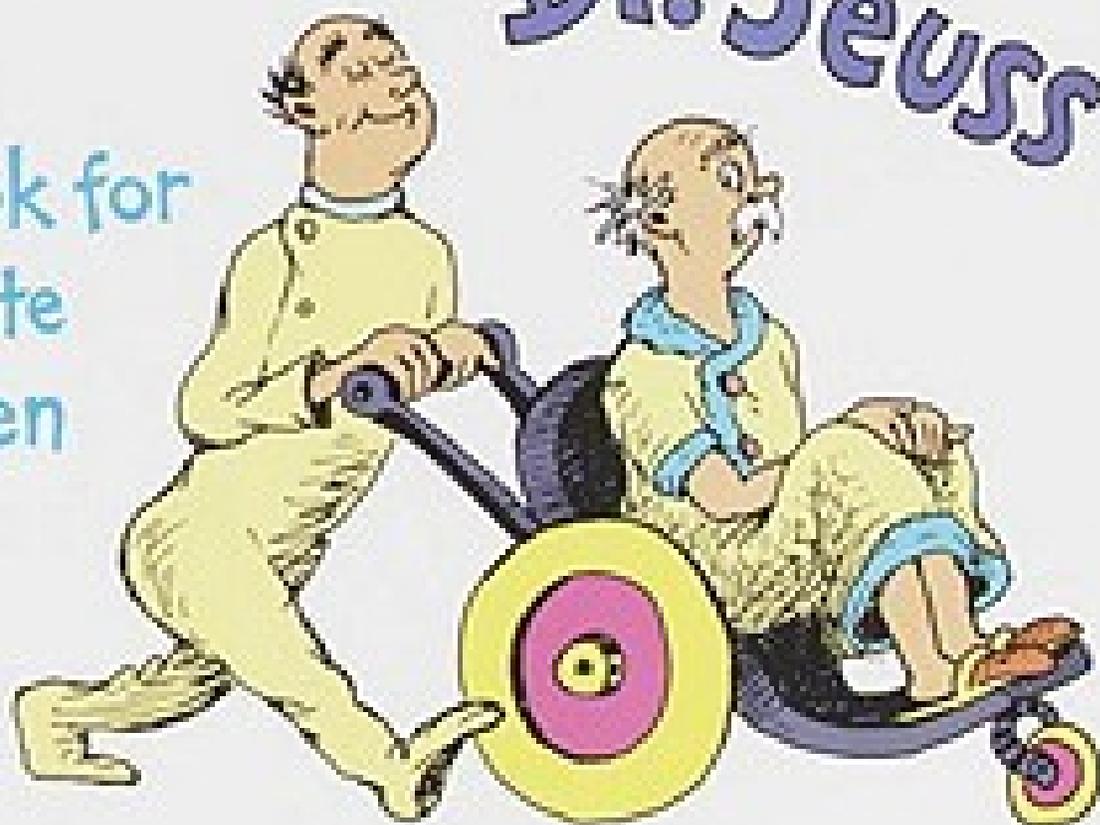


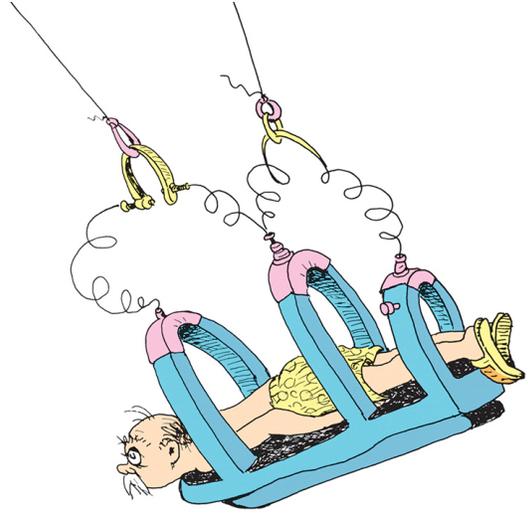
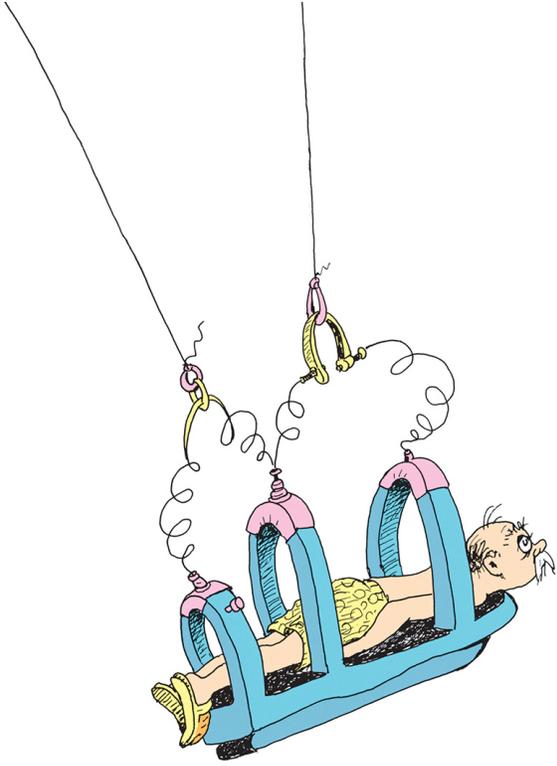


You're Only Old Once!!

By
Dr. Seuss

A Book for
Obsolete
Children





You're Only Old Once!

