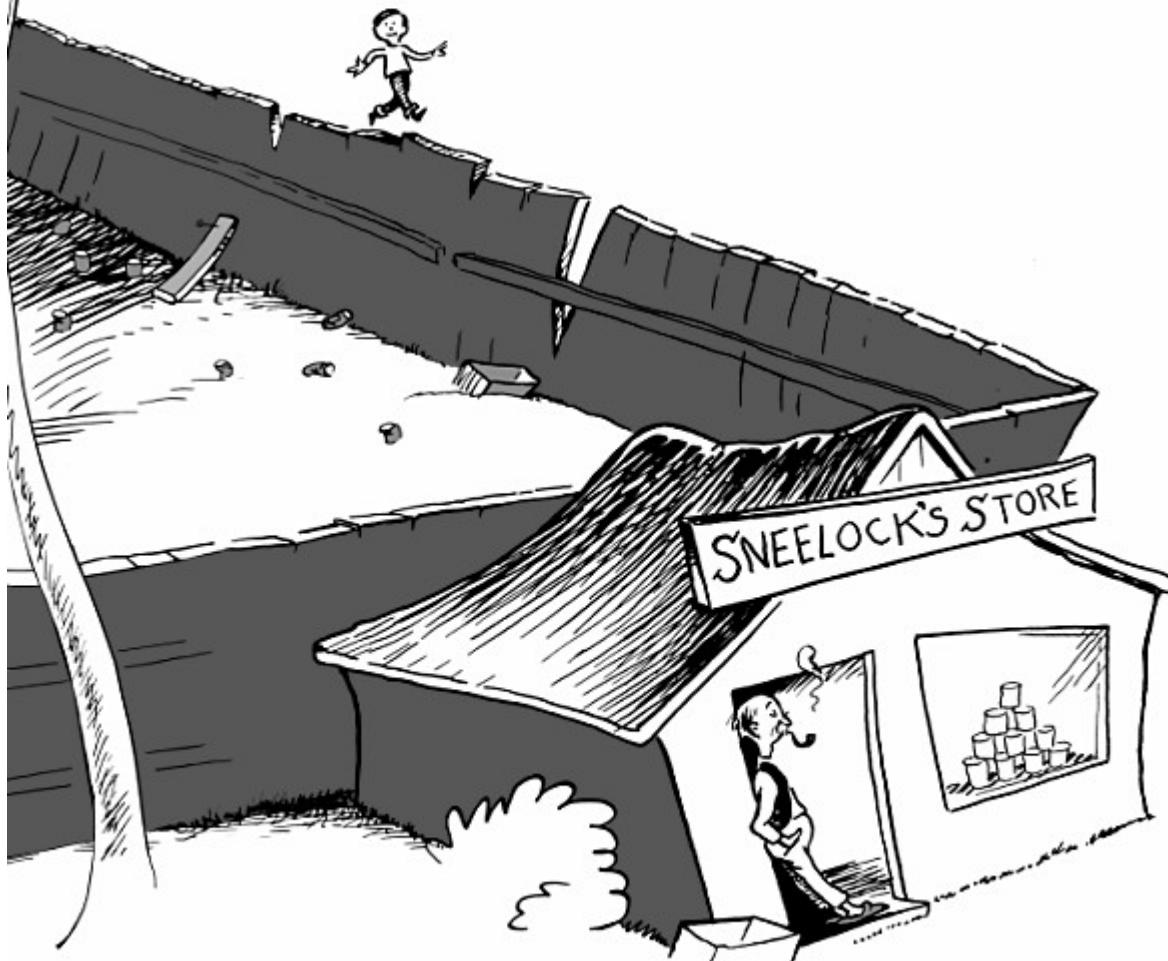
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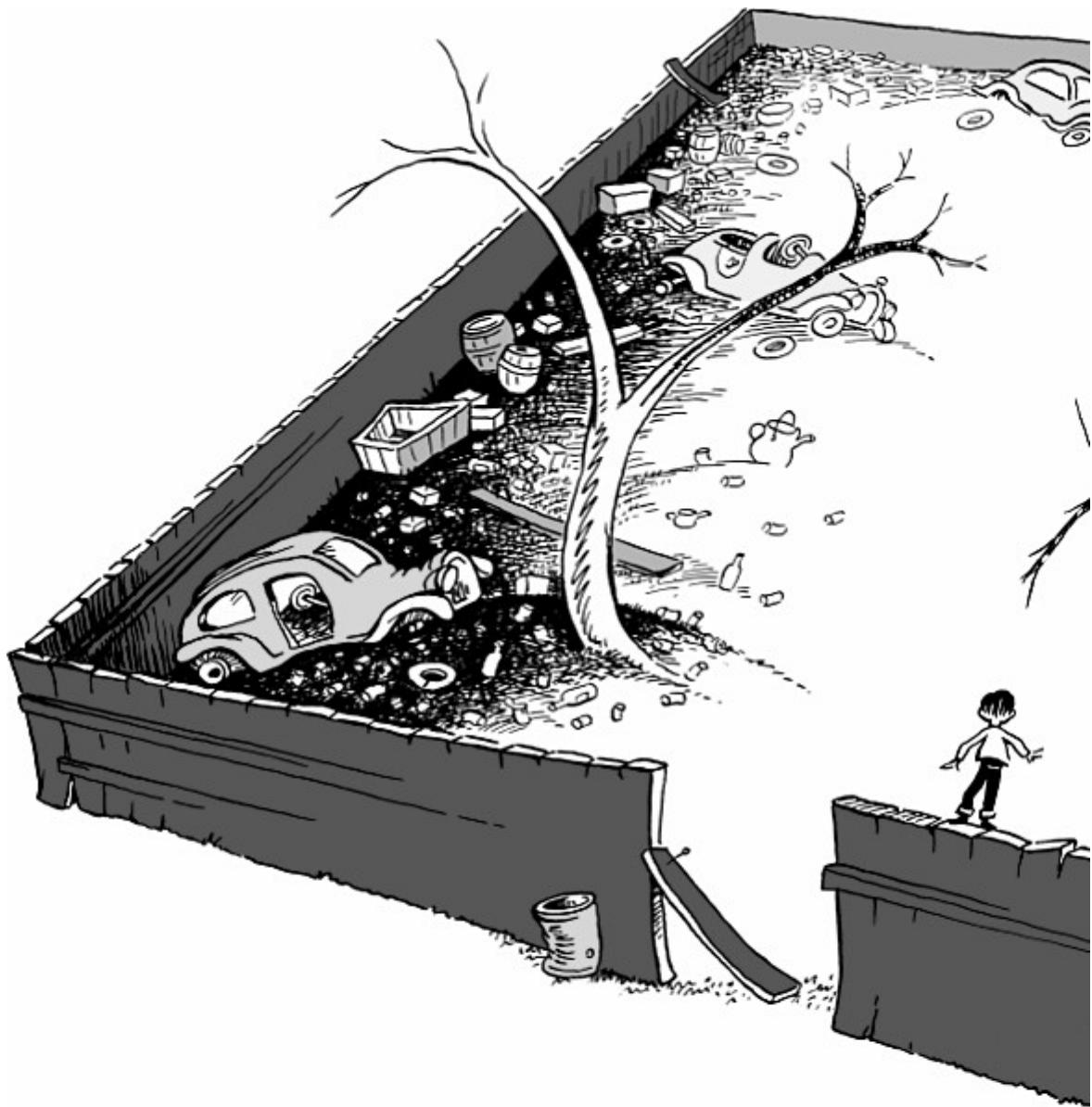
MY  
DAD

BIG TED  
of SPRINGFIELD  
THE FINEST MAN  
I'LL EVER  
KNOW



**I**n all the whole town, the most wonderful spot  
Is behind Sneelock's Store in the big vacant lot.  
It's just the right spot for my wonderful plans,"  
Said young Morris McGurk, "...if I clean up the cans."





"Now a fellow like me," said young Morris McGurk,  
"Could get rid of this junk with a half hour's work.  
I could yank up those weeds. And chop down the dead tree.  
And haul off those old cars. There are just two or three.  
And *then* the whole place would be ready, you see . . ."



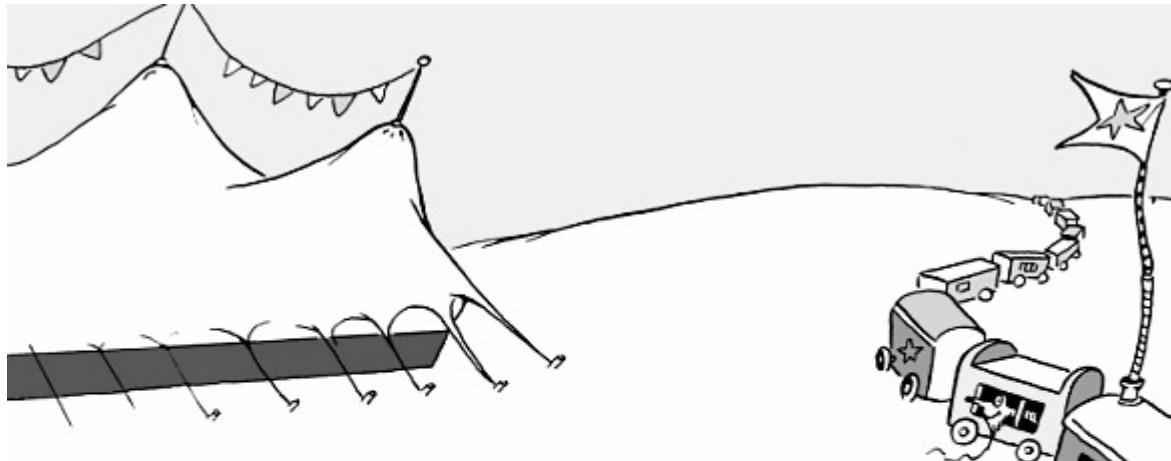


All ready to put up the tents for my circus.  
I think I will call it the Circus McGurkus.



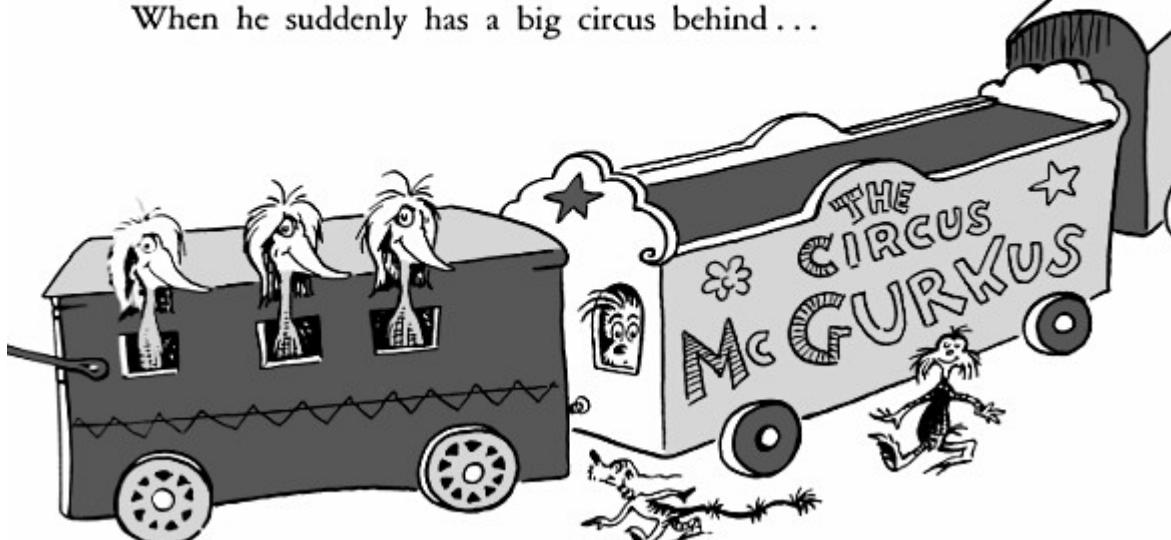
The Circus McGurkus! The World's Greatest Show  
On the face of the earth, or wherever you go!

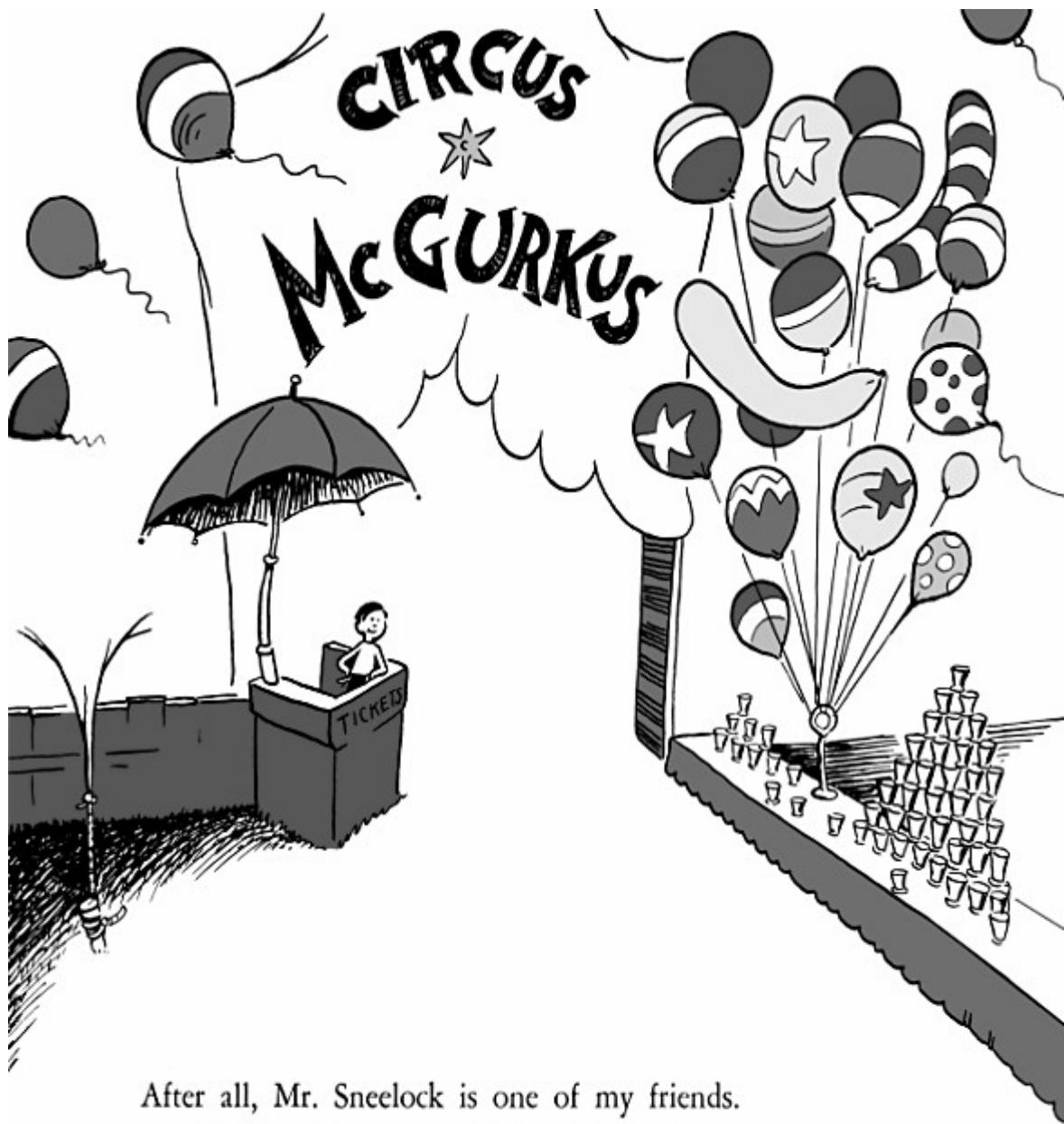




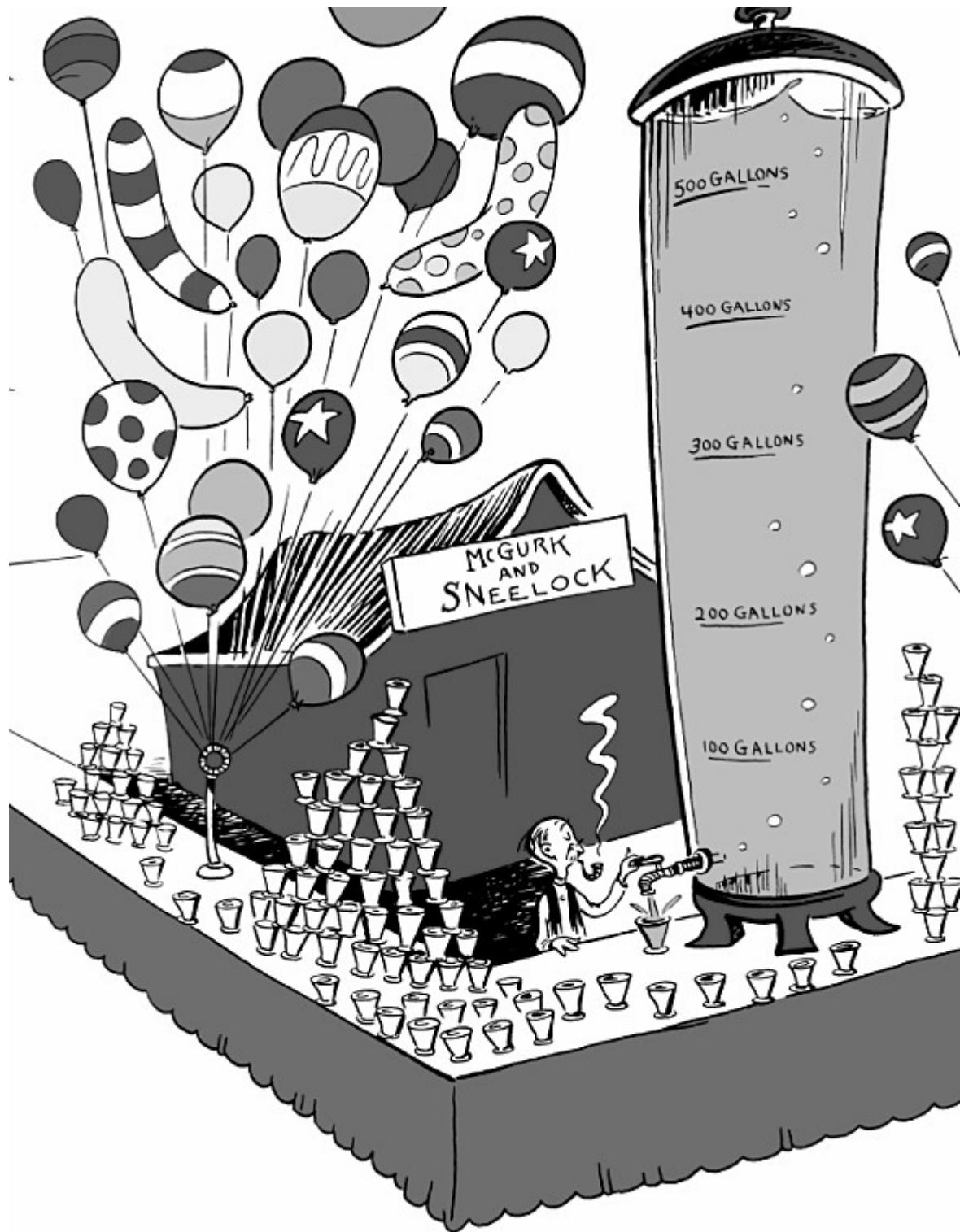
The Circus McGurkus! The cream of the cream!  
The Circus McGurkus! The Circus Supreme!  
The Circus McGurkus! Colossal! Stupendous!  
Astounding! Fantastic! Terrific! Tremendous!  
I'll bring in my acrobats, jugglers and clowns  
From a thousand and thirty-three faraway towns  
To the place that you'll see 'em in, ladies and gents,  
Right behind Sneelock's Store, in the Great McGurk tents!

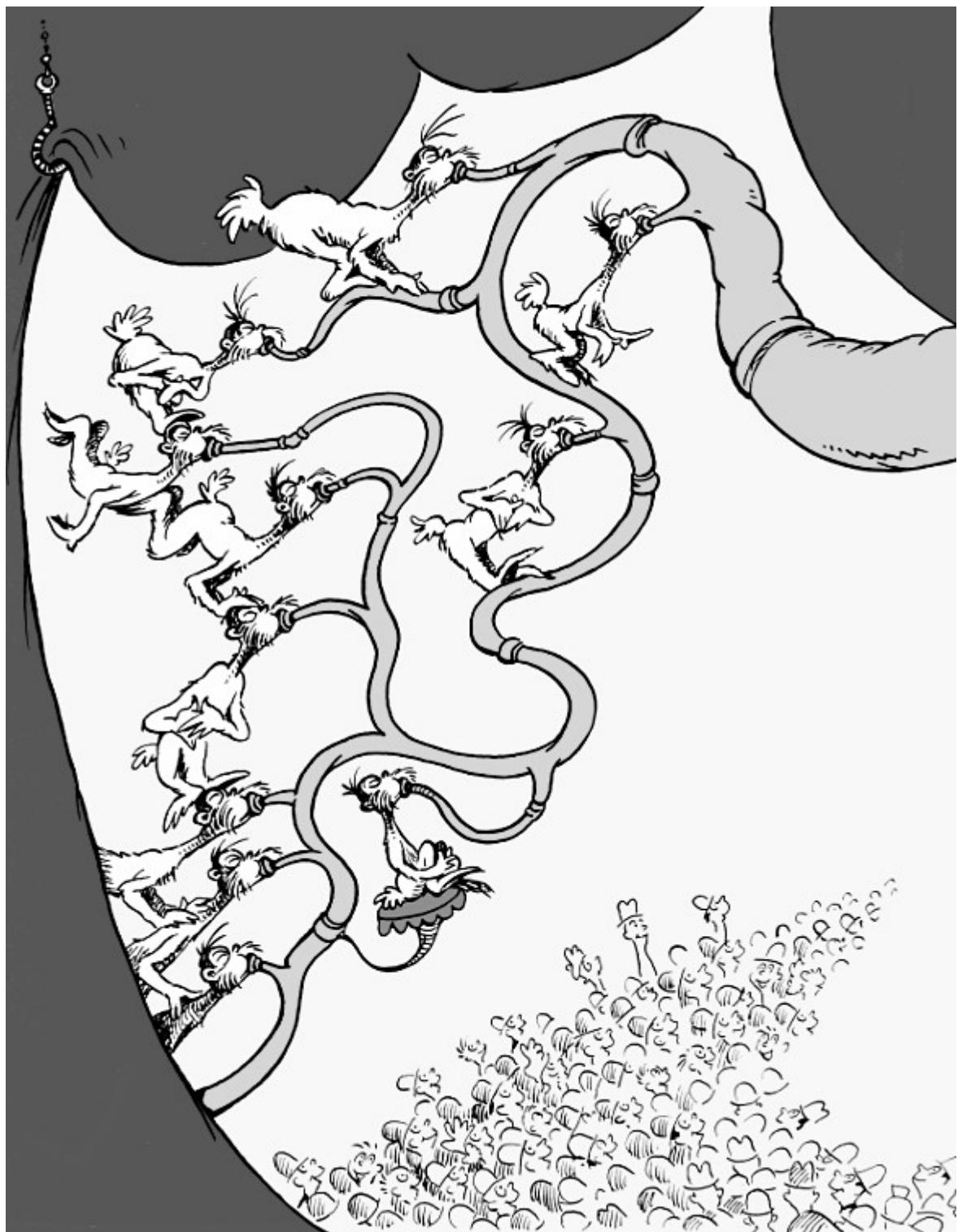
And I don't suppose old Mr. Sneelock will mind  
When he suddenly has a big circus behind . . .

