

# The Great Adventure of the *Very* Little Goo



©2005 [www.lulu.com/theGoo](http://www.lulu.com/theGoo)

By Dawn Fox

To The Poot,  
Who didn't believe that knights in shining armor  
would ever say "Boogie-Boo".

## How It All Began

On a fine sunny morning,  
In the middle of the spring,  
(I think it was a Tuesday, but I'm not completely sure),  
The Goo stretched in his hammock,  
And opened wide his eyes,  
And wondered why his life was such a bore.

"It must be the weather,  
It's always the weather,  
It's the weather that's so boring", said the Goo.  
"The sun is always shining,  
And the winds are always soft,  
And the sky is just plain dull boring blue."

"If I only could go somewhere,  
Somewhere where there is no weather,  
Then my life will be transformed into a dream.  
I'll invent some rain and thunder,  
And some mud, and puddles too,  
Oh, how pleasant all this stuff will surely seem!"

With his mind thus busy-buzzing,  
Dreaming of what lay ahead,  
The Goo got up to meet that sunny Tuesday of a day.  
He ate a hearty breakfast,  
Brushed his teeth and combed his hair,  
And then he just set out on his long and unknown way.

## Who Is A Goo?

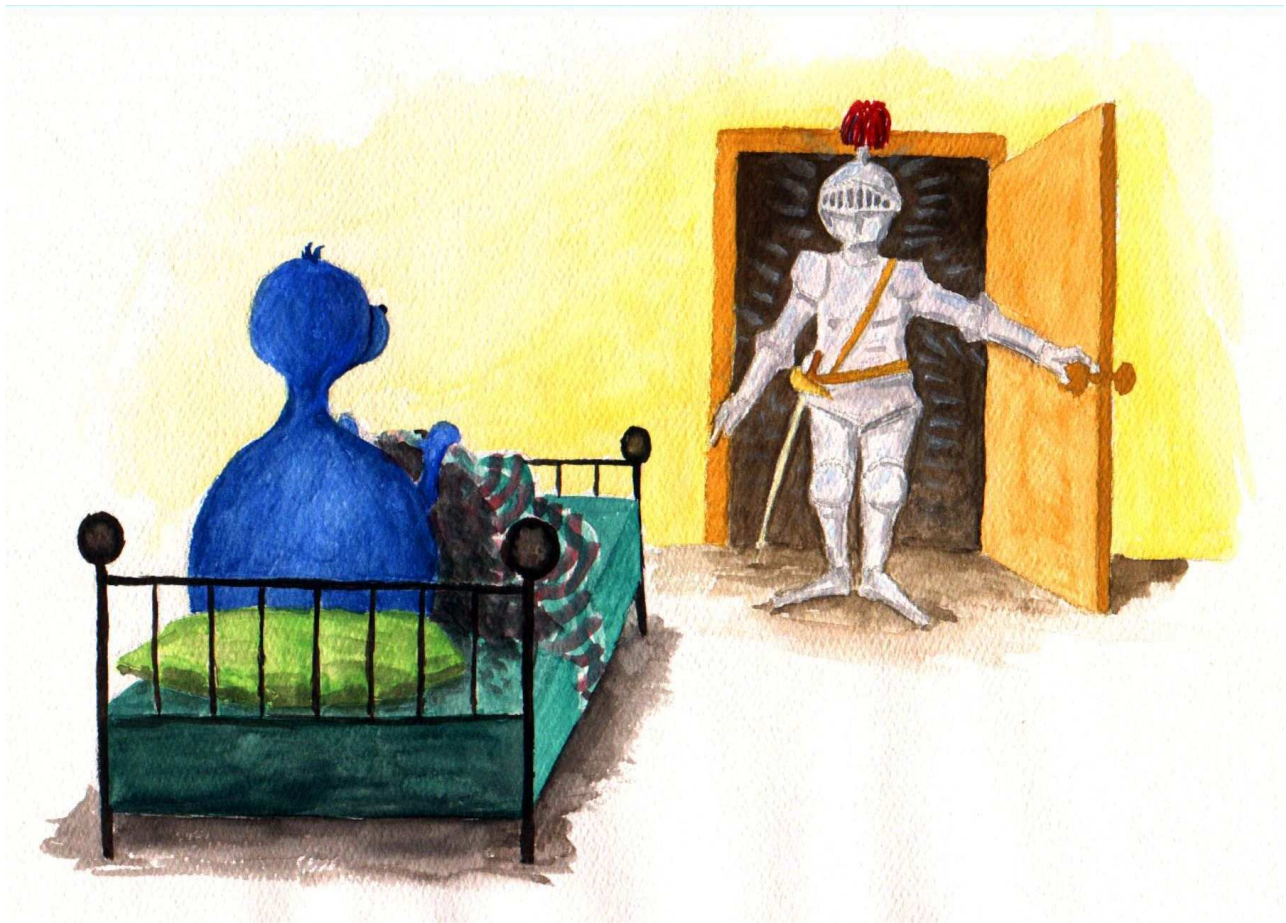
A Goo is somewhat pudgy,  
(I dare not say he is fat),  
But if you suggest that he exercise,  
He is sure to call you a rat.