By Dr. Seuss



RANDOM HOUSE
 NEW YORK

*With Affection for
and
Afflictions with
the Members of
the
Class of 1925*

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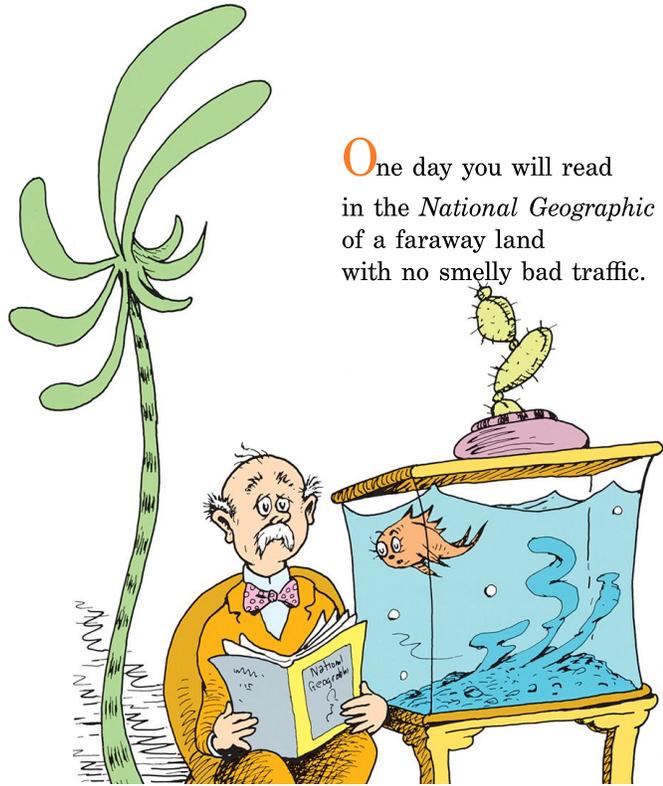
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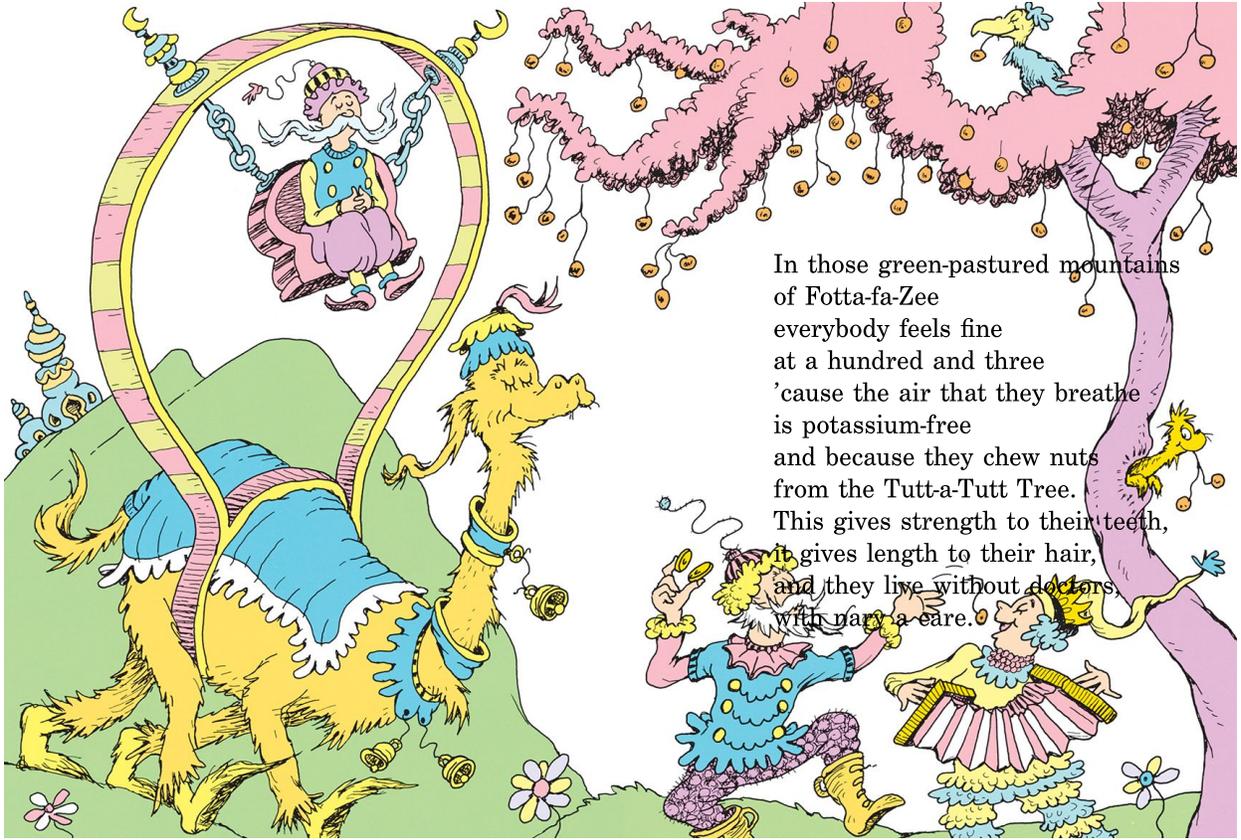
Published in the United States by Random
House Children's Books,
a division of Random House LLC, a Penguin
Random House Company,
New York. Originally published by Random
House, an imprint of the Random
House Publishing Group, a division of Random
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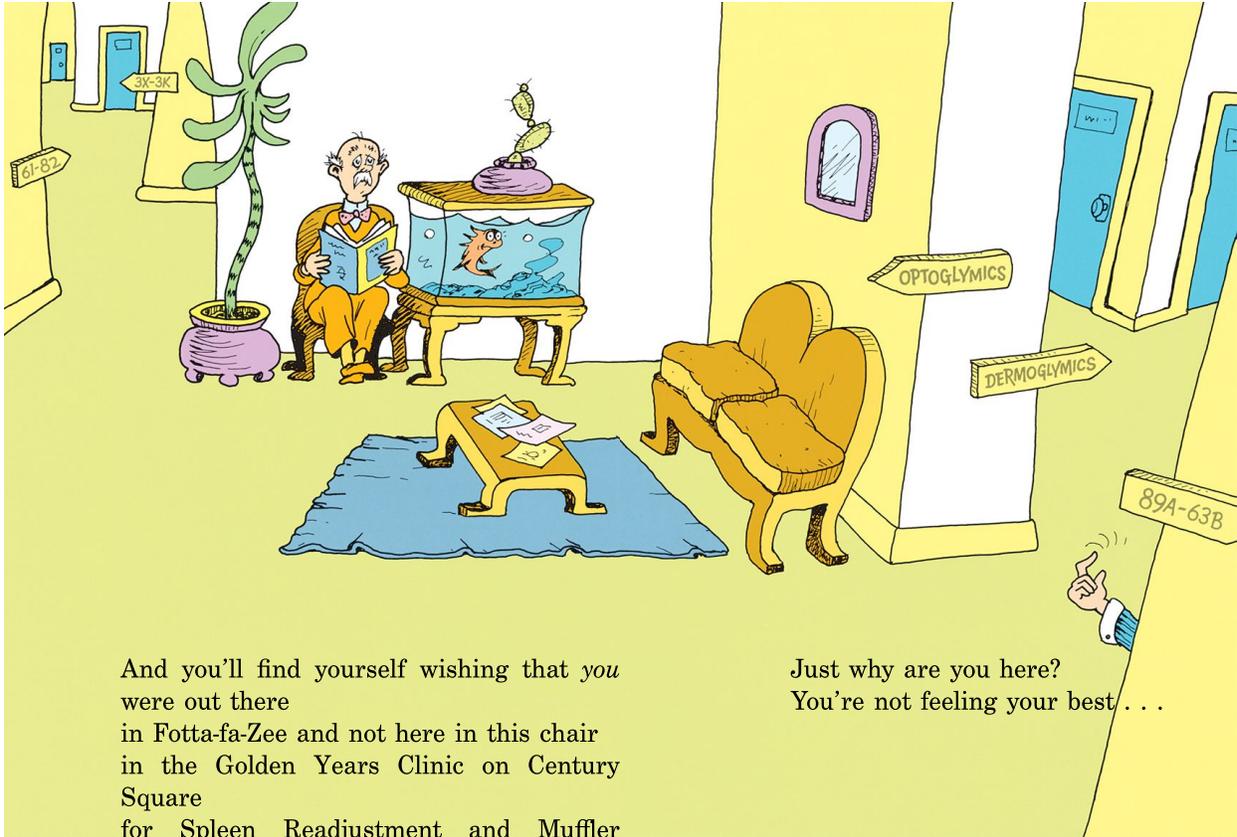
Visit us on the Web!
Seussville.com

One day you will read
in the *National Geographic*
of a faraway land
with no smelly bad traffic.





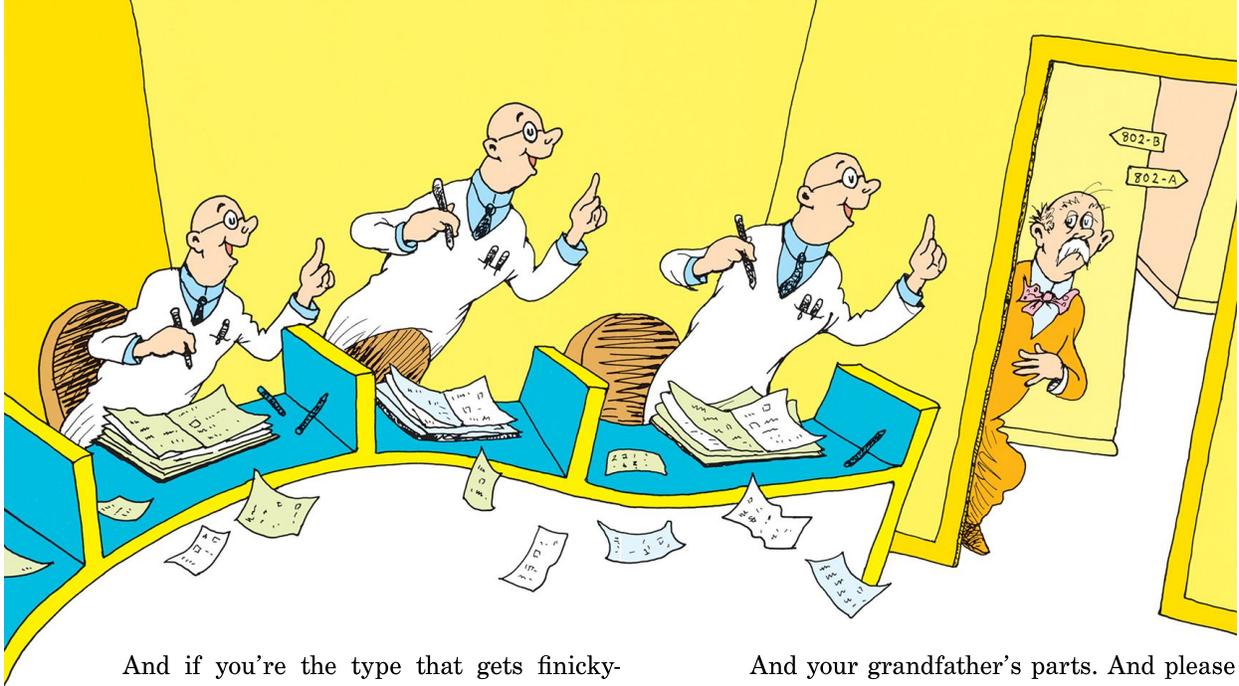
In those green-pastured mountains
of Fotta-fa-Zee
everybody feels fine
at a hundred and three
'cause the air that they breathe
is potassium-free
and because they chew nuts
from the Tutt-a-Tutt Tree.
This gives strength to their teeth,
it gives length to their hair,
and they live without doctors,
with nary a care.



