The Story of Fidgety Philip

by Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann ***from*** **Struwwelpeter: Merry Tales and Funny Pictures**

Let me see if Philip can
Be a little gentleman
Let me see, if he is able
To sit still for once at table:
Thus Papa bade Phil behave;
And Mamma look'd very grave.

But fidgety Phil,
He won't sit still;
He wriggles
and giggles,
And then, I declare
Swings backwards and forwards
And tilts up his chair,
Just like any rocking horse; -
"Philip! I am getting cross!"

See the naughty restless child
Growing still more rude and wild.
Till his chair falls over quite.
Philip screams with all his might.
Catches at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again.
Down upon the ground they fall.
Glasses, plates, knives, forks and all.
How Mamma did fret and frown.
When she saw them tumbling down!
And Papa made such a face!
Philip is in sad disgrace.

Fairly cover'd up you see!
Cloth and all are lying on him;
He has pull'd down all upon him.
What a terrible to-do!
Dishes, glasses, snapt in two!
Here a knife, and there a fork!

Philip, this is cruel work.
Table all so bare, and ah!
Poor Papa, and poor Mamma

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Look quite cross, and wonder how
They shall make their dinner now.

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Questions

1. What caused Philip's chair to fall?

2. What did Philip grab when he started to fall?

3. What does *bade* mean here: "Thus Papa bade Phil behave"?

4. Pick one stanza and list the words that rhyme.

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