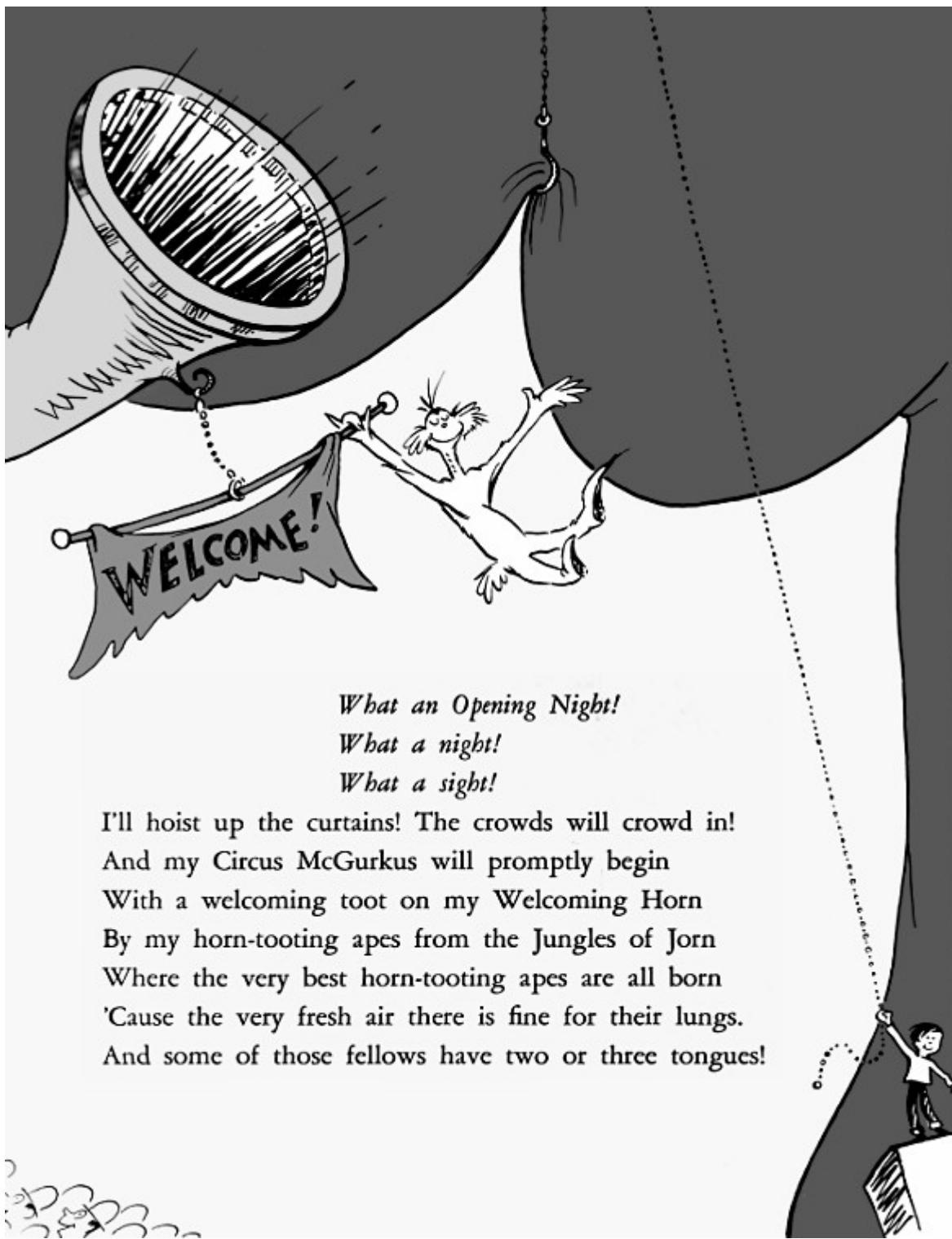


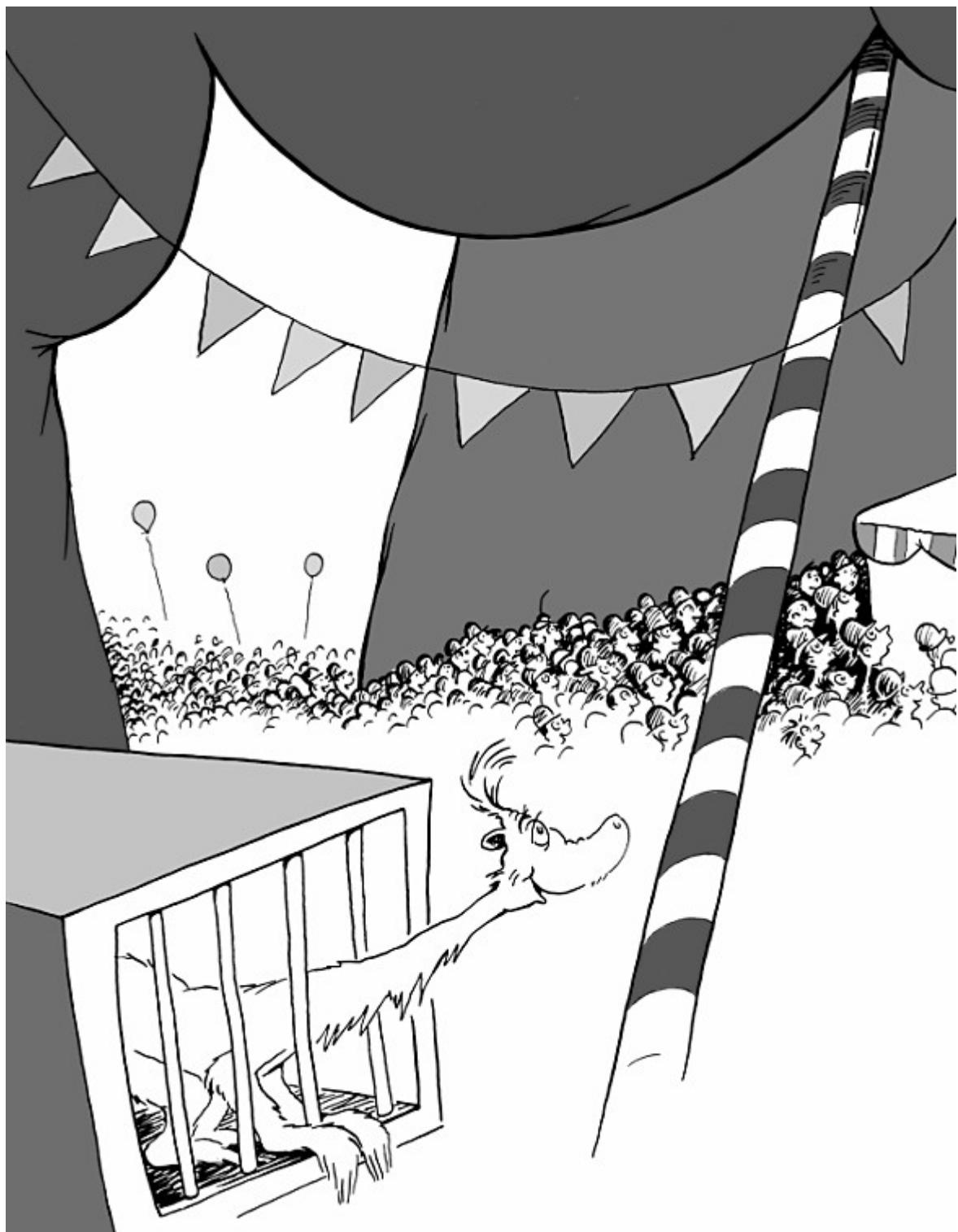


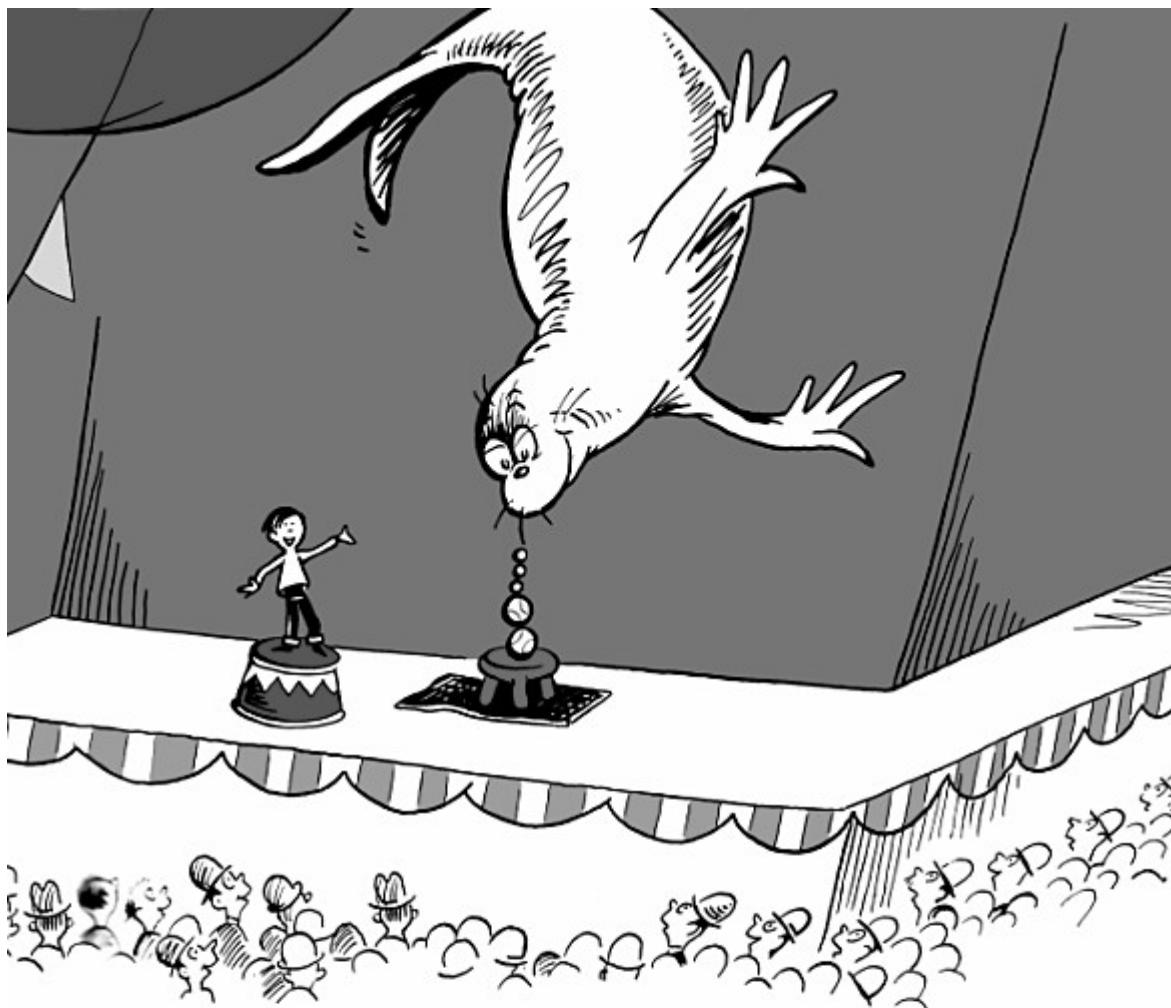
After all, Mr. Sneelock is one of my friends.  
He might even help out doing small odds and ends.  
Doing little odd jobs, he could be of some aid . . .  
Such as selling balloons and the pink lemonade.  
I think five hundred gallons will be about right.  
And THEN, I'll be ready for Opening Night!



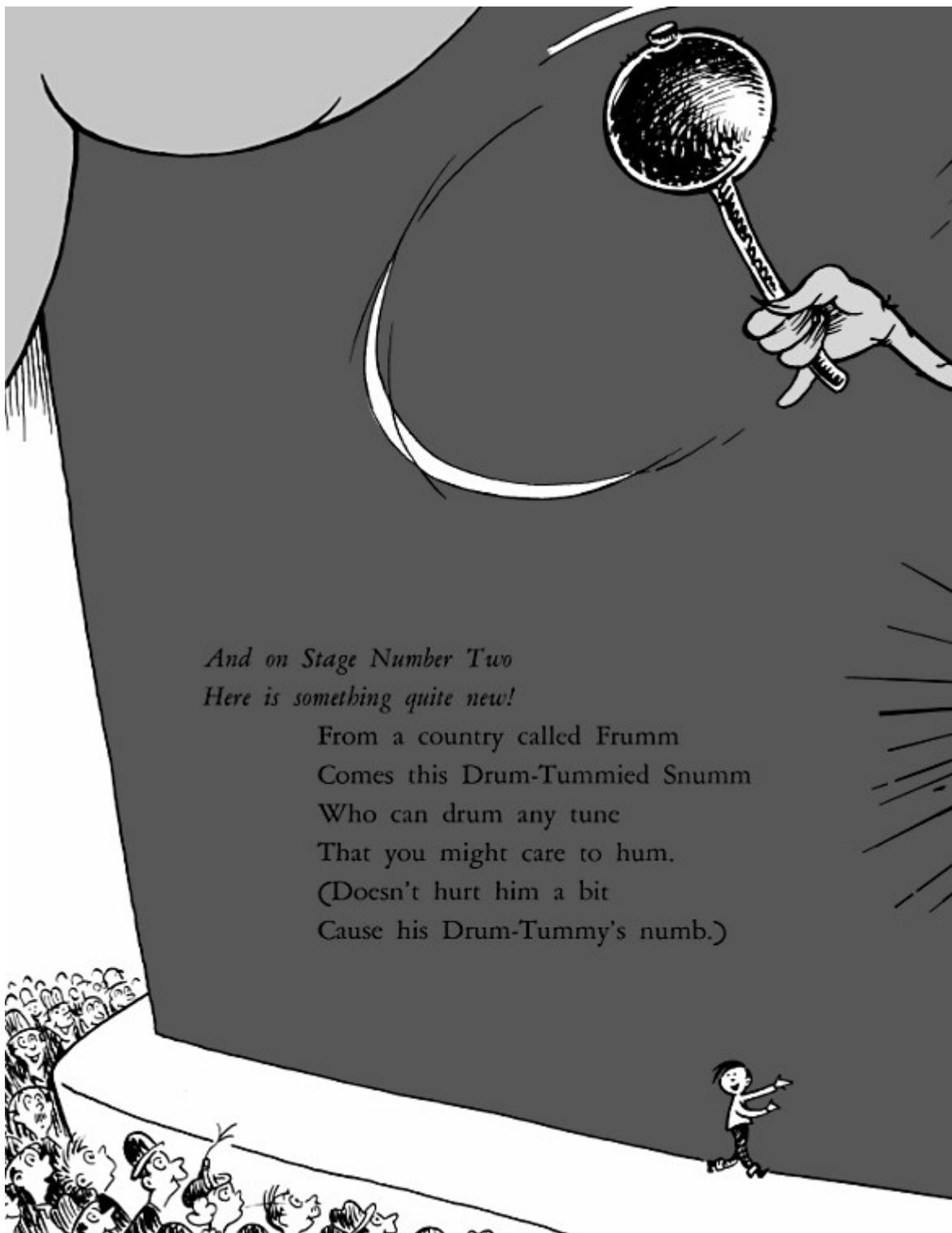






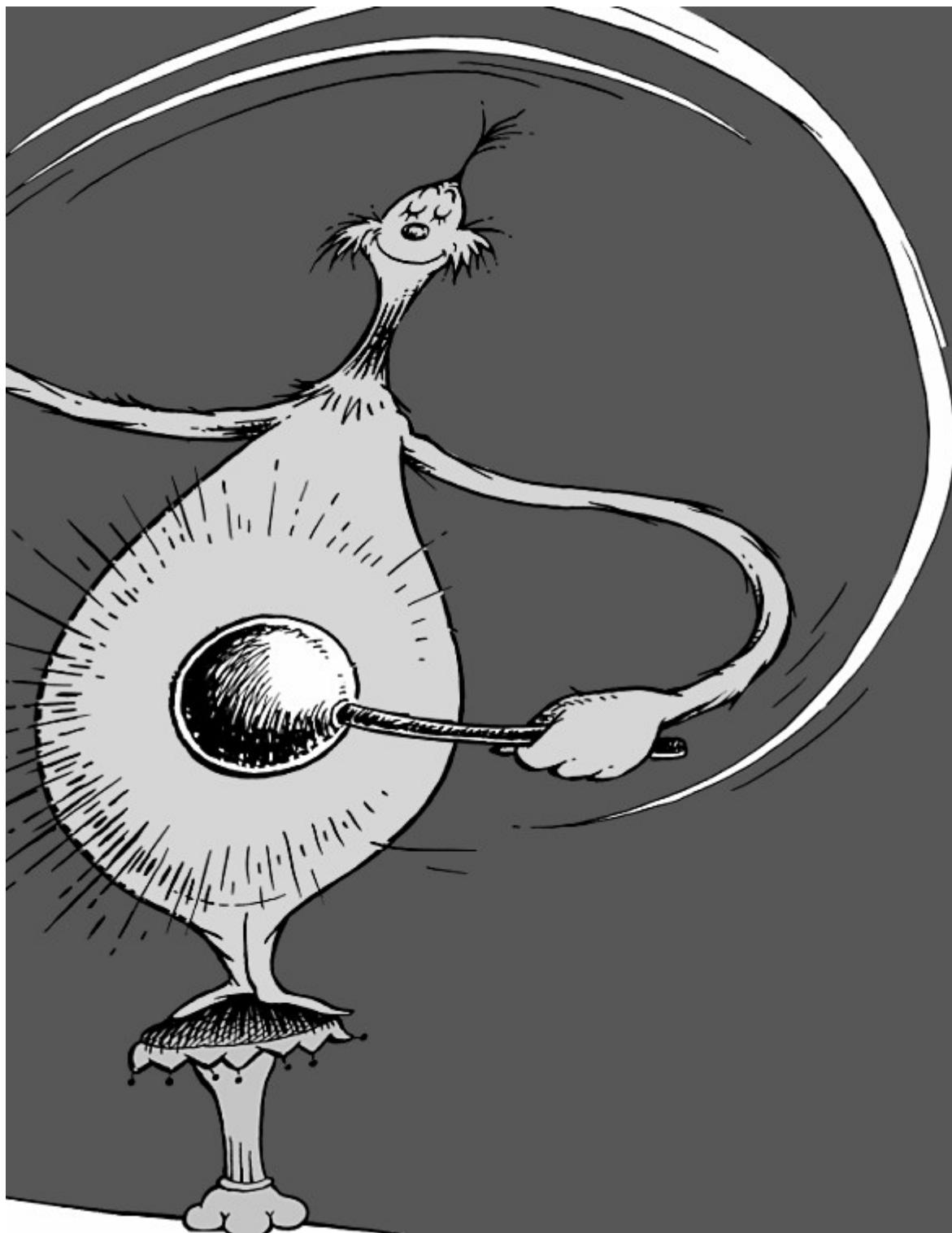


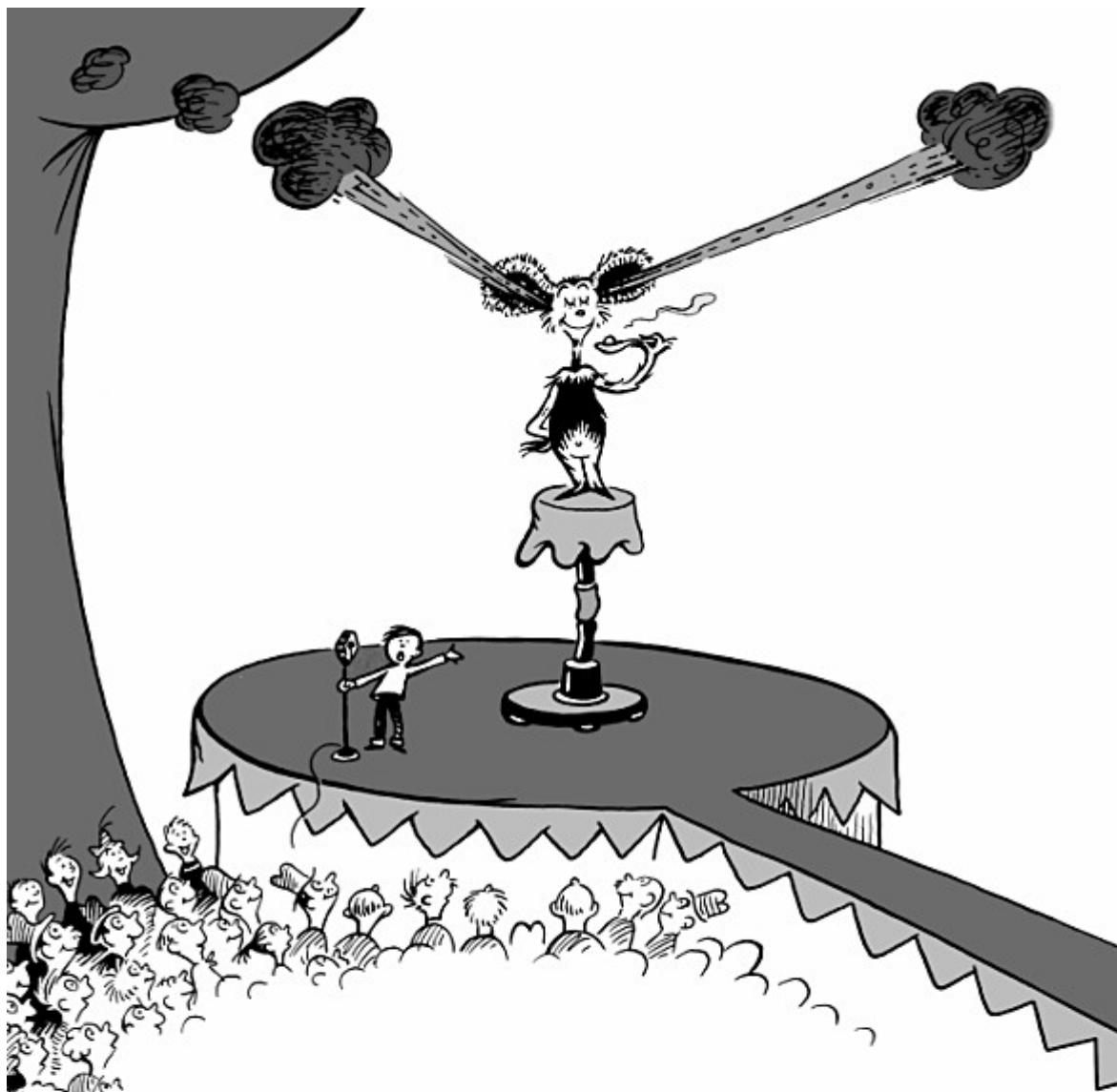
This way! Step right in! This way, ladies and gents!  
My Side Show starts here in the first of my tents.  
When you see what goes on, you'll say no other circus is  
Half the great circus the Circus McGurkus is.  
*Here on Stage One, from the Ocean of Olf*  
Is a sight most amazing—a walrus named Rolf  
Who can stand on *one whisker*, this wonderful Rolf,  
On the top of five balls! Two for tennis, three golf.  
It's a marvelous trick, if I say so mysolf.



