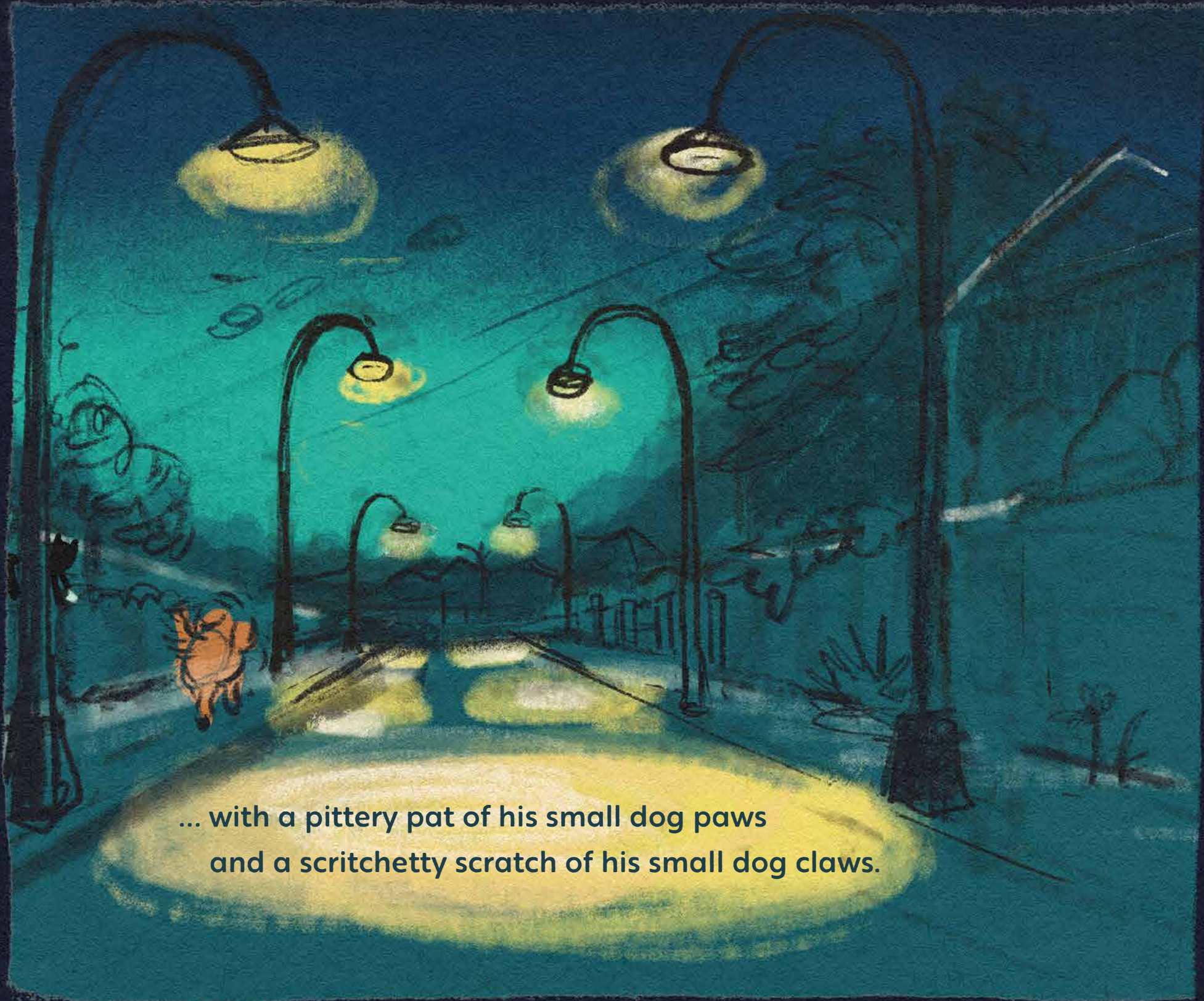




On a cold and blustery winter's night  
Skippy Gillespie crept out for a bite ...



... with a pittery pat of his small dog paws  
and a scritchety scratch of his small dog claws.

Boofa Boy Jones saw Skippy go by  
with the wind in his fur and a gleam in his eye.



**'Where is he going?'**

Boofa Boy thought  
with a thumpetty thump of his big dog paws  
and a clicketty clack of his big dog claws.



The garbage dump  
was **rich** with smells:

**stinky** pans  
and smelly tin cans  
oily rags and  
grubby bin bags.



And there beneath  
the **muck** and **goo**  
in a secret spot  
only Skippy knew

**lay the perfect bone**  
**for a late-night chew.**