You see, the Goo is a lazy bloke.  
He doesn't even climb trees.  
A houseful of Goos is a quiet place,  
Not at all like a hive full of bees.

## The Knight in Shining Armor that Said "Boogie-Boo"

One day, it was a Tuesday,  
(Poems always happen then),  
The Goo was happy napping in his room in an inn.  
But then he was awakened  
Without a word of warning  
Because if he's asleep the story simply can't begin.

There was a sound of clanking,  
And then a sound of clunking,  
And then the door opened with a racket very loud.  
And in the door was standing  
A knight in shining armor,  
That said "Boogie-Boo, Boogie-Boo!!!" and then went out.



The Goo was astonished;  
The Goo was astounded;  
The Goo was as surprised as a surprised Goo can be.  
For he had never ever  
Seen a knight in shining armor  
Come in, say "Boogie-Boo", and then go out, you see.

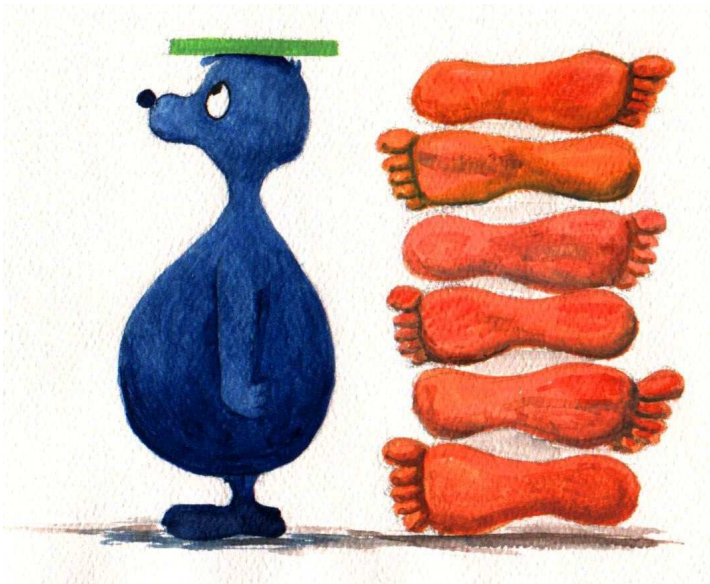


The surprise had been so great  
That for a fleeting moment  
The Goo even contemplated jumping out of bed.  
But then he thought it over  
And came to the decision  
That he had better rest from the shock that he just had.

## Who Is A Goo?

A Goo is a small animal.  
(Some call him "The Very Small Goo").  
He is light of heart and spirit  
And he has lots of things to do.

Of course, he doesn't do them,  
Which is what one might expect;  
Because if he did what he has to do  
He would become unbusy just-like-that.



## A Matter Of Definition

Goos are little  
Goos are small;  
Goos are only six feet tall.

## On Transportation

How do you get  
From here to there?  
Your choice might determine  
How you fare!

You could fly in a plane,  
If you don't believe in gravity,  
But maybe you shouldn't  
If you strive for longevity.

You could steam in a ship,  
Across the ocean blue,  
But that could be boring  
For a very little Goo.

Thinking of bicycles  
Makes the mind reel,  
No-one can balance  
On those very thin wheels.

You won't see me on a skateboard,  
There is no hope,  
Because how do you stop  
On a downhill slope?

Some modern folk  
Just hop into a car.  
But without any gas  
They can't get very far.

So the traveling Goo,  
One has to admit,  
Is actually limited  
To his own little feet.

## Happiness

A detective with his newest clue,  
A beetle with a drop of dew,  
A cyclist and his bold tattoo,  
Charlie Chaplin and his shoe,  
A panda bear and his bamboo,  
A librarian and a book that's due,  
A mountain with a splendid view,  
A hippie and his new shampoo,  
A Catholic in his favorite pew,  
A five-year-old and a pot of glue,  
A poet and a little Goo.

## The Tired Dwarf

On Tuesday night  
When the stars were bright  
The Goo was walking down the lane.

Having finished his meal  
(A large portion of veal)  
His stomach was beginning to complain.

As he stumbled along  
Humming a little song  
He thought he heard a very loud Grump.

Deciding to see  
What it could be  
The Goo peeked behind a tree stump.

There sat a midget,  
No more than a fidget,  
The term "Dwarf" would fit him quite well.

He was grunting loudly  
And swearing profoundly  
In a voice as clear as a bell.

"How do you do?"  
Said the Goo,  
For lack of better words.

"Go to hell!"  
Said the bell;  
"Doing well is for the birds!"

The Goo, being small,  
Didn't like this at all,  
But his protest would just have to wait,

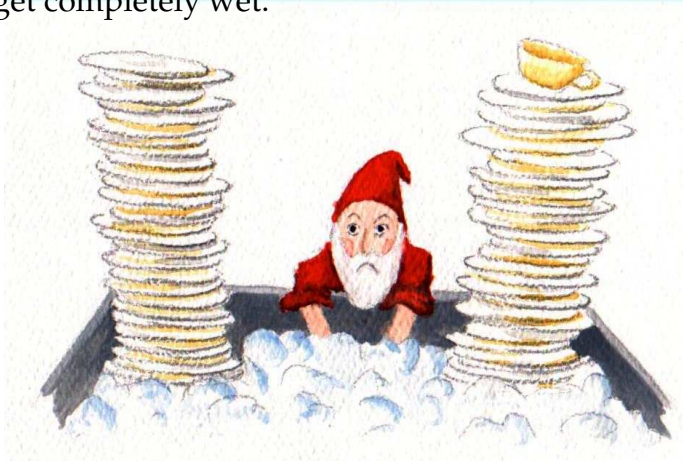
As the dwarf, with a sigh,  
And trying not to cry,  
Prepared to tell the story of his fate.