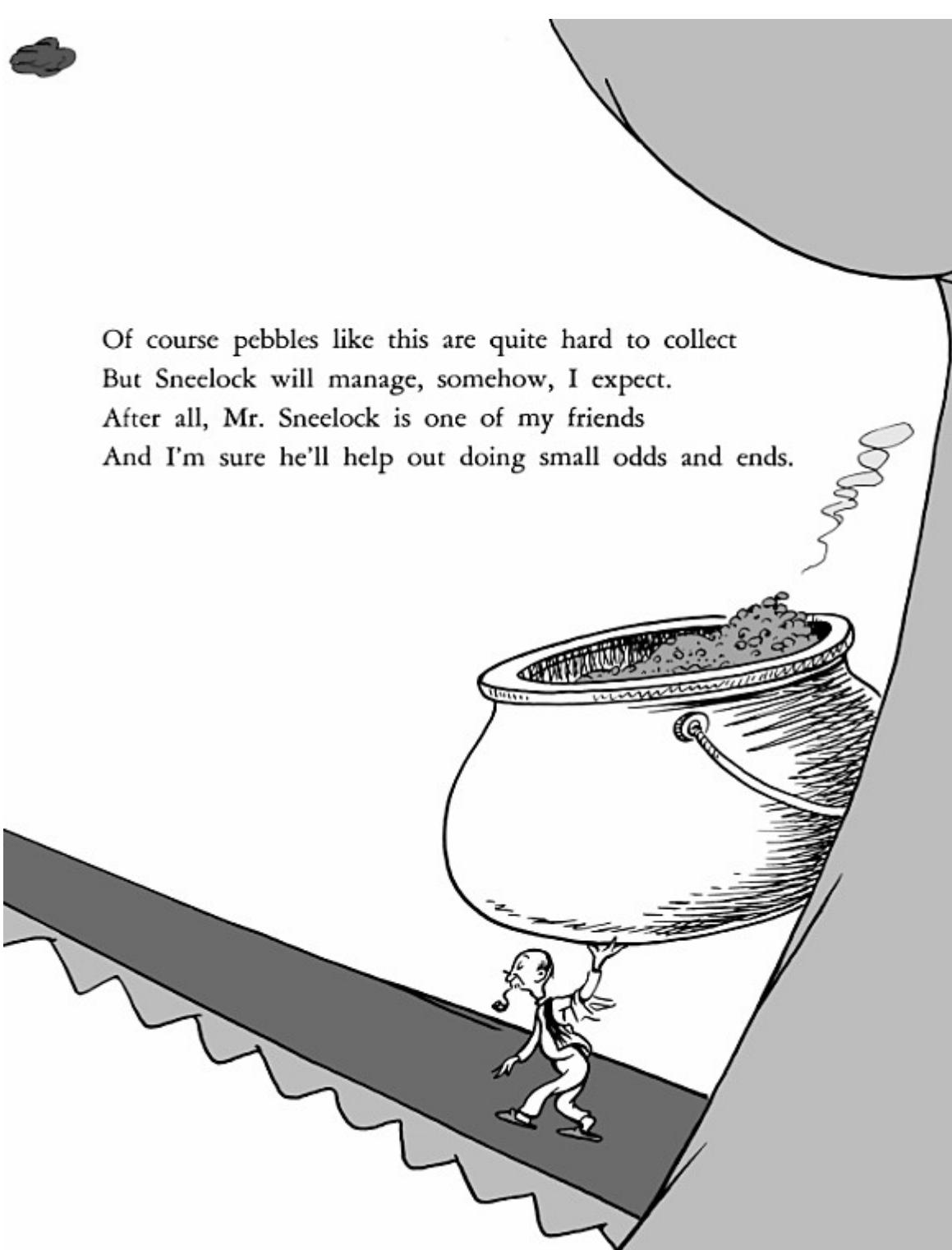
*And on Stage Number Two  
Here is something quite new!*

From a country called Frumm  
Comes this Drum-Tummied Snumm  
Who can drum any tune  
That you might care to hum.  
(Doesn't hurt him a bit  
Cause his Drum-Tummy's numb.)



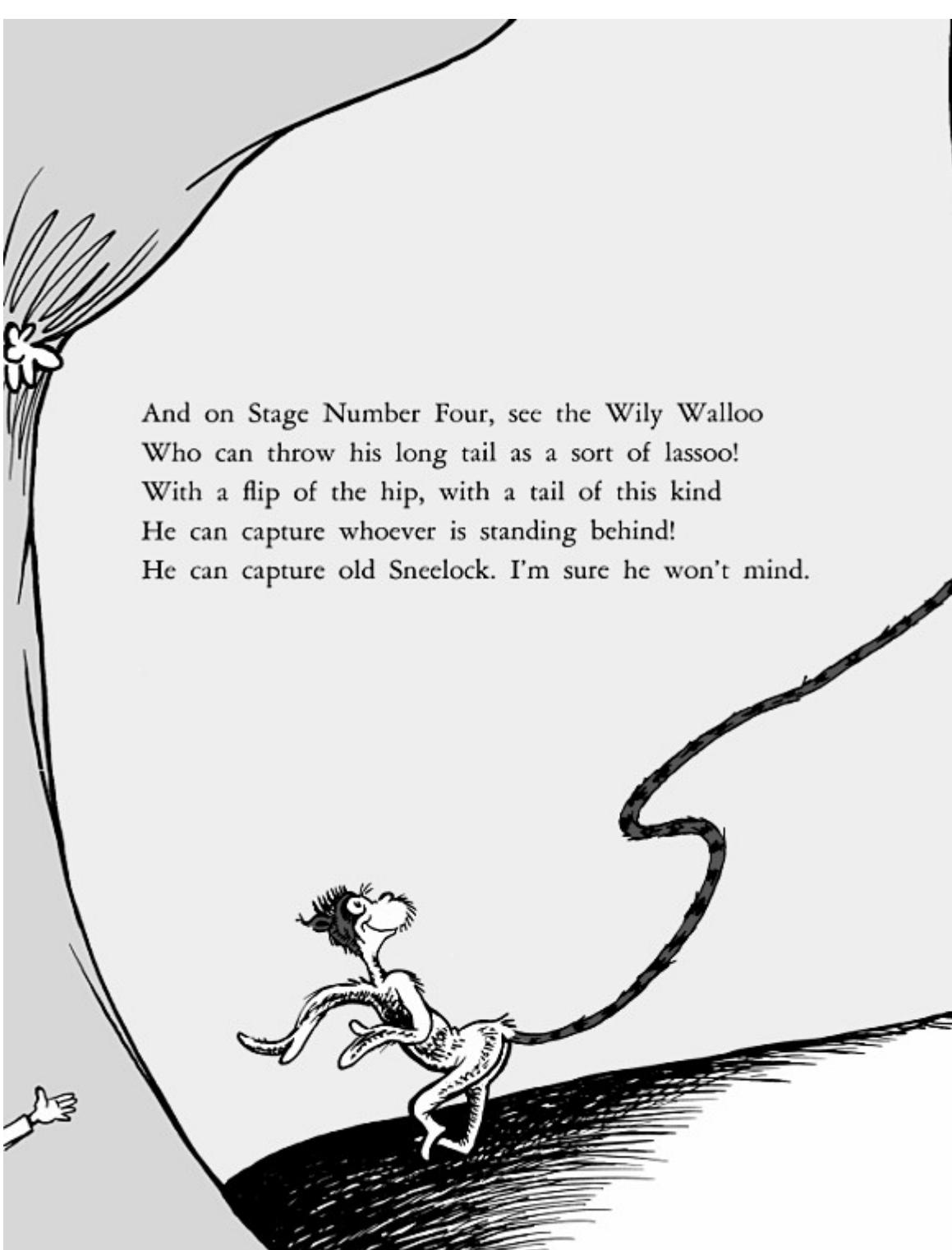


And you'll now meet the Foon! The Remarkable Foon  
Who eats sizzling hot pebbles that fall off the moon!  
And the reason he likes them red hot, it appears,  
Is he greatly enjoys blowing smoke from his ears.

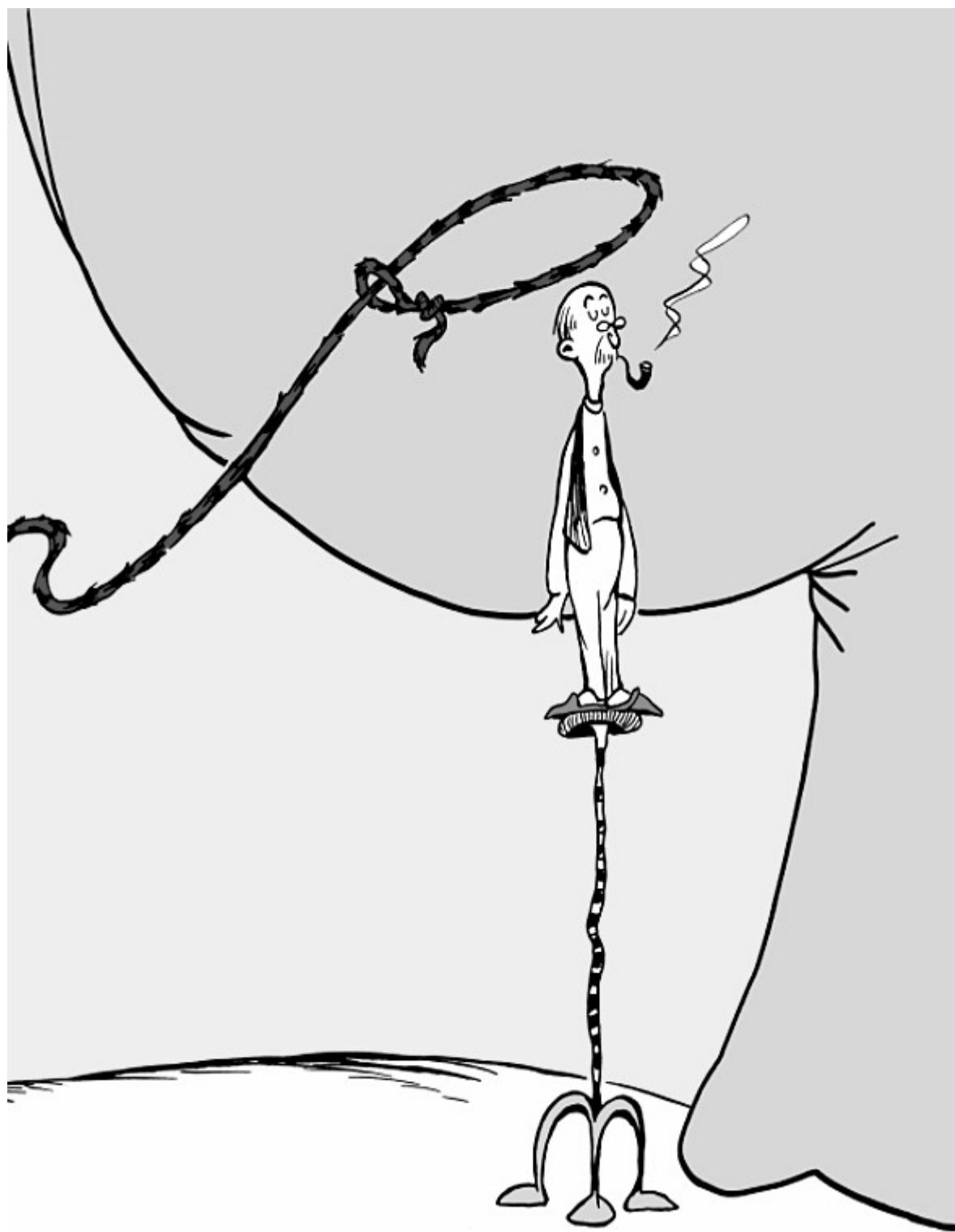


Of course pebbles like this are quite hard to collect  
But Sneelock will manage, somehow, I expect.  
After all, Mr. Sneelock is one of my friends  
And I'm sure he'll help out doing small odds and ends.





And on Stage Number Four, see the Wily Walloo  
Who can throw his long tail as a sort of lassoo!  
With a flip of the hip, with a tail of this kind  
He can capture whoever is standing behind!  
He can capture old Sneelock. I'm sure he won't mind.

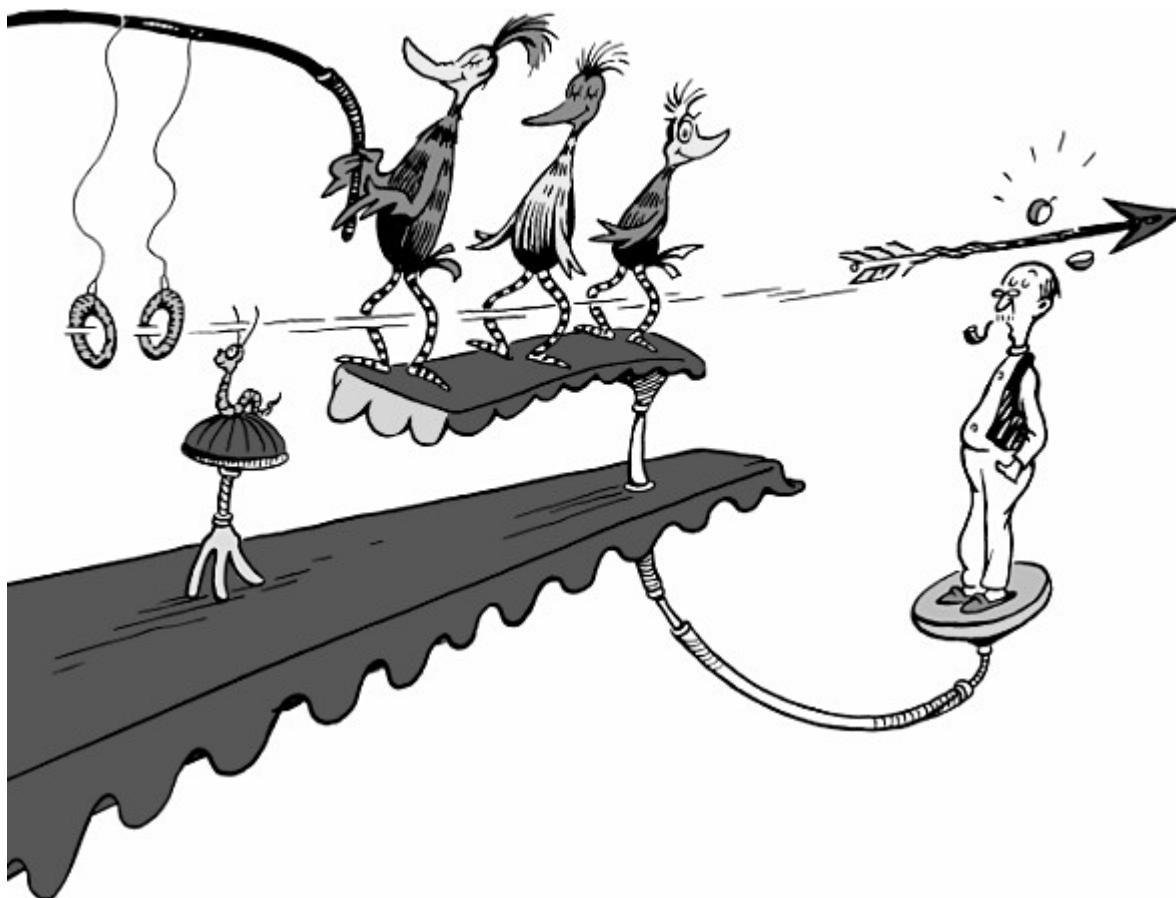


And now here is a Hoodwink  
Who winks in his wink-hood.  
Without a good wink-hood  
A Hoodwink can't wink good.  
And, folks, let me tell you  
There's only *one* circus  
With wink-hooded Hoodwinks!  
The Circus McGurkus!

