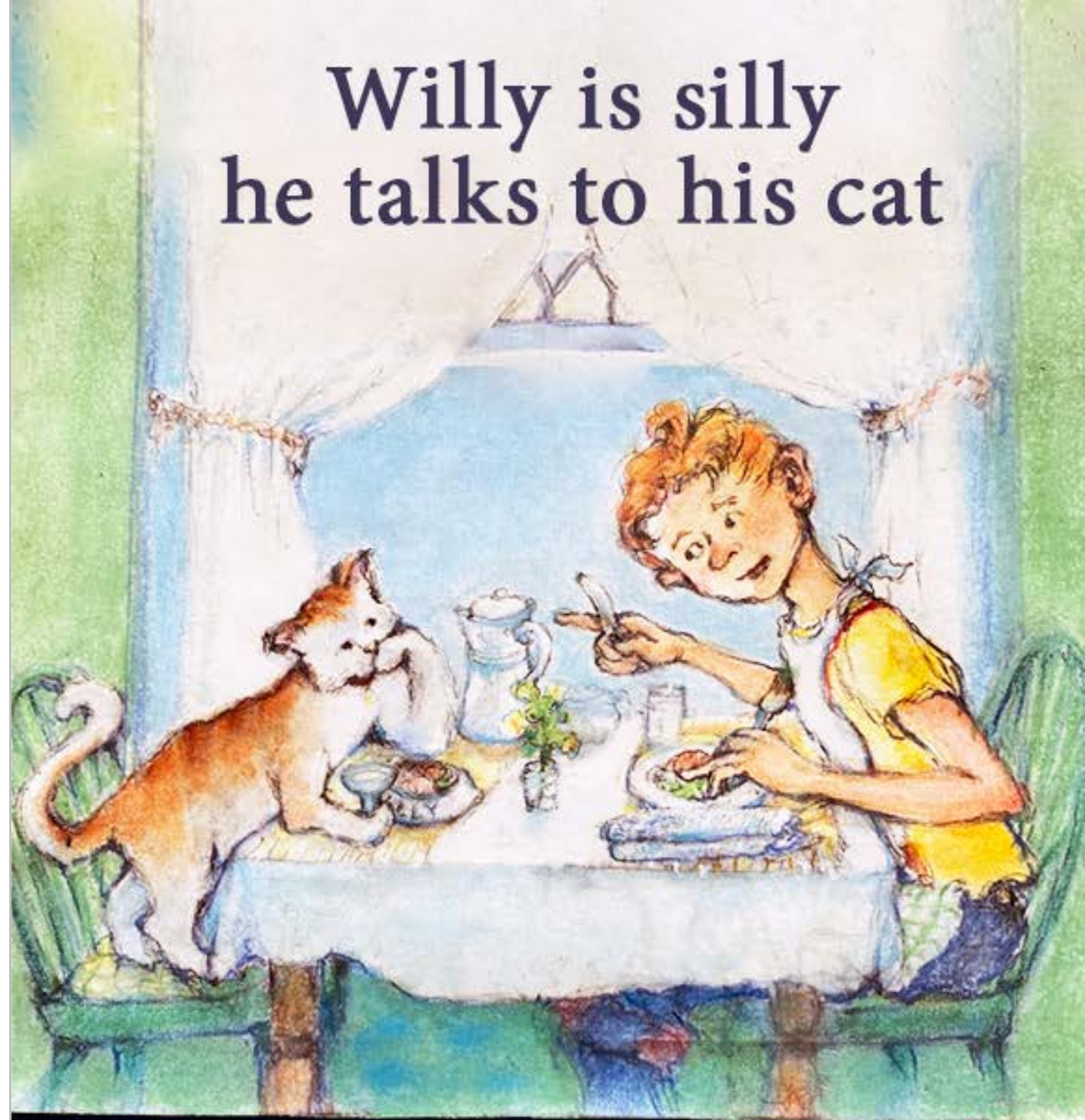


Willy is silly
he talks to his cat



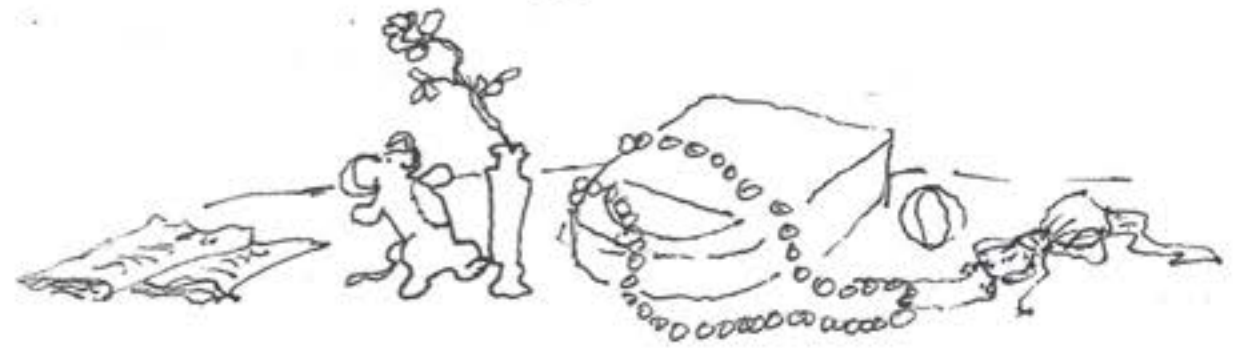
DIANE WORFOLK ALLISON

Willy is Silly

he talks

to his

Cat



by DIANE W. ALLISON



Willy is silly.
He talks to his cat
about cars, about corn,
about this, about that. . .





about how he loves music
and good fur hats
and how he hates blisters
and beets
and fat cats*,

* uncaring, greedy rich men





Wait! Tilly,
his cat,
was fat. .
That was the word
that the scale pointed at!





So Tilly, poor Tilly,
just cried in his lap.


Willy is silly.
He did not know that
Tilly was crying
because she was fat.
He said all would be well
if she just took a nap.



