

MISS  
MILDRED

MEETS THE

BARE-NAKED

OWL



This book is for Tessa, Sloan, Regan, Rachel and Matthew. —J.F.G.

For my family. —E.D.

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# MISS MILDRED MEETS THE BARE-NAKED OWL



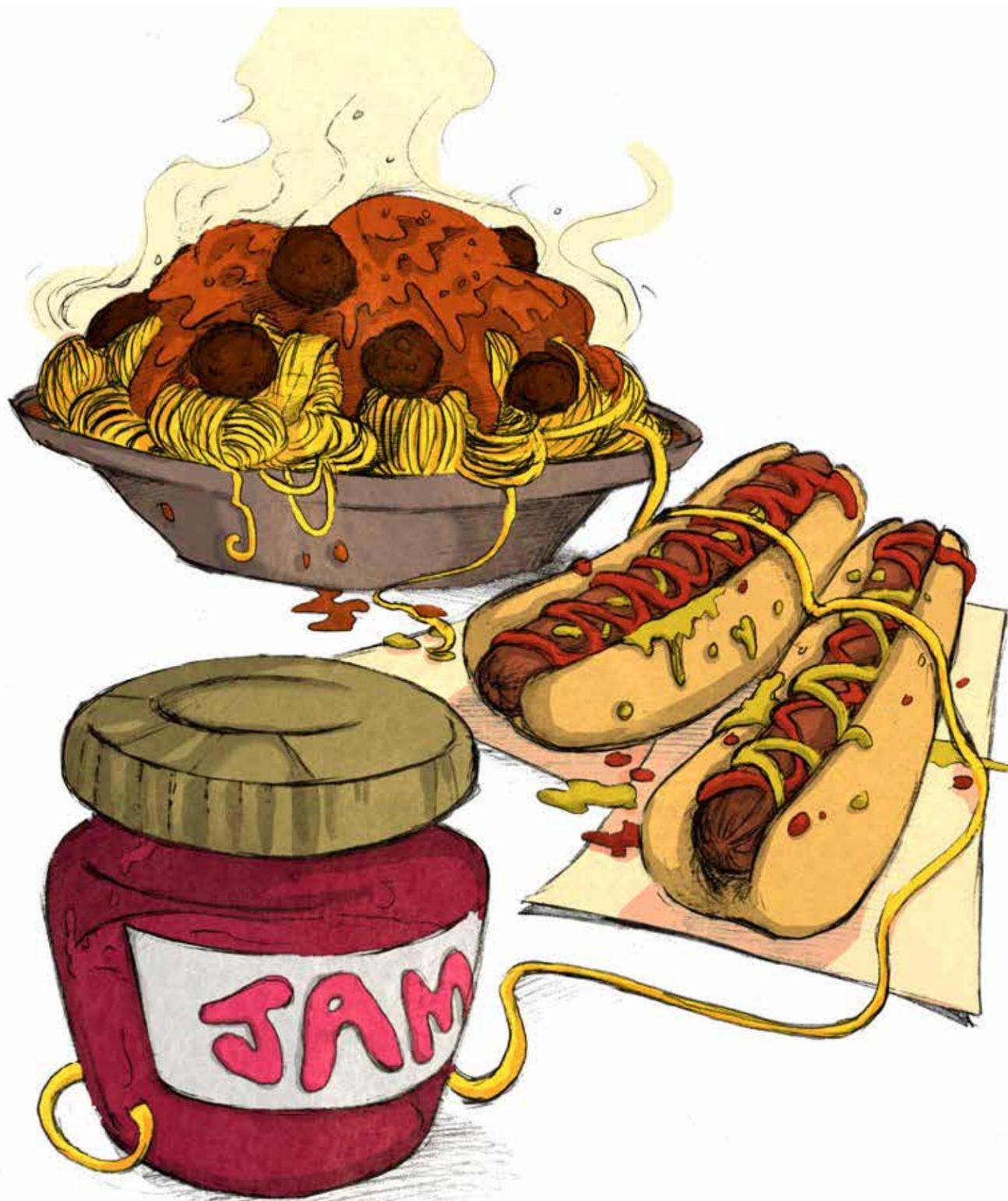
Written by John F. Green

Illustrated by Edtie Doll





One lovely spring day,  
A Sunday in May,  
Miss Mildred gleefully cried,  
"I think I'll go out and rattle about.  
It's a splendid day for a ride!