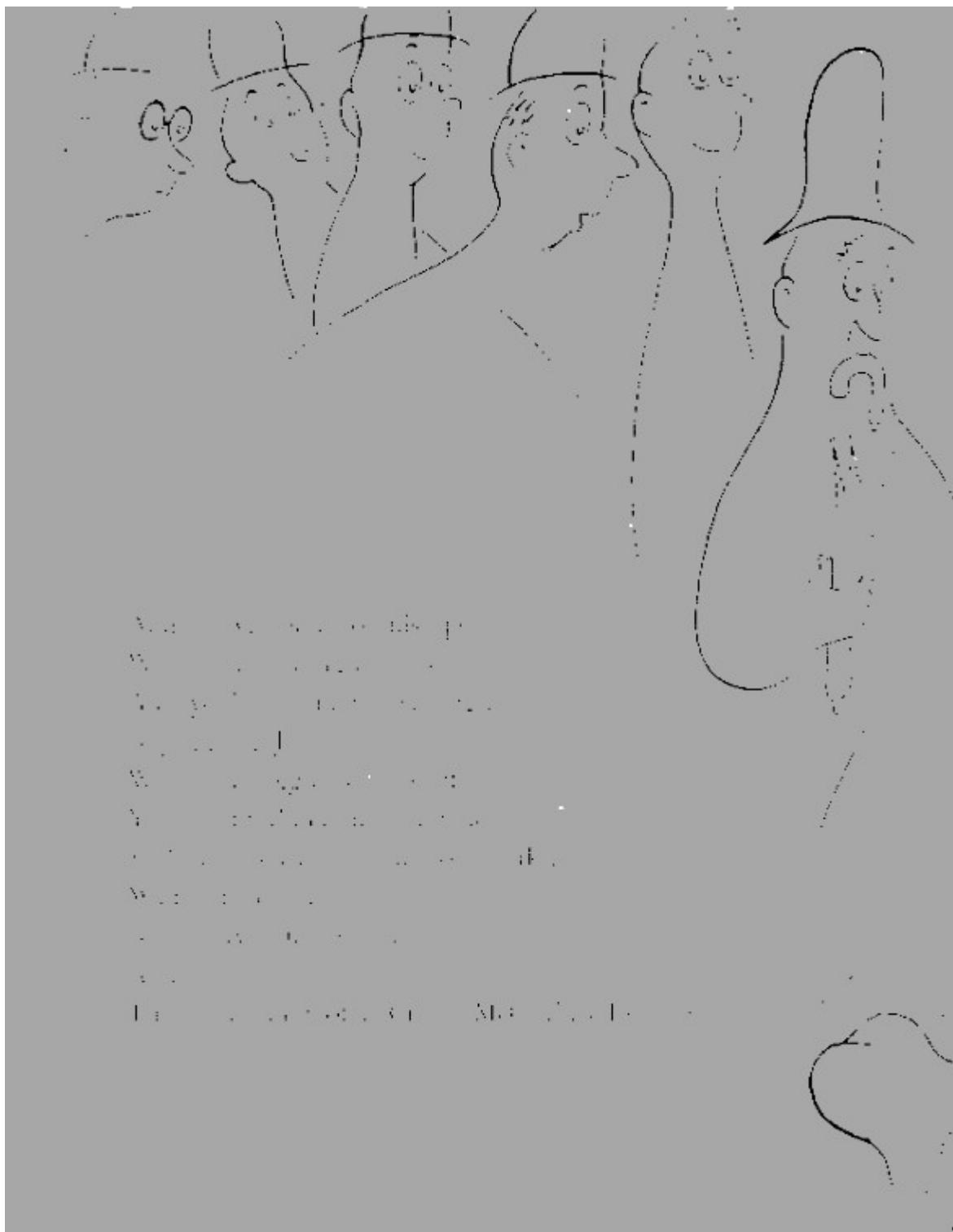


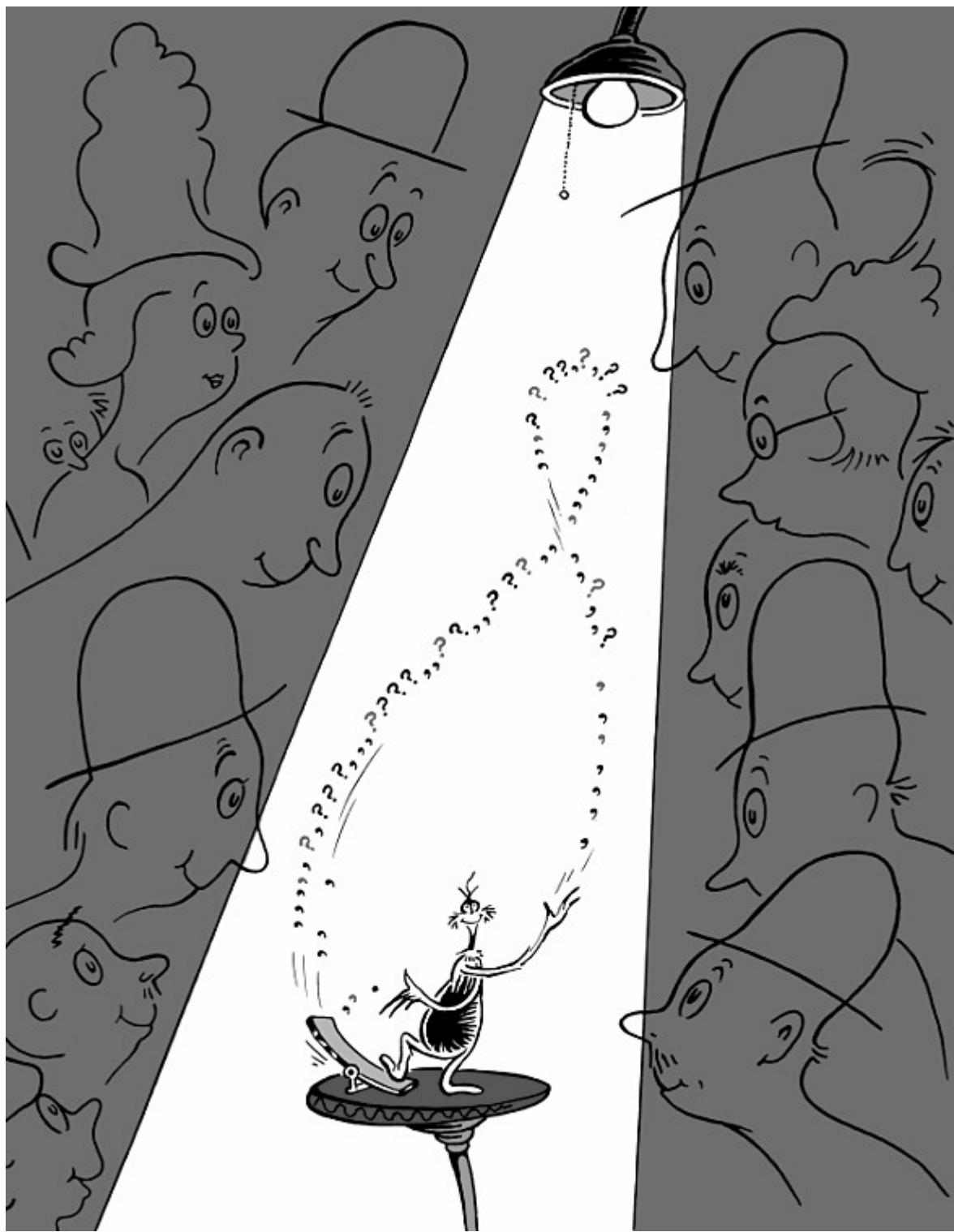


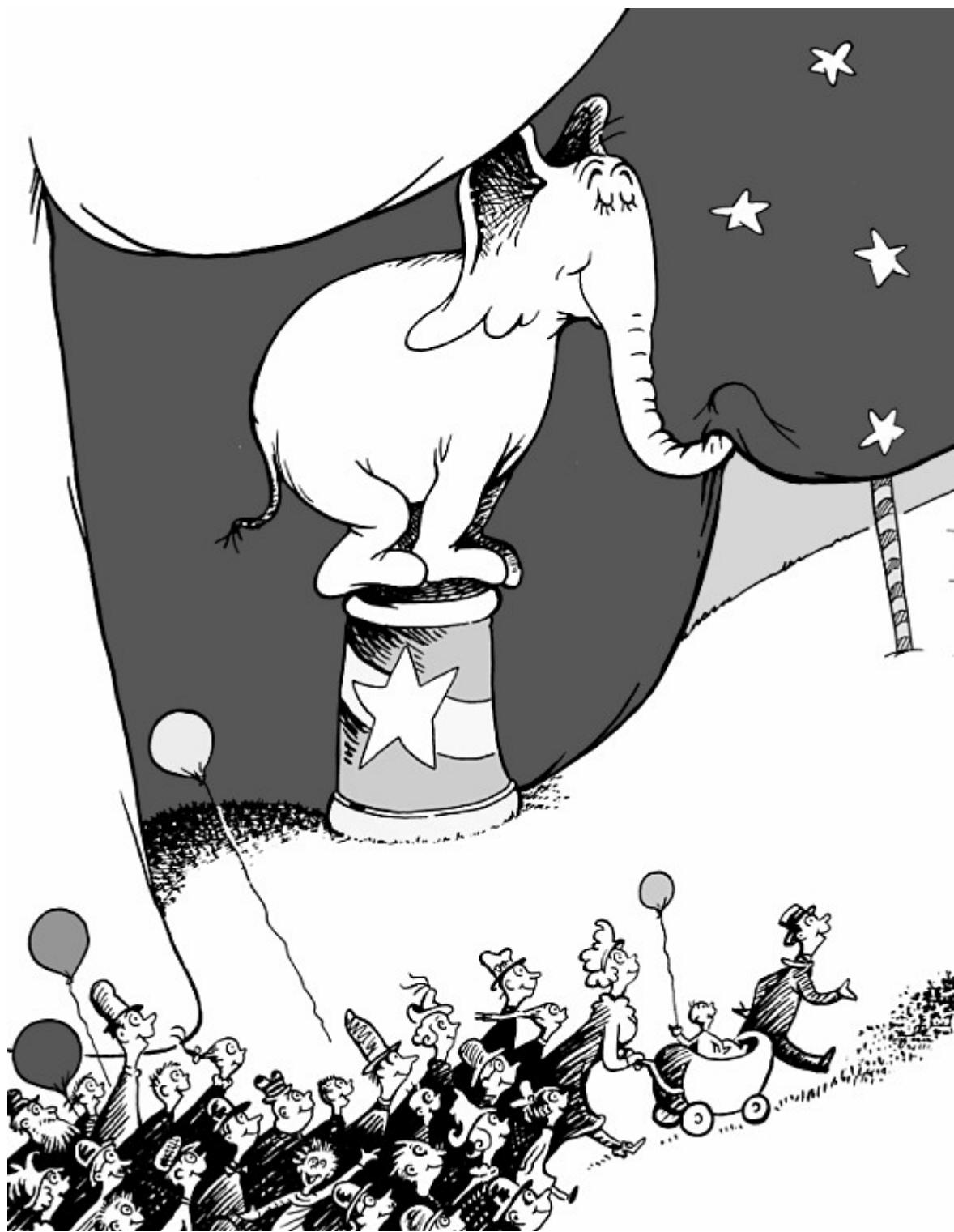


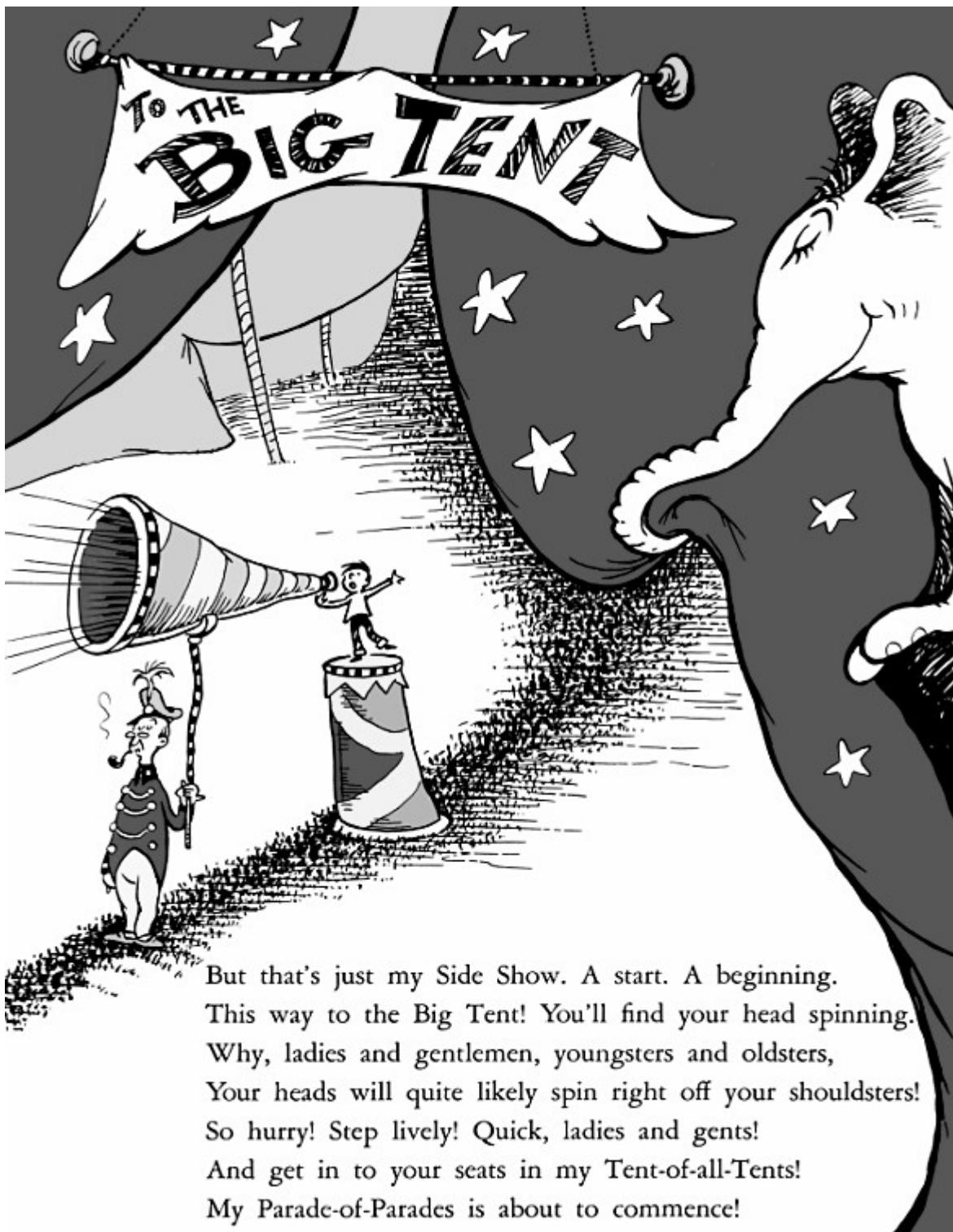


The Show of All Shows!  
There's no other Showman  
Who shows you a show with a Blindfolded Bowman!  
The Blindfolded Bowman from Brigger-ba-Root,  
The world's sharpest sharpshooter. *Look* at him shoot!  
Through the holes in four doughnuts!  
Two hairs on a worm!  
And the knees of three birds  
Without making them squirm!  
And, then, on through a crab apple up on the head  
Of Sneelock, who likes to help out, as I've said.

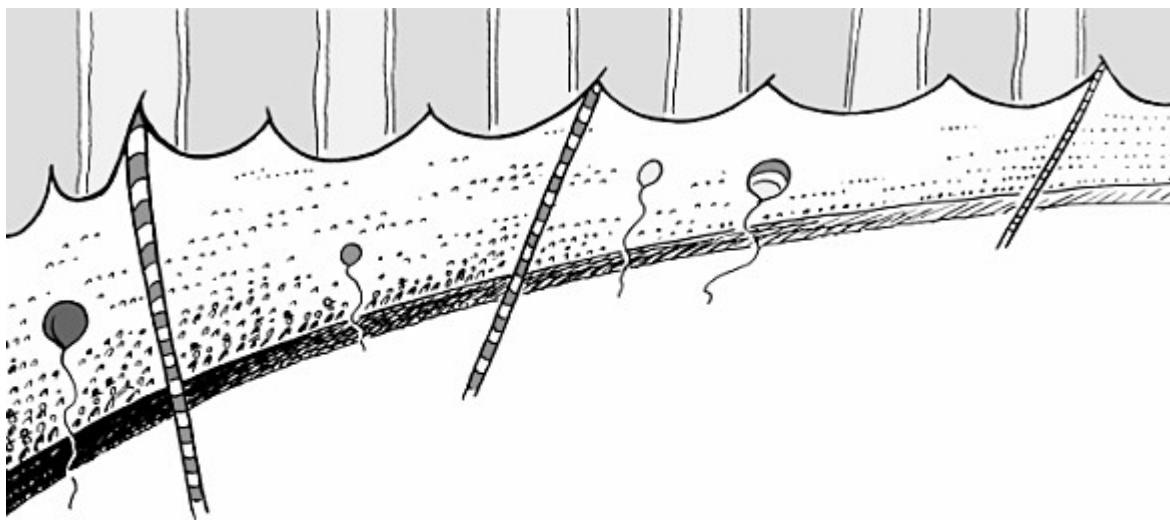




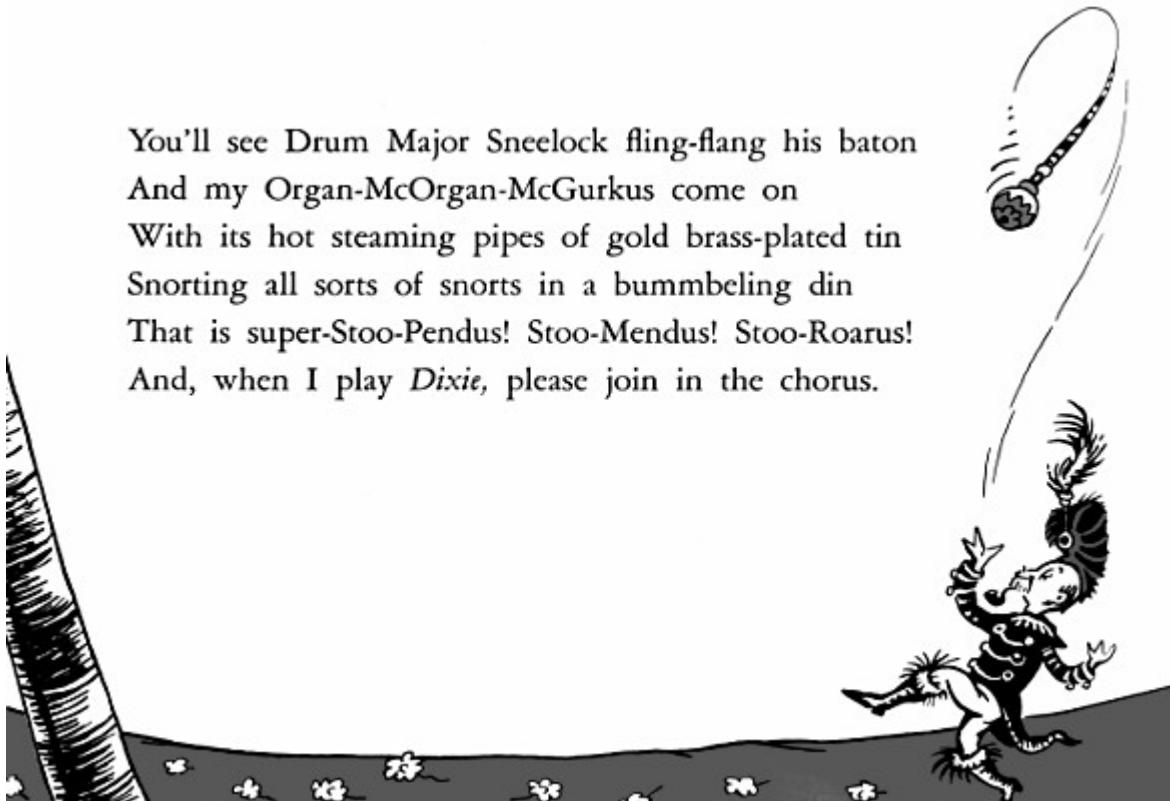




But that's just my Side Show. A start. A beginning.  
This way to the Big Tent! You'll find your head spinning.  
Why, ladies and gentlemen, youngsters and oldsters,  
Your heads will quite likely spin right off your shouldsters!  
So hurry! Step lively! Quick, ladies and gents!  
And get in to your seats in my Tent-of-all-Tents!  
My Parade-of-Parades is about to commence!



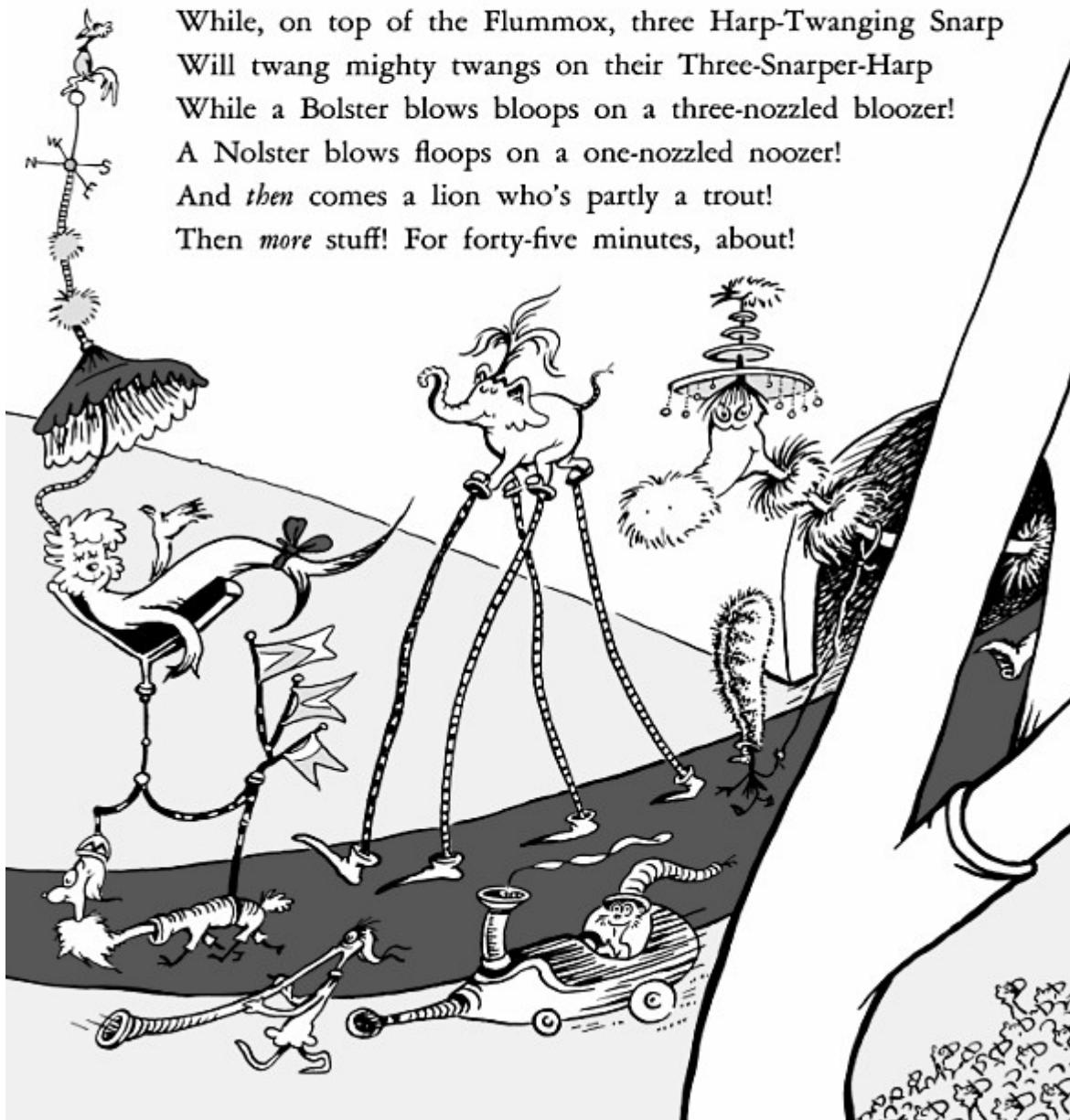
You'll see Drum Major Sneelock fling-flang his baton  
And my Organ-McOrgan-McGurkus come on  
With its hot steaming pipes of gold brass-plated tin  
Snorting all sorts of snorts in a bummbeling din  
That is super-Stoo-Pendus! Stoo-Mendus! Stoo-Roarus!  
And, when I play *Dixie*, please join in the chorus.

