

don't  
spank  
Hank



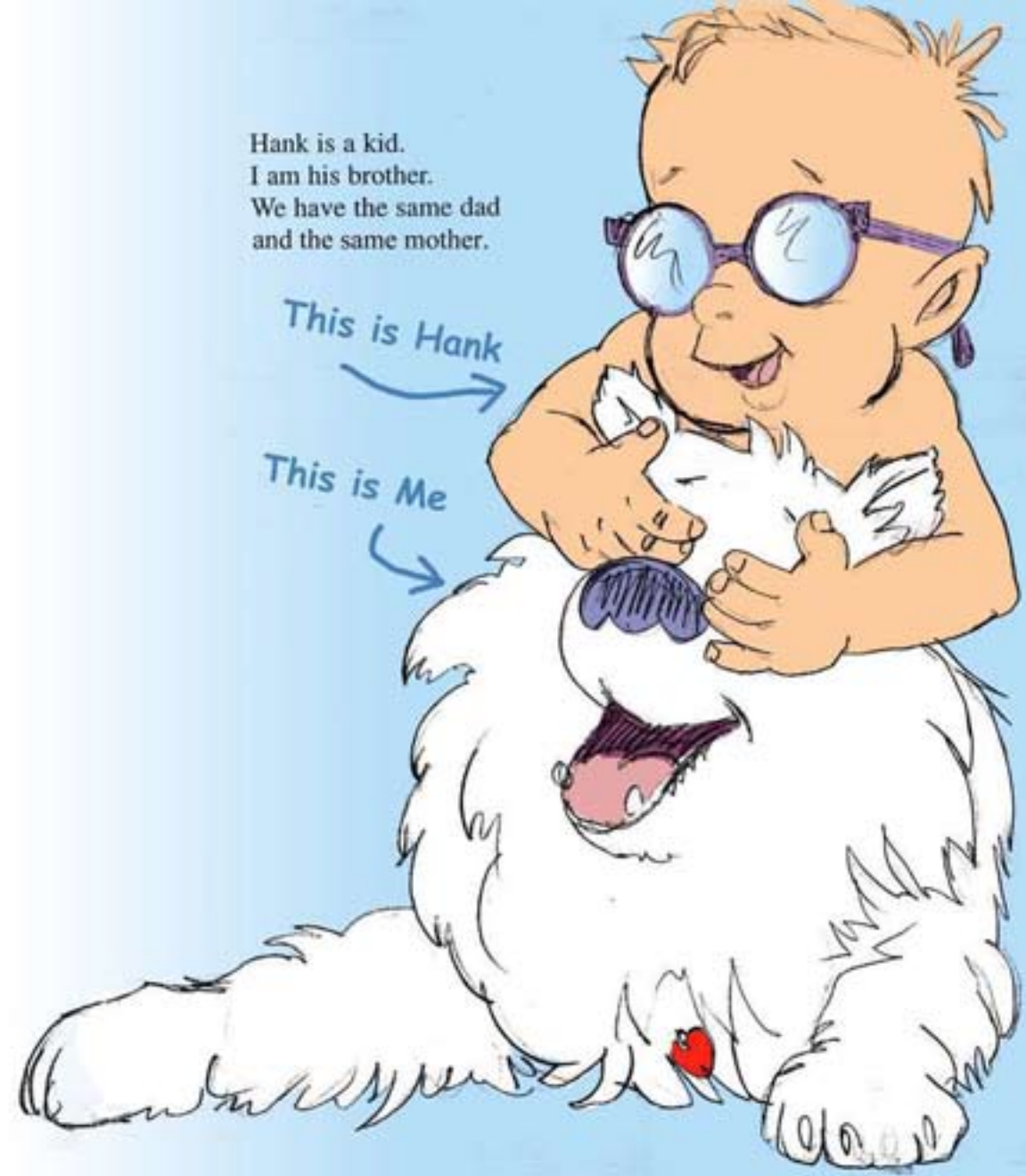
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BY DAVID PETERS

Hank is a kid.  
I am his brother.  
We have the same dad  
and the same mother.

*This is Hank*

*This is Me*



When we wake up  
We like to go walking.  
Hank leads the way.  
I do the talking.