## A Limerick

If you want to see a Goo,  
Here is what you need to do:  
Close your eyes,  
Say your good-byes,  
And fly to Timbuktu.

Dwarfs, he said,  
Hardly ever go to bed.  
At night they have to work and toil and sweat.

They are just allowed to choose  
To make hats or rather shoes  
Or wash dishes till they get completely wet.



Overworked and underpaid,  
Without getting any aid,  
A dwarf often thinks his hands will one day fail.

Exhausted every day,  
They toddle on their way,  
They're the work force of the world of fairy-tales.

It is all quite unfair,  
Since dwarfs are rather rare,  
And the burden is for them alone to carry.

While witches and frogs  
And dragons and grogs  
Frolic in the grass without a worry.

The situation being bad,  
Feeling they were being had,  
The Dwarf Union is to organize a strike.

It's a reasonable guess  
That this would lead to quite a mess,  
While the dwarfs for once do anything they like.

Shoes and hats not being done  
Is a dwarf's idea of fun,  
And barefoot knights are indeed a cause for laughter.

Dishes will pile in the sink,  
The whole fairy tale will stink,  
And all will live happily thereafter.

# The Boy Who Taught Ants To Swim

In a very small hut,  
In a very deep valley,  
With a tree that made shade just for him,  
Lived a very small boy,  
With a very deep interest  
In teaching some ants how to dive and to swim.

He had dug a small pool,  
And he filled it with water,  
And he brought the ants to it in groups of three.  
But instead of swimming  
And diving and playing,  
They drowned. So he buried them under the tree.

The boy, however,  
Was a determined little boy.  
He would not be stopped by such a small fix.  
When the Goo came along,  
The boy was giving lessons  
To ant number three hundred seventy six.





## The Anonymous Hero From An Unwritten Book

He was dark and handsome,  
With shining black hair.  
He was ugly and bald,  
And his complexion was fair.

He was short and fat  
And tall and thin.  
He seemed contradictory  
From within.

This character that  
I'm telling you about  
Never could exist  
There is no doubt.

He's an anonymous hero  
From an unwritten book.  
You won't find him anywhere  
Even if you look.

Due to this circumstance,  
Much as I regret,  
He and the Goo  
Have never met.

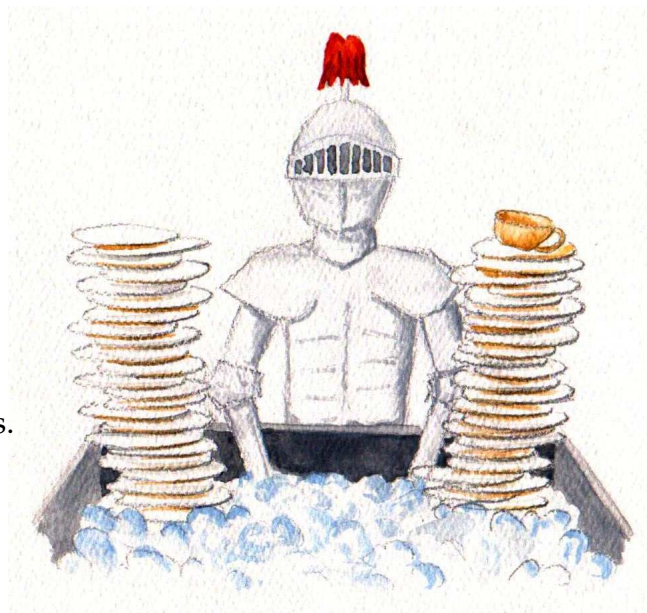
## On Poetry

Did you know that violin,  
Zeppelin, and Rin-Tin-Tin,  
All rhyme with Mickey Finn?

On the other hand, a Goo,  
Rhymes with screw and glue, its true,  
But then he also rhymes with you...

## Meanwhile...

By ordinance of the king,  
Dishes will now be washed by knights.  
Be careful not to rust,  
And not to get into fights.



## Writer's Block

Big cities,  
While unfit for habitation,  
Are a source  
Of poetic inspiration.

So the Goo,  
Who wrote now and then,  
Went to the corner cafe  
With his pen.

The espresso machine  
Was humming away.  
Three huge chocolate cakes  
Were on display.

At each and every table  
A poetic hopeful sat.  
Some had been there for years,  
And were already quite fat.

The Goo curled up  
On the window seat,  
And scanned the menu  
For something to eat.

There were six kinds of coffee  
And cookies and cake.  
They also had pasta  
And strawberry shake.

But there was nothing inspirational  
That would put you in the mood  
To write any poetry  
About their food.

In the end,  
The Goo ate more than he should.  
He didn't get a poem,  
But he sure felt good.