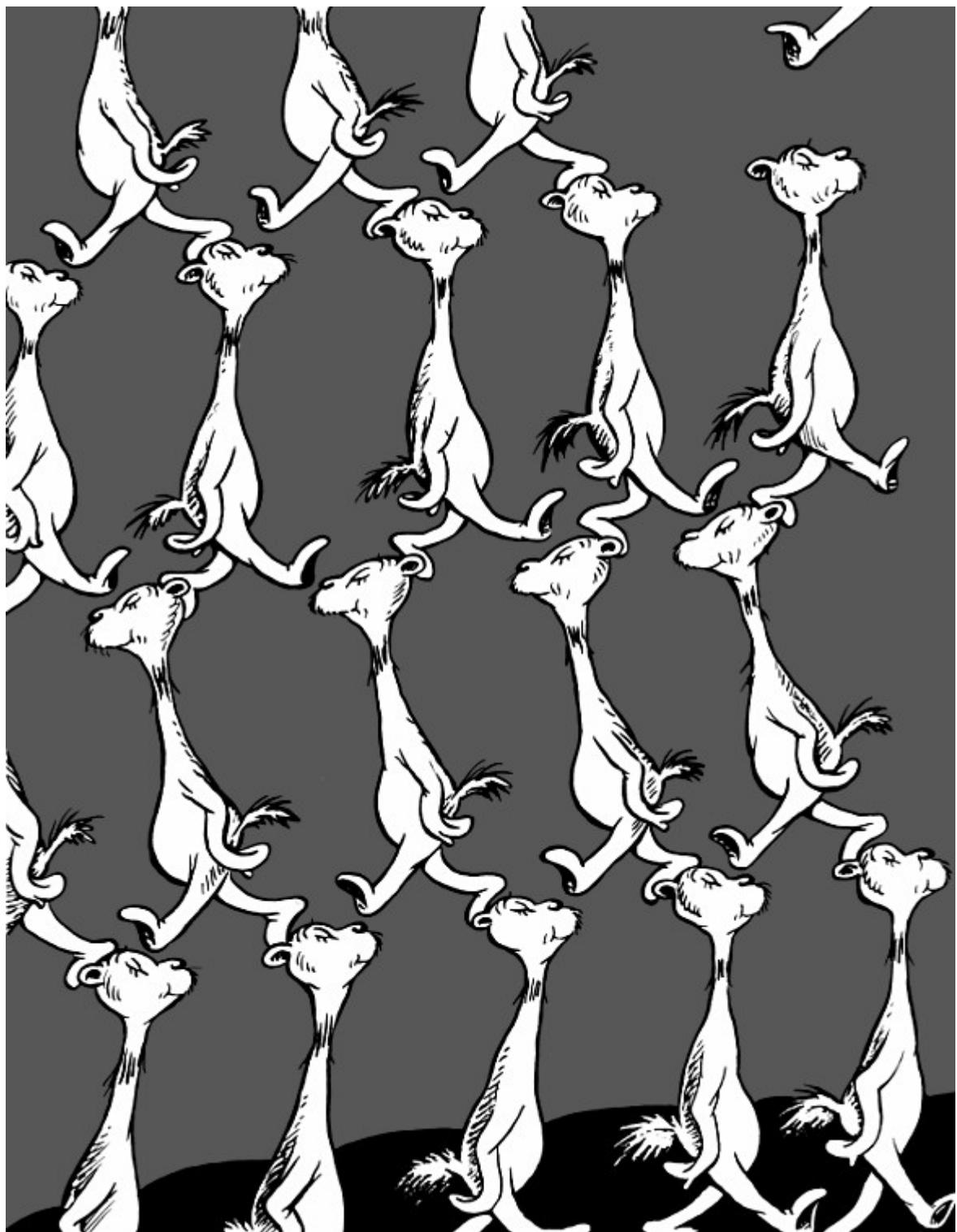




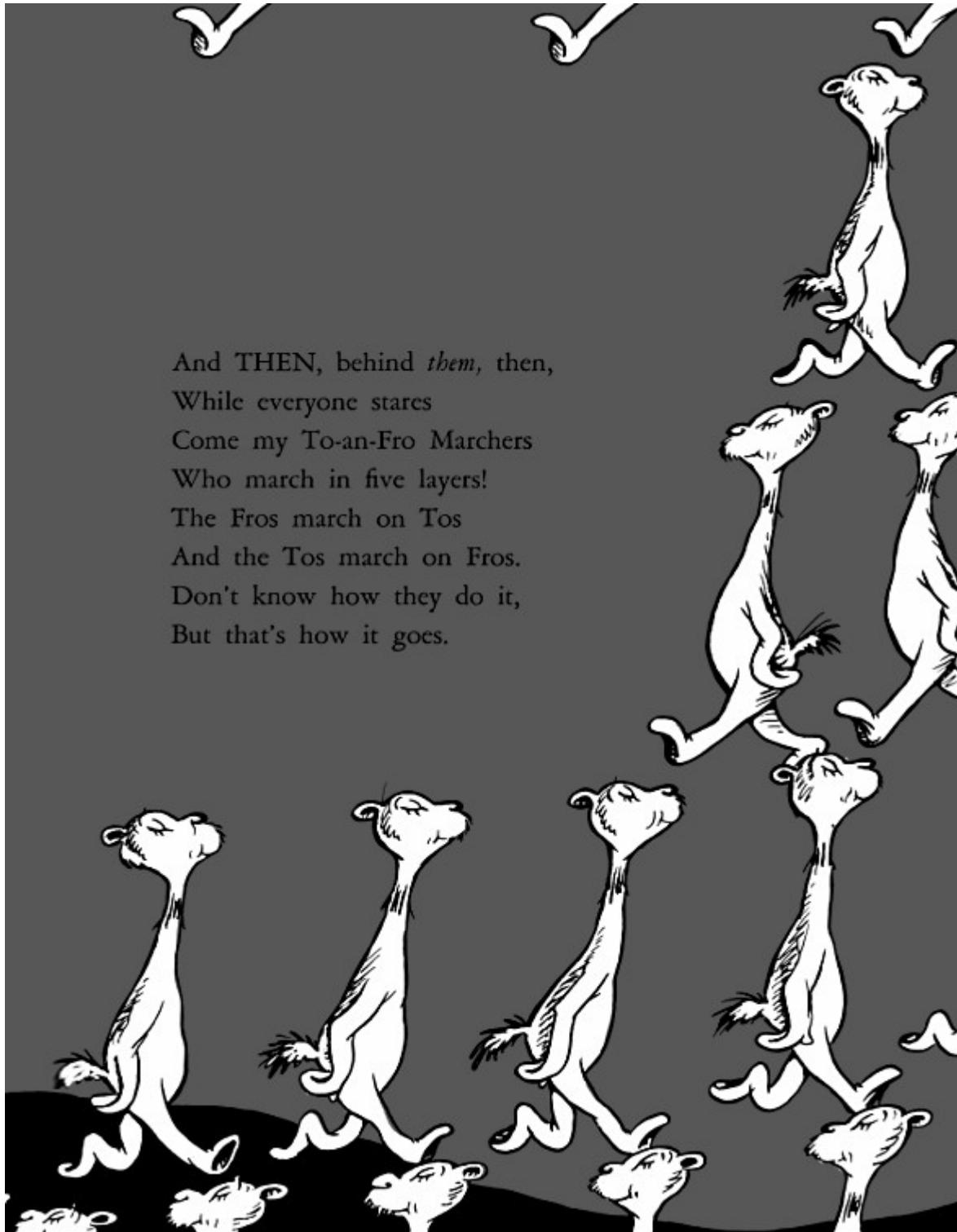


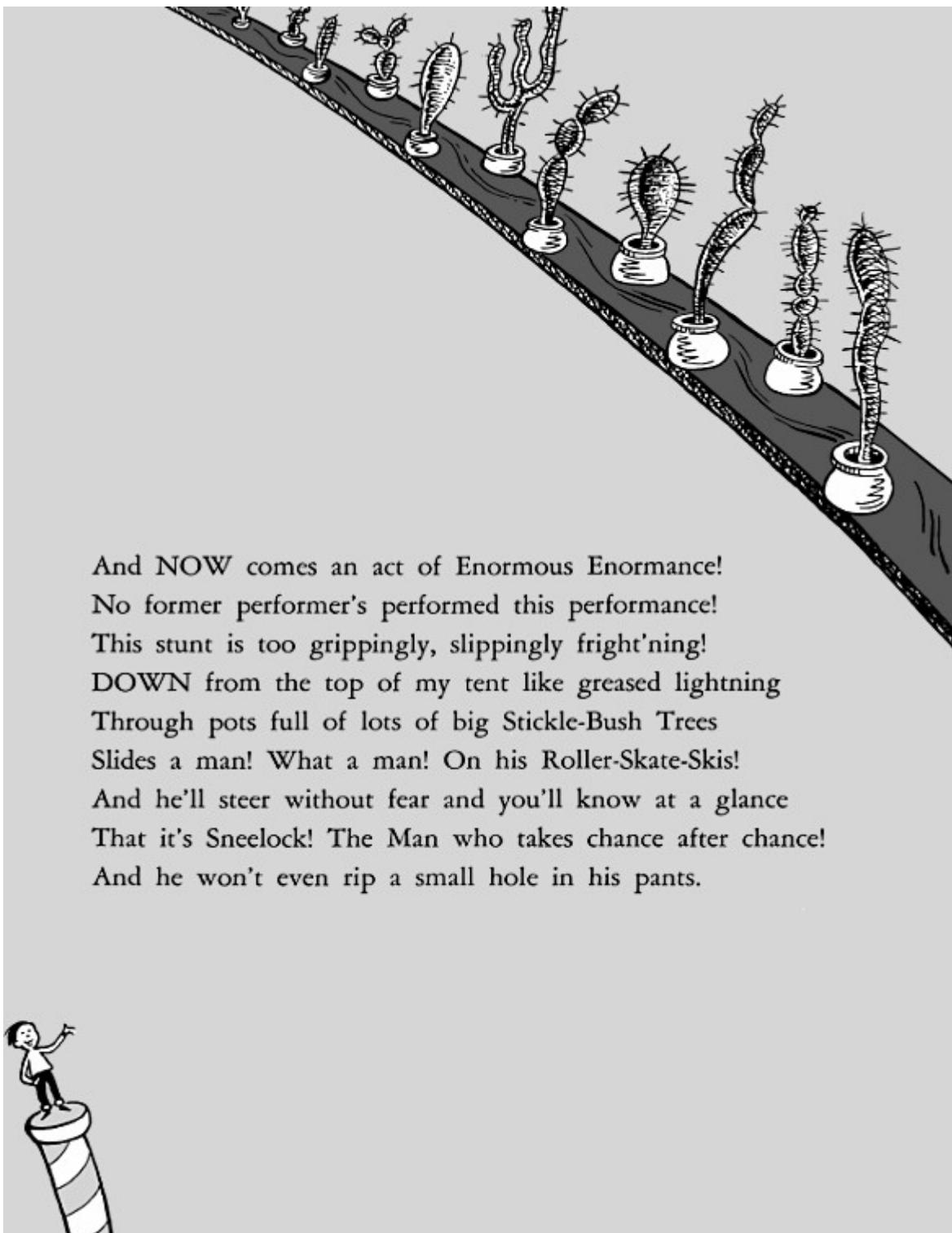
Then a fluff-muffled Truffle will ride on a Huffle  
And, next in the line, a fine Flummox will shuffle.  
The Flummox will carry a Lurch in a pail  
And a Fibbel will carry the Flummox's tail  
While, on top of the Flummox, three Harp-Twanging Snarp  
Will twang mighty twangs on their Three-Snarper-Harp  
While a Bolster blows boops on a three-nozzled bloozer!  
A Nolster blows floops on a one-nozzled noozer!  
And *then* comes a lion who's partly a trout!  
Then *more* stuff! For forty-five minutes, about!



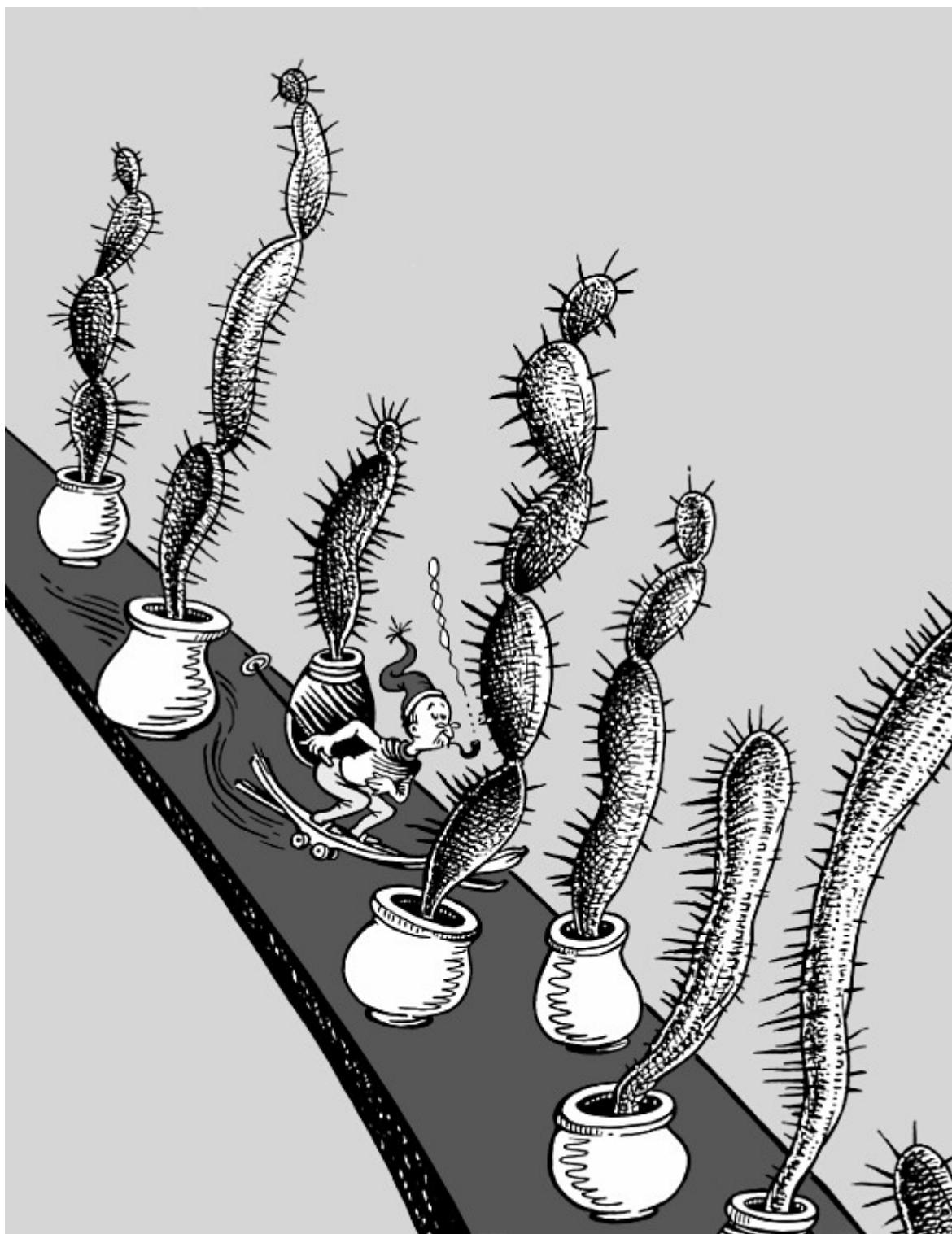


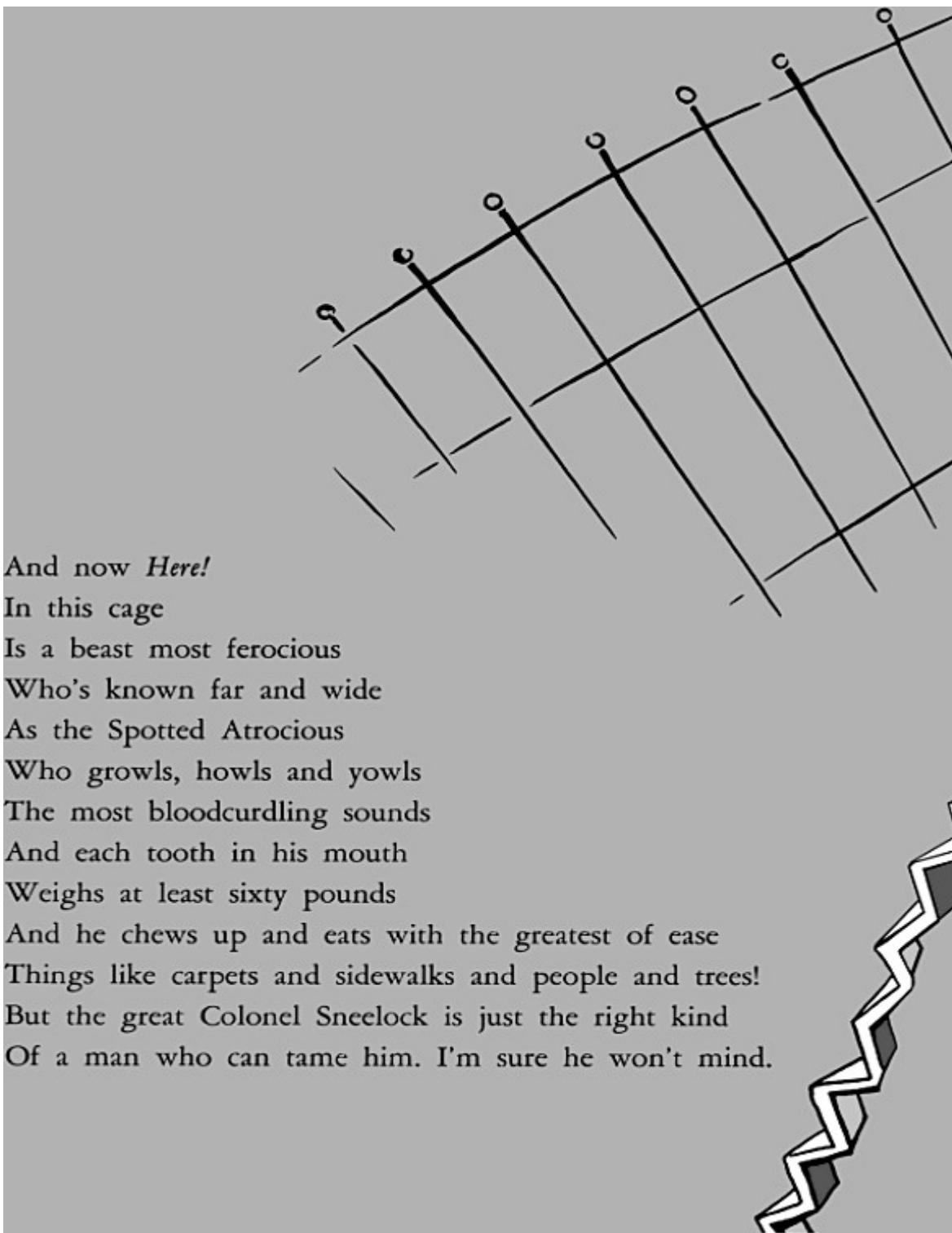
And THEN, behind *them*, then,  
While everyone stares  
Come my To-an-Fro Marchers  
Who march in five layers!  
The Fros march on Tos  
And the Tos march on Fros.  
Don't know how they do it,  
But that's how it goes.





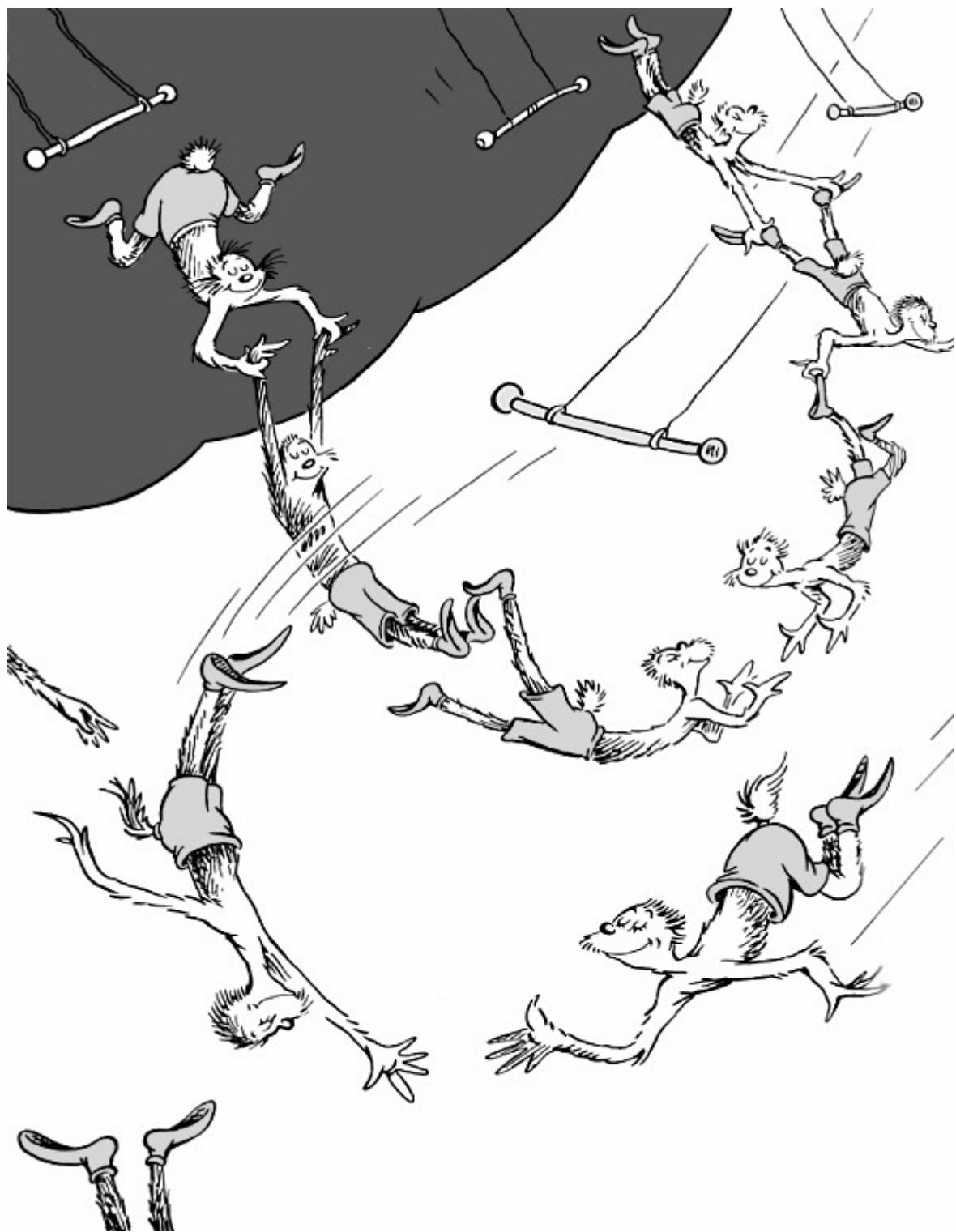
And NOW comes an act of Enormous Enormance!  
No former performer's performed this performance!  
This stunt is too grippingly, slippingly fright'ning!  
DOWN from the top of my tent like greased lightning  
Through pots full of lots of big Stickle-Bush Trees  
Slides a man! What a man! On his Roller-Skate-Skis!  
And he'll steer without fear and you'll know at a glance  
That it's Sneelock! The Man who takes chance after chance!  
And he won't even rip a small hole in his pants.