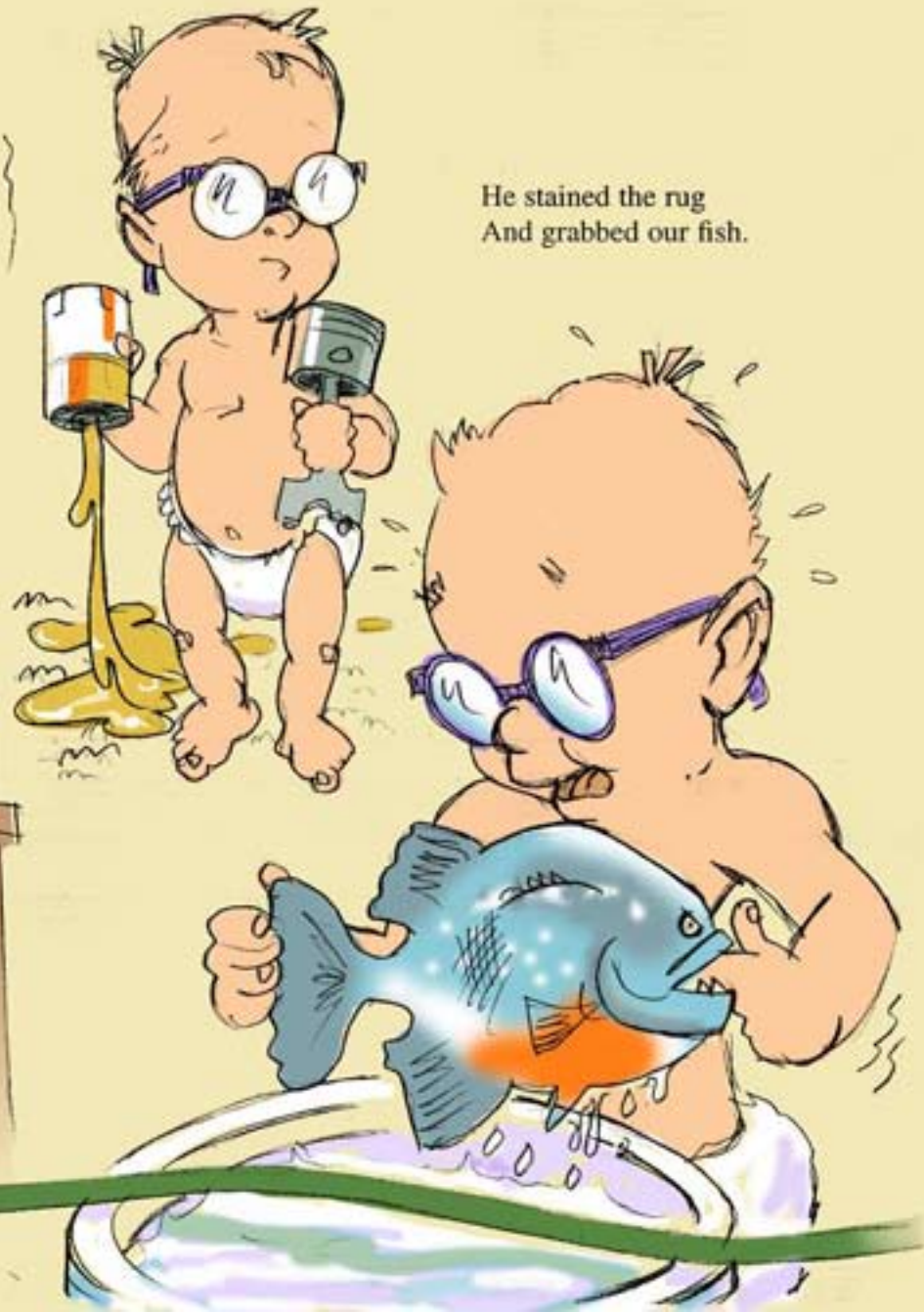
Hank never talks,  
But he gets around.  
No kid is more trouble  
Upstairs or down.