On the hopeful front  
There still are no news.  
Just waiting and waiting  
And waiting for the muse.



# At The Beach

The Goo

Sat under the scorching sun,  
And wondered  
Is this considered fun?

The sand  
Was scratching between his toes.  
The spray  
Was tickling his delicate nose.

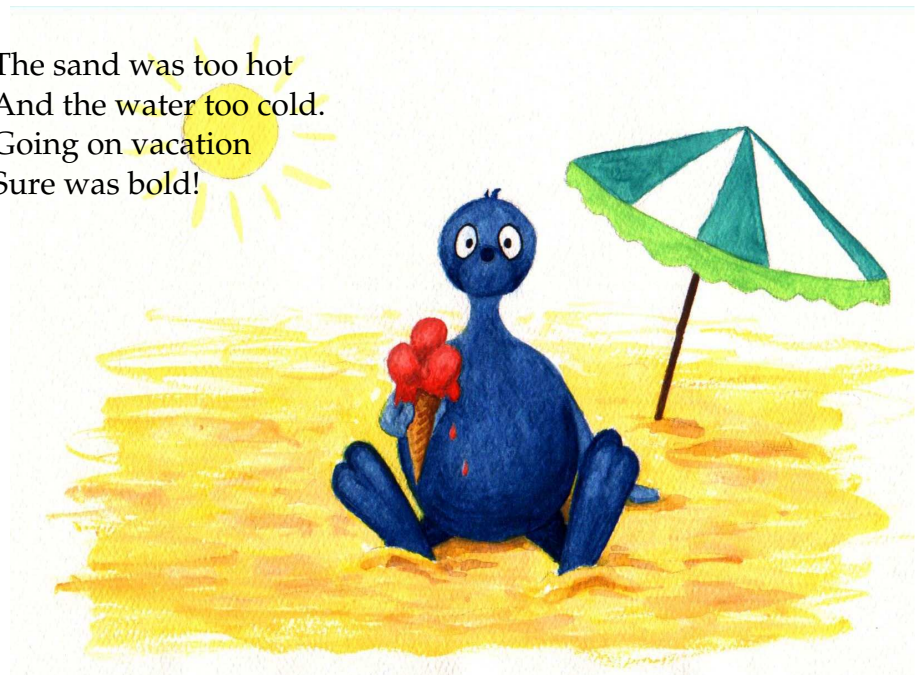
The sun  
Was burning his bluish skin.  
The sweat  
Was dripping from his chin.

He had taken a dip  
And came out all soggy.  
There was salt in his eyes  
And his sight was foggy.

There was water in his ears  
That would not come out.  
I won't even tell you  
What happened to his snout.

The whole breakfast  
Had tasted of salt,  
But the cook insisted  
It wasn't his fault.

The sand was too hot  
And the water too cold.  
Going on vacation  
Sure was bold!



**Tea**      The sun shines, the flowers bloom,  
A perfect day one would assume,  
For the Goo to leave his room,  
And the story to resume,  
-- And tea would be a treat.

Tea with Prince Rupert on his yacht,  
Which is always anchored at the very same spot,  
Because it's tied with a very strong knot,  
Nevertheless, there's a thickening plot...  
-- But I'm being indiscreet.



The Prince talked of his magic ring,  
And hunting dragons in the spring,  
And how he wanted to be the King,  
(It's rumored there might be an opening)  
-- He'd move to Easy Street!

Then he explained the meaning of life,  
(Something about eternal strife)  
When suddenly a mutinous fife  
Attacked him with a kitchen knife.  
-- How about a sweet?

Needless to say, the plot has gone wrong.  
The Goo protests, he will not go along.  
With no Prince and no Goo motivation is strong  
To cut short this wonderful song  
-- And make a hasty retreat.

## Meanwhile...

An agreement has been reached;  
The dwarfs are back on the job!  
Everyone else is warned  
Not to behave like a snob.



## Goo-Talk

Goos are very verbal,  
Even though they're seldom heard.  
The reason for this  
Is that their words are so absurd.

Goos tend to talk  
(Among themselves, that is)  
By grunts and hums and humping sounds  
And by saying "Gee-wiz!"

A Goo that says "Hump"  
Is either happy or sad.  
This ambiguity is lifted  
By the sound the "Hump" had had.

Other important words  
Are "Voozle", "Clonk", and "Roo".  
To start a conversation,  
Say "Dwidle-Dwadle Dow-Dee-Doo".

## Undivided Attention

On Tuesday, no mistake,  
The Goo went to the lake,  
To pass a pleasant day in the sun.

There he ate a steak  
And a largish piece of cake  
And was pleasant to everyone around.

Wanting some rest,  
And needing to digest,  
He lay down and off to sleep he went.

From the east to the west  
From valley floor to mountain crest,  
He could be heard burping with content.

While many people stopped to stare  
It didn't bother a fuzzy pair  
That were snuggling by a nearby tree.

The Pussy and the Teddy Bear  
Were actually unaware  
That there was anything unusual to see.

All they did was take delight  
In each other's smell and sight  
Oblivious to all that was around them.

Their hearts were gay and light,  
Tails bushy and eyes bright,  
As the bear recited his anthem.