She packed up a lunch,  
A heavenly bunch  
Of spaghetti with hot dogs and jam.



She put on her wig,

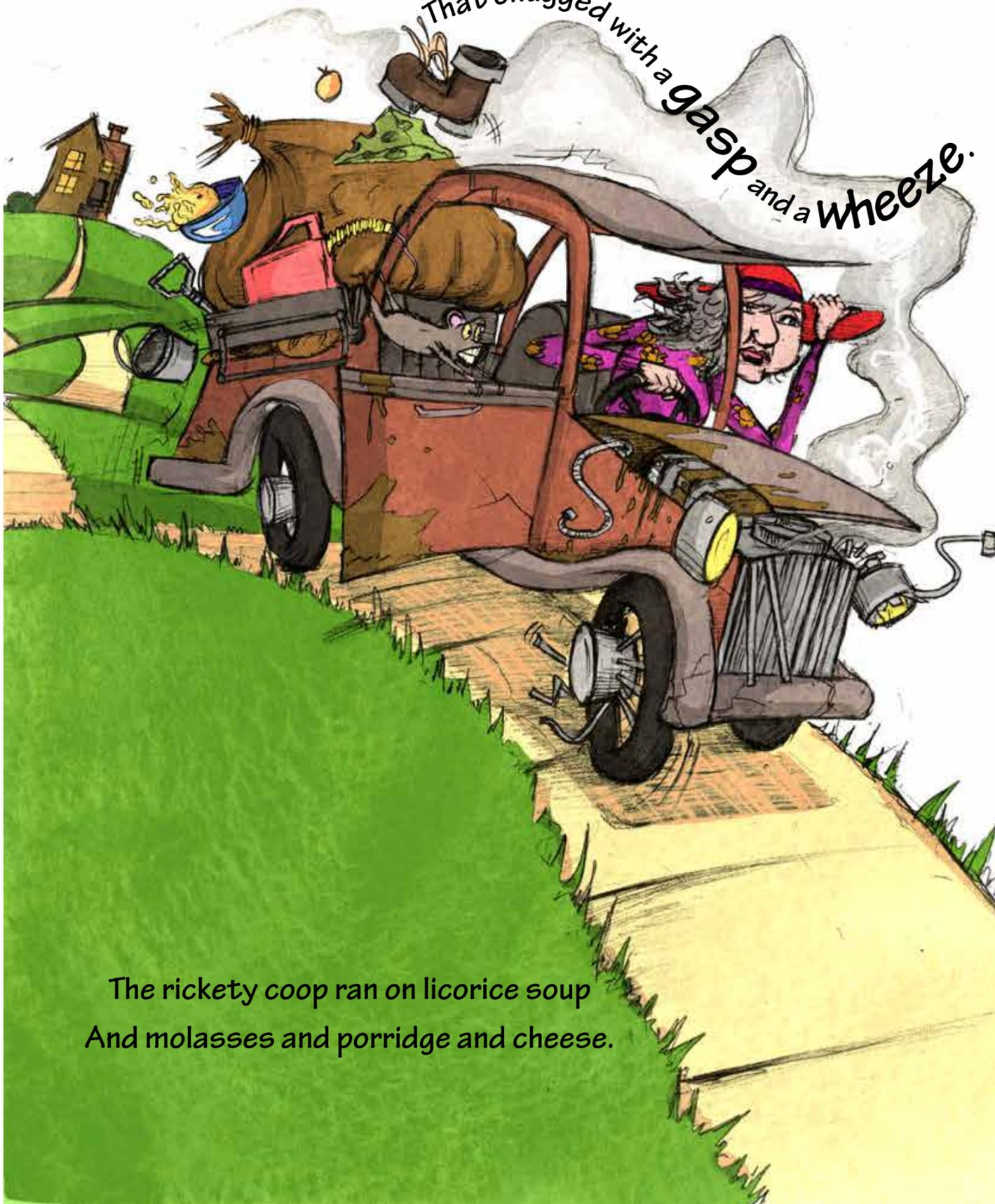


Waved bye-bye to her pig,



And pushed the door shut with a slam!

