

## RHYME

by Elizabeth Coatsworth

I like to see a thunderstorm,

A dunder storm,

A blunder storm,

I like to see it, black and slow

Come stumbling down the hill.

I like to hear a thunderstorm,

A plunder storm,

A wonder storm,

Roar loudly at our little house

And shake the window sills!

Now try to learn this by heart. Can you  
make the shorter lines quieter as if they  
were an echo?