## The Teddy-Bear's Love Song

Here is my pussy,  
The best of its line.  
It's a very special pussy,  
And it's mine, mine, mine, mine.

I met it one evening  
When I went out to dine.  
Since then and forever  
It is mine, mine, mine, mine.

Its tail is long and high,  
Its fur soft and fine.  
And all of these features  
Are just mine, mine, mine, mine.

My pussy is the best,  
And sweeter than wine.  
I say this objectively,  
'Though it's mine, mine, mine, mine.

A pussy is a cat,  
Its lives number nine.  
The current one at least  
Is mine, mine, mine, mine!

## Perspective and Size

The Goo was eating a cob of corn  
On a sunny sidewalk on Tuesday morn  
When all of a sudden the peace was torn  
By screeching tires and blowing horns.

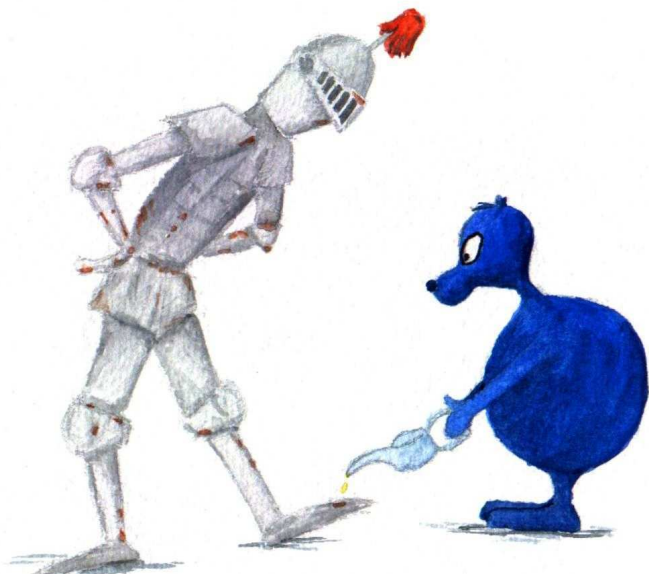
A little dwarf started it all  
Crossing the street on the way to the mall  
And causing all the traffic to stall  
Despite being incredibly small.

When the Goo arrived on the scene  
He was just in time to intervene  
Between two drivers who looked quite mean  
And a dwarf so mad he was turning green.

An eye witness gave a report  
That the dwarf was run over because he was short  
The driver said "Hah!" and left with a snort  
While the dwarf yelled after him "See you in court!"

"We dwarfs have our pride", the little one said.  
"I may be small, but I am not afraid!  
I'll fight for my rights! I'll go on crusade!  
I will not rest until homage is paid!"

The Goo tried to calm him, but it couldn't be done.  
The dwarf was talking of buying a gun.  
So the Goo decided it would be much more fun  
To return to his cob of corn in the sun.



## Meanwhile...

The boy who was teaching his ants to swim  
Has still not had any luck.  
Ant number nine-hundred-seventy-four  
Is an ant;  
It isn't a duck.

## Meanwhile...

By ordnance of the king:  
Knights with armor that squeaks  
Should oil up their joints  
Before the end of the week.

## On Good Advice

The Grand and Glorious Goo  
Was sitting on his throne.  
He was wearing velvet blue  
And his crown diamonds shone.

The Grand and Glorious Goo  
Was sitting on his throne.  
He had nothing fun to do  
And was getting bored to the bone.

“Call my advisors!” ordered the Goo  
(The Grand and Glorious one).  
“I want to know what I should do  
In order to have some fun!”

First came The Wicked Wiz from the West,  
(West-by-North-West, to be precise).  
“I have come to help in your quest”  
He announced in a voice cold as ice.

“For fun, turn young lads into donkeys that bray  
Colored green with spots of bright red.”  
But the Goo preferred his benevolent way  
So he ordered “off with his head!”

Next came The Eloquent Elf from the East  
Renowned for his very small height.  
“I hope I can serve you a little, at least”,  
He said with an air of delight.

“The greatest fun is finding a pun.  
Let's have a contest”, he said.  
But the Goo feared he might be outdone,  
So he ordered “off with his head!”

Third was The Silent Sage from the South;  
No-one knew for what he's renowned.  
You see, he never opened his mouth,  
He just mumbled and moaned.

The Goo didn't like this one little bit ---  
An advisor should never keep mum.  
So he ordered The Sage's head to be split,  
But still he was feeling quite glum.



