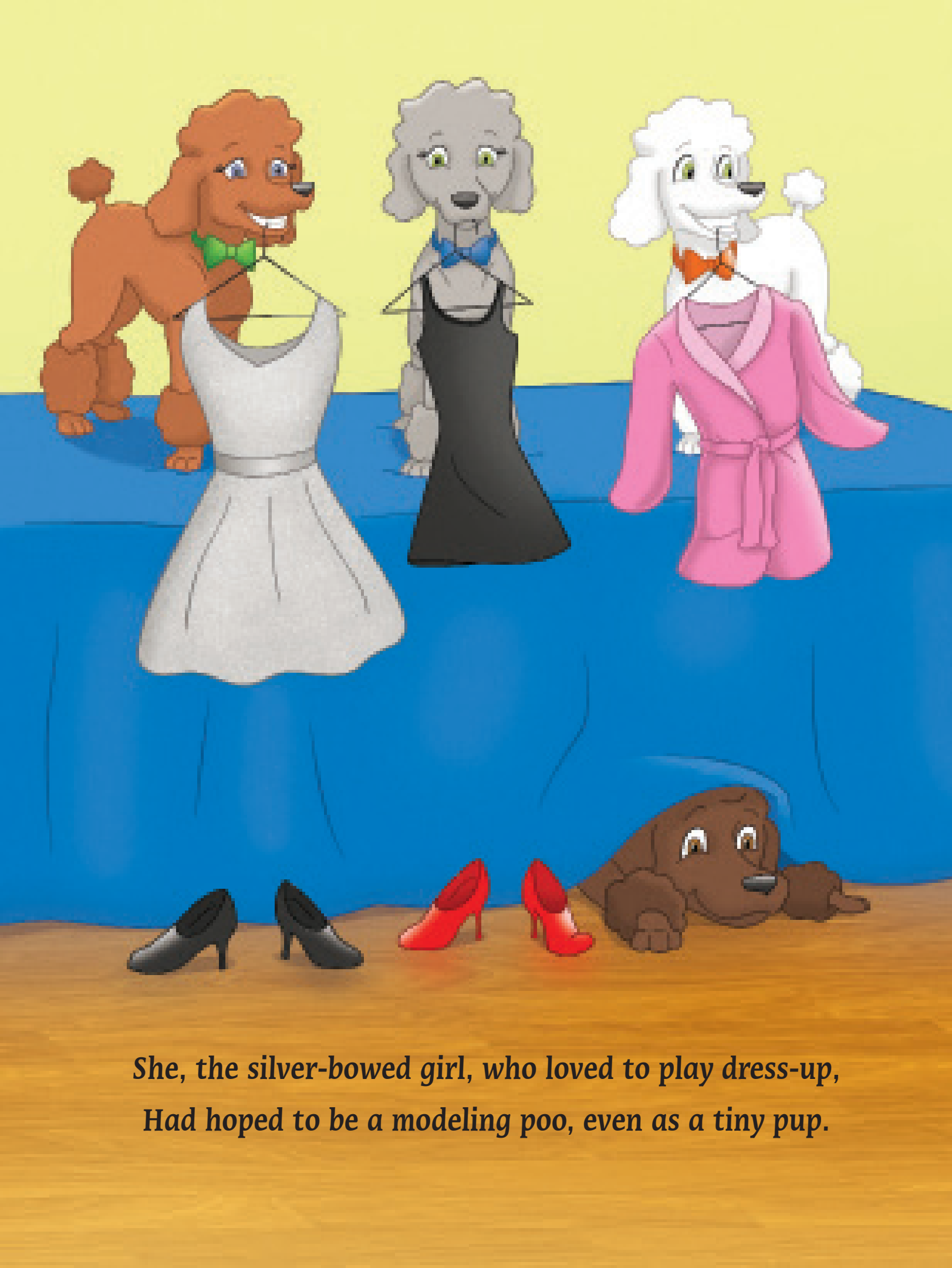




*The twelve poodle puppies growing older every week,  
Had now received their first poo cuts, each looking very chic.  
Each and every poodle just loved their Talent Show.  
Eager for the next act, the girl who next would go.*



