Name: _____

Mr. Nobody

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done?
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked.
By Mr. Nobody.



He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettle cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soiled.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about.
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door,
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
that lying round you see,
Are not our boots -- they all belong.
To Mr. Nobody.

LIVEWORKSHEETS

Mr. Nobody

1. Who was Mr. Nobody?

_____

2. Why did everybody think that Mr. Nobody do all the wrong things?

_____

3. What is the main idea of this poem?

_____

4. Can you write the poem on Mr. Somebody?

_____

LIVEWORKSHEETS