And you'll find yourself wishing that *you*
were out there
in Fotta-fa-Zee and not here in this chair
in the Golden Years Clinic on Century
Square
for Spleen Readjustment and Muffler

Just why are you here?
You're not feeling your best . . .

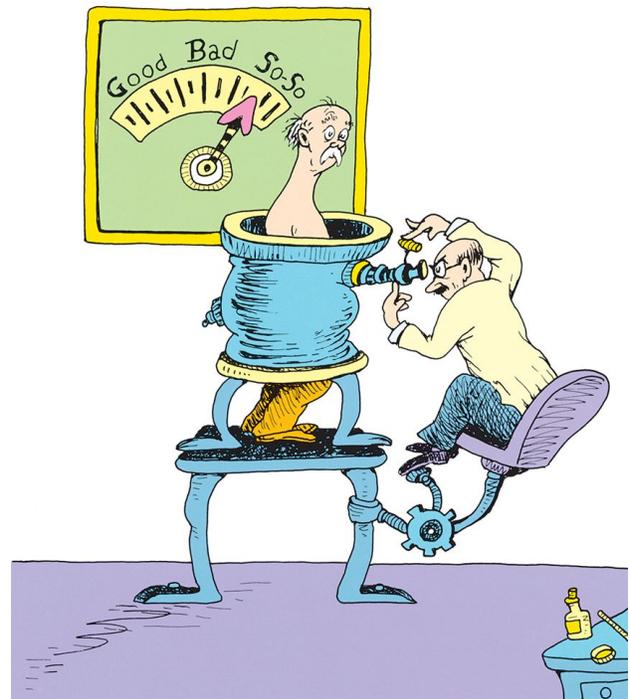




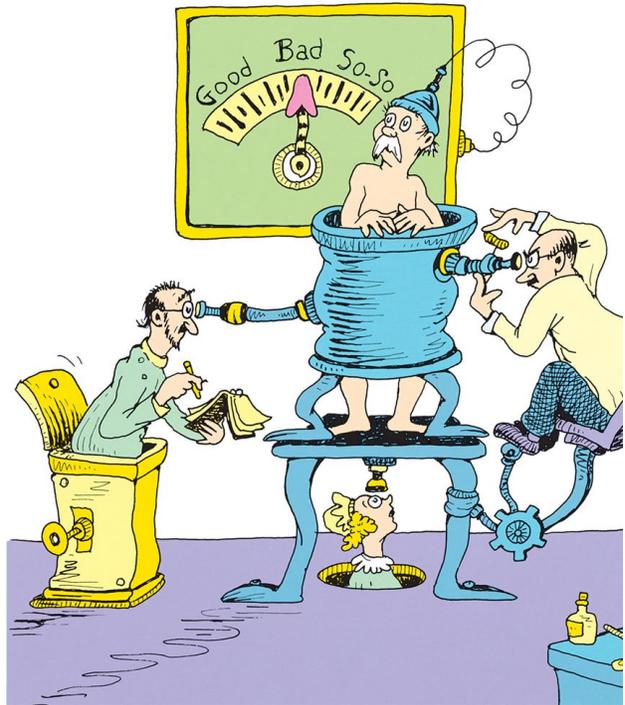
And if you're the type that gets finicky-
finick,
at this point you'll try to get out of that
clinic.
But they will outwit you as quick as a
winick!

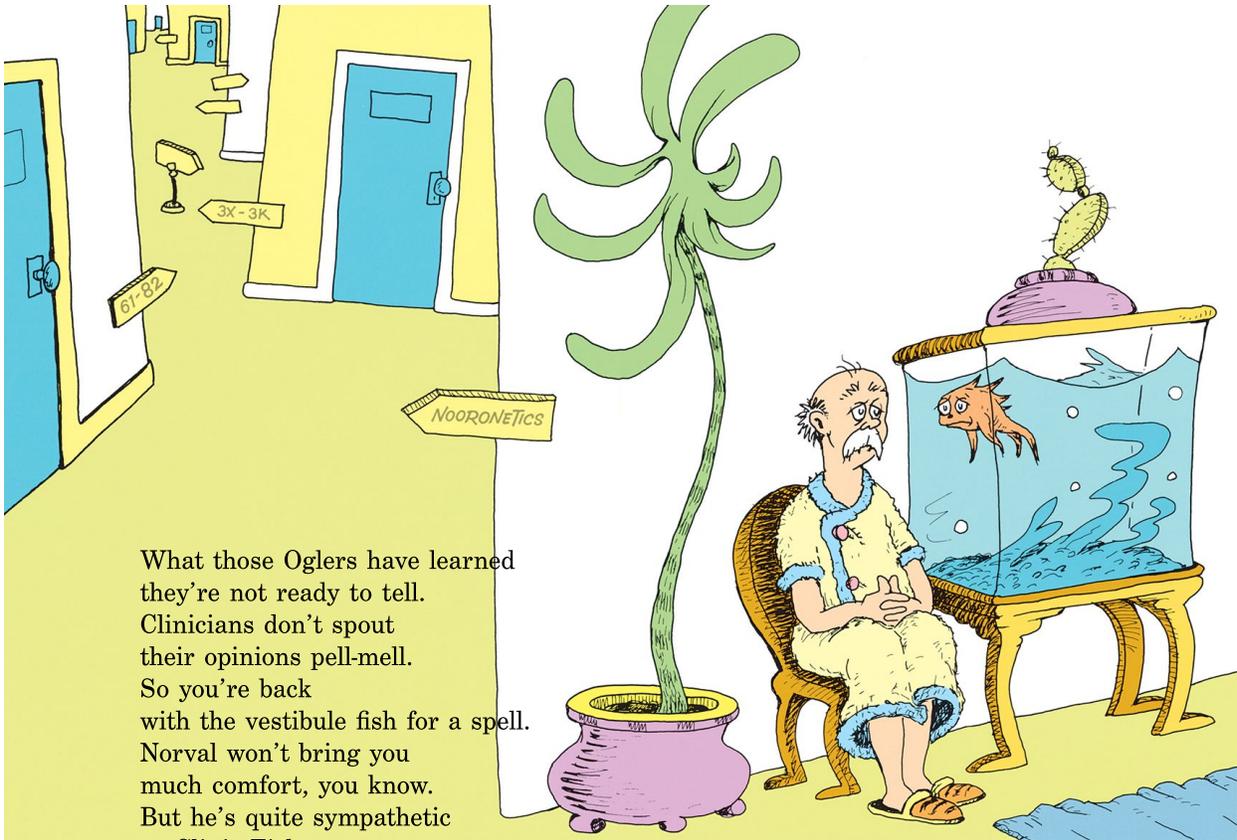
And your grandfather's parts. And please
try to recall
if your grandma hurt most in the spring
or the fall.
Did your cousins have dreadful wild
nightmares at night?

And the next thing you know,
when you've finished *that* test,
is somehow you've lost
both your necktie and vest
and an Ogler is ogling
your stomach and chest.