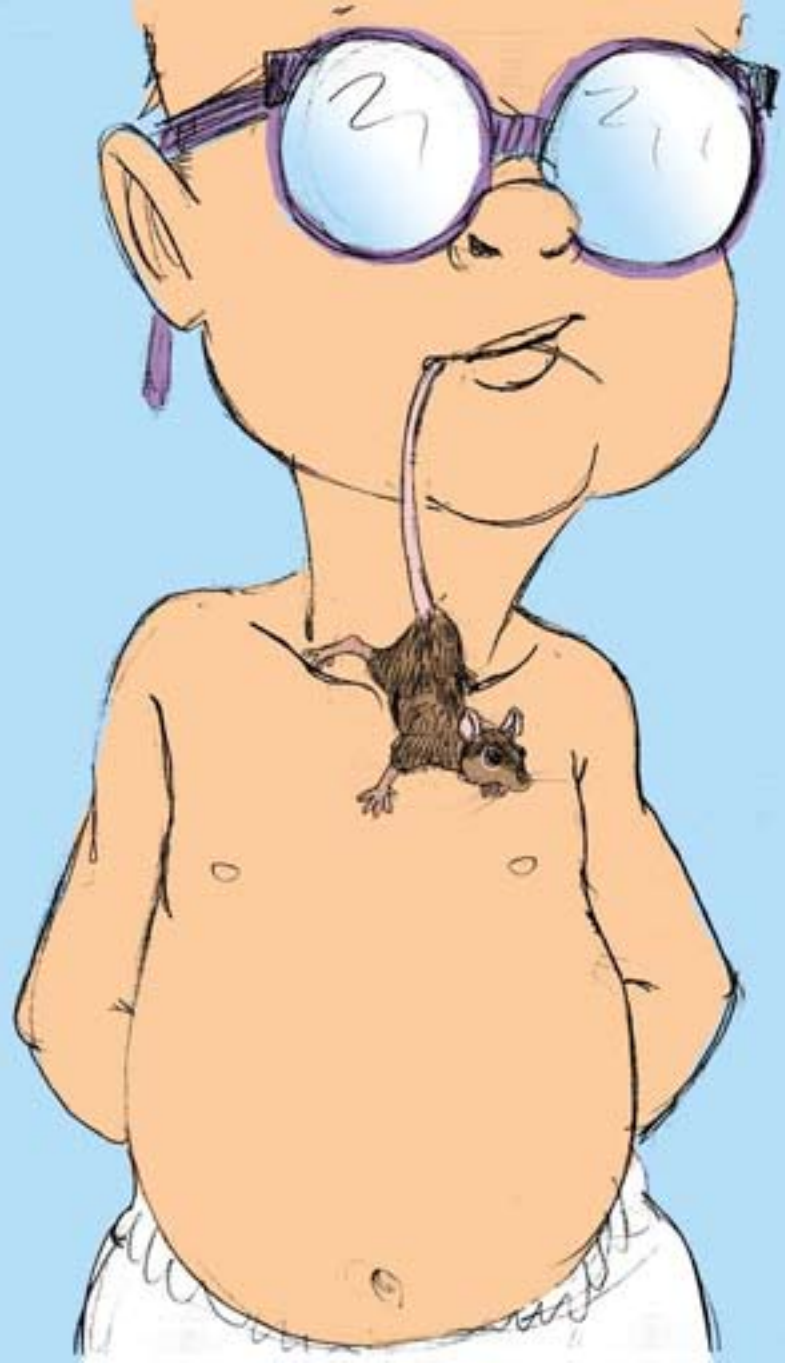


Hank scared the cat.  
He broke a dish.



He stained the rug  
And grabbed our fish.





It's always fun  
With Hank in the house,  
He might climb a tree.  
He might catch a mouse.



He honked Dad's horn  
And would not quit,  
'Til Dad was ready  
To throw a fit.





He ate Mom's chair.  
He chewed the wood.  
With his new tooth  
He chewed it good.



"Watch out for Hank,"  
The neighbors all warn,  
"Hank has been trouble  
Since the day he was born."



Dad tells him "Stop!"  
Mom tells him, "No!"  
They can't figure out  
What makes him go, go, go!

When they catch Hank,  
And things get tense,  
I speak for Hank  
In his defense.



