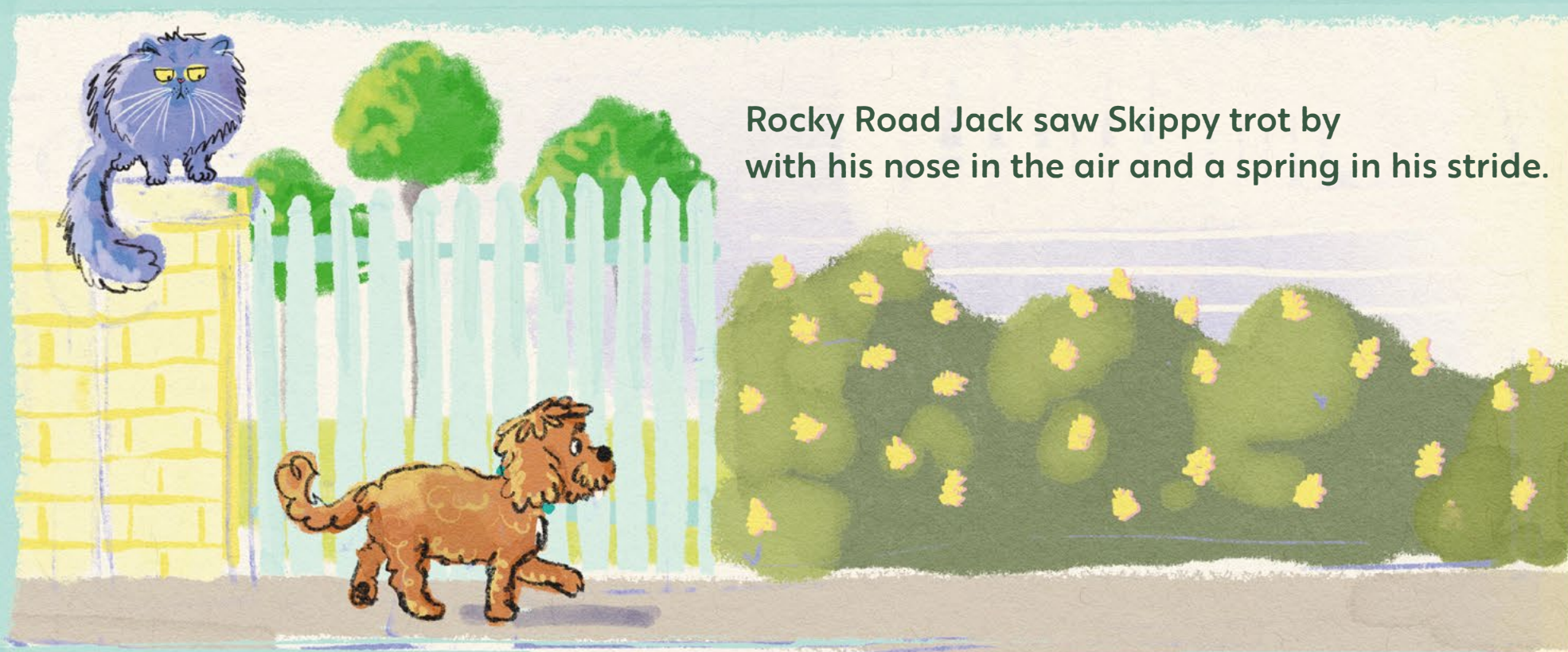




One bright and shimmery summer's day
Skippy Gillespie went out to play
with a pittery pat of his small dog paws
and a scritchety scratch of his small dog claws.




Rocky Road Jack saw Skippy trot by with his nose in the air and a spring in his stride.



'Where is he going?' Rocky Road growled with a bumpetty bump of his big cat paws and a slashetty slash of his big cat claws.





Down by the lake in the sun's warm glow
something scared quacked soft and low.

A tiny lost duckling named Little Blue
hiding alone where the shadows grew.