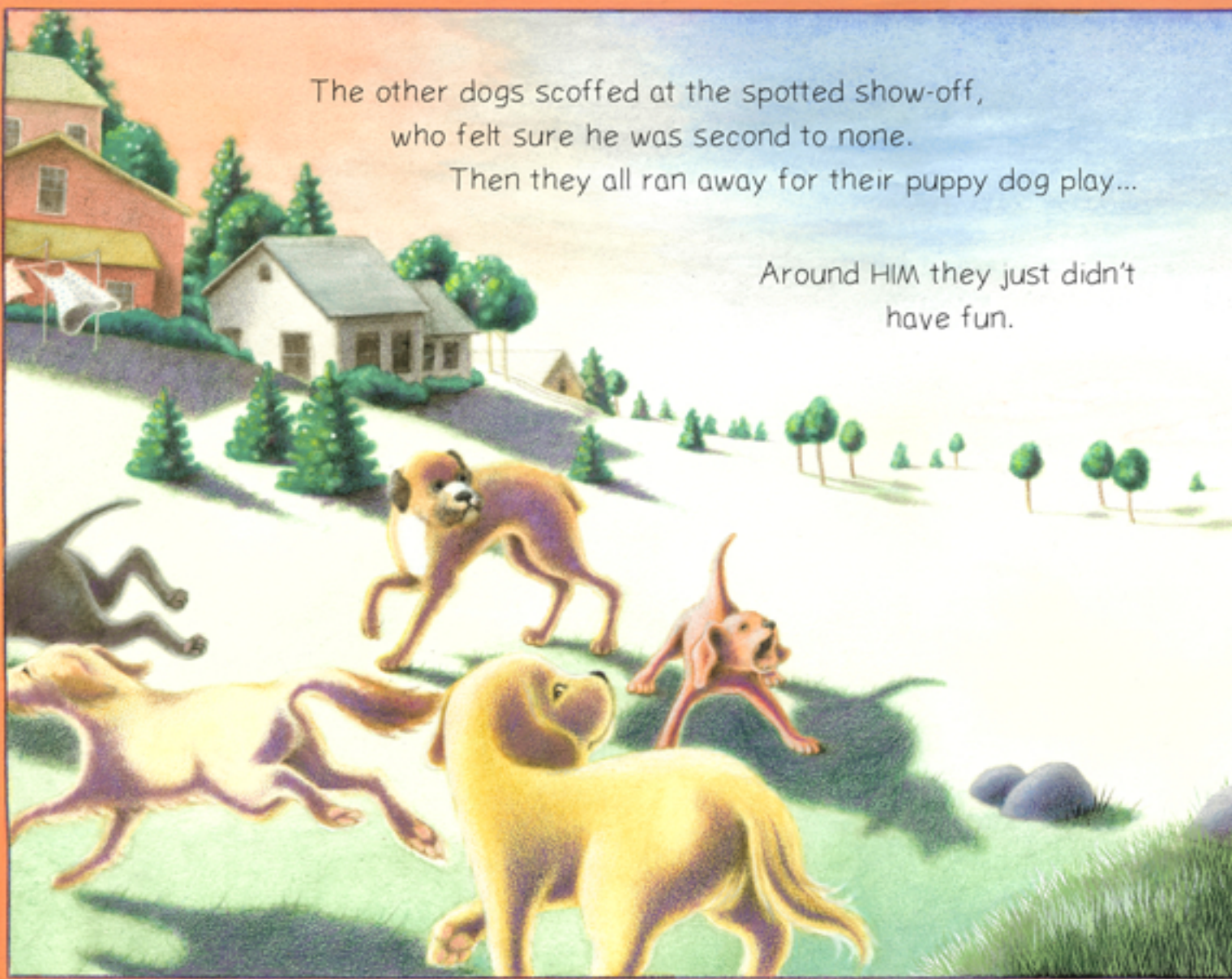