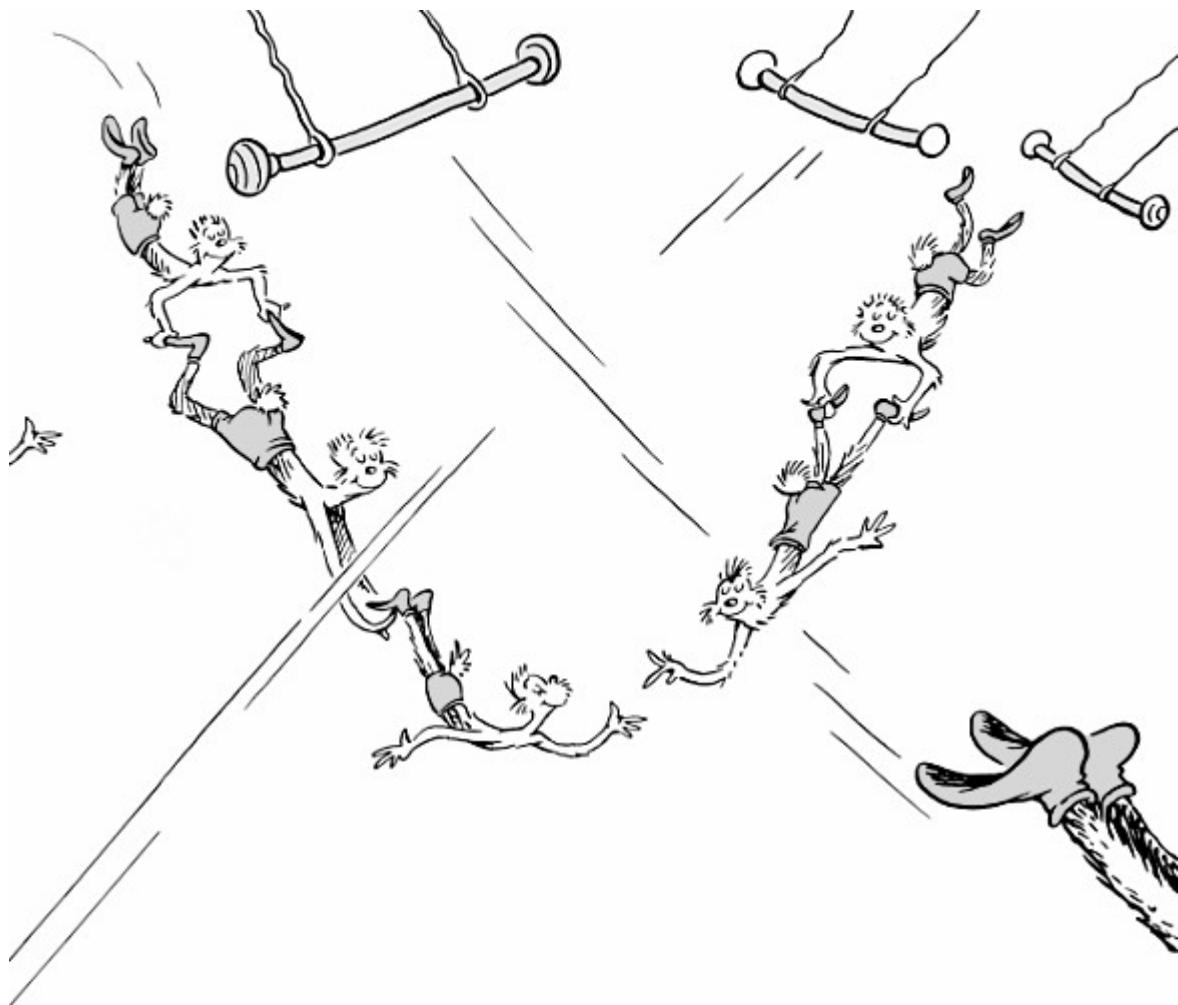




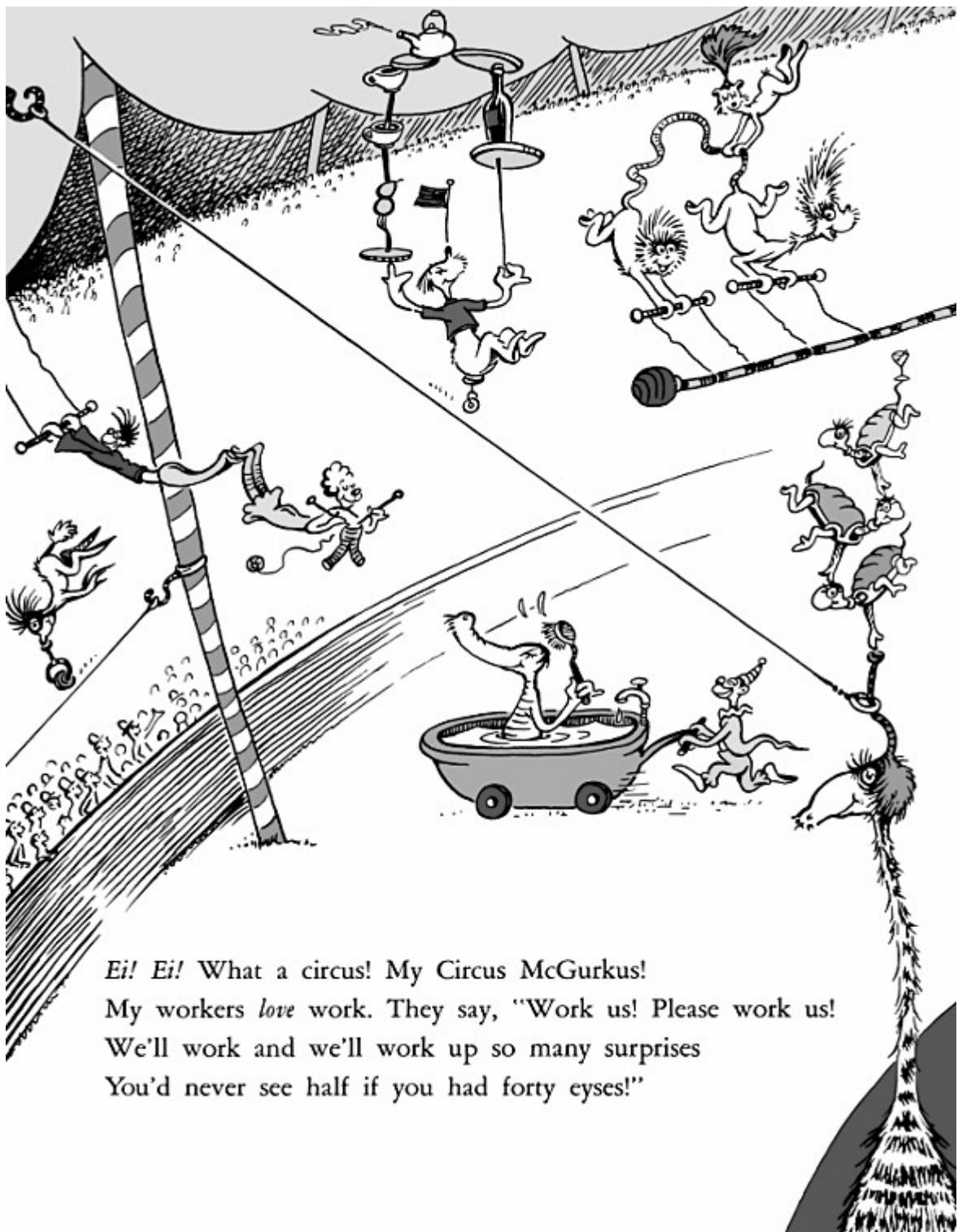
And now *Here!*  
In this cage  
Is a beast most ferocious  
Who's known far and wide  
As the Spotted Atrocious  
Who growls, howls and yowls  
The most bloodcurdling sounds  
And each tooth in his mouth  
Weighs at least sixty pounds  
And he chews up and eats with the greatest of ease  
Things like carpets and sidewalks and people and trees!  
But the great Colonel Sneelock is just the right kind  
Of a man who can tame him. I'm sure he won't mind.



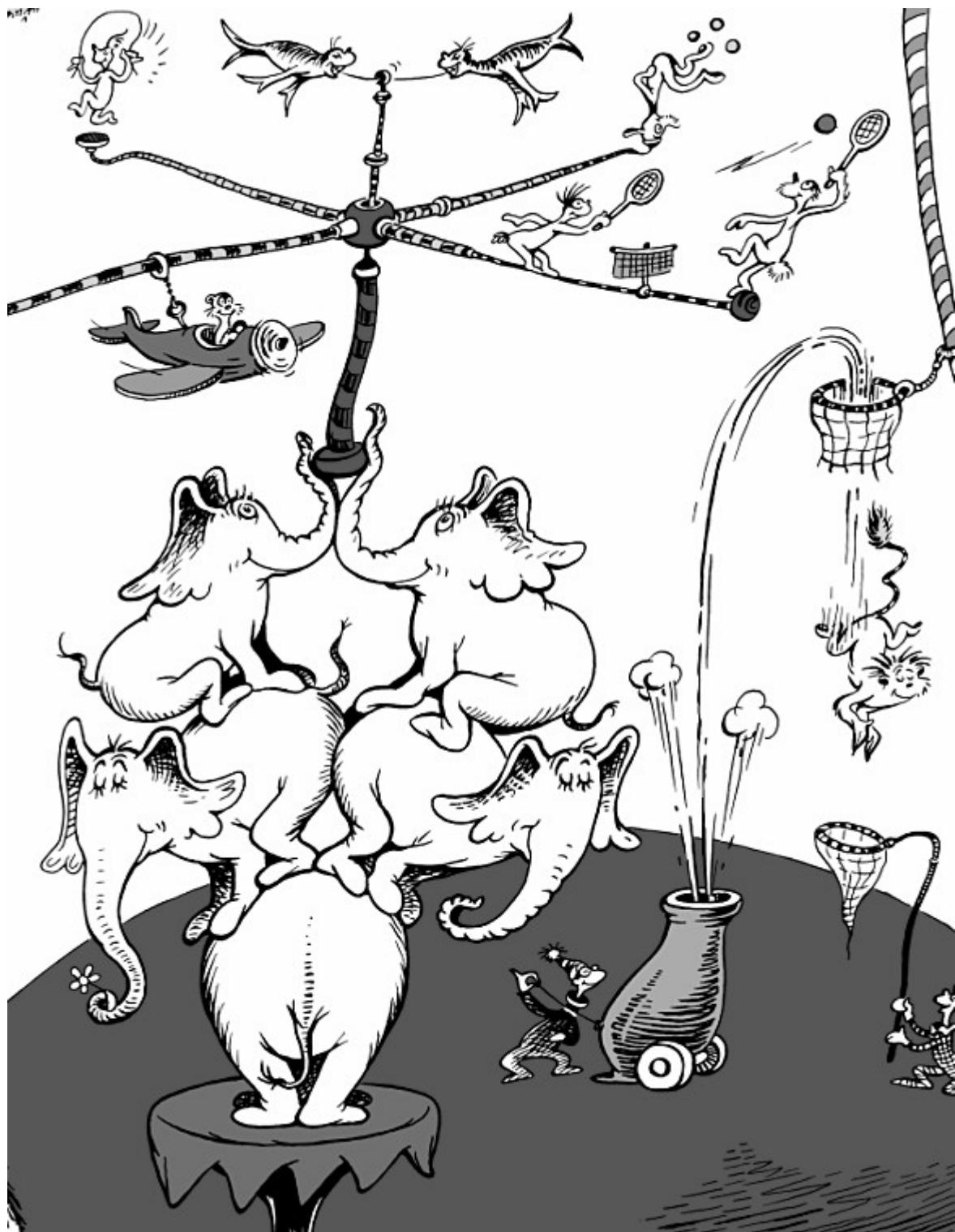


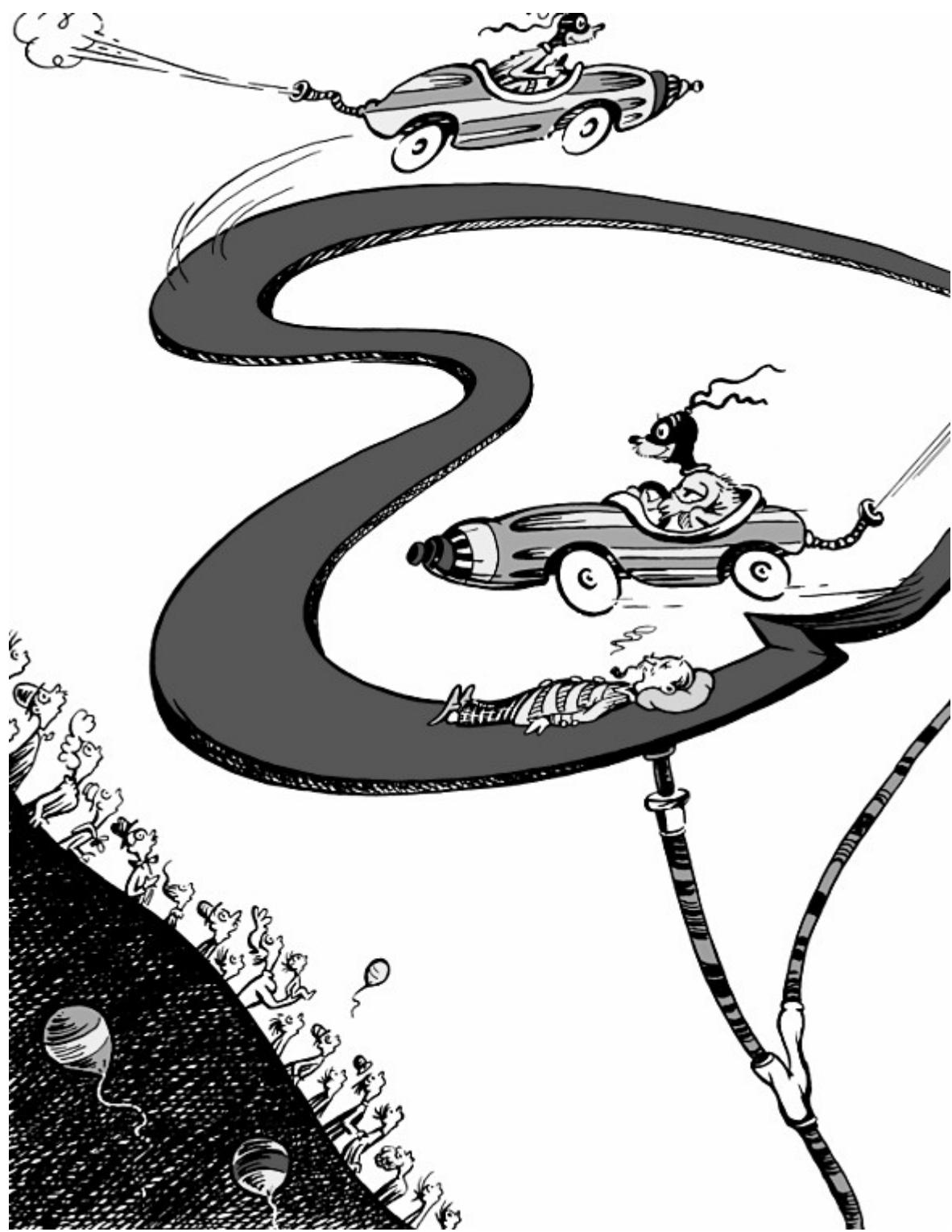


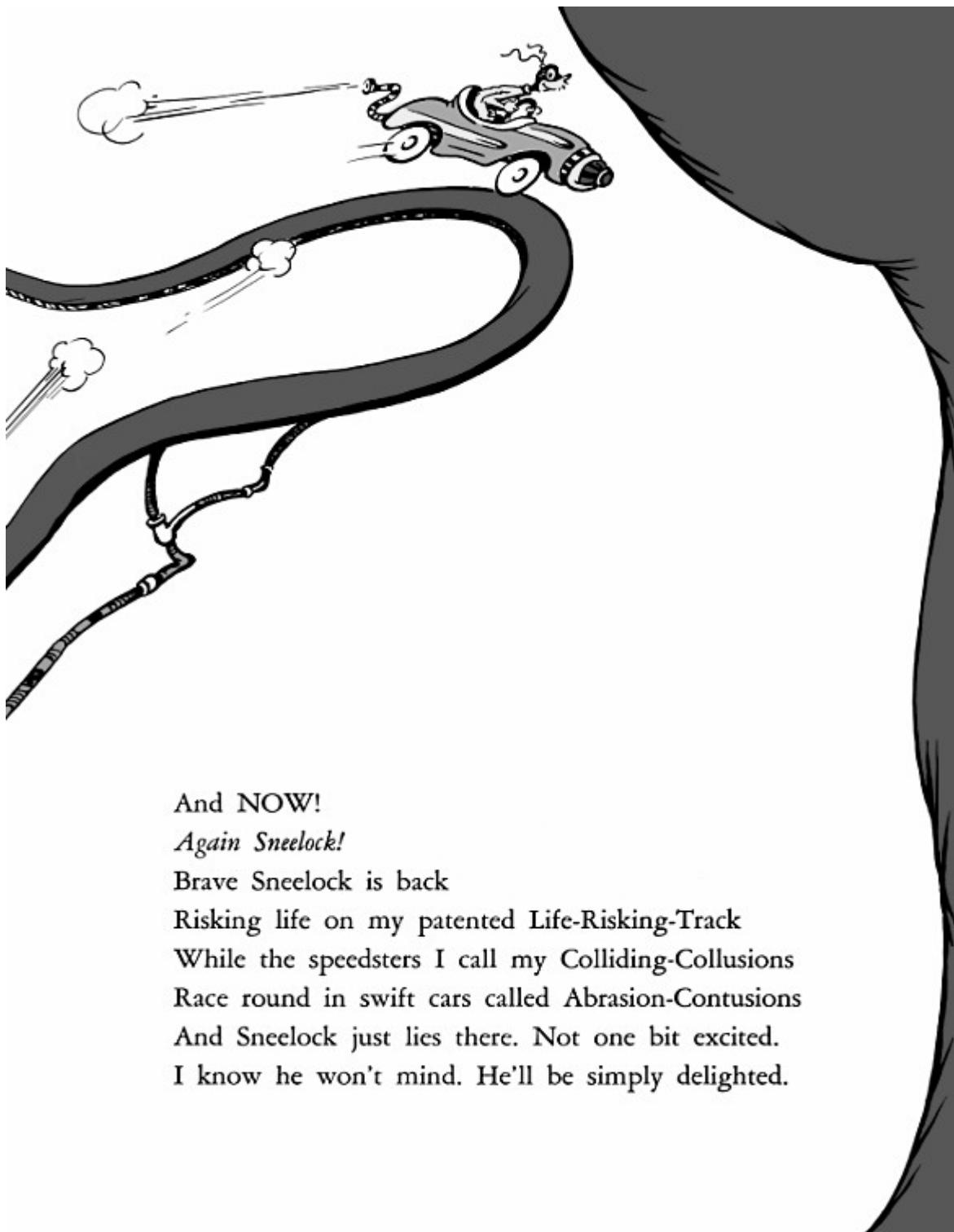
Then I'll let Sneelock off for a few minutes' rest  
While high over your heads you will see the best best  
Of the world's finest, fanciest Breezy Trapeezing!  
My Zoom-a-Zoop Troupe from West Upper Ben-Deezing  
Who never quite know, while they zoop and they zoom,  
Whether which will catch what one, or who will catch whom  
Or if who will catch which by the what and just where,  
Or just when and just how in which part of the air!



*Ei! Ei!* What a circus! My Circus McGurkus!  
My workers *love* work. They say, "Work us! Please work us!  
We'll work and we'll work up so many surprises  
You'd never see half if you had forty eyses!"







And NOW!

*Again Sneelock!*

Brave Sneelock is back

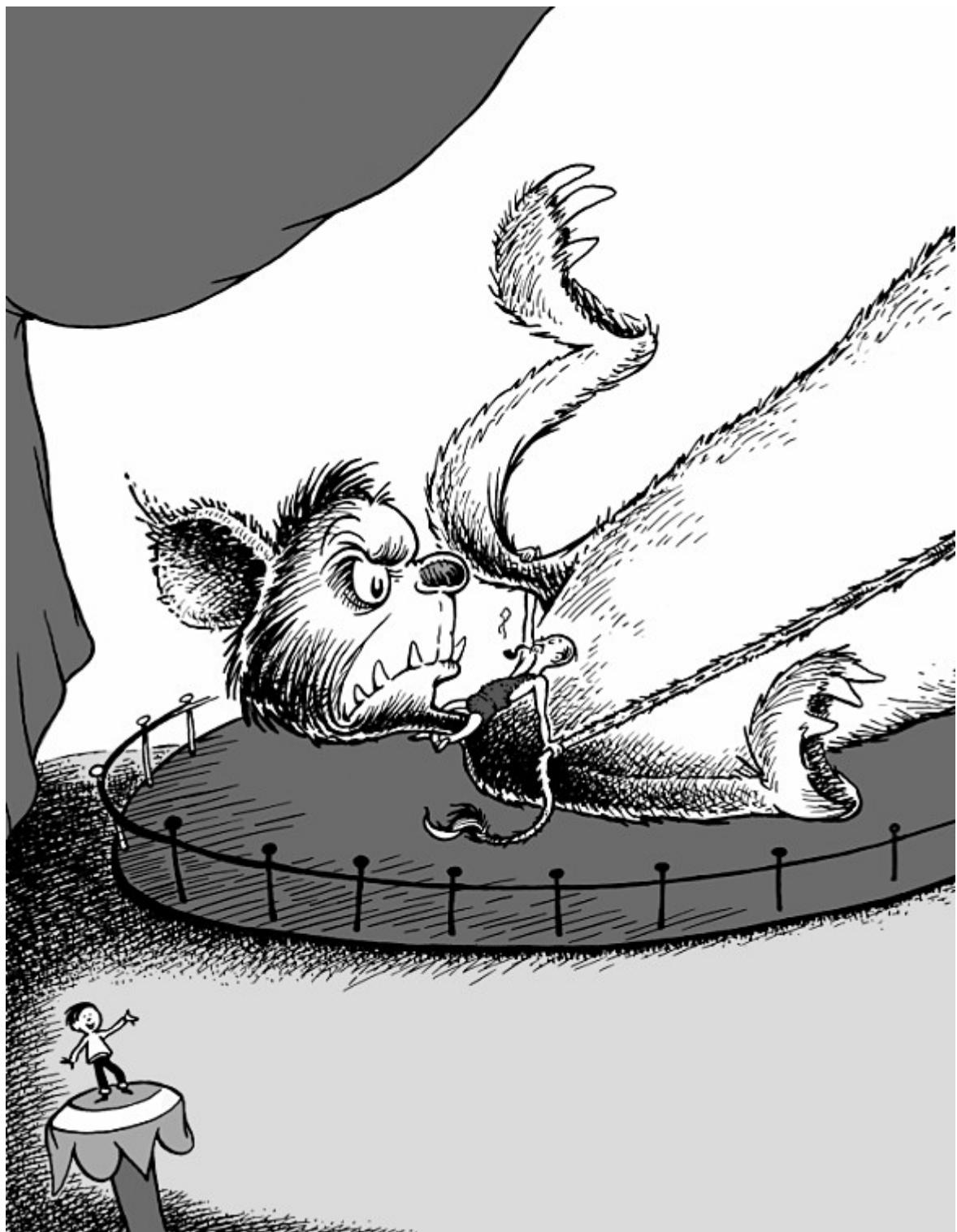
Risking life on my patented Life-Risking-Track

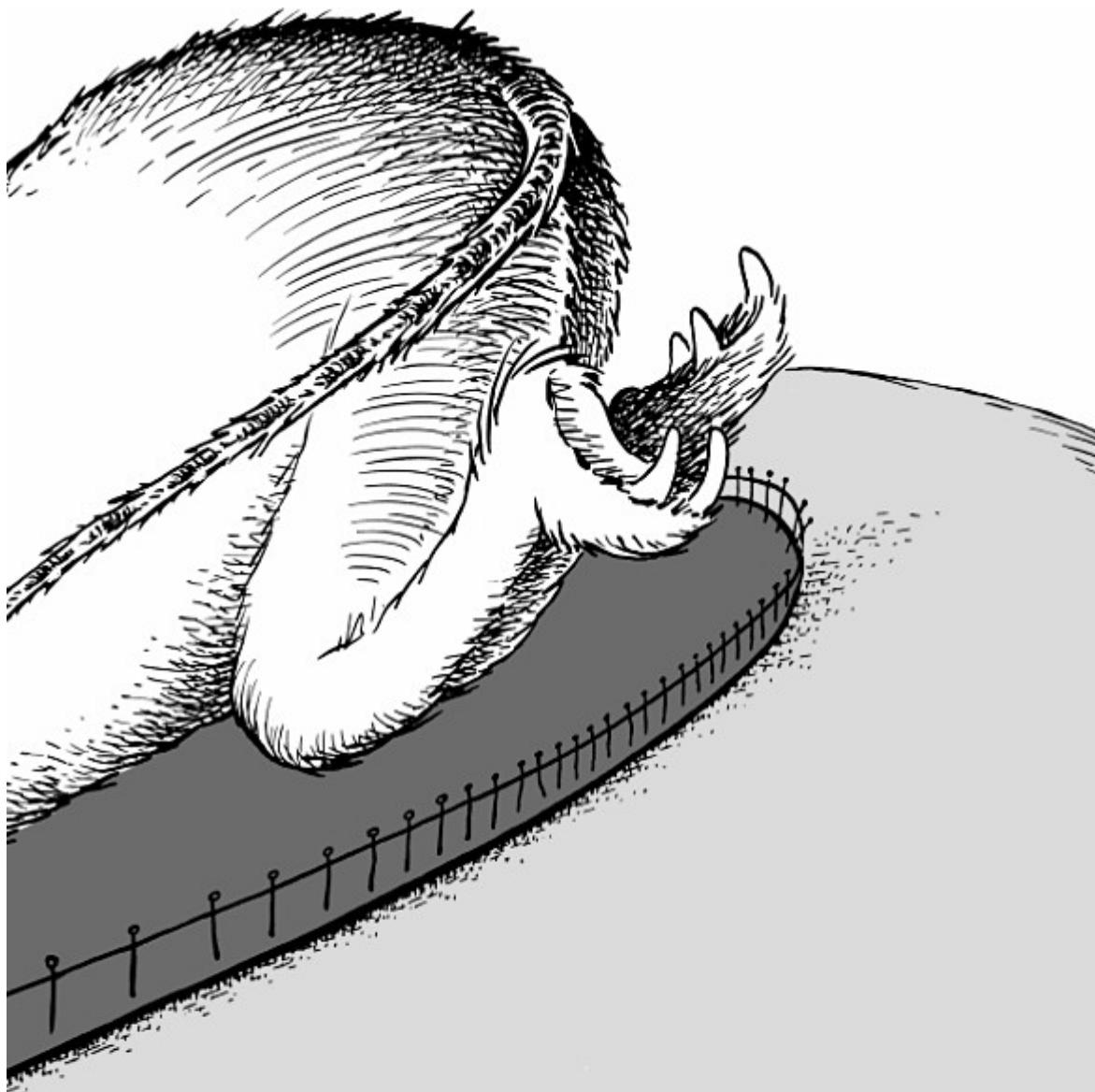
While the speedsters I call my Colliding-Collusions

Race round in swift cars called Abrasion-Contusions

And Sneelock just lies there. Not one bit excited.

