

SHEL SILVERSTEIN – BEAR IN THERE MONOLOGUE

There's a Polar Bear in our Frigidaire

He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.

With his seat in the meat

And his face in the fist

And his big hairy paws

In the buttery dish,

He's nibbling the noodles,

He's munching the rice,

He's slurping the soda,

He's licking the ice.

And he lets out a roar if you open the door.

And it gives me a scare to know he's in there

That polary bear in our frigiditydaire.