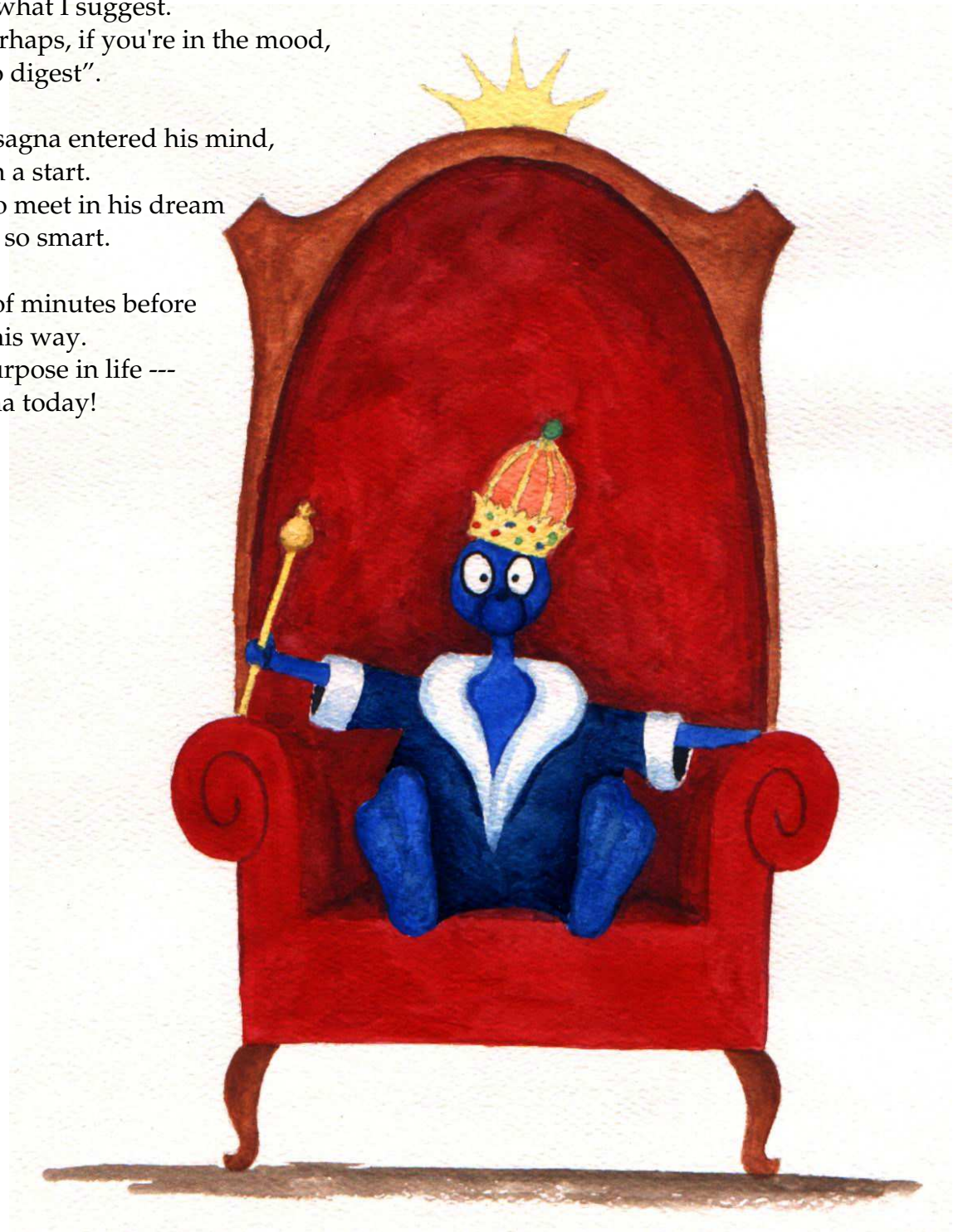
The last advisor left on the list  
Was The Noodle-Maker who came from the North.  
His favorite adjective was "nondescript",  
But we shall call him "advisor-the-fourth".

"The world is a complex creation, indeed,  
Like a bowl of spaghetti", thus he.  
"But in finding some fun I hope to succeed  
More than my colleagues three".

"The key to happiness, highness, is food,  
And pasta is what I suggest.  
A lasagna, perhaps, if you're in the mood,  
Is great fun to digest".

As the thought of lasagna entered his mind,  
The Goo awoke with a start.  
He sure was lucky to meet in his dream  
An advisor that was so smart.

It was just a matter of minutes before  
The Goo set out on his way.  
For now he had a purpose in life ---  
He would eat lasagna today!



## Who Is A Goo?

I am a Goo.  
Are you?



## A Question Of Size

The Glomp and the Glimp  
Were sitting in the hey,  
Holding hands  
In a friendly sort of way.

The Glomp asked, "Are you  
my special little Glimp?"  
"Yes I am,  
Even smaller than an Imp."

"And you, dear Glomp,  
What, prey, is your size?"  
"Smaller than small,"  
Said the Glomp with a smile in his eyes.

"That small!?" asked the Glimp,  
In a somewhat shocked voice.  
"What can I do?"  
Said the Glomp; "It wasn't my choice."

"I wanted to be big,  
Maybe a whole inch tall,  
But I'm called 'Tiny Weeny'  
'Cause I turned out so very small."

"Tiny Weeny", said the Glimp,  
"Is not a respectable name.  
'Miniscale' is better,  
And means more or less the same."

"Oh, thank you, dear Glimp,  
For this wonderful suggestion.  
I'll adopt it at once,  
As if it was my own invention."

This happy agreement had just been reached  
When the Glomp and his Glimp too  
Were accidentally stepped on  
By the very little Goo.

# The Pink Dragon

Twenty seven Tuesdays passed,  
Since the Goo began his trip.  
Most of them were boring,  
And his excitement began to dip.

Luckily, on the slope of the hill,  
The mouth of a cave was sighted.  
Thinking how cool it would be inside  
The Goo was frankly delighted.