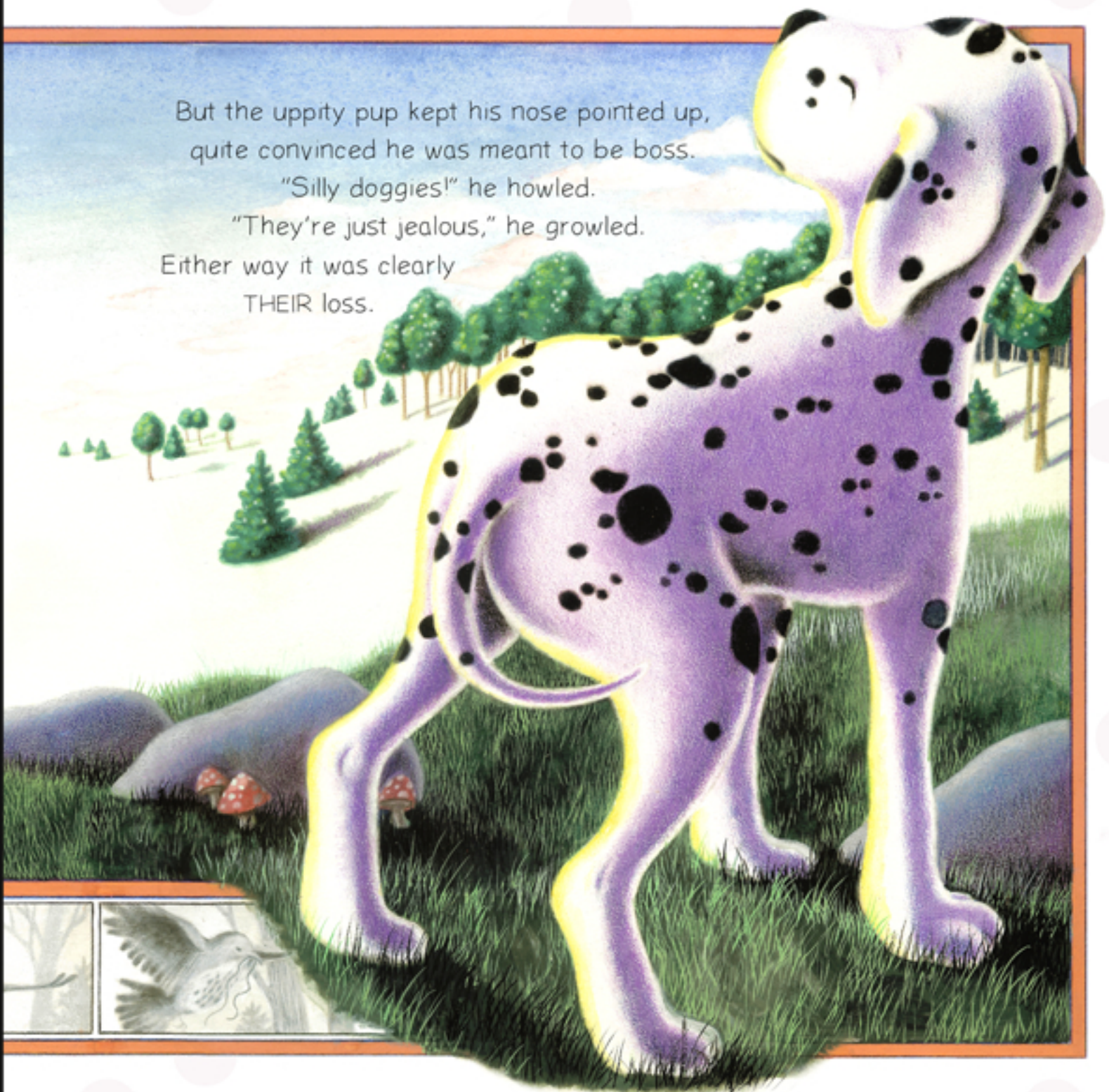


