Itchy Witchy, Scratchy Watchy and Tickle Wickle

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Itchy Witchy went looking for Scratchy Watchy. He looked on his knee, he looked on his chin, he looked on his shoulder, but Scratchy Watchy was not there. So Itchy Witchy went to Tickle Wickle.

"Tickle Wickle, Tickle Wickle, I'm looking for Scratchy Watchy," said Itchy Witchy. "Have you seen him?"

"No," said Tickle Wickle, "I haven't seen him—but I'll help you look."

So Itchy Witchy and Tickle Wickle looked for Scratchy Watchy together. They looked on Itchy Witchy's foot, they looked on his head, they even looked in his bellybutton, but Scratchy Watchy was not there.

"I'll look on your ribs," said Tickle Wickle and he crawled all over Itchy Witchy's ribs.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Itchy Witchy, but Scratchy Watchy was not there.

"I'll look in your armpits," said Tickle Wickle and he crawled into Itchy Witchy's armpits.

"Hee, hee, heeeeee!" laughed Itchy Witchy, squirming and worming, but Scratchy Watchy was not there either.

Itchy Witchy didn't know what to do. Scratchy Watchy was nowhere in sight.

Just then a fly landed on Itchy Witchy's nose and tickled him. Itchy Witchy raised his hand, and there was Scratchy Watchy sitting on his fingertips.

"Found you!" cried Itchy Witchy, scratchy-watching his tickle-wickled nose.