

THE HOLE BOOK

By PETER NEWELL

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Tom Potts was fooling with a gun
(Such follies should not be),
When—bang! the pesky thing went off
Most unexpectedly!
Tom didn't know 'twas loaded, and
It scared him 'most to death—
He tumbled flat upon the floor
And fairly gasped for breath.
The bullet smashed a fine French clock
(The clock had just struck three),
Then made a hole clean through the wall,
As you can plainly see.



Out in the kitchen Bridget Quinn
Was busying about,

When through the boiler crashed the shot
And let the water out!
The floor was flooded like a pond,
The room was filled with steam,
And Bridget gathered up her skirts
And rushed out with a scream.



Out in the back yard Sister Sue,
With "Sis" and Mabel Dunn,

Was swinging underneath the trees,
And having lots of fun,—
When zip! the speeding bullet sang,
And cut the rope in two,
Then hurtled through the high board fence,
And to the ground came Sue!



Just then an automobile passed,
Its body painted green—

The bullet struck its side and pierced
The tank of gasoline.
A loud explosion followed and
A tremor shook the air!
The passengers were tossed aloft
Amidst the smoke and glare!



An artist in a studio,
Who had a medal won,
Was painting on "A Laughing Boy,"

Which work was all but done:
The ball of lead this picture smote,
As through the room it ranged,
And through the canvas bored its way,
And the expression changed!



Old Granny Fink was sound asleep—
As sound as one could wish;

Beside her an aquarium
Was standing, stocked with fish:
The bullet struck the crystal globe,
And roused her from her nap—
And Granny found that she was drenched,
With goldfish in her lap!



A lady came into a store

Where animals were sold,
To buy a parrot with a tongue
That wouldn't swear or scold;
But as she talked about the bird
And asked about the price,
The bullet plunged clean through a box
And freed a lot of mice!



Old Hagenschmit, behind his house,

His new Dutch pipe was trying,
When—bing! the bullet smashed the bowl
And sent the pieces flying!
“Who put dot bombshell in my pipe?”
Exclaimed the startled smoker.
“If I could git my hands on him,
Dere would be vone less joker!”



A pear-tree, seen above the wall,
With fruit was laden down,

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