Now this maid had a junker,  
A miserable clunker,



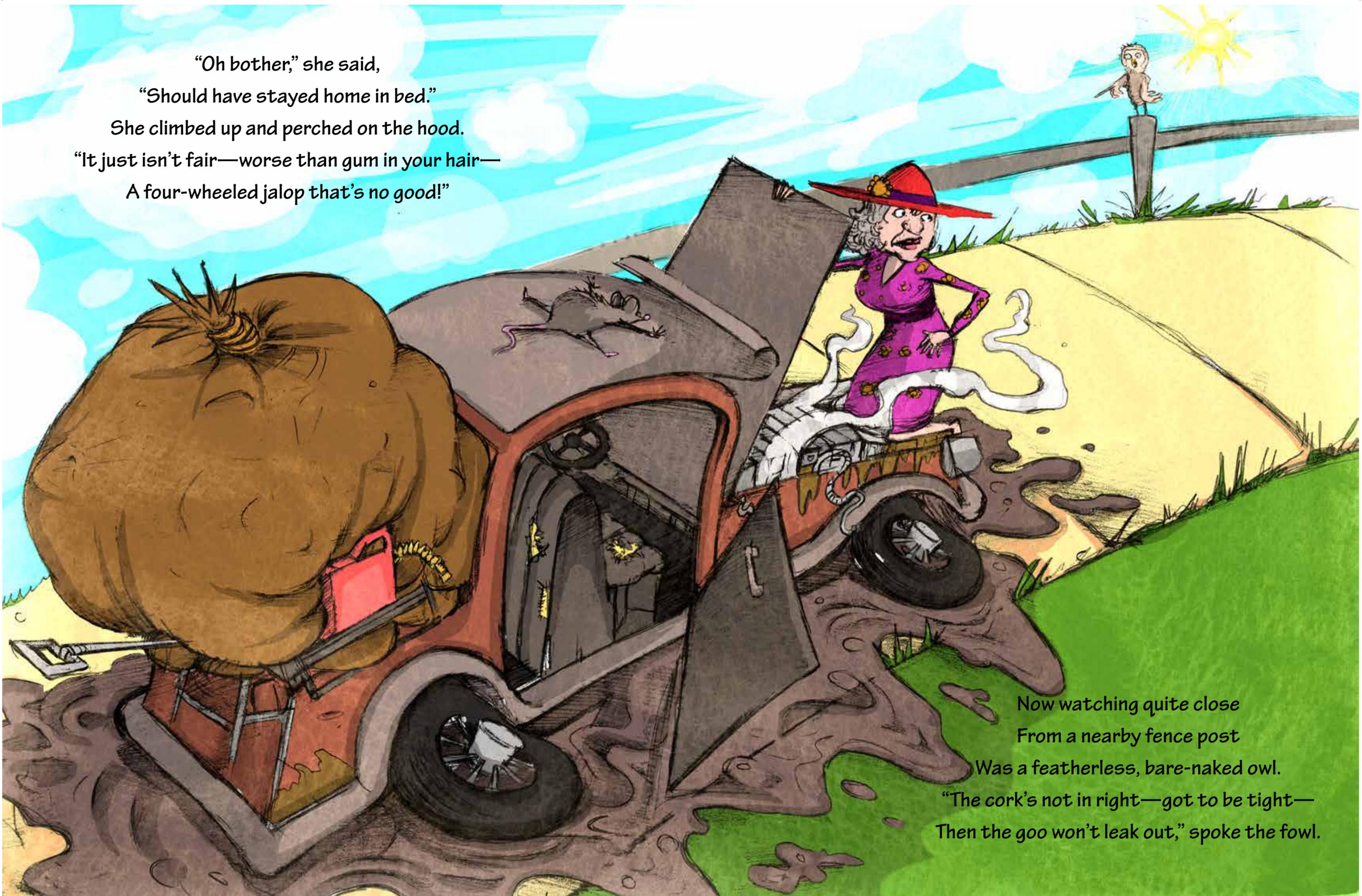
That chugged with a gasp  
and a wheeze.

The rickety coop ran on licorice soup  
And molasses and porridge and cheese.



She didn't get far  
In that wretched old car—  
Just round a corner or two—  
When it suddenly sighed, hiccupped and died,  
And leaked a whole flood of brown goo!

“Oh bother,” she said,  
“Should have stayed home in bed.”  
She climbed up and perched on the hood.  
“It just isn’t fair—worse than gum in your hair—  
A four-wheeled jalop that’s no good!”



Now watching quite close  
From a nearby fence post  
Was a featherless, bare-naked owl.  
“The cork’s not in right—got to be tight—  
Then the goo won’t leak out,” spoke the fowl.

