

PUNKY DUNK  
AND THE  
SPOTTED PUP

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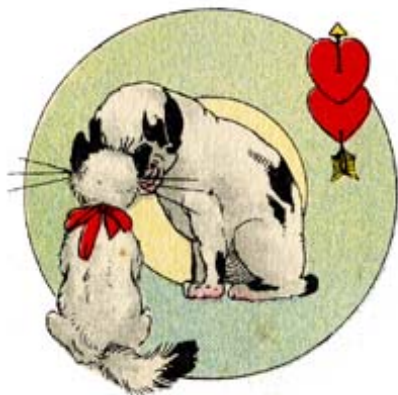
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# PUNKY DUNK AND THE SPOTTED PUP

THIS LITTLE STORY IS TOLD  
AND THE LITTLE PICTURES  
WERE DRAWN FOR A GOOD  
LITTLE CHILD NAMED

Sarah Huff



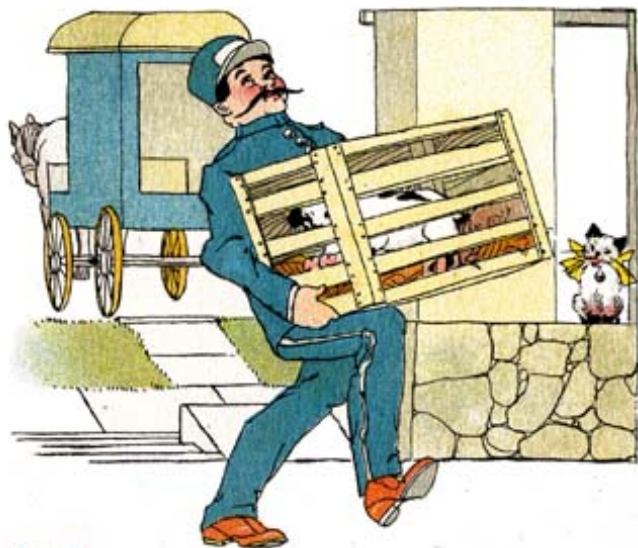
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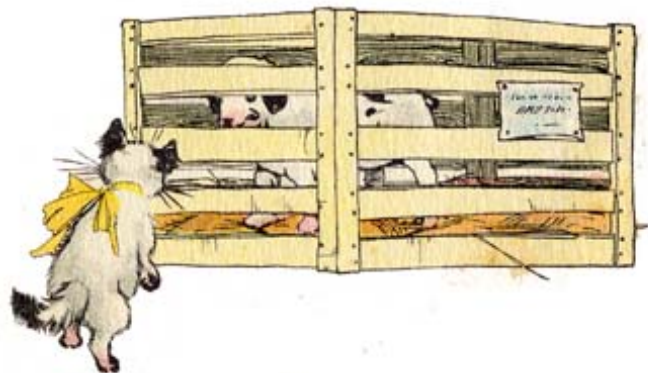


PUNKY DUNK on a day in  
the middle of May  
Looked around like a wise little  
cat,  
And he said with surprise: "Can  
I trust my own eyes?  
Well, what do you know about  
that?"



FOR a wagon of blue, with a  
man in blue, too,  
At the sidewalk was just back-  
ing up.  
And the man brought a crate  
that was heavy of weight  
And inside was a gay spotted pup

Now Punky felt hurt as he  
gazed very pert  
At the gay spotted pup in the  
box,  
For the pup was all white, save for  
spots black as night  
On his back and his tail, ears  
and sox.







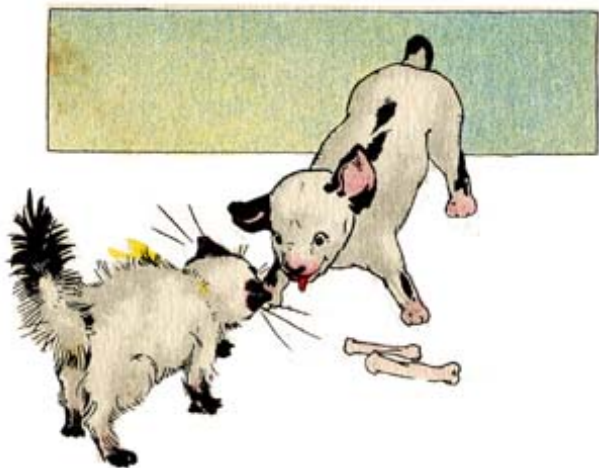
“MEOW!” said the cat,  
“That pup is too fat  
To run or to climb up a tree.  
The baby won't like that gay  
spotted tike  
As well as I know he likes me.”

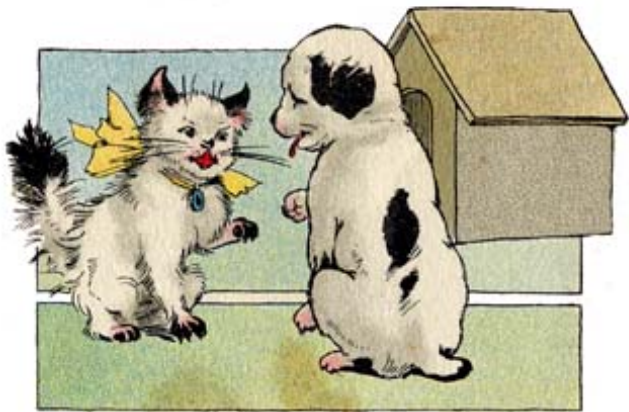


**P**UNKY said: "He may run,  
but he won't be much fun,  
He may set, or may bark, or may  
point."

You see, Punky's heart was be-  
ginning to smart  
And his nose was put clear out  
of joint.

**T**HE pup was let out, and  
he ran all about  
So happy was he to be free.  
Then Punky said: "Meow!" the  
dog said: "Bow-wow!"  
And Punky said: "Look out for  
me!"





**H**E raised up his hair and  
tried hard to scare  
The pup, so he would run away,  
But the pup shook his head  
and in dog talk he said:  
"No, Punky, I've come here to  
stay."



**T**HEN Punky, quite rash,  
at the pup made a  
dash,

But the pup stood his  
ground very bold.

And Punky then stopped  
so quick that he  
dropped

And over and  
over he rolled.





**T**HEN the pup with a  
bark started in for  
a lark

But Punky thought he meant  
to fight,

And he ran up a tree just  
as fast as could be

And he stayed there  
until it was night.



PUNKY Dunk has made up  
with the gay spotted pup  
And with Baby they play every  
day.

Don't you think, little friends, that  
this little tale ends  
In the very best kind of a way?



The End.