I know he won't mind. He'll be simply delighted.

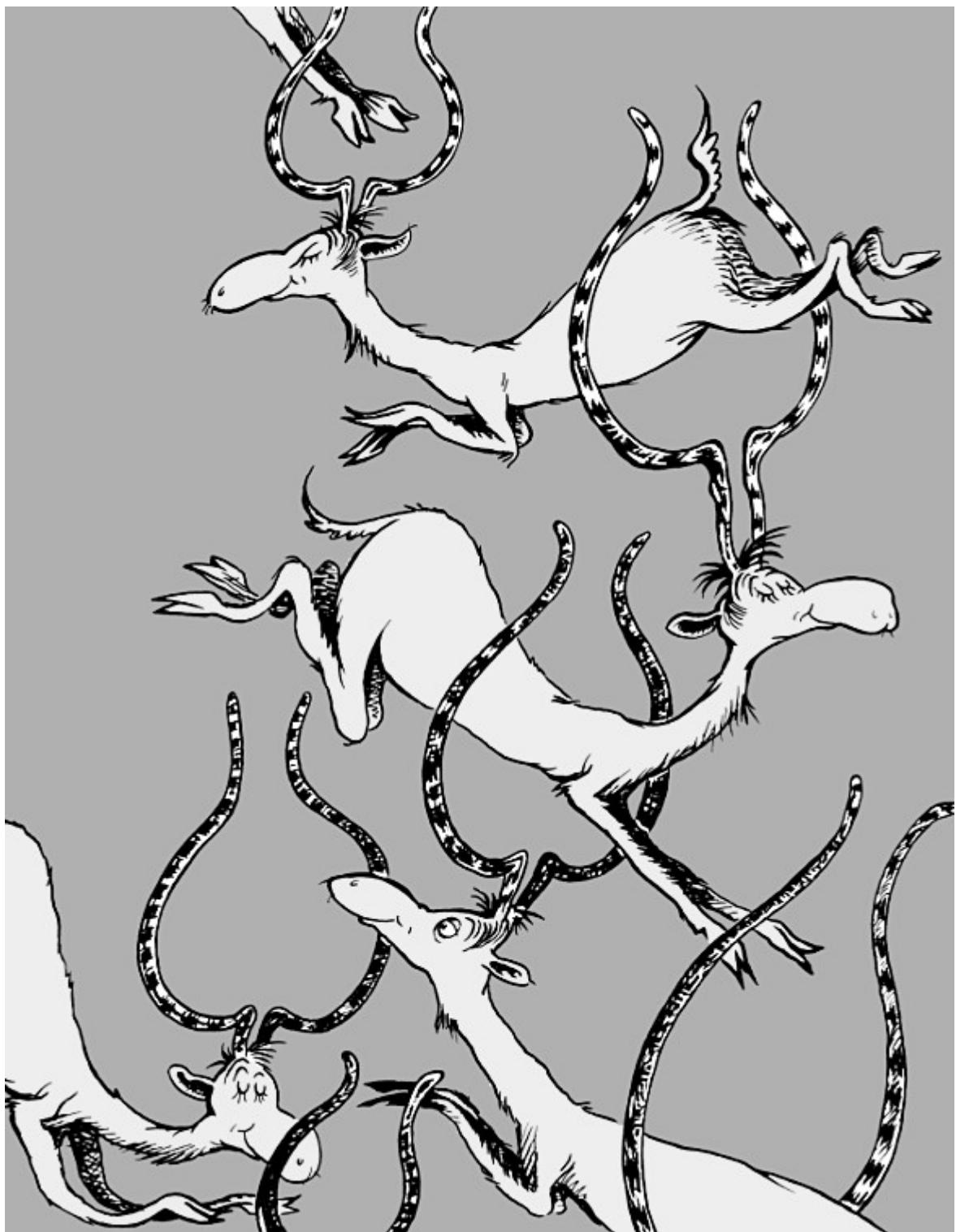


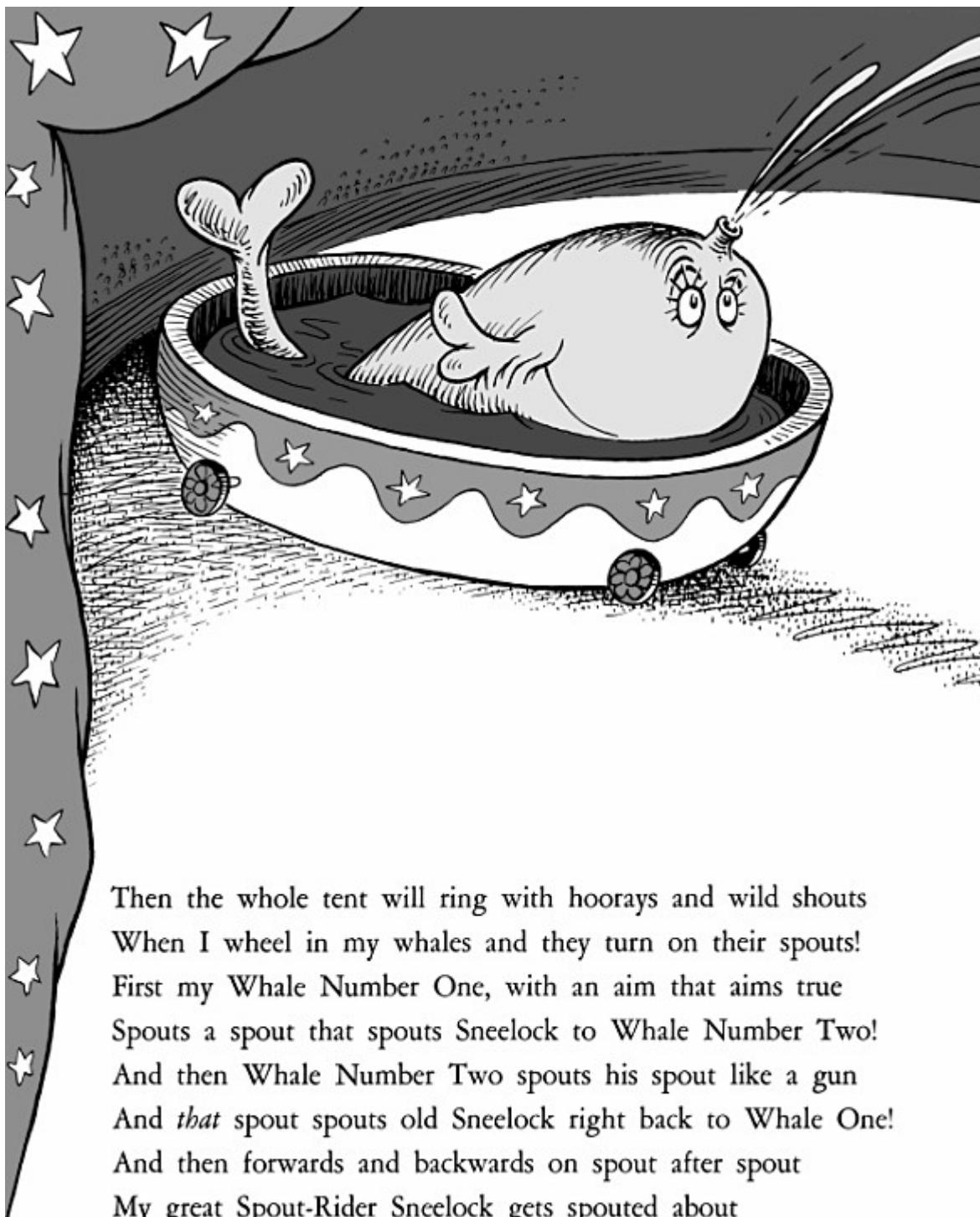


And *here*, in a contest of brute-strength and muscle,  
Kid Snelock, my champ-of-all-champs, will now tussle  
And wrestle a beast called the Grizzly-Ghastly  
And slap him around! Then he'll slam him down fastly  
And pin both his shoulders tight flat to the mat.  
Kid Snelock will love it! I'm sure about that.

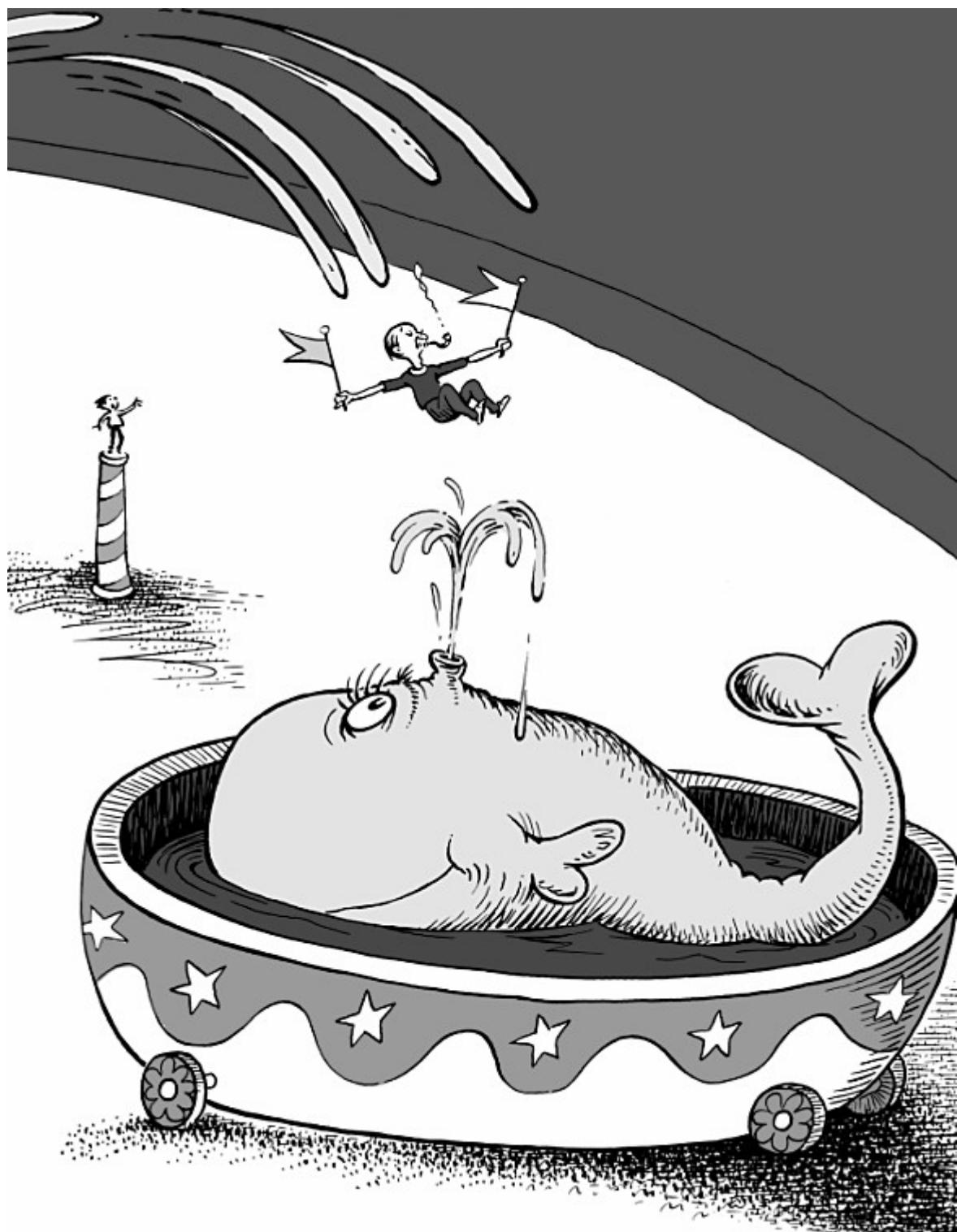
And while THAT goes on THERE, look at THIS go on HERE!  
Have you heard of my herd of "Through-Horns-Jumping-Deer"....  
Every deer jumps through horns of another pell-mell  
While *his* horns are jumped through at the same time as well  
By a deer whose horns ALSO are being jumped through  
By another who's having HIS horns jumped through, too,  
Which I'm *sure* Trainer Sneelock can train them to do.

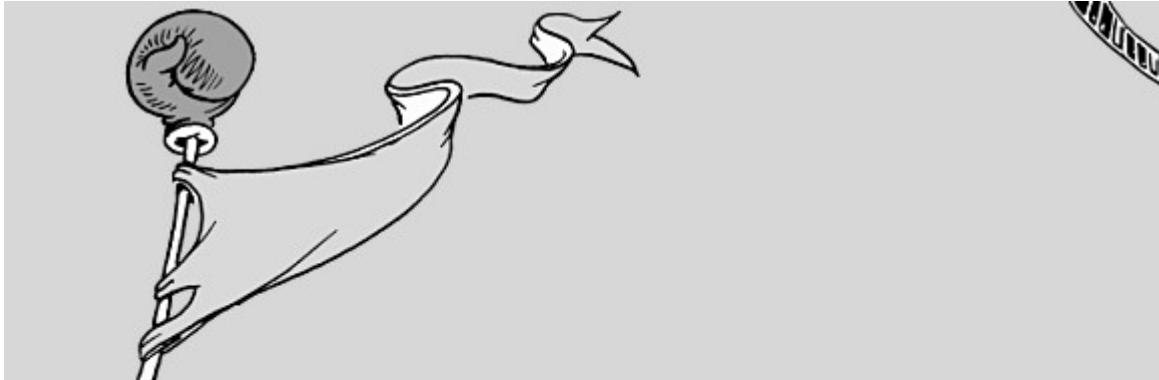






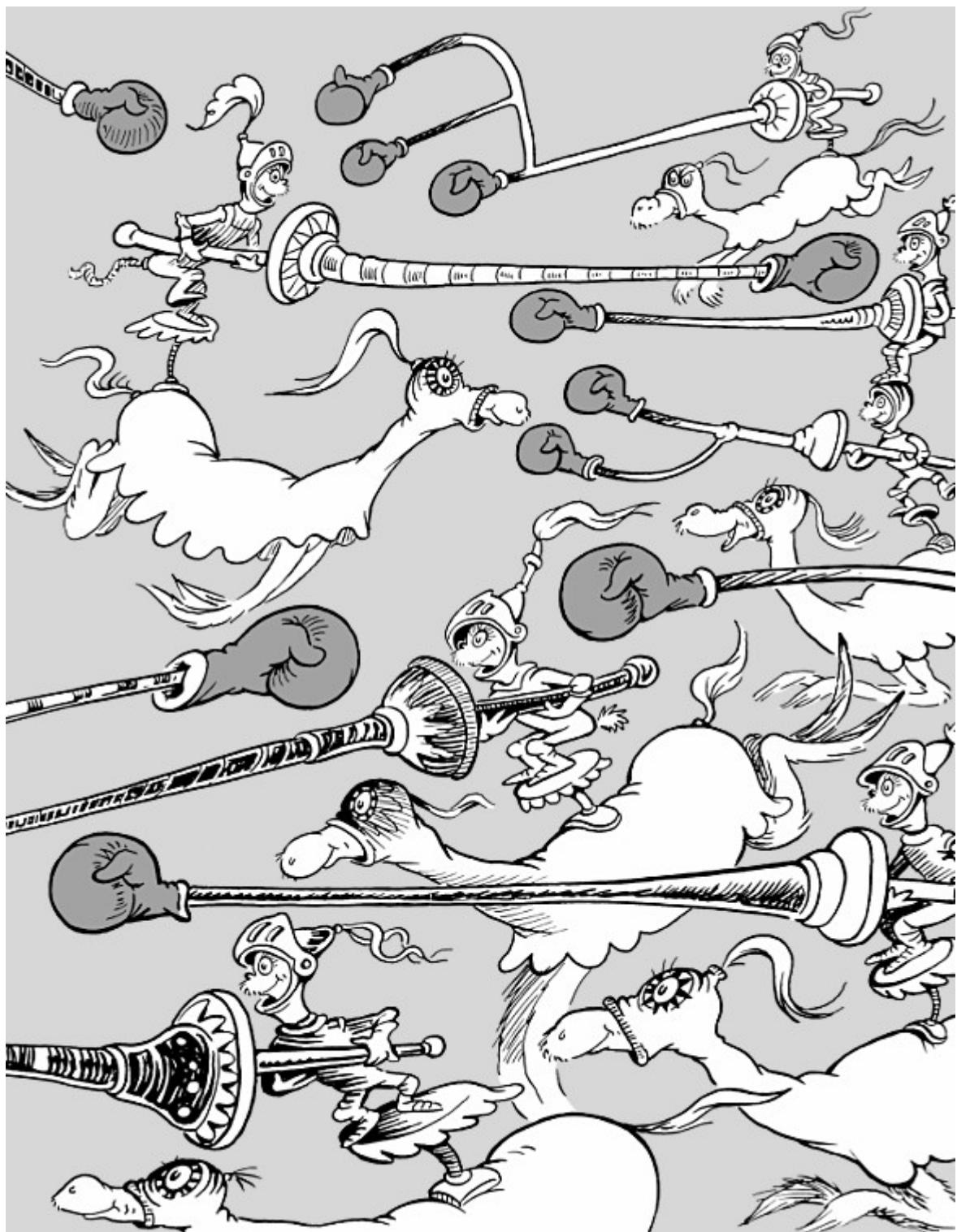
Then the whole tent will ring with hoorays and wild shouts  
When I wheel in my whales and they turn on their spouts!  
First my Whale Number One, with an aim that aims true  
Spouts a spout that spouts Sneelock to Whale Number Two!  
And then Whale Number Two spouts his spout like a gun  
And *that* spout spouts old Sneelock right back to Whale One!  
And then forwards and backwards on spout after spout  
My great Spout-Rider Sneelock gets spouted about  
Just as long as the water they're spouting holds out!



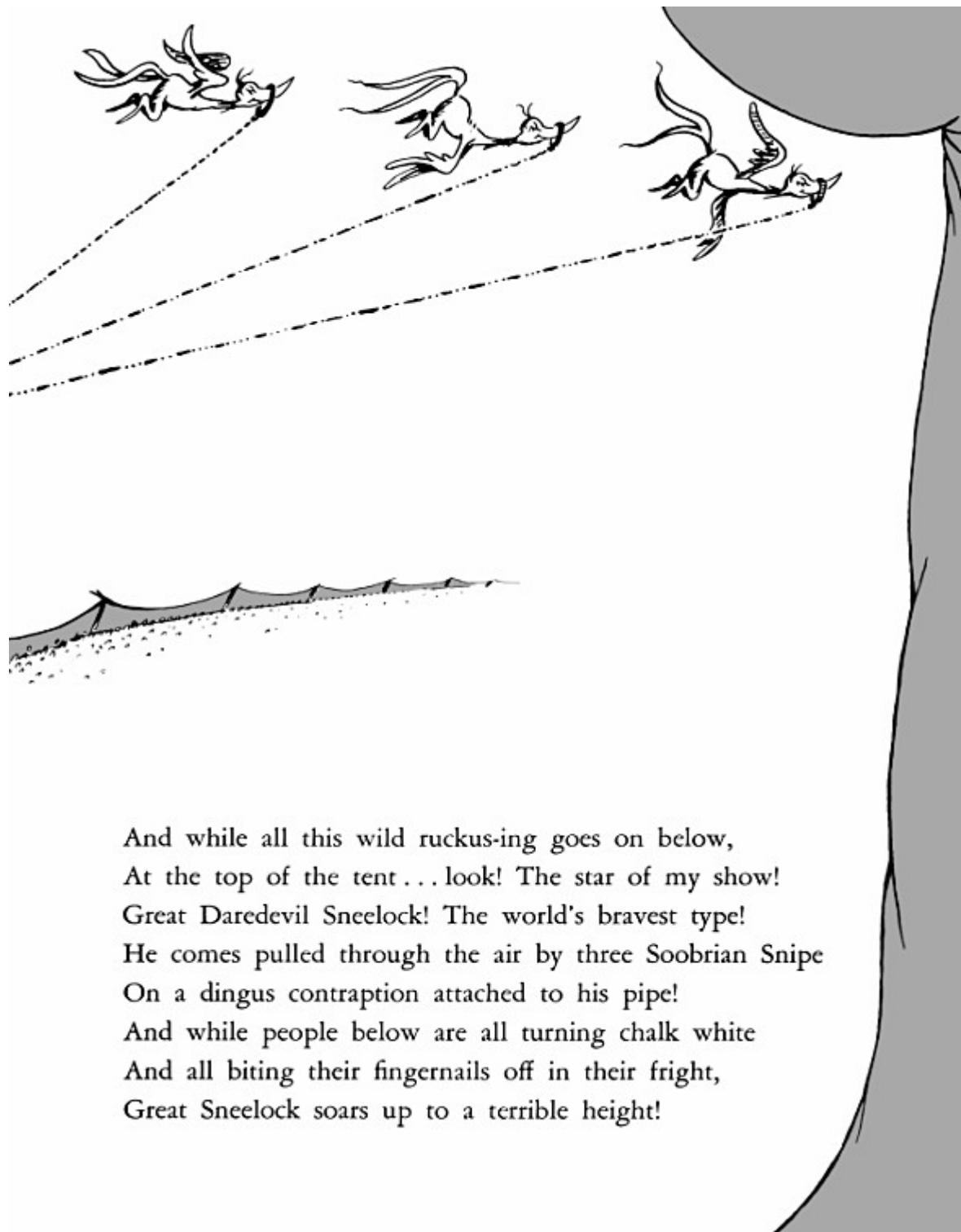


Then my Tournament Knights! Noble apes without fears!  
Sir Hector! Sir Vector! Sir Bopps! And Sir Beers!  
Sir Hawkins! Sir Dawkins! Sir Jawks! And Sir Jeers!  
Clatter into the tent, and while everyone cheers  
Stage a roust-about-joust with their boxing glove spears!