Miss Mildred looked round.



She looked up.



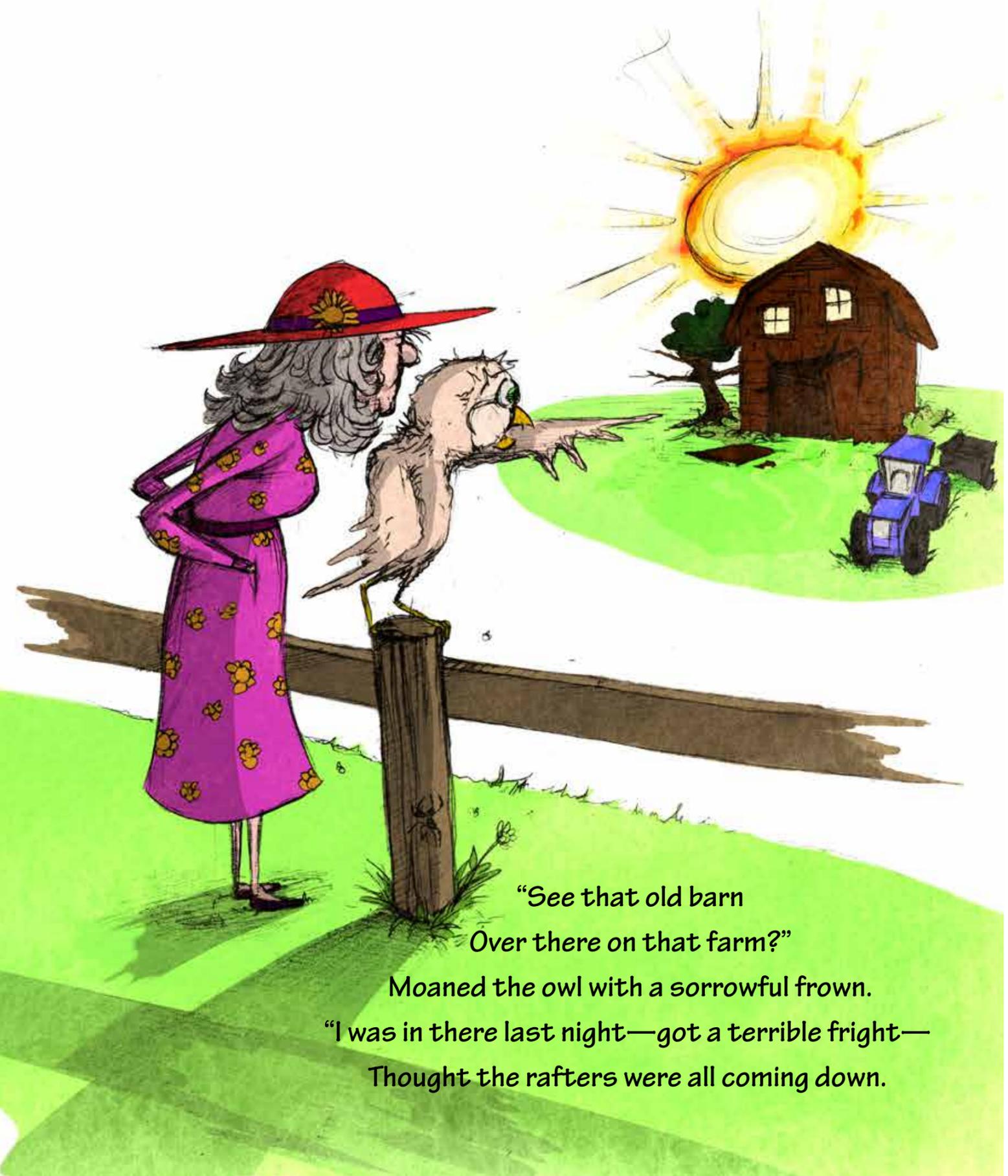
She looked down.



Then the owl she suddenly spied.



“Good grief!” cried the lady. “You’re bald as a baby.  
Where’s the stuff that covers your hide?”



“See that old barn  
Over there on that farm?”  
Moaned the owl with a sorrowful frown.  
“I was in there last night—got a terrible fright—  
Thought the rafters were all coming down.”

“The sky split asunder!  
There was lightning and thunder!  
One bolt shot right through the door!



Before I could blink, there arose a great stink,  
And my feathers lay piled on the floor.”

