Boa constrictor

Watch out, here comes the boa constrictor and he's hungry; a little boy or girl on the menu would be perfect.

It is written by America's best loved poet, writer and humorist Shel Silverstein who has penned many wonderfully zany rhymes that have thrilled children all over the world. Discover more of his wicked humour in his book 'Where the Sidewalk Ends'. For many years my grandchildren have requested this collection and its sequel as a bedtime ritual on their regular holiday visits.

The adapted version below grew longer and longer, just like the boa constrictor, as each class year group I taught invented new lines.

Have fun thinking of other alternatives. Instil confidence during swimming lessons by immersing a little more of the body in water each time a verse is sung!

1. Stand looking fearful, fingers to mouth and pointing with the other hand to the ground. 2. Wave finger from side to side. 3. Touch each part of the body as it is mentioned. 4. On the last line crouch down and cover head with hands.

I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor, a boa
constrictor, a boa constrictor,
I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor,
and I don't like it, one bit!

What do you know, it's nibbling my toe,
Oh gee, it's up to my knee,
Oh my, it's up to my thigh,
Oh fiddle it's up to my middle,
What a pest it's up to my chest,
It's getting bolder, it's up to my shoulder,
Oh heck, it's up to my neck,
Oh dread, it's up to my .... GULP!

<u>More lines:</u>
It isn't funny; it's up to my tummy...
Oh darn, it's up to my arms...