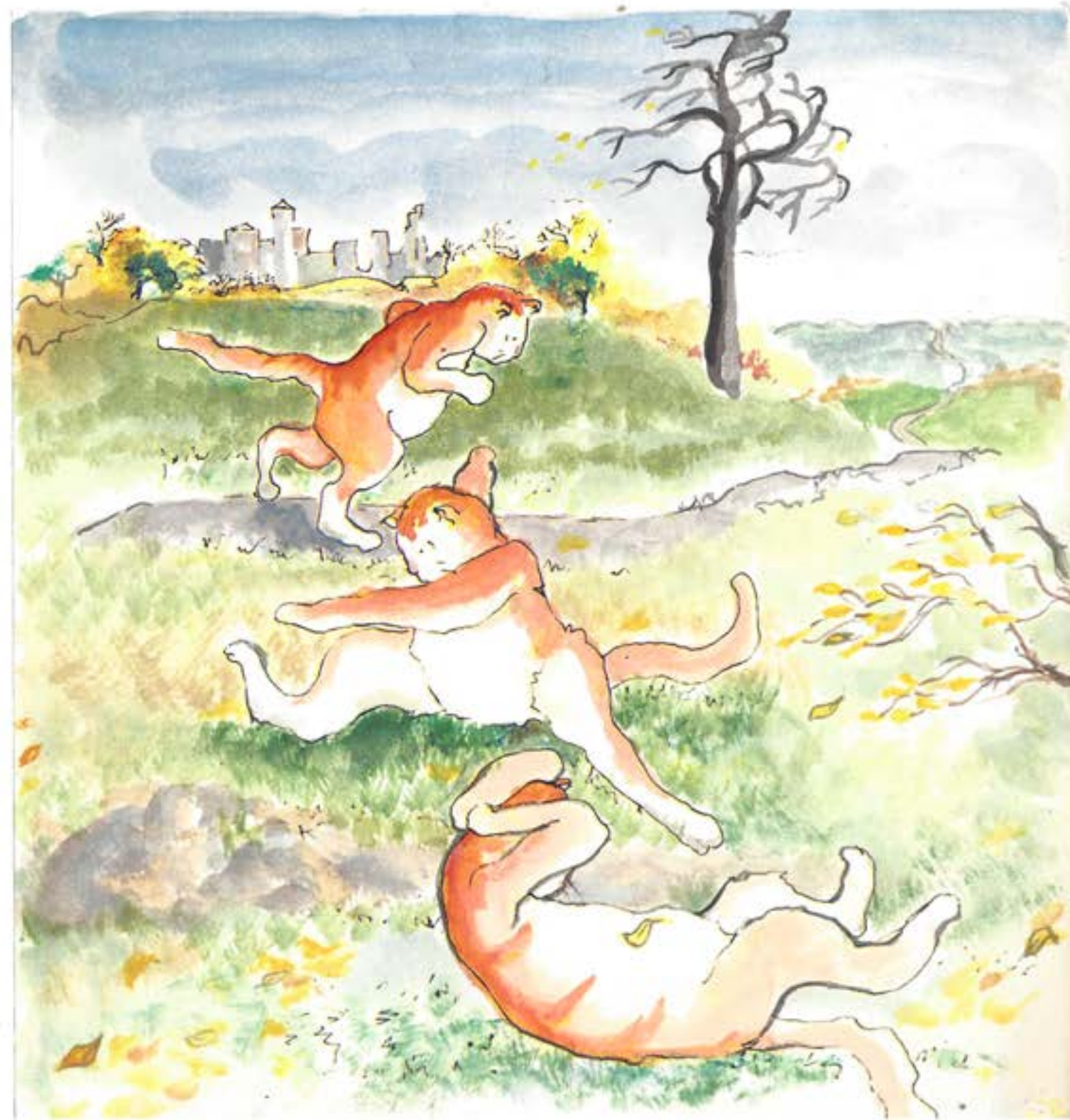


But well it was not.
She thought and she
thought
Till the sun came in
and by then she knew
she just *had* to get thin.





So she ran on the road,
she ran on the track,
she touched both her toes,
sat up and sat back,





till Tilly, poor Tilly,
just up and fell flat.
But still she was fat!
So she started to pack.





Willy is silly.
He talks to his cat,
(not knowing that Tilly
had started to pack),
about how he loves music
and good fur hats,
and how he hates blisters
and beets
and fat cats.





Now Tilly
saw tears
fall in her sack.

But just then old Willy,
picked up his dear cat
and gave her a hug,
a stroke and a pat,

