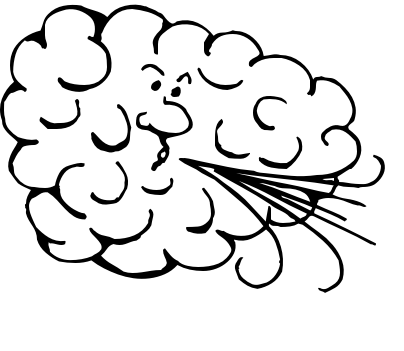
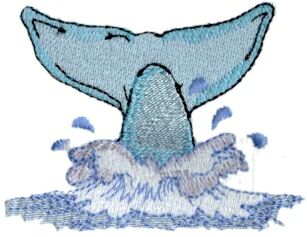
**NOVEMBER**

*written by Maurice Sendak*

In November's gusty gale

I will flop my flippy tail

and spout hot soup  I’ll be a whale!

Spouting once,  spouting twice 

Spouting chicken soup with rice. 