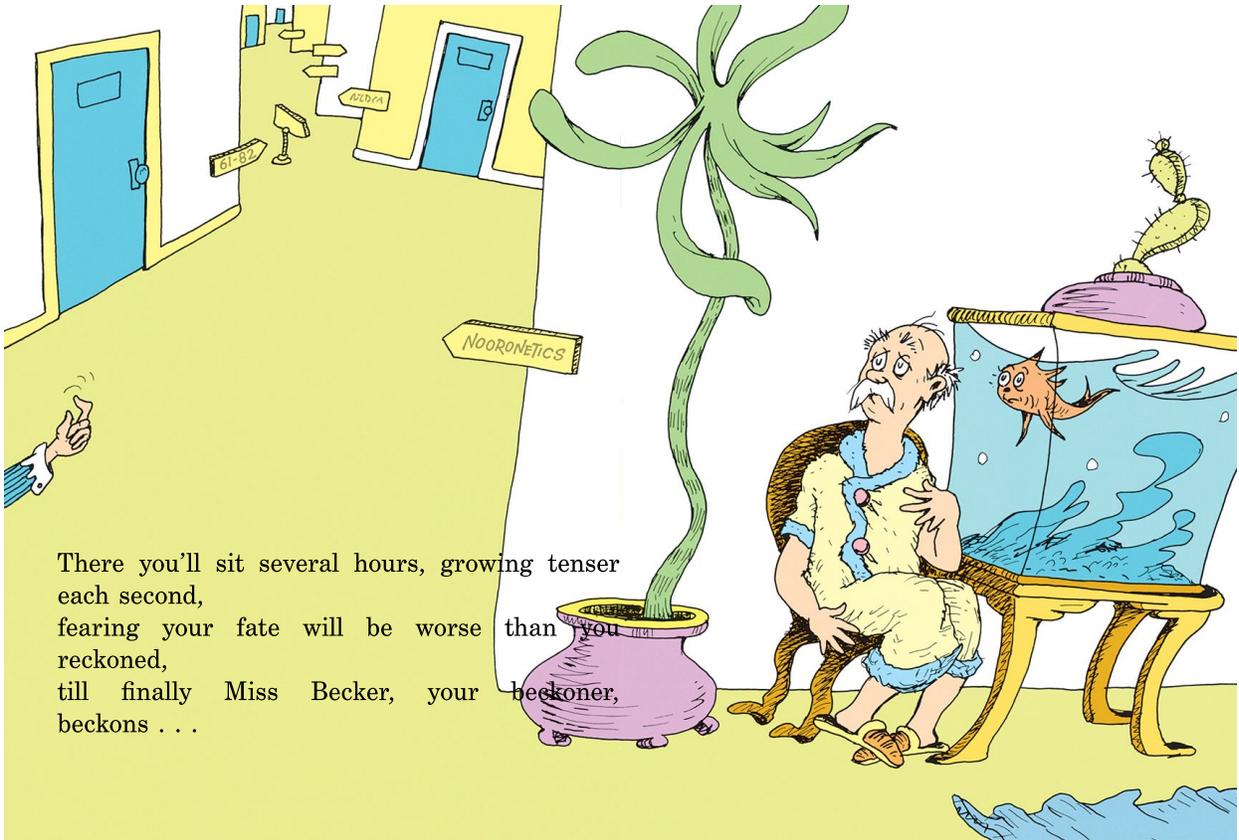


Your escape plans have melted!
You haven't a chance,
for the next thing you know,
both your socks and your pants
and your drawers and your shoes
have been lost for the day.
The Oglers have blossomed
like roses in May!
And silently, grimly, they ogle away.

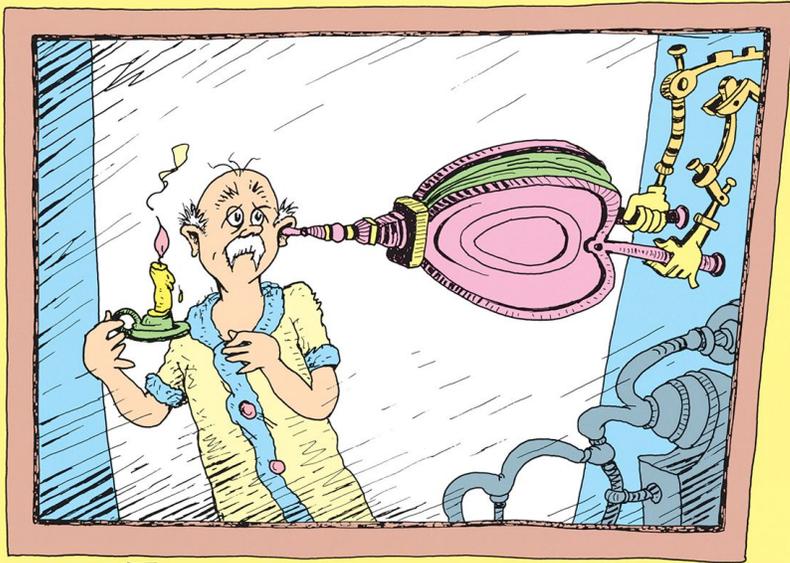




What those Oglers have learned
they're not ready to tell.
Clinicians don't spout
their opinions pell-mell.
So you're back
with the vestibule fish for a spell.
Norval won't bring you
much comfort, you know.
But he's quite sympathetic



There you'll sit several hours, growing tenser
each second,
fearing your fate will be worse than you
reckoned,
till finally Miss Becker, your beckerer,
beckons . . .



. . . to a booth where the World-Renowned
Ear Man, Von Crandall,
has perfected a test known as Bellows and
Candle.
If the wind from the bellows can't blow out
the flame,

You'll be told that your hearing's so
murky and muddy,
your case calls for special intensified
study.

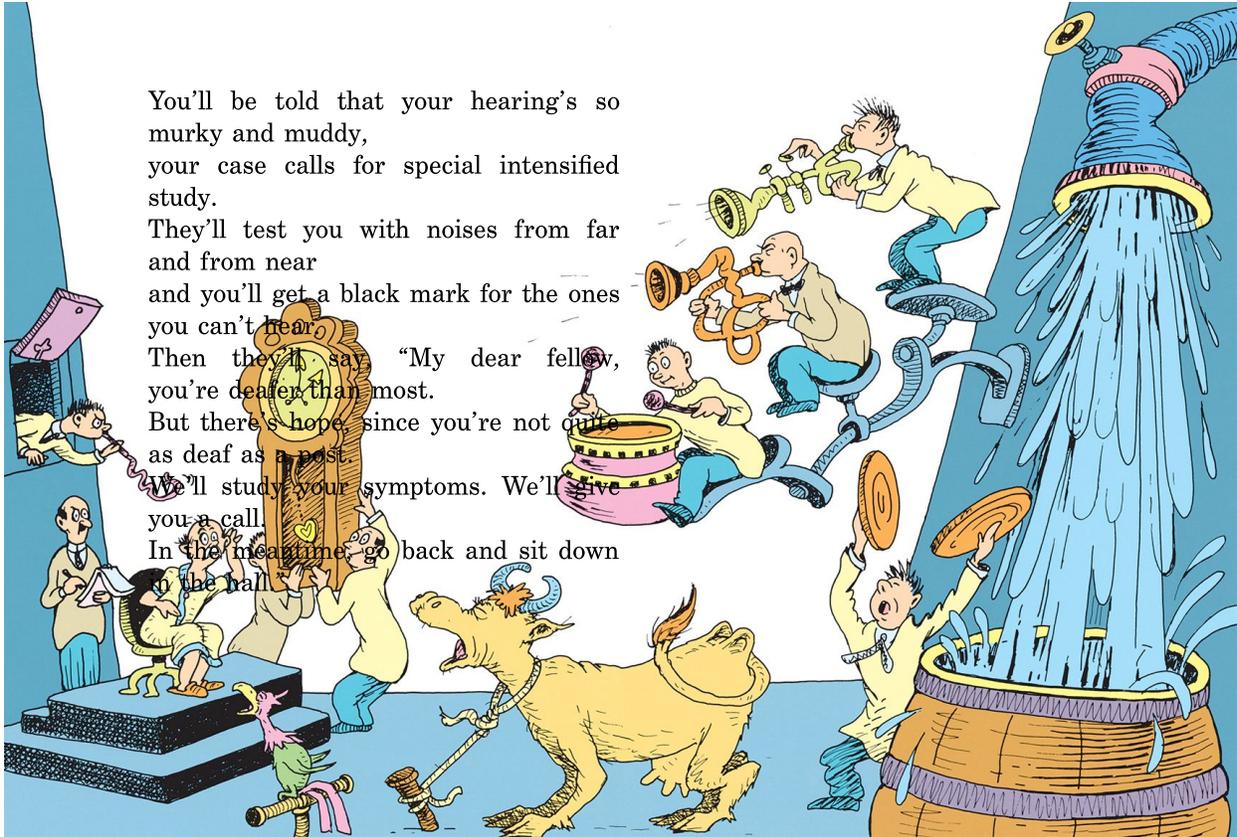
They'll test you with noises from far
and from near
and you'll get a black mark for the ones
you can't hear.