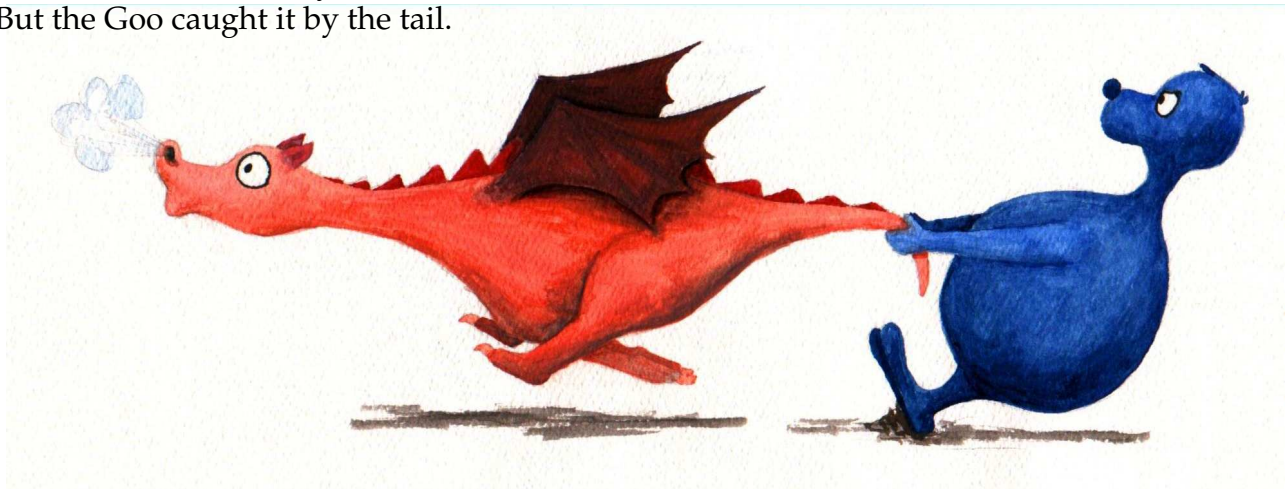
It was a cute fuzzy little dragon;  
Its fur was soft and silky and pink.  
It didn't have scales or horns and stuff  
And it smelled better than what you might think.

"Help!!!" yelped the dragon on seeing the Goo  
And turned ever so pale.  
It also tried to run away,  
But the Goo caught it by the tail.

Even worse, the day was hot;  
The sun was pounding down.  
Sweat was pouring in torrents,  
And the Goo was afraid he might drown.

Indeed he felt a nice cool breeze  
As he crawled into the cave.  
Observers that knew there was a dragon inside  
Considered the act quite brave.

The Goo looked it over from left and from right  
Wondering what it was for;  
But before he could reach a conclusion  
The dragon woke up with a snort.



"Please don't kill me, mighty prince!",  
Thus the dragon implored.  
When he heard the Goo would not,  
His calm was partly restored.

The Goo was rather confused  
By the dragon's obvious fright.  
So when he got back his breath  
The dragon told of his plight.

## How The Dragons Became Extinct (Almost)

Once upon a time  
In a long forgotten age  
There were so many dragons  
They appeared on every page.

But then came another  
Long forgotten time  
In which fairy-tales happened  
A dozen for a dime.

In many of these tales  
A frog was kissed.  
If the kisser was a princess,  
The frog became a prince.

Ecological unbalance  
Resulted from this.  
In most swamps you couldn't find  
Even one frog to kiss.

The prince population,  
On the other hand,  
Blossomed and flourished  
And became quite grand.

All of these princes  
Filled the countryside.  
If you wanted to avoid them  
There was nowhere to hide.

The poor little dragons  
Suffered more than all.  
It was quite surprising  
How low they would fall.

'Cause when a prince met a princess  
And wanted to wed,  
He would bring her a dragon  
That was absolutely dead.

Some castles, I'm told,  
Where great beauties lived,  
Became surrounded by corpses  
Of the dragons they'd gived.

And it thus came to pass,  
After not many days,  
That the dragons disappeared  
From the fields and the ways.

## The Pink Dragon (Continued)

After hearing this story  
The Goo became quite mad.  
It was unfair for all those princes  
To make the dragon so sad!

But the part that worked the best,  
And made the dragon laugh,  
Was the story of Prince Rupert  
Being cut in half.

So he bought a large banana split  
To cheer the dragon up.  
He also got him some chocolate fudge  
And a bunch of buttercups.



## The Best Fairy Tail

A fairy tail is a lively thing,  
Even poetic I'd say.  
It is suitable for all year round,  
Whether by night or by day.

A fairy tail should not be too short,  
It's not always best to have less.  
Of course, it should also not be too long,  
So it won't become a mess.

A fairy tail should be full of light;  
It certainly shouldn't be dark.  
Otherwise there is great concern  
That it might not make its mark.



A fairy tail is a wondrous thing,  
Especially when well-groomed.  
Goos have fought hard to have such tails,  
But sadly their battle is doomed!

## Another Limerick

There once was a traveling Goo  
Who wanted to visit the zoo.  
But when they tried  
To keep him inside  
The Goo quickly withdrew.