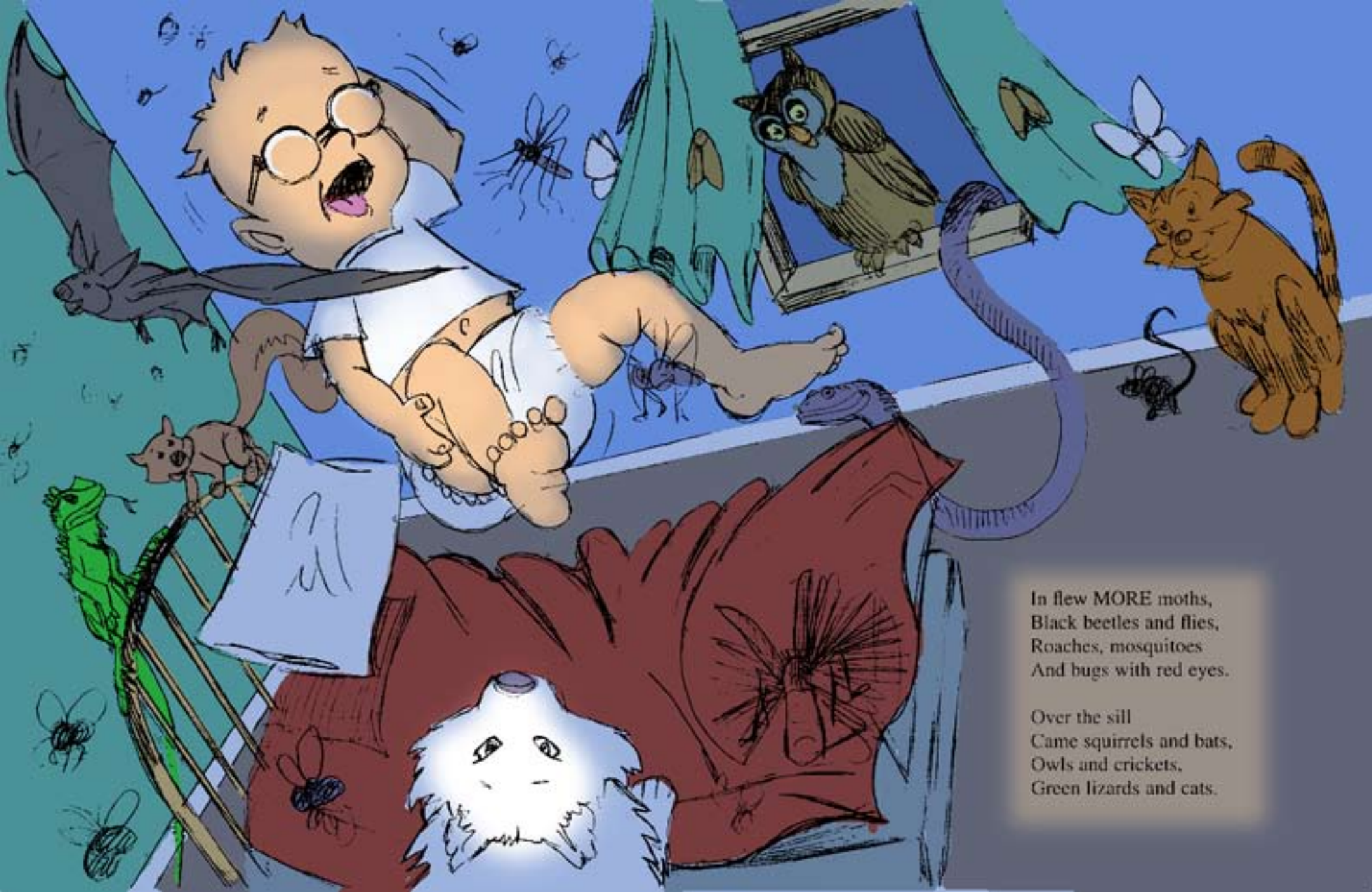
Hank is not bad.  
Hank is just hyper.  
"Hey, Hank! Come back!  
You forgot your diaper!"



Brushing his teeth  
Getting ready for bed,  
Hank felt the feet of  
A moth on his head.

"Open the screen!  
Let that moth go!"  
Hank opened the screen  
And wow, what a show!





In flew MORE moths,  
Black beetles and flies,  
Roaches, mosquitoes  
And bugs with red eyes.

Over the sill  
Came squirrels and bats,  
Owls and crickets,  
Green lizards and cats.



"Jeepers!" said Mom.  
"What's all that noise?  
Quiet up there  
You naughty boys!"

