

## The Butter Battle

by Dr. Seuss

On the last day of summer,  
ten hours before fall . . .

. . . my grandfather took me  
out to the Wall.

For a while he stood silent.  
Then finally he said,  
with a very bad shake  
of his very old head,  
"As you know, on this side of the Wall  
we are Yooks.  
On the far other side of this Wall  
live the Zooks."

Then my grandfather said,  
"It's high time that you knew  
of the terribly horrible thing that Zooks  
do.  
In every Zook house and in every Zook  
town  
*every Zook eats his bread  
with the butter side down!*"

"But we Yooks, as you know,  
when we breakfast or sup,  
spread our bread," Grandpa said,  
"with the butter side *up*.  
That's the right, honest way!"  
Grandpa gritted his teeth.  
"So you can't trust a Zook who spreads  
bread underneath!  
Every Zook must be watched!  
He has kinks in his soul!  
That's why, as a youth, I made watching  
my goal,  
watching Zooks for the Zook-Watching  
Border Patrol!

In those days, of course,

the Wall wasn't so high  
and I could look any Zook  
Square in the eye.

If he dared to come close  
I could give him a twitch  
with my tough-tufted  
prickely Snick-Berry Switch.

For a while that worked fine.  
All the Zooks stayed away  
and our country was safe.  
Then one terrible day  
a very rude Zook by the name of VanItch  
snuck up and slingshotted my Snick-Berry  
Switch!

With my broken-off switch, with my head  
hung in shame,  
to the Chief Yookerooo in great sorrow I  
came.  
But our Leader just smiled. He said,  
"You're not to blame.  
And those Zooks will be sorry they started  
this game.

"We'll dress you right up in a fancier suit!  
We'll give you a fancier slingshot to  
shoot!"  
And he ordered the Boys in the Back  
Room to figger  
how to build me some sort of a triple-sling  
jigger.

With my Tripe-Sling Jigger  
I sure felt much bigger.

I marched to the Wall with great vim and  
great vigor,  
right up to VanItch with my hand on the  
trigger.

"I'll have no more nonsense," I said

with a frown,  
"from Zooks who eat bread with the butter  
side down!"

VanItch looked quite sickly.  
He ran off quite quickly.

I'm unhappy to say  
he came back the next day  
in a spiffy new suit with a big new  
machine,  
and he snarled as he said, looking  
frightfully mean,  
"You may fling those hard rocks with your  
Triple-Sling Jigger.  
But I, also, now have *my* hand on a trigger!

My wonderful weapon, the Jigger-Rock  
Snatchem,  
will fling 'em right back just as quick as  
we catch 'em.  
We'll have no more nonsense.  
We'll take no more gupp  
from you Yooks who eat bread with the  
butter side up!"

"I have failed, sir," I sobbed as I made my  
report  
to the Chief Yookeroo in the headquarters  
fort.  
He just laughed. "You've done nothing at  
all of the sort.  
Our slingshots have failed.  
That was old-fashioned stuff.  
Slingshots, dear boy,  
are not modern enough.

"All we need is some newfangled kind of  
gun.  
My Boys in the Back Room have already  
begun  
to think up a walloping whizz-zinger one!

My Bright Boys are thinking.  
They're on the right track.  
They'll think one up quick  
and we'll send you right back!"

They thought up a great one!  
They certainly did.

They thought up a gun called the Kick-a-  
Poo Kid  
which they loaded with powerful Poo-a-  
Doo Powder  
and ants' eggs and bees' legs  
and dried-fried clam chowder.  
And they carefully trained a real smart dog  
named Daniel  
to serve as our country's first gun-toting  
spaniel.

Then Daniel, the Kick-a-Poo Spaniel, and I  
marched back toward the Wall  
with our heads held up high  
while everyone cheered and their cheers  
filled the sky:  
*"Fight! Fight for the Butter side UP!  
Do or die!"*

Well . . .  
We didn't *do*.  
And we didn't quite die.  
But we sure did get worsted, poor Daniel  
and I.  
VanItch was there too! And he said, the  
old pig,  
"The Boys in *my* Back Room  
invented *this* rig  
called the Eight-Nozzled, Elephant-Toted  
Boom-Blitz.  
It shoots high-explosive sour cherry stone  
pits  
and will put your dumb Kick-a-Poo Kid on  
the fritz!"  
Poor Daniel and I  
were scared out of our witz!