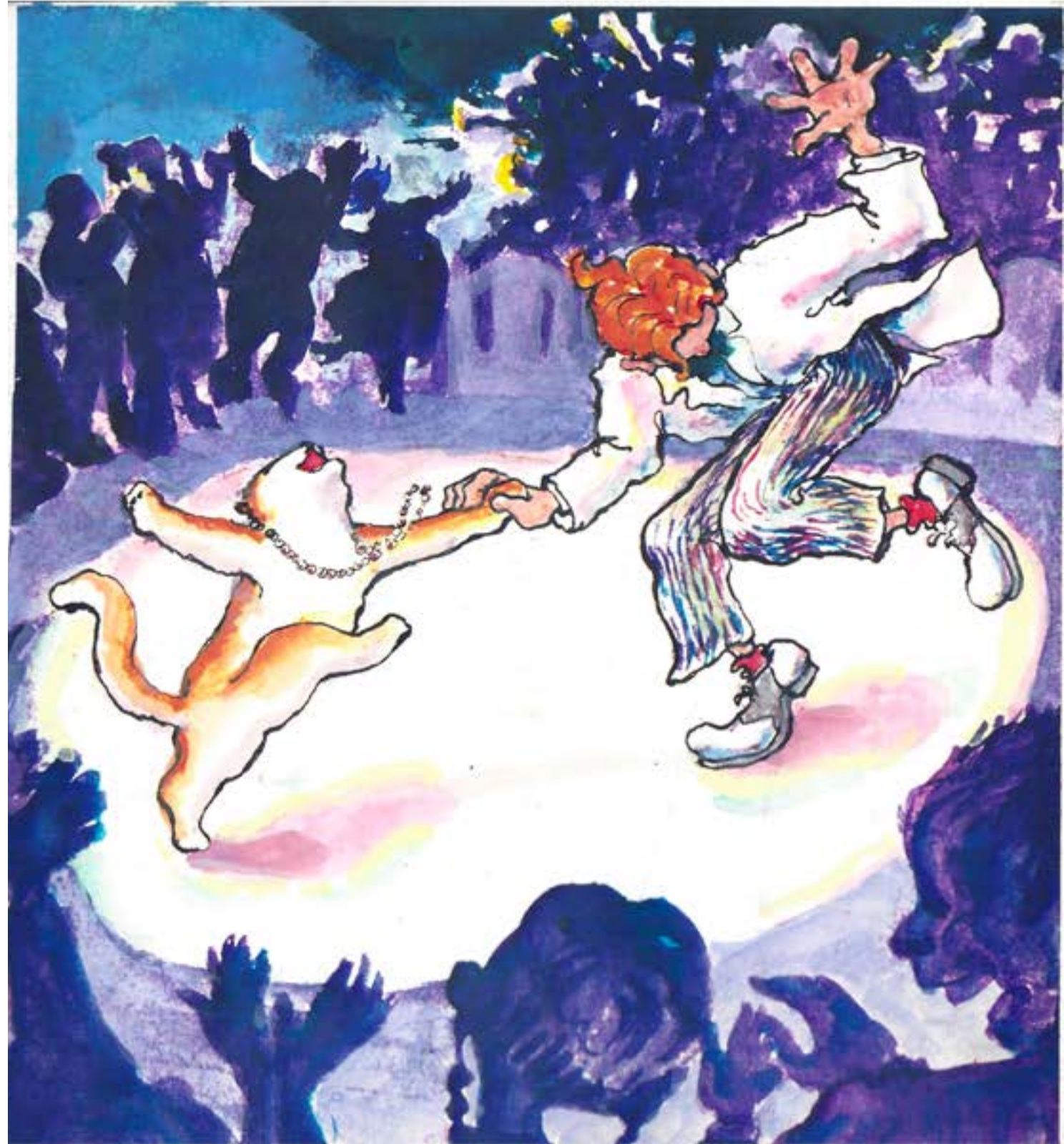


And told her that she was
the *best* of all cats!
He loved how she walked,
he loved how she pranced,
Did she want to go out?
Did she want to go *DANCE*?





Willy is silly.





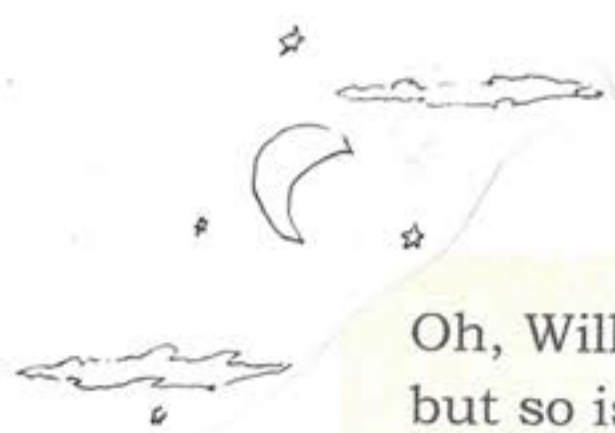
He danced with his cat.





And when they went home,
she was his fur hat!





Oh, Willy is silly,
but so is his cat.
And just between us?
I like them like that.