"I'm coming up!"  
I heard Mom holler.  
Hank tried to run  
But Mom grabbed his collar.

Hank closed his eyes.  
Mom raised her hand.  
I said, "Mom! STOP!  
You don't understand."





"Don't spank Hank!  
He's not a bad kid.  
Don't blame Hank  
For what that moth did."

"I'm sure Hank is sorry.  
He tries to be nice.  
I promise you, Mom,  
It won't happen twice."





Whatever he does,  
I speak up for Hank.  
He needs me or else  
He might get a big spank.

Hank was so glad  
When Mom walked away.  
But nothing stops Hank,  
At least nothing I say.





One Sunday morning  
A farmer stopped by.  
His tractor was gone.  
And he wondered why.

Back in Hank's room  
The sight stopped our hearts!  
The tractor was there,  
But it was in parts!

And where was our Hank?  
That three-year-old kid  
Was sharing the tub  
With a twenty-foot squid!



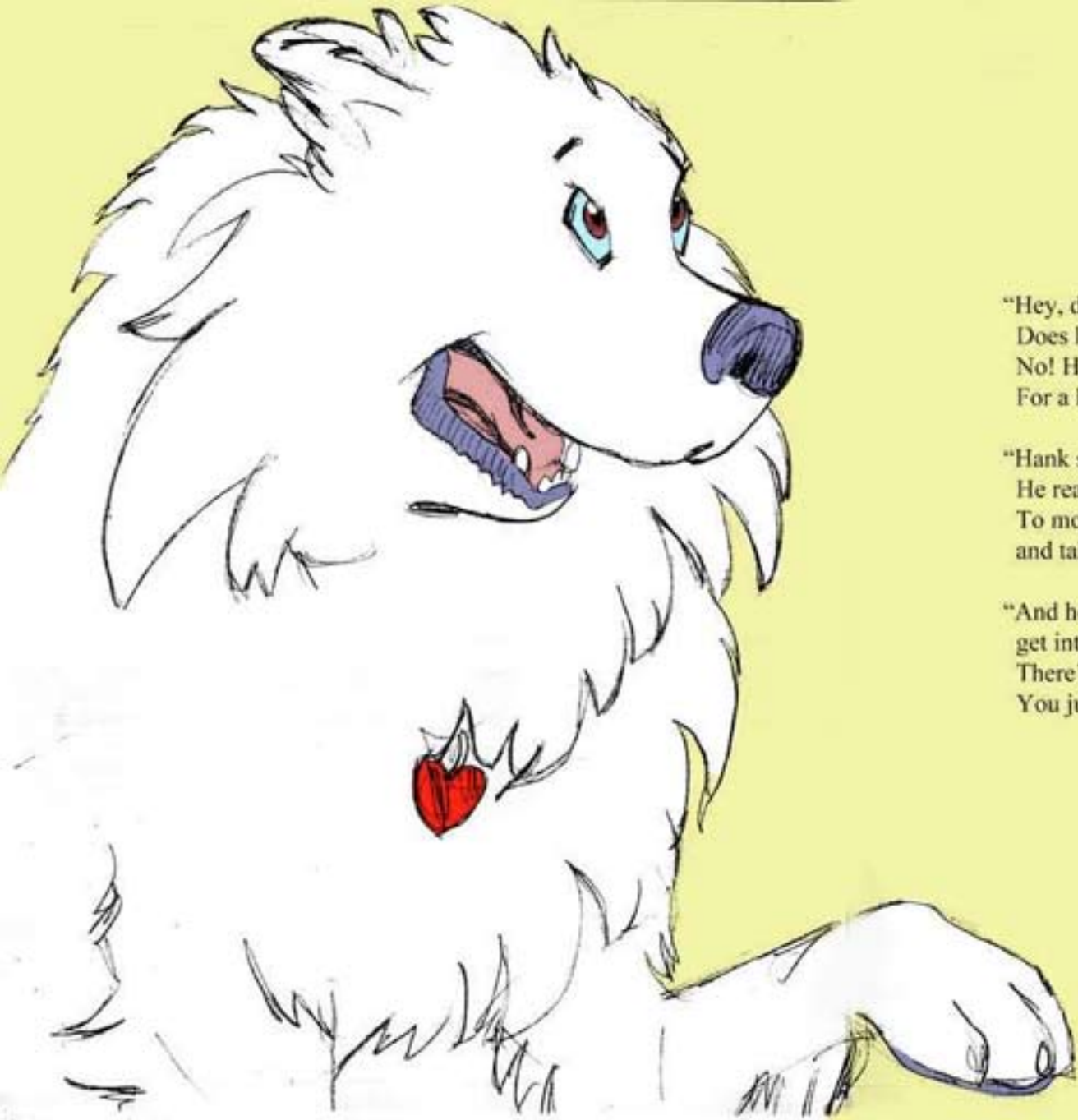


What a big mess!  
That squid and that soap!  
Dad was about  
At the end of his rope.