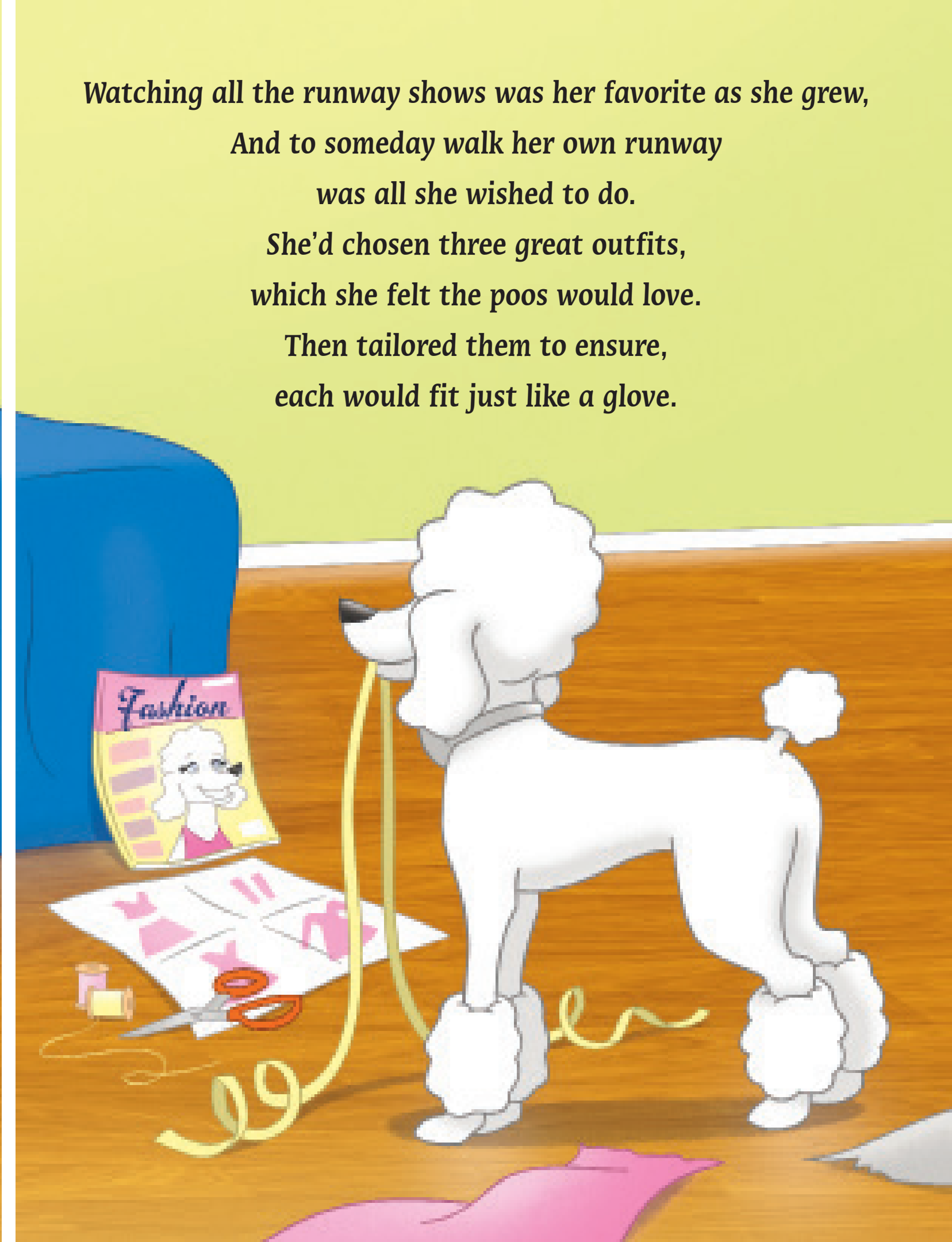


*She, the silver-bowed girl, who loved to play dress-up,  
Had hoped to be a modeling poo, even as a tiny pup.*

*Watching all the runway shows was her favorite as she grew,  
And to someday walk her own runway  
was all she wished to do.*

