



Class VI A

Television

The most important thing we've learned,
So far as children are concerned,
Is never, NEVER, NEVER let-
Then near your television set-
Or better still, just don't install
The idiotic thing in all.
In almost every house we've been
We've watched them gaping at the screen.
They loll and slop and lounge about,
And stare until their eyes pop out.
(Last week in someone's place we saw
A dozen eyeballs on the floor.)
They sit and stare and stare and sit
Until they're hypnotized by it
Until they're absolutely drunk
With all that shocking ghastly junk.
Oh yes, we know it keeps them still,
They don't climb out the window sill,
The never fight or kick or punch.
They leave you free to cook the lunch
And wash the dishes in the sink - -
But did you ever stop to think,
To wonder just exactly what
This does to our beloved tot?

IT ROTS THE SENSE IN THE HEAD!

IT KILLS IMAGINATION DEAD!

IT CLOGS AND CLUTTERS UP THE MIND!

IT MAKES A CHILD SO DULL AND BLIND

HE CAN NO LONGER UNDERSTAND

A FANTASY, A FAIRYLAND!

HIS BRAIN BECOMES AS SOFT AS CHEESE!

HIS POWERS OF THINKING RUST AND

FREEZE!!!!

HE CANNOT THINK – HE ONLY SEES!

‘All right!’ you’ll cry. ‘All right!’ you’ll say.

But if we take the set away.

What shall we do to entertain

our darling children? Please explain!

We’ll answer this by asking you,

What used the darling ones to do?

‘How used they keep themselves contented

Before this monster was invented?’

Have you forgotten? Don’t you know??

We’ll say it very loud and slow.

THEY...USED...TO...READ! They’ve READ and READ

AND READ and READ. And then proceed

TO READ some more. Great Scott! Gadzooks!

One half their lives was reading books!

The nursery shelves held books galore!

Books cluttered up the nursery floor!
And in the bedroom, by the bed.
More books were waiting to be read!
Such wondrous, fine, fantastic tales
Of dragons, gypsies, queens, and whales
And treasures isles, and distant shores
Where smugglers rowed with muffled oars,
And pirates wearing purple pants,
And sailing ships and elephants.
And cannibals crouching round the pot,
Stirring away at something hot.
(It smells so good, what can it be?
Good gracious, it's Penelope.)

---Roald Dahl