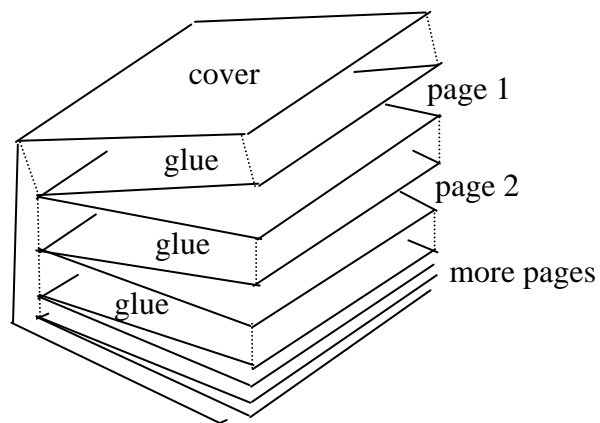
## How It All Ended

Just like that.

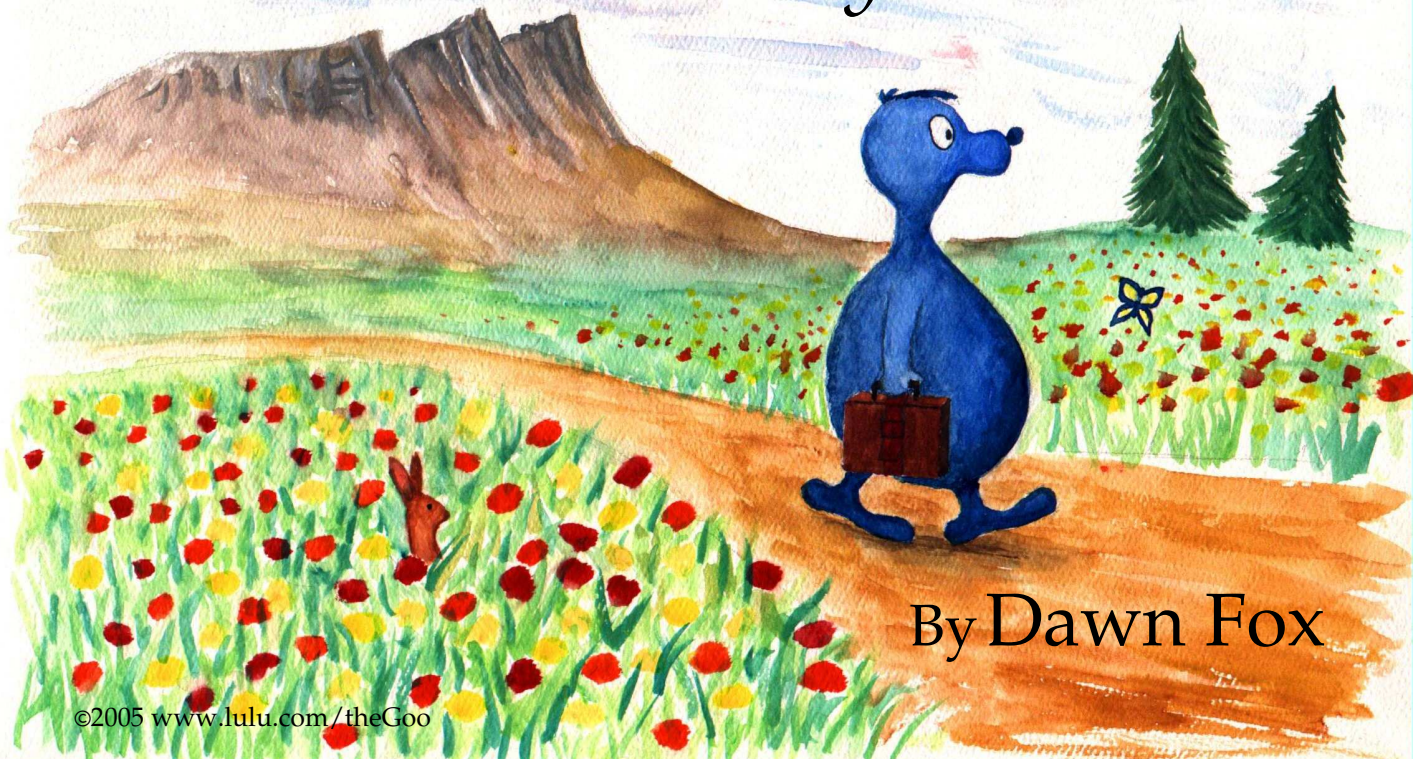
## Alternative cover option

The next page is designed to provide a cover for making a landscape-style booklet.

1. Print the whole file single-sided
2. Discard the original title page
3. Fold all the text pages in half with the printed side inward
4. Use a glue stick to glue their backs to each other in sequence
  - a. The bottom of page 1 to the top of page 2
  - b. The bottom of page 2 to the top of page 3
  - c. And so on
  - d. With the all the folds aligned with each other at the same end
  - e. Make sure you spread glue at the edges and corners
5. Glue the bottom part of the cover page to the back of the top part of the first page, which is on the top
6. Then stretch the top of the cover to the other side, and glue it to the bottom of the last page (it will not cover all of it, due to the thickness of the whole pack)
7. The booklet now opens upwards



# The Great Adventure of the *Very* Little Goo



By Dawn Fox