

WIGGLESWORTH THE ROOKWORM



You may think that worms only live in the ground.
You may think that worms come in one shade of brown.
You may think that worms are all long and narrow.
You may think that worms are lunch for a sparrow.



You may not see worms as very big thinkers.
In fact you may see them as slimy little slinkers.
You may only know worms from the end of hooks,
The kind that fishermen cast into brooks.



You may very well consider all worms to be the same,
One like the other - and none of them with names.
But I'm here to tell you, you couldn't be more wrong,
Because I know a worm who isn't very long.

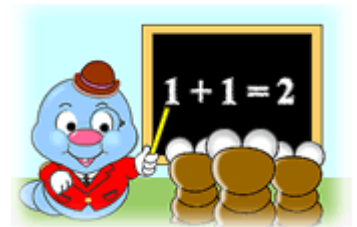
He's not very brown; in fact he's quite blue.
And you'll never find him in a sparrow's poo.
He's not so fond of hanging from poles,
Nor does he like to crawl through wormholes.



He does have a name, and a big one at that,
A name he proclaims with a tip of his hat.
"Wigglesworth I am!" he says with a wink.
But the best part of all is THIS worm can think.



What makes him different from all of the rest,
Is he likes to read - and read BIG words the best.
So the next time you open your favorite book
You just might find Wigglesworth with one easy look.



But if he doesn't appear to you right away,
Don't forget to check his favorite hideaway.
It's the story's first word in the story's first line,
It's under the "Once" in "Once upon a time . . ."