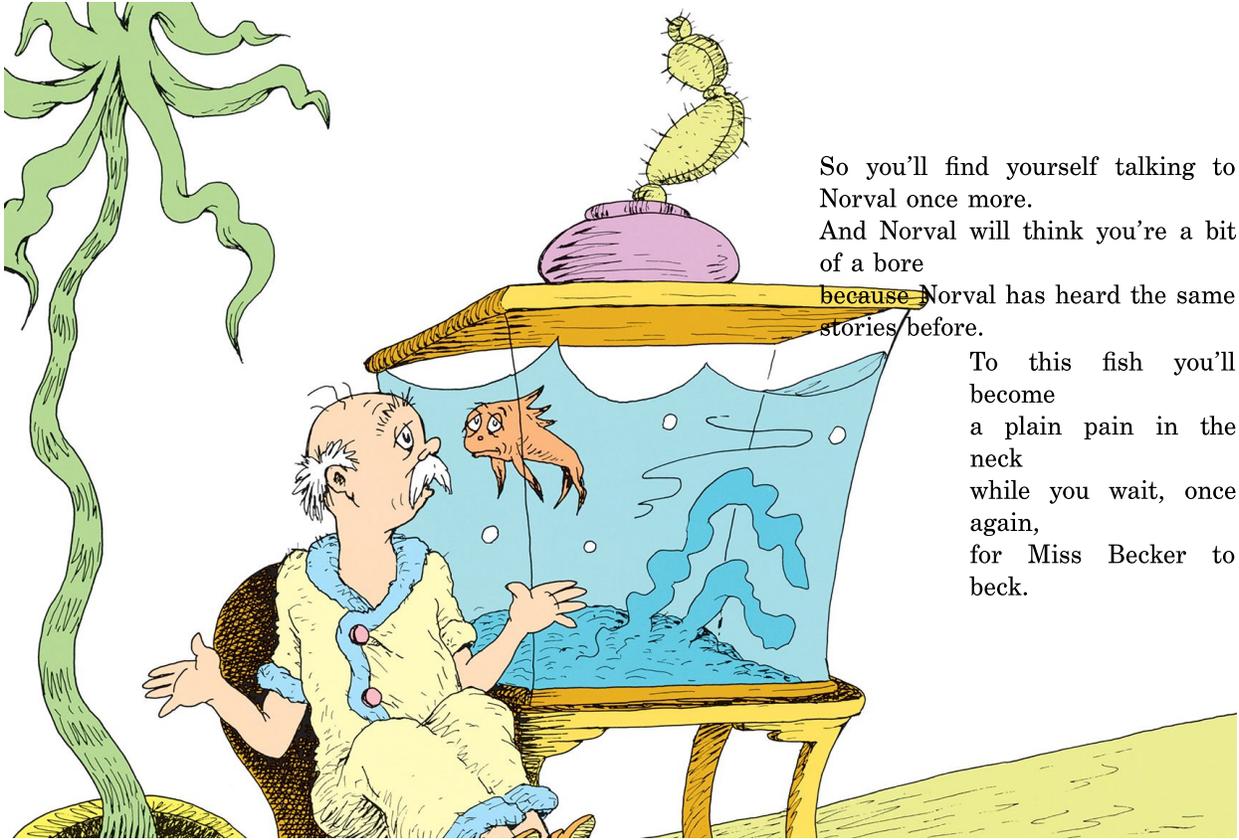
Then they'll say "My dear fellow,
you're deaf, than most.

But there's hope, since you're not quite
as deaf as a post.

We'll study your symptoms. We'll give
you a call.

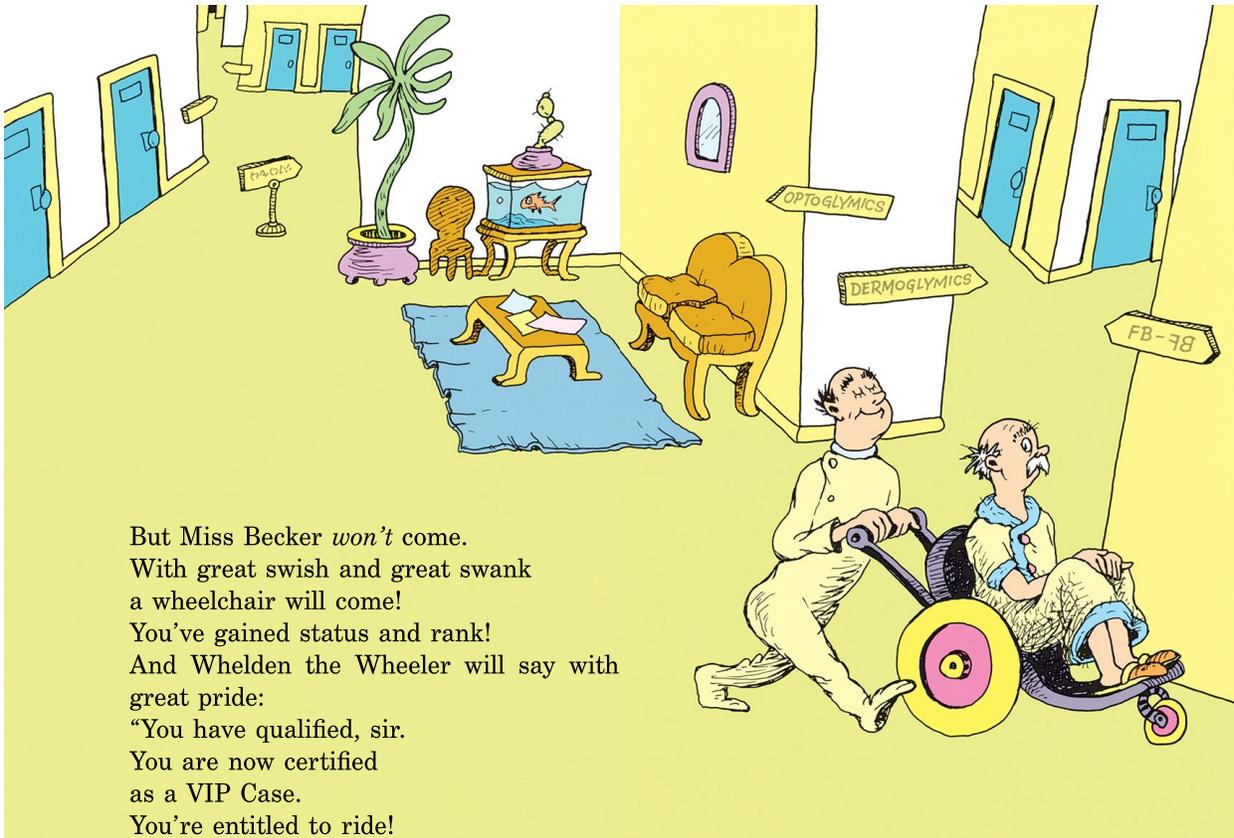
In the meantime, go back and sit down
in the hall.