Dad was so mad,  
As he stood at the door.  
"GADZOOKS!" Dad yelled.  
"Would ya look at this floor!"

"You need a spank,"  
We heard Dad say.  
He reached for his son,  
But I saved the day.

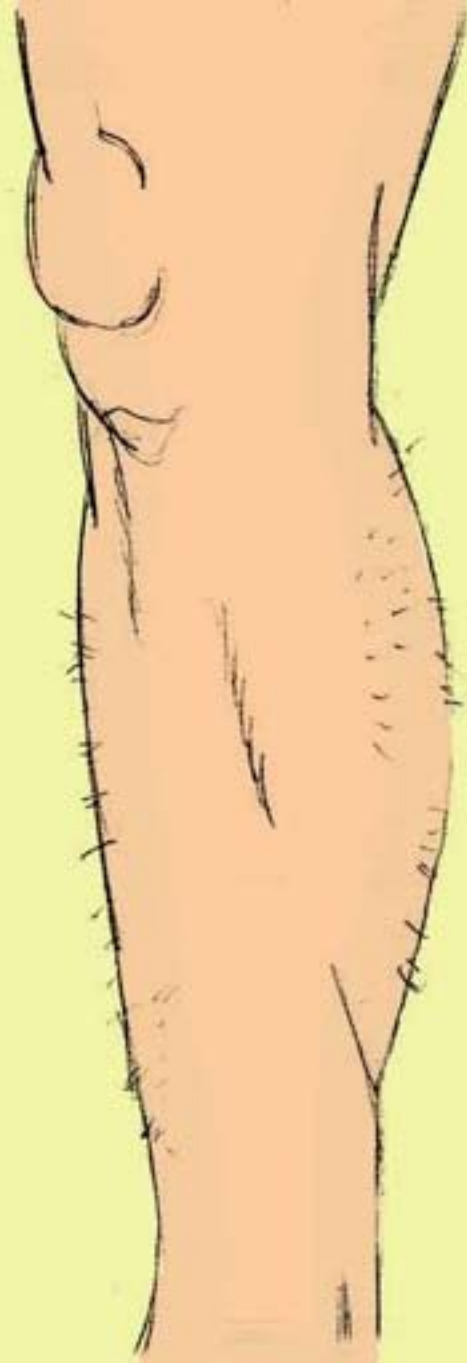




"Hey, don't spank Hank.  
Does he spit or tell lies?  
No! He's just a big pain  
For a kid of his size."

"Hank showed us all  
He really is smart,  
To move that machine  
and take it apart."

"And how did that squid  
get into our tub?  
There's more to that kid  
You just gotta love!"





Dad picked up Hank  
and put him to bed.  
"That squid's got to go!"  
Is all that Dad said.

"What can we do?"  
Our parents would moan  
"Hank seems to break  
Whatever we own."

I never thought Hank  
Was really that bad,  
That is, until one day  
When he made ME mad!