Once more, by VanItch I was bested and  
beat.  
Once again I limped home from the Wall  
in defeat.  
I dragged and I sagged  
and my spirits were low,  
as low as I thought that they ever could go,  
when I heard a *Boom-Bah!*

And a *Diddle-dee-Dill!*  
And our Butter-Up Band  
marched up over the hill!

The Chief Yookeroo had sent them to meet  
me  
along with the Right-Sid-Up Song Girls to  
greet me.

They sang:

*"Oh, be faithful!  
Believe in thy butter!"*  
And they lifted my spirits right out  
of the gutter!

"My boy," smiled the Chief  
Yookeroo, "we've just voted  
and made you a general! You've  
been promoted.  
Your pretty new uniform's ready.  
Get in it!  
The Big War is coming. You're  
going to begin it!  
And what's more, *this* time you are  
certain to win it.

"My Boys in the Back Room have  
finally found how.  
Just wait till you see what they've  
puttered up now!  
In their great new machine you'll fly  
over the Wall  
and clobber those Butter-Down  
Zooks one and all!"

Those Boy in the Back Room sure  
knew how to putter!  
They made me a thing called the  
Utterly Sputter  
and I jumped aboard with my heart  
all aflutter  
and steered toward the land"  
of the Upside-Down Butter.

This machine  
was *so* modern, *so* frightfully new,  
no one knew quite exactly

just *what* it would do!

But it had several faucets that  
sprinkled Blue Goo  
which, somehow, would sprinkle  
the Zooks as I flew  
and gum up that upside-down  
butter they chew.

I was racing pell-mell  
when I heard a voice yell,  
"If you sprinkle us Zooks,  
you'll get sprinkled as well!"

VanItch had a Sputter exactly like  
mine!  
And he yelled, "My Blue-Gooer is  
working just fine!  
And I'm here to say that if Yooks  
can goo Zooks,  
you'd better forget it. 'Cause Zooks  
can goo Yooks!"

I flew right back home  
and, as you may have guessed,  
I was downright despondent,

disturbed,  
and depressed.  
And I saw, just as soon as I stepped  
back on land,  
so were all of the girls of the Butter-  
Up Band.

The Chief Drum Majorette, Miz  
Yookie-Ann Sue,  
said, "That was a pretty sour flight  
that you flew.  
And the Chief Yookeroo has been  
looking for you!"

I raced to his office. The place was a  
sight.  
"Have no fears," said the Chief.  
"Everything is all right.  
My Bright Back Room Boys have

been brighter than bright.  
They've thought up a gadget that's  
Newer than New.  
It is filled with mysterious Moo-  
Lacka-Moo  
and can blow all those Zooks clear  
to Sala-ma-goo.  
THEY'VE INVENTED

THE BITSY  
BIG-BOY BOOMEROO!

"You just run to the Wall like a nice  
little man."  
Drop this bomb on the Zooks just as  
fast as you can.  
I have ordered all Yooks to stay safe  
underground"  
while the Bitsy Big-Boy Boomeroo  
is around."

As I raced for that Wall, with the  
bomb in my hand,  
I noticed that every last Yook in our  
land  
was obeying our Chief Yookeroo's  
grim command.

They were all bravely marching,  
with banners aflutter,  
down a hole! For their country!  
And Right-Side-Up Butter!

That's when Grandfather found me!  
He grabbed me. He said,

"You should be down that hole!  
And you're up here instead!  
But perhaps this is all for the better,  
somehow.  
You will see me make history!  
RIGHT HERE! AND RIGHT  
NOW!"  
Grandpa leapt up that Wall with a  
lopulous leap  
and he cleared his hoarse throat  
with a bopulous beep.

He screamed, "Here's the end of that  
terrible town  
full of Zooks who eat bread with  
the butter side down!"

And at that very instant we heard a  
klupp-klupp  
of feet on the Wall and old VanItch  
klupped up!

*The Boys in HIS Back Room had  
made him one too!*

*In his fist was another Big-Boy  
Boomeroo!*

"I'll blow you," he yelled, "into pork  
and wee beans!  
I'll butter-side-up you to small  
smithereens!"

"Grandpa! I shouted. "Be careful!  
Oh, gee!

Who's going to drop it?

Will *you* . . . ? Or will *he* . . . ?

"Be patient," said Grandpa. "We'll  
see.

We will see . . . "