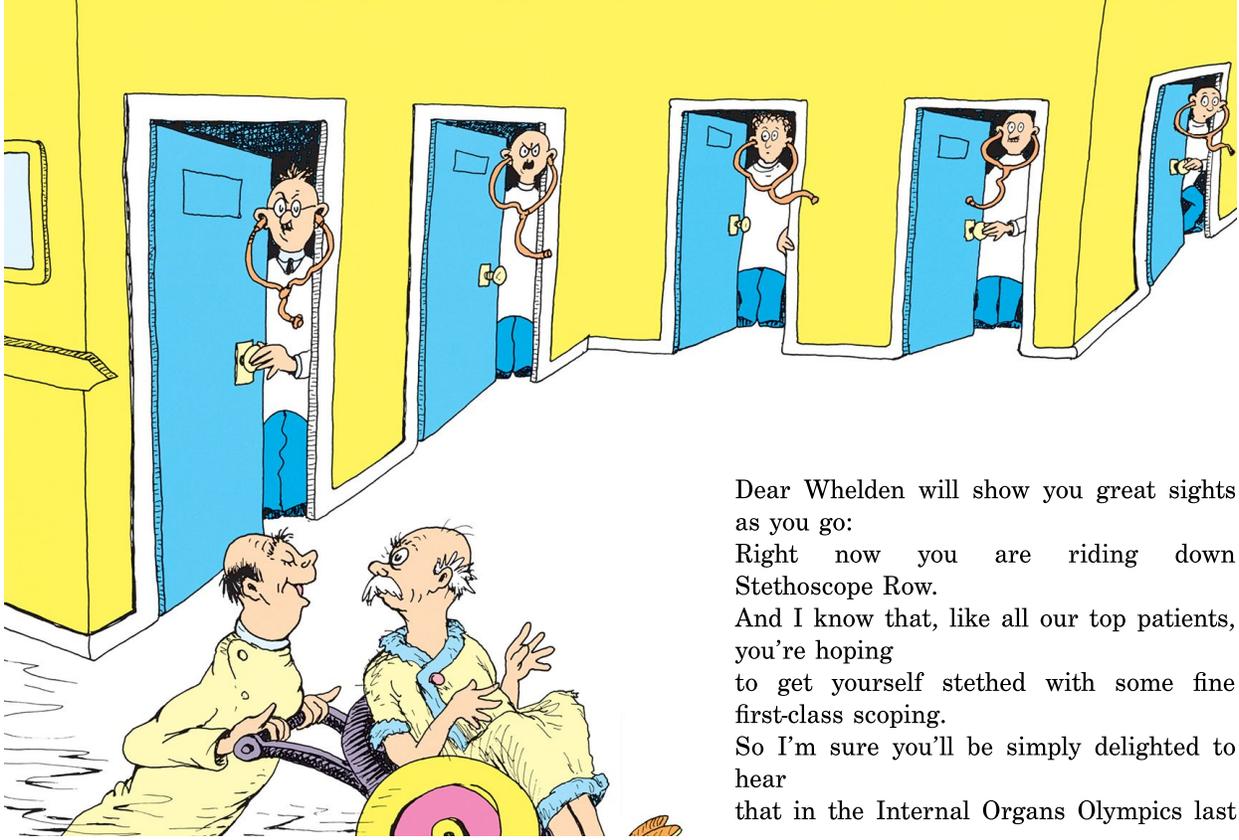


So you'll find yourself talking to
Norval once more.
And Norval will think you're a bit
of a bore
because Norval has heard the same
stories before.

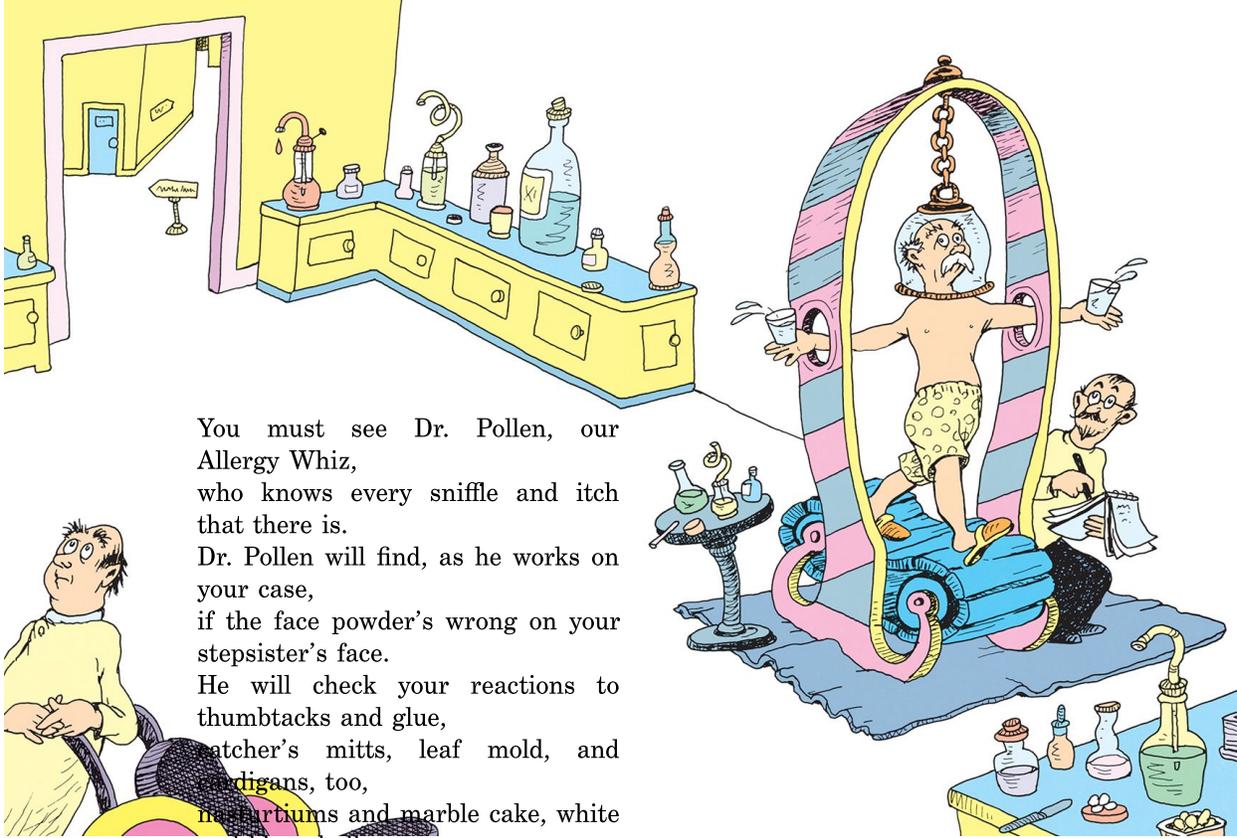
To this fish you'll
become
a plain pain in the
neck
while you wait, once
again,
for Miss Becker to
beck.



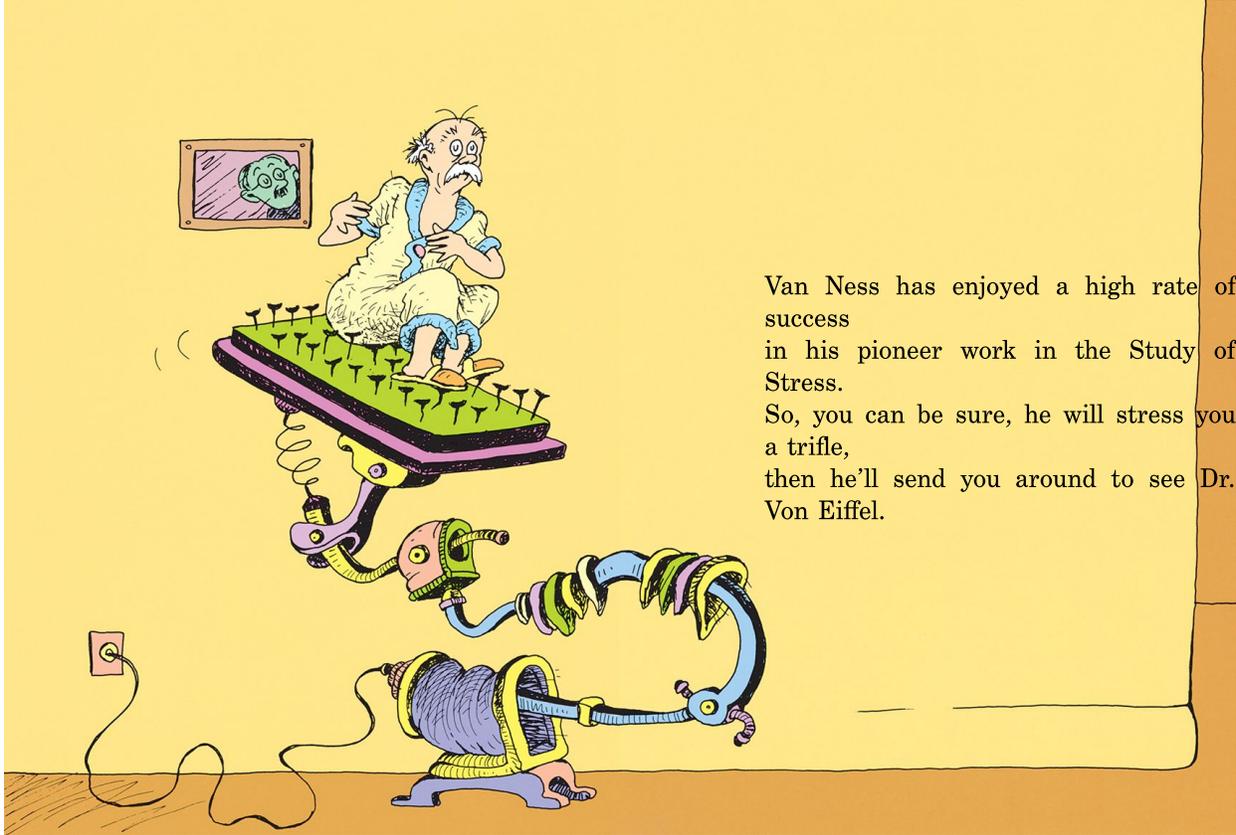
But Miss Becker *won't* come.
With great swish and great swank
a wheelchair will come!
You've gained status and rank!
And Whelden the Wheeler will say with
great pride:
"You have qualified, sir.
You are now certified
as a VIP Case.
You're entitled to ride!"



