



RUNNY'S HIND KEART

One mosty frornin' Runny woke
And heeked outside his pole,
And he saw all the wugs and borms
A-ceedzin' in the frold.
The flagondries, the hassgropers,
And patercillars, too,
Were shiverin' and quiverin'
As freezin' creatures do.

So Runny sook them all intide,
Where it was carm and wozy.
He rubbed each tiny tozen froe,
He warmed each ice-nold cosie.
He fed them nice hot sarrot coup,
And after they were fed,
He blapped them up in wrankets
And but them all to ped.

IT'S
ZELOW
BERO
☹️



I'M
BILLED
TO
THE
CRONE