The other dogs scoffed at the spotted show-off,
who felt sure he was second to none.
Then they all ran away for their puppy dog play...

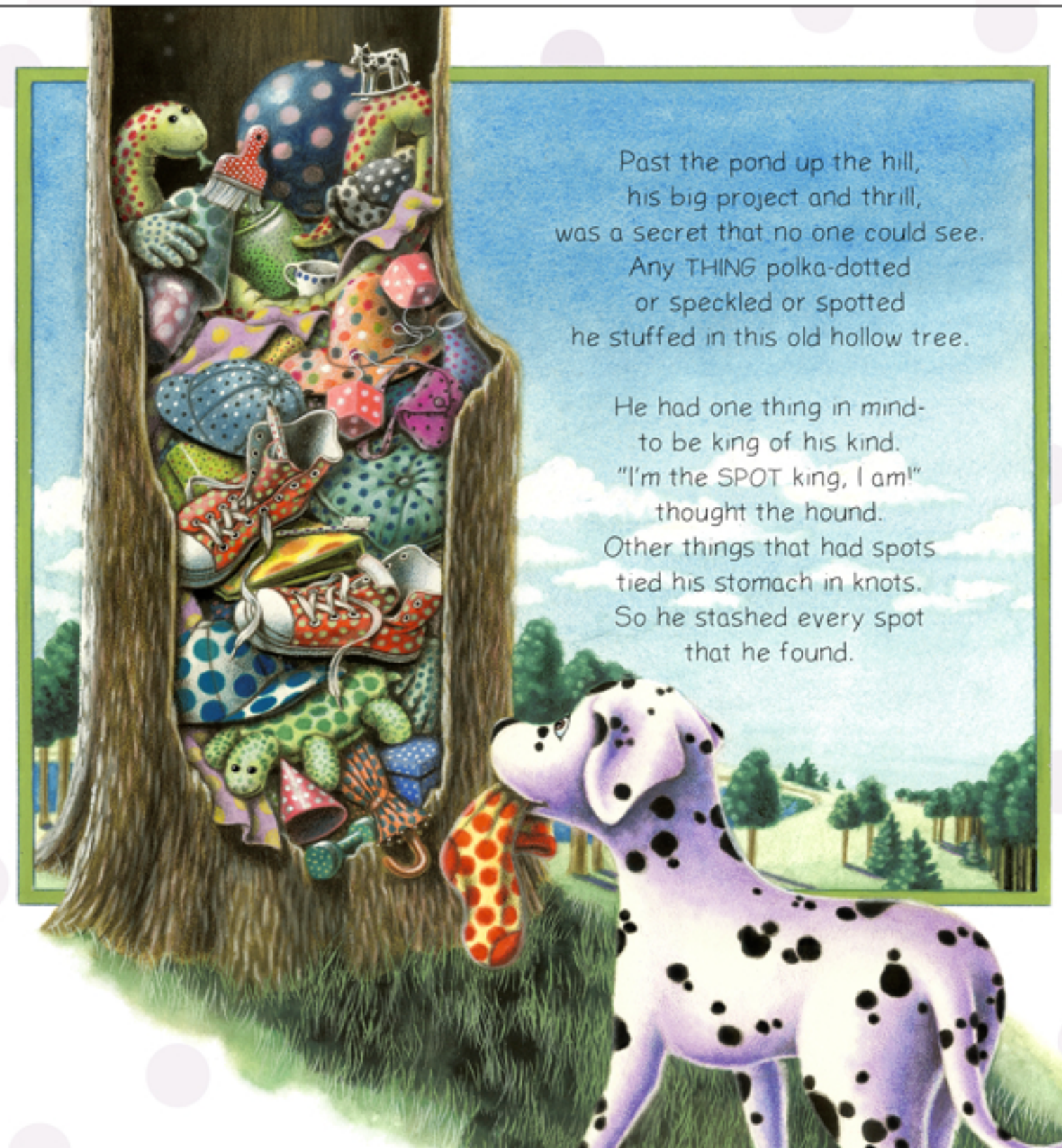
Around HIM they just didn't
have fun.



But the uppity pup kept his nose pointed up,
quite convinced he was meant to be boss.
"Silly doggies!" he howled.
"They're just jealous," he growled.
Either way it was clearly
THEIR loss.



He was terribly fond of a spot by the pond
where he loved to observe his reflection.
With EACH look he knew that it really was true...
He was painfully close to perfection.



Past the pond up the hill,
his big project and thrill,
was a secret that no one could see.
Any THING polka-dotted
or speckled or spotted
he stuffed in this old hollow tree.

He had one thing in mind-
to be king of his kind.
"I'm the SPOT king, I am!"
thought the hound.
Other things that had spots
tied his stomach in knots.
So he stashed every spot
that he found.