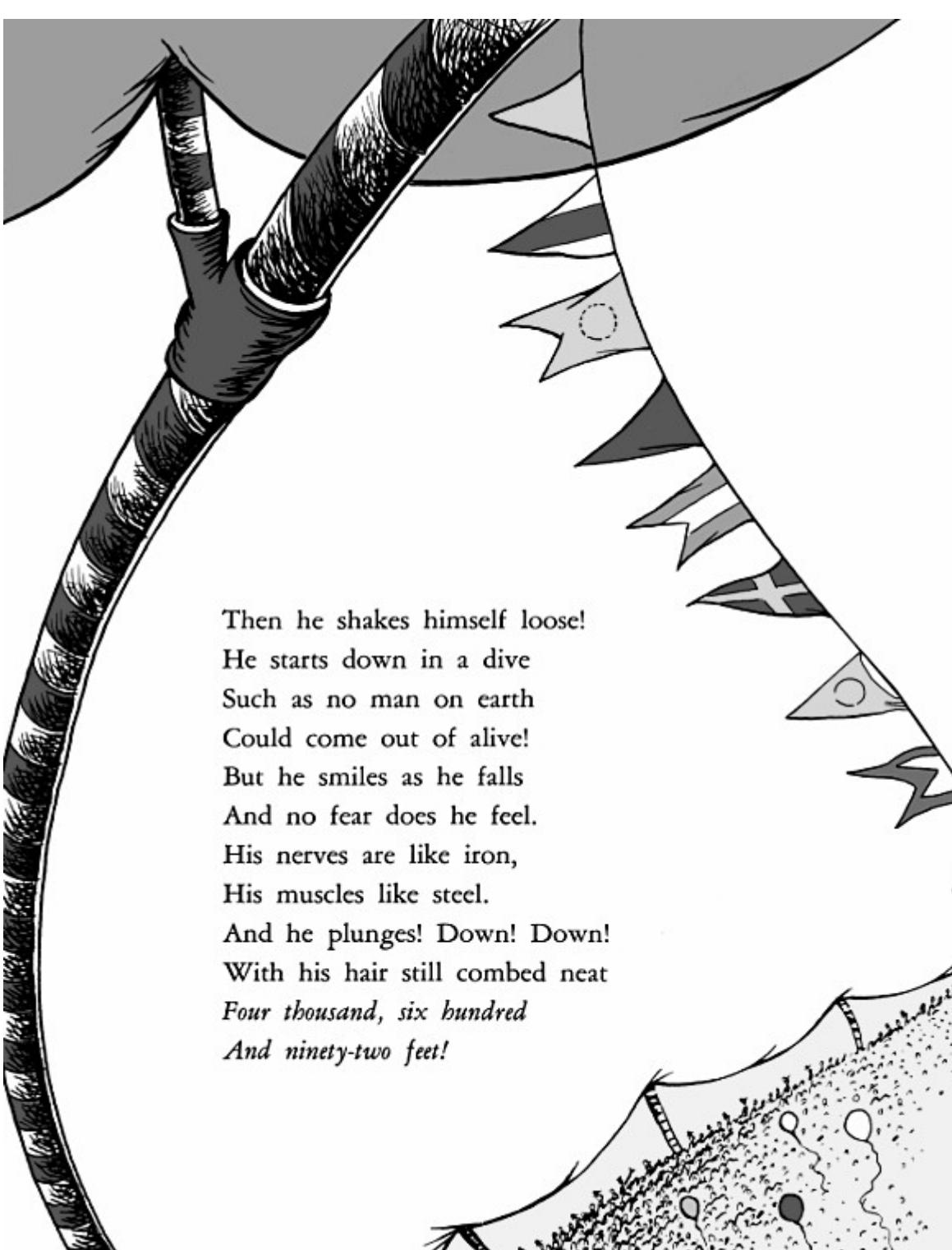




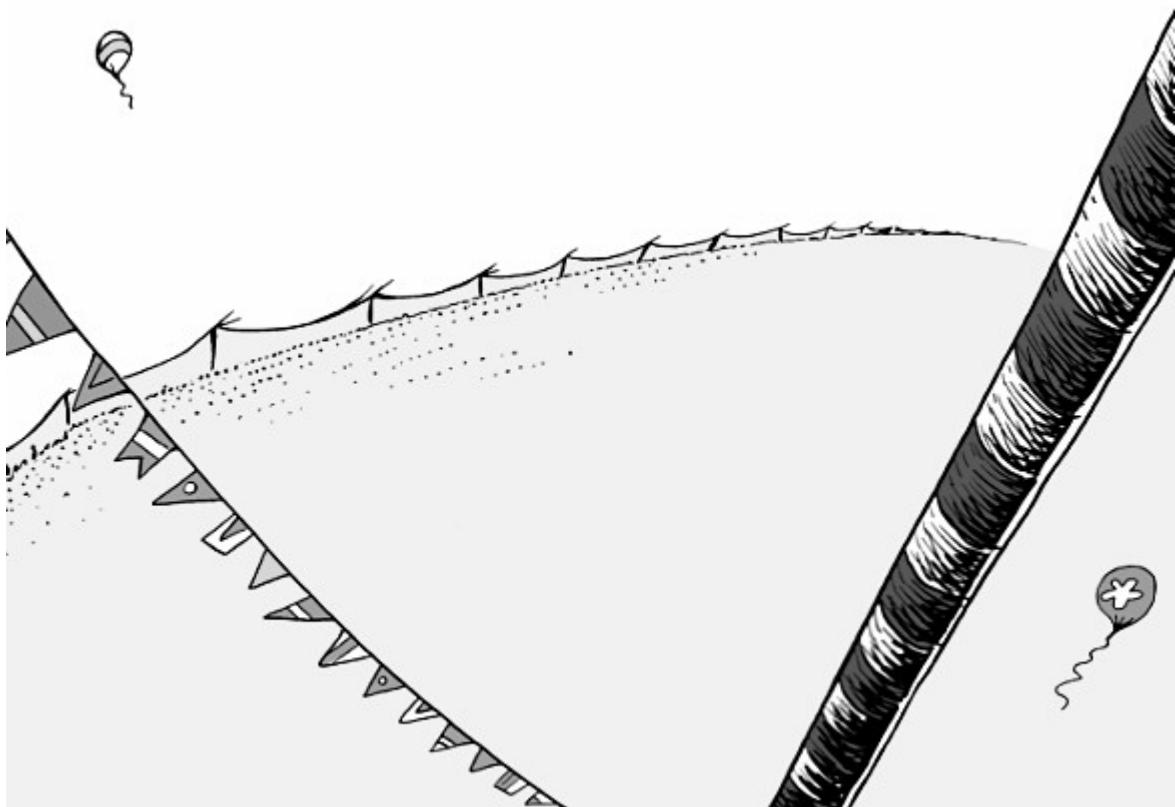


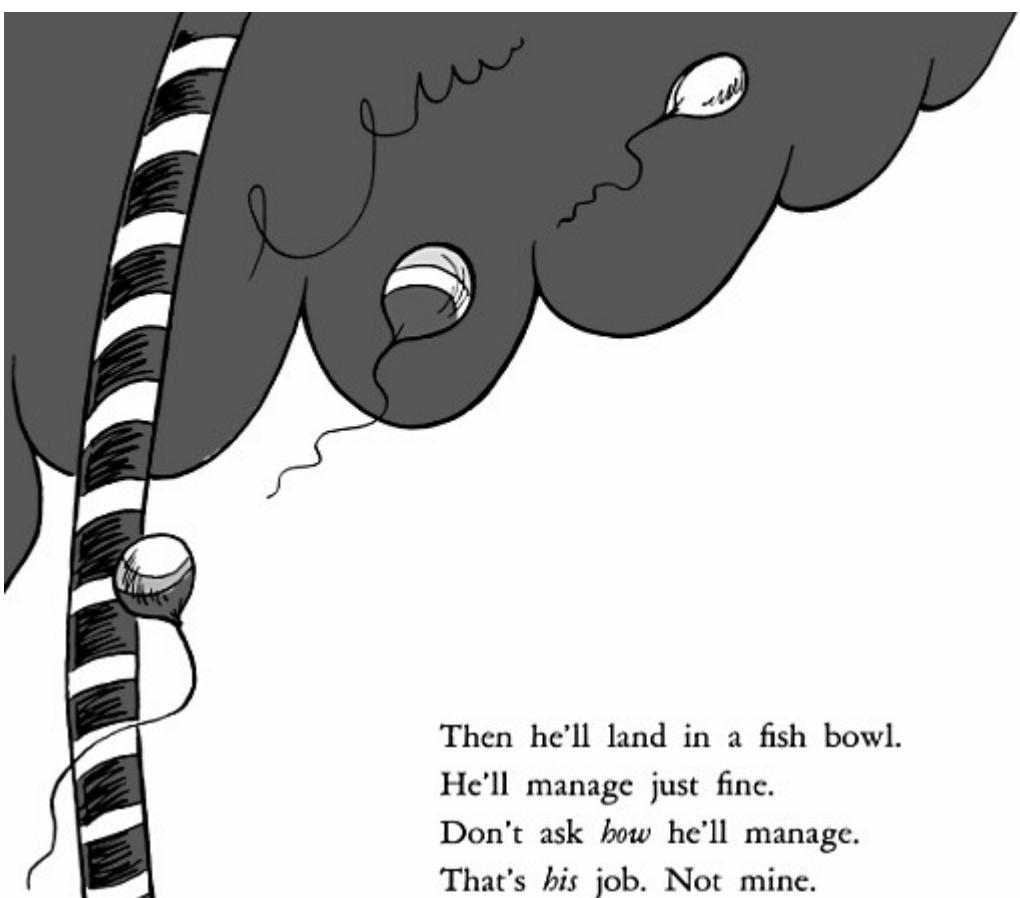


And while all this wild ruckus-ing goes on below,  
At the top of the tent . . . look! The star of my show!  
Great Daredevil Sneelock! The world's bravest type!  
He comes pulled through the air by three Soobrian Snipe  
On a dingus contraption attached to his pipe!  
And while people below are all turning chalk white  
And all biting their fingernails off in their fright,  
Great Sneelock soars up to a terrible height!



Then he shakes himself loose!  
He starts down in a dive  
Such as no man on earth  
Could come out of alive!  
But he smiles as he falls  
And no fear does he feel.  
His nerves are like iron,  
His muscles like steel.  
And he plunges! Down! Down!  
With his hair still combed neat  
*Four thousand, six hundred*  
*And ninety-two feet!*

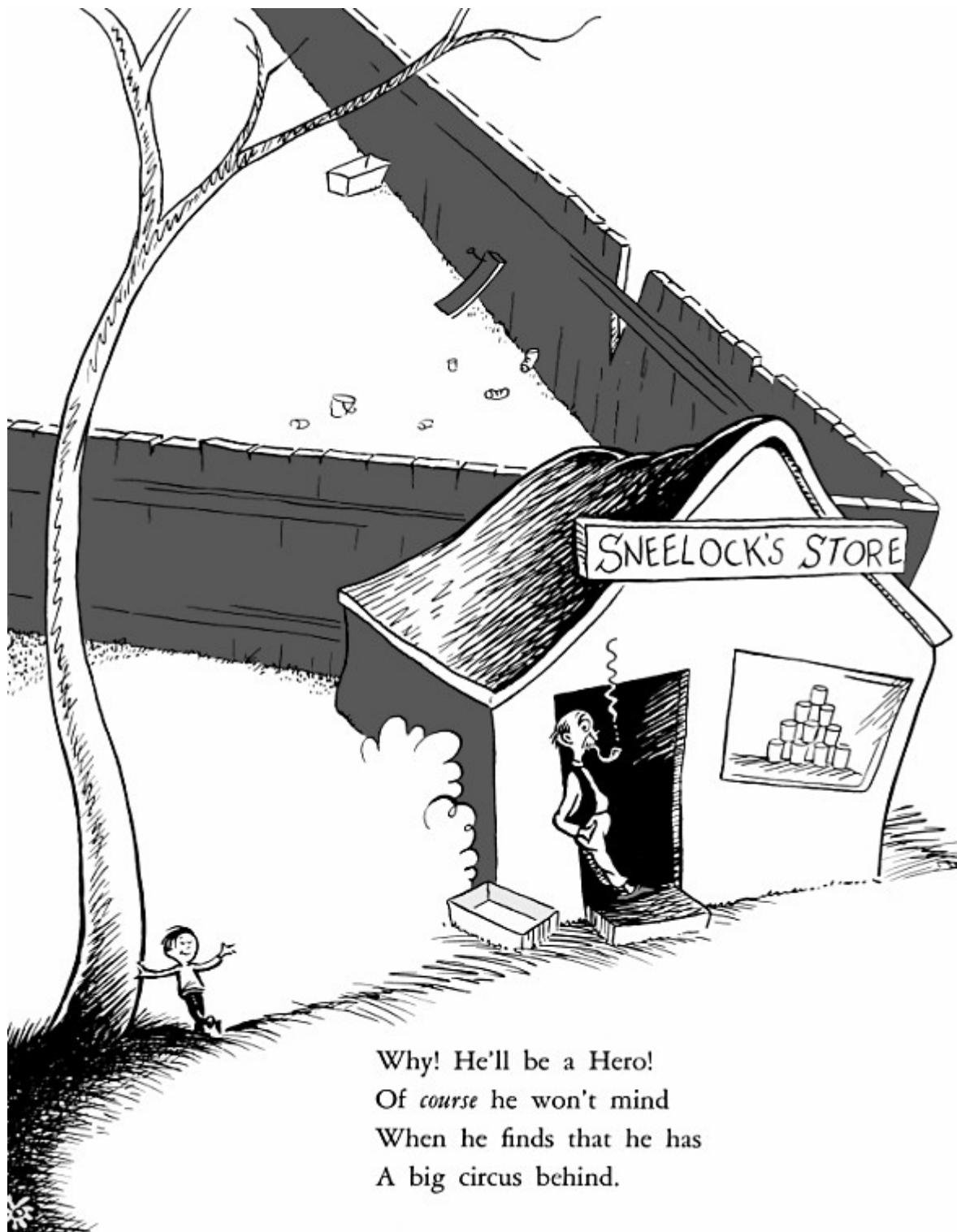




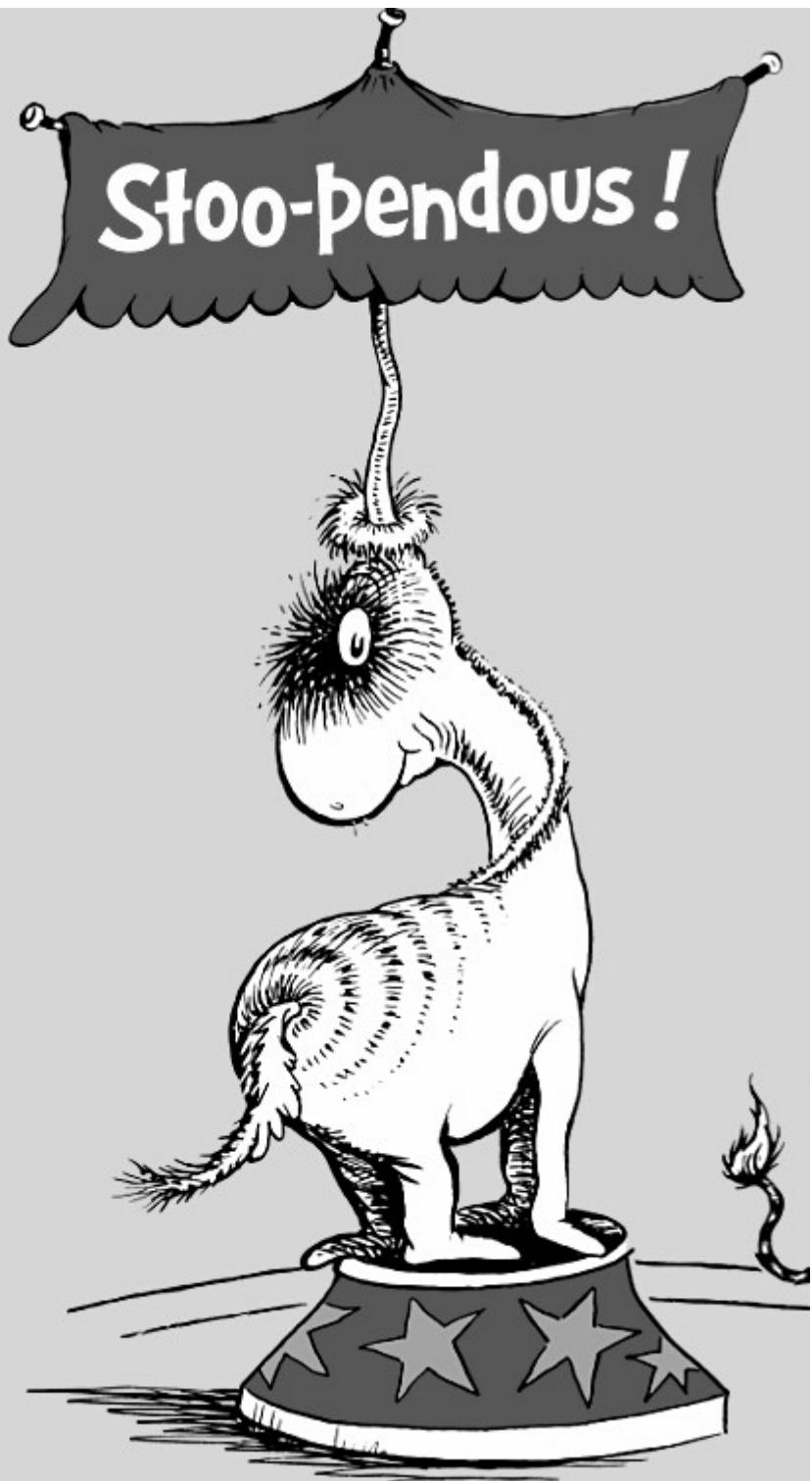
Then he'll land in a fish bowl.  
He'll manage just fine.  
Don't ask *how* he'll manage.  
That's *his* job. Not mine.







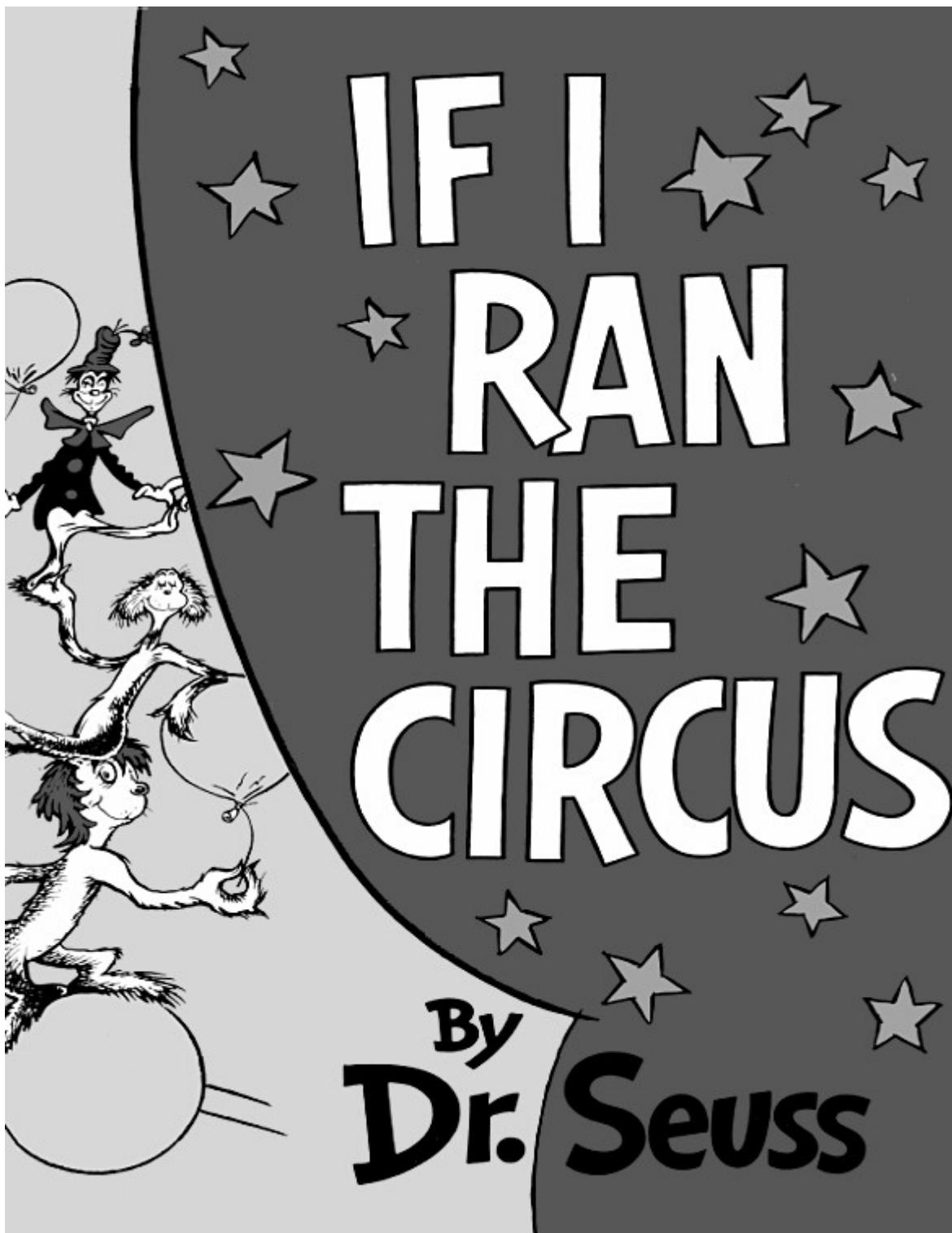
Why! He'll be a Hero!  
Of *court*e he won't mind  
When he finds that he has  
A big circus behind.



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