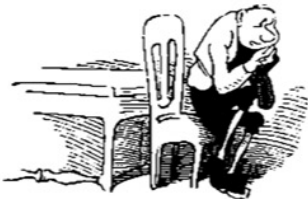


Der hohle Zahn



A hard lump in delicious food,
May derail the dinner mood.



This happened once to Frederick Meek;
He sits all crooked and holds his cheek.



A hard pill for him to swallow,
the tooth he bit on was quite hollow.



They say smoking helps the pain,
But it fails for Meek again.



He tries to kill the nerve of the tooth,
With large amounts of potent booze.



He dips his head in ice cold liquid,
that could hardly be more frigid.



But since the evil won't go away,
He wants to achieve it in another way.



It doesn't work, Meek hits the woman.
What a jerk.



Even a plaster behind the ear,
Does not remove the ache, o dear.



"Maybe" - he thinks - a bit of sweating,
Will work under massive bedding.



But when the heat is getting too excessive,
Meek is getting quite depressive.



And fidgeting with his legs jitterly,
You can hear him weeping bitterly.



Next, under the bed he is testing
In vain a place for painless resting.



Finally, he turns to medicine,
He knocks. - The doctor shouts: "Come in!"



"Ey, good day, my dear Meek,
Have a seat! What's wrong with your cheek?"



Let me see! It is not good!
It's rather hollow at the root!"



Now the doctor walks away,
Meek screams "come back, hey".



And the doctor returns, not too late.
The farmer's heart sinks, he's afraid.



Oh, how the fear him shook,
When he saw the familiar hook!



The doctor, calm and quite on top,
Has already begun his job.



And unconsciously upwards shifted,
Meek feels himself to the ceiling lifted.



And rack - rack! - there we have the tooth,
In the end it was quite smooth.



With amazement and full of joy again,
Meek sees himself freed from pain.



The doctor, in his dignity,
Receives his well deserved fee.



And Meek sits down again without a squeal
and happily enjoys his evening meal.