

'Fred! Fred! Fred!' they say.
They say it all the time.
'Fred! Fred! Fred!' all day.
(You whisper it sometimes.)

If only I could Fred.
But Fred? It makes no sense.
They laugh and shake their heads.
They say I'm dense.

But I will Fred one day.
I know I will.
If I can Fetch and Sit and Stay,
I'll Fred. I know I will.
And they will clap and say,
'Good Boy!'

I know they will.



'Fred!'
'Fred!'
'Fred!'



I am not best in class.
But I'm not last!
I passed my test
along with all the rest.
At last I stay away
from cars and poo!
I know just what to do.
When called to come
I do not run away!

(Not often anyway.)