Dear Whelden will show you great sights
as you go:
Right now you are riding down
Stethoscope Row.
And I know that, like all our top patients,
you're hoping
to get yourself stethed with some fine
first-class scoping.
So I'm sure you'll be simply delighted to hear
that in the Internal Organs Olympics last

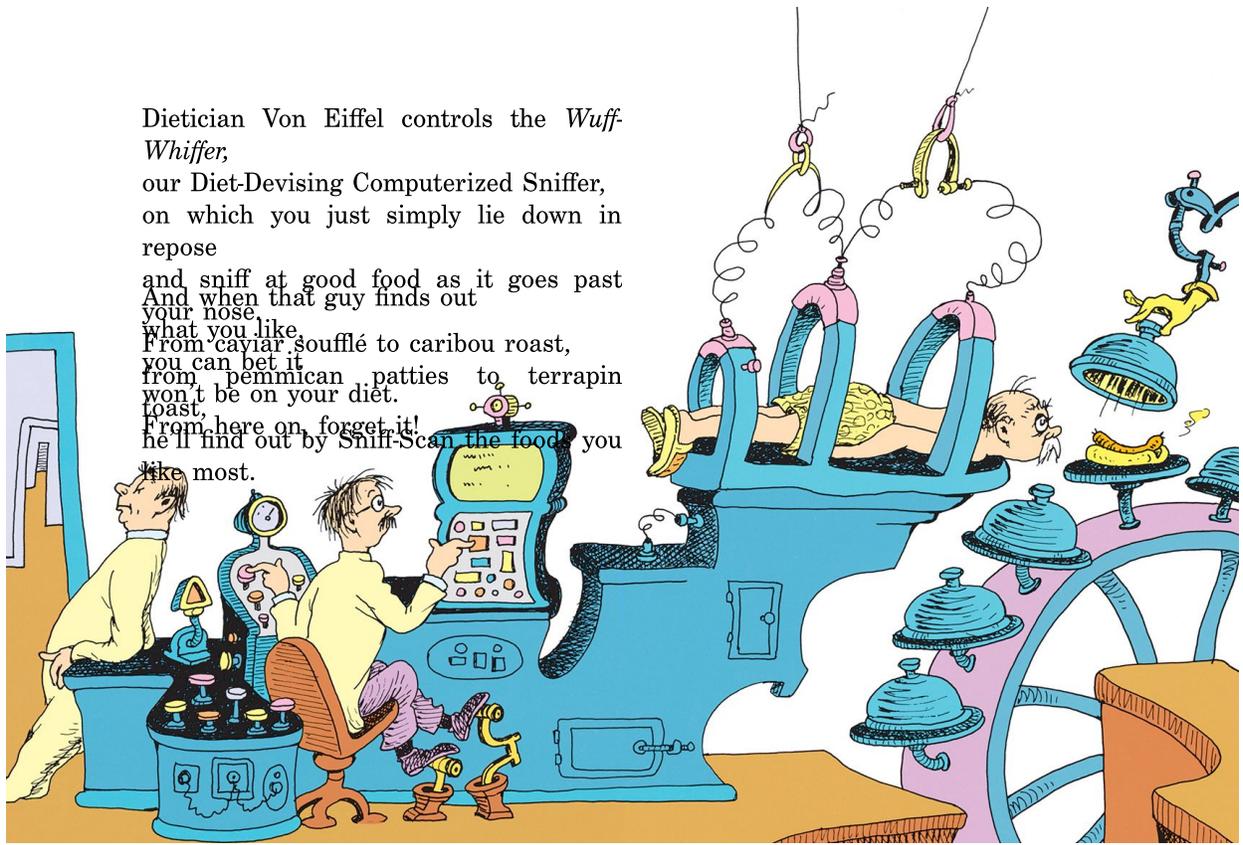


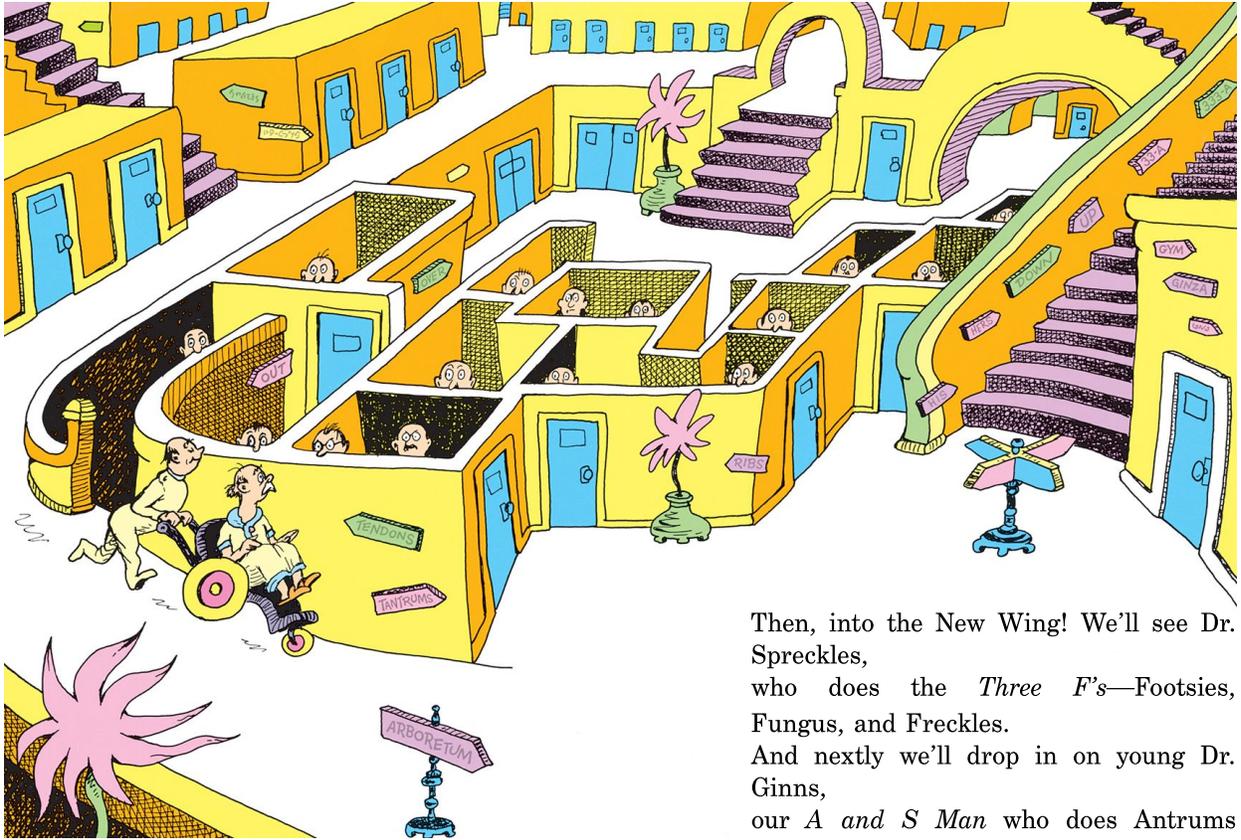
You must see Dr. Pollen, our Allergy Whiz, who knows every sniffle and itch that there is. Dr. Pollen will find, as he works on your case, if the face powder's wrong on your stepsister's face. He will check your reactions to thumbtacks and glue, catcher's mitts, leaf mold, and digans, too, neartiums and marble cake, white



Van Ness has enjoyed a high rate of success in his pioneer work in the Study of Stress. So, you can be sure, he will stress you a trifle, then he'll send you around to see Dr. Von Eiffel.