*She'd chosen three great outfits,  
which she felt the poos would love.*

*Then tailored them to ensure,  
each would fit just like a glove.*



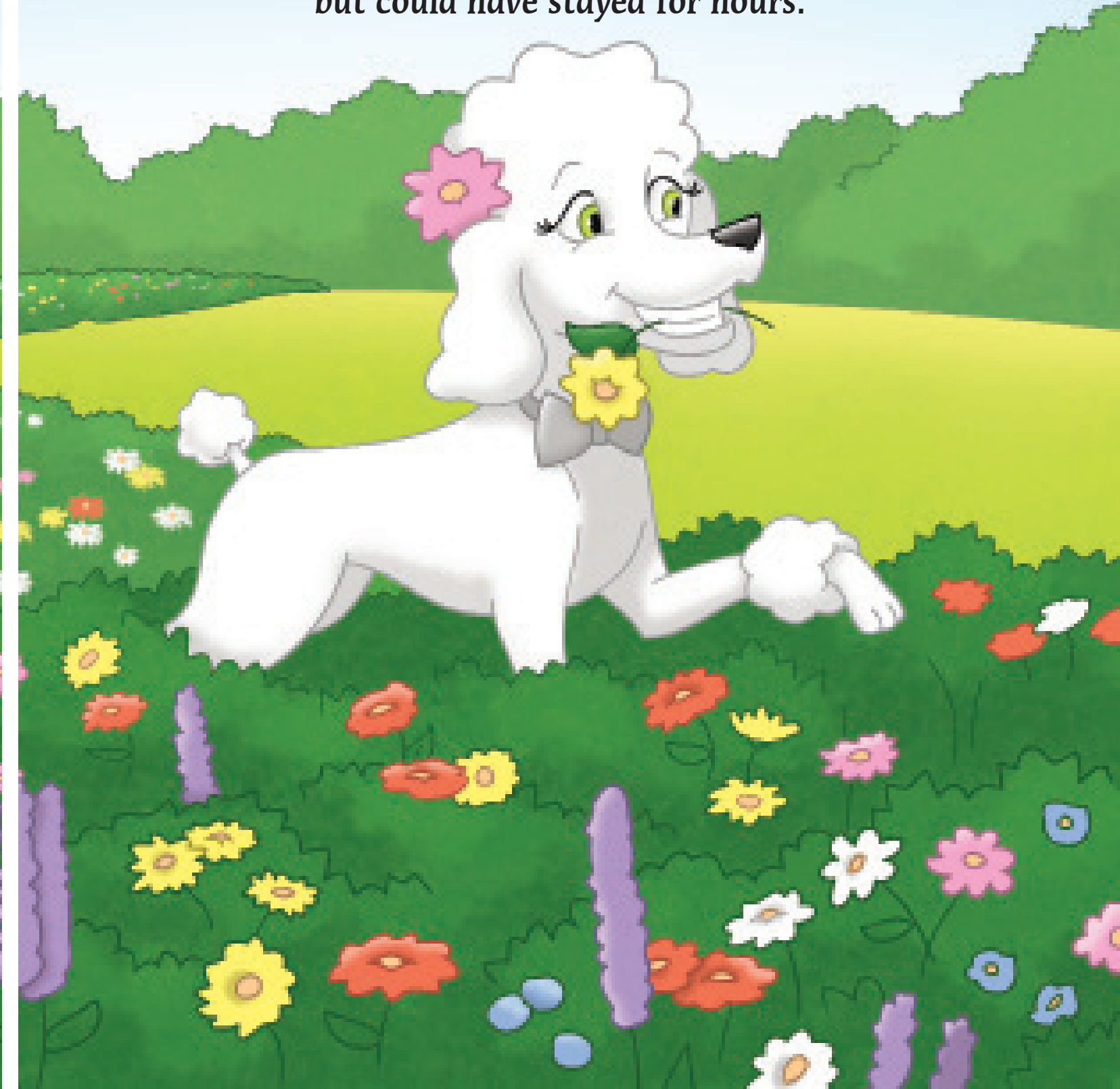


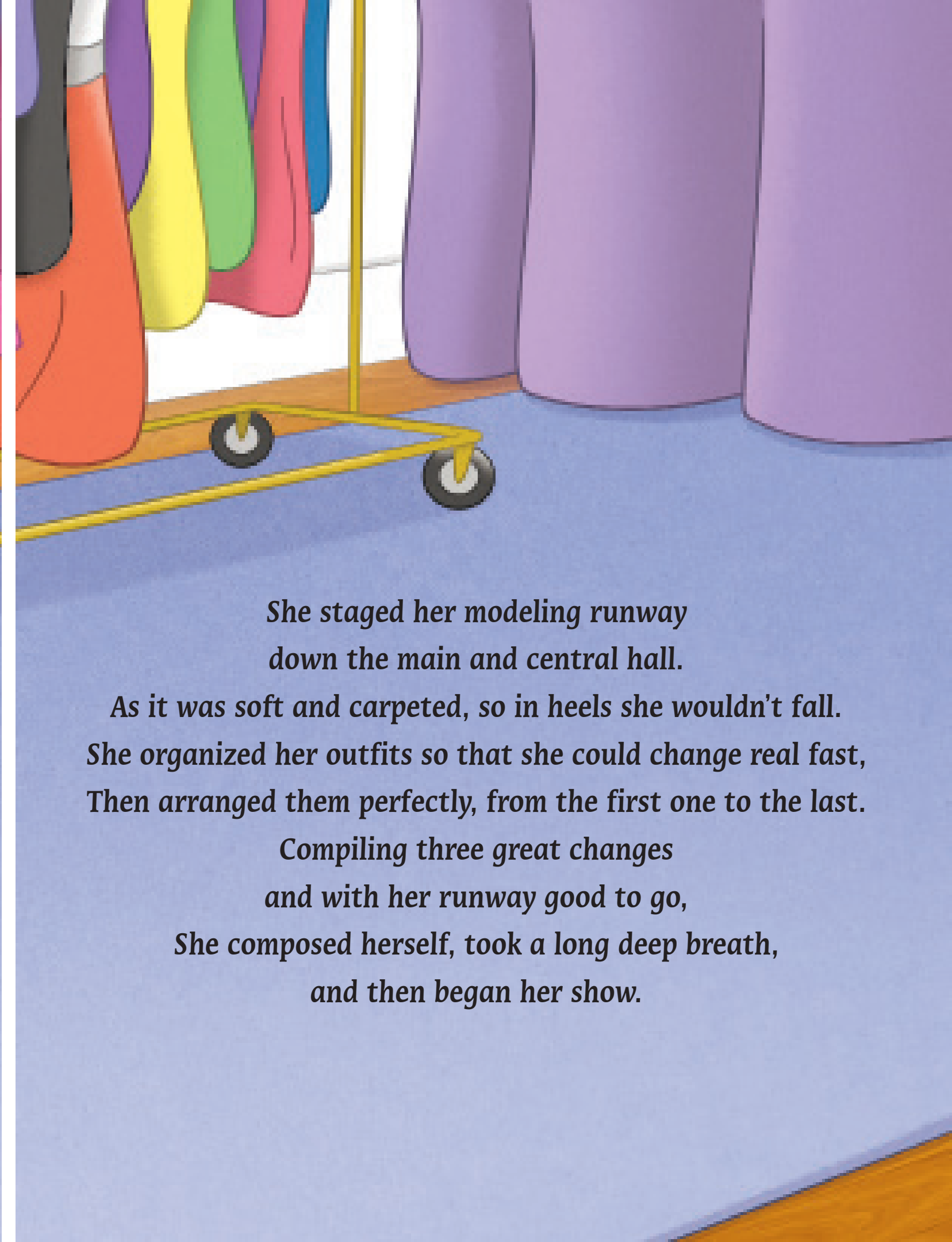
*She gathered her accessories from the house and in the yard.*

*This took thought, but it's what she loved,  
so for her it wasn't hard.*

*Showing sense of style, for her hair she picked fresh flowers.*

*She loved outdoors and had to rush,  
but could have stayed for hours.*





*She staged her modeling runway  
down the main and central hall.*

*As it was soft and carpeted, so in heels she wouldn't fall.  
She organized her outfits so that she could change real fast,  
Then arranged them perfectly, from the first one to the last.*

*Compiling three great changes  
and with her runway good to go,  
She composed herself, took a long deep breath,  
and then began her show.*