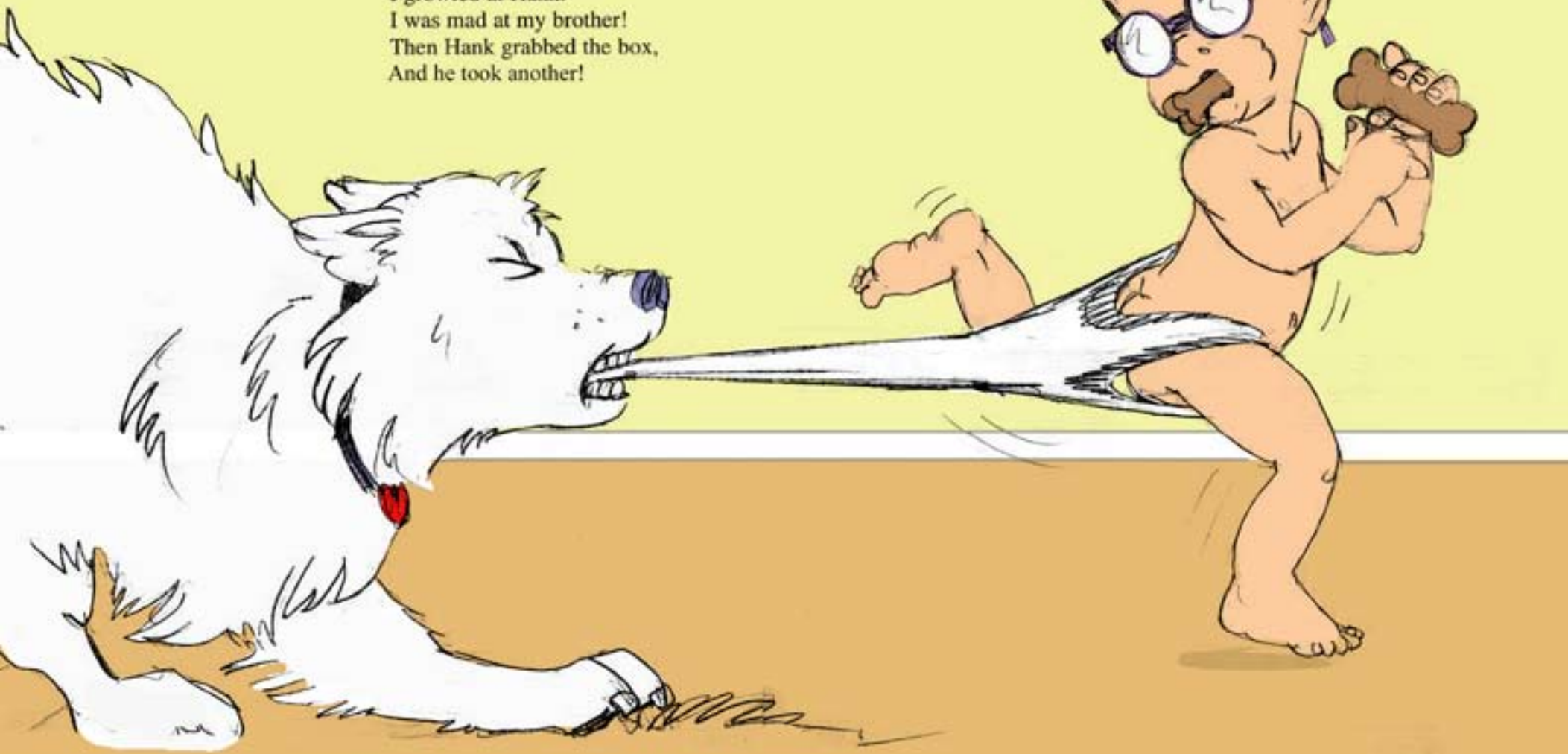
Mom gave me treats.  
Treats just for me.  
They're not for boys  
In diapers age three.





So I sat down  
Ready to eat,  
Then Hank wiggled in  
And he took my treat!

I growled at Hank.  
I was mad at my brother!  
Then Hank grabbed the box,  
And he took another!



"Those treats are mine!"  
I barked at Hank.  
"I'm angry with you,  
And you need a spank!"

I jumped on Hank,  
And we took a spill,  
Out of the house  
And way down the hill.



We wrestled all day  
And into the night  
Until Dad came in  
To breakup the fight.





Hank ran away.  
He ran and he hid.  
I was still mad  
at what that boy did.

Then Hank turned around  
At the edge of the door  
He looked sad, really sad,  
Like never before.

Then what do you know!  
Hank hung down his head.  
He spoke his first words  
And here's what he said:



"I'm sorry."



Well...  
That's about it  
What more can I say?  
I forgave Hank  
And called it a day.

Hank is my friend.  
Hank is my brother.  
I would not trade Hank  
For any other.





Hank's not so bad  
When he's at rest,  
Down on his knees  
With his head on my chest.

Hank snuggled in.  
He closed his eyes  
And made a nest  
Just his size.