Dietician Von Eiffel controls the *Wuff-Whiffer*,
our Diet-Devising Computerized Sniffer,
on which you just simply lie down in
repose
and sniff at good food as it goes past
And when that guy finds out
your nose
what you like,
From caviar soufflé to caribou roast,
you can bet it
from pemmican patties to terrapin
won't be on your diet.
From here on, forget it!
he'll find out by Sniff-Scan the food you
like most.





Then, into the New Wing! We'll see Dr. Spreckles, who does the *Three F's*—Footsies, Fungus, and Freckles. And nextly we'll drop in on young Dr. Ginns, our *A and S Man* who does Antrums

For your Pill Drill you'll go to Room
Six Sixty-three,
where a voice will instruct you,
"Repeat after me . . .

*This small white pill is what I
munch
at breakfast and right after
lunch.*

*I take the pill that's kelly green
before each meal and in
between.*

*These loganberry-colored pills
I take for early morning chills.*

*I take the pill with zebra stripes
to cure my early evening gripes.*

*These orange-tinted cones, of
course,*

I take to cure my hay fever.

*"I take three blues at half past eight
to slow my exhalation rate.*

On alternate nights at nine p.m.

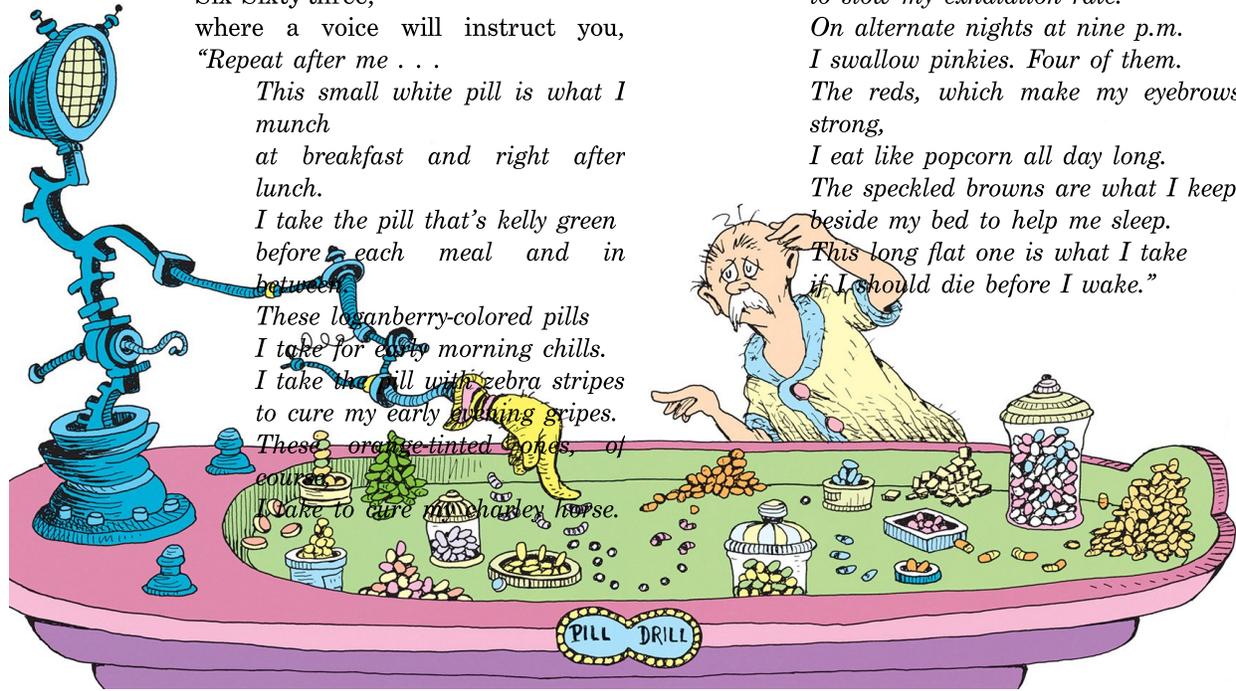
I swallow pinkies. Four of them.

*The reds, which make my eyebrows
strong,*

I eat like popcorn all day long.

*The speckled browns are what I keep
beside my bed to help me sleep.*

*This long flat one is what I take
if I should die before I wake."*





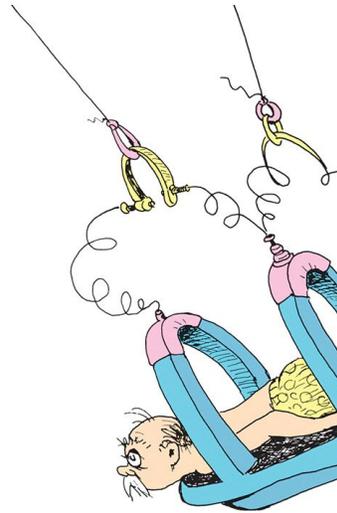
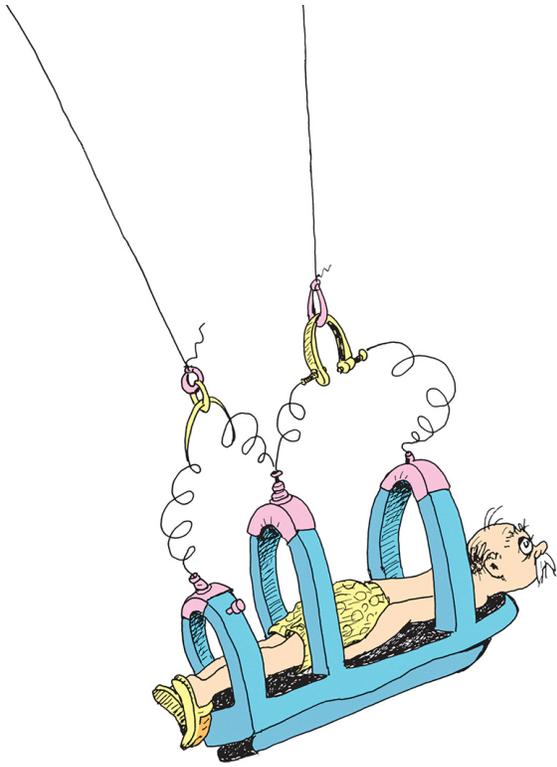
When at last we are sure
you've been properly pilled,
then a few paper forms
must be properly filled
so that you and your heirs
may be properly billed.



Whereupon . . .
if you're smart,
there's a very good
chance
that you'll meet soon
again
with your socks, coat,
and pants.



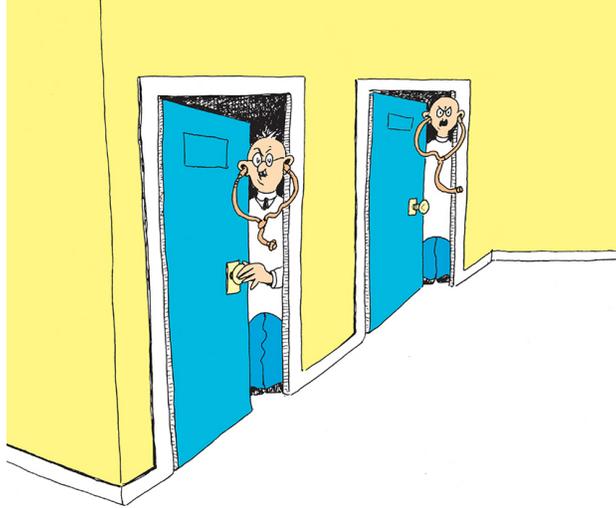
And you'll know,
once your necktie's
back under your chin
and Norval has waved you
Godspeed with his fin,
you're in pretty good
shape
for the shape you are in!



THEODOR SEUSS GEISEL, known to his millions of fans around the world as Dr. Seuss, celebrated his 82nd birthday on March 2, 1986, with the publication of *You're Only Old Once!*

Though he is considered a children's book author, the satiric social commentary in many of his books—*The Butter Battle Book*, *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*, *Yertle the Turtle*, and *Other Stories*, and

Jacket illustration copyright © by Dr. Seuss the Turtle. 1983



Is this a children's book?
Well . . . not immediately.
You buy a copy for your child now
and you give it to him on his 70th
birthday.

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Seussville.com
randomhouse.com/kids