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.