Sweet Tooth

By Russell Edson

A little girl made of sugar and spice and everything nice was eaten by someone with a sweet tooth
the size of an elephant’s tusk.

Ah, he said, this darn tooth, it’s driving me nuts.

Then another voice is heard. It’s the little girl’s father who says, have you seen a little girl
made of sugar and spice and everything nice?–Incidentally, what’s that thing sticking out of your
mouth like an elephant’s tusk?

My sweet tooth, and it’s really driving me nuts.

You ought to see a dentist.

But he might want to pull it, and I don’t like people pulling at me. If they want to pull they
should pull at their own pullables.

So true, said the little girl’s father, people should pull at their own pullables and let other
people’s pullables alone. But still, he asked again, I wonder if you’ve seen a little girl made of sugar
and spice and everything nice?

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