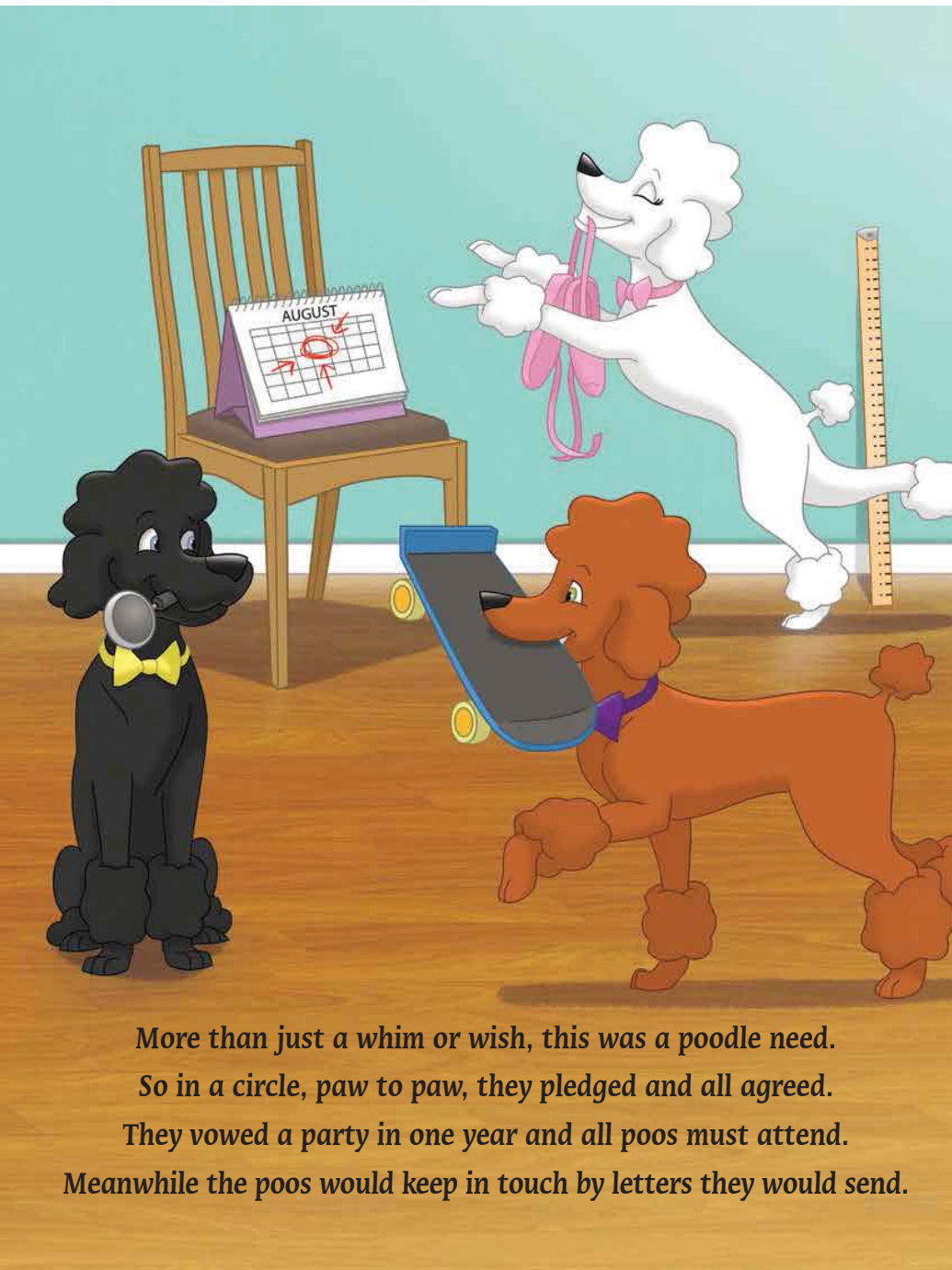




