When I Grow Up
by Jack Prelutsky

When I grow up, I think that I may pilot rockets through the sky, grow orchards full of apple trees, or find a way to cure disease. Perhaps I’ll run for president, design a robot, or invent unique computerized machines or miniature submarines.

When I grow up, I’d like to be the captain of a ship at sea, an architect, or clown or cook, the writer of a famous book. I just might be the one to teach a chimpanzee the art of speech...

but what I’ll really be, I’ll bet I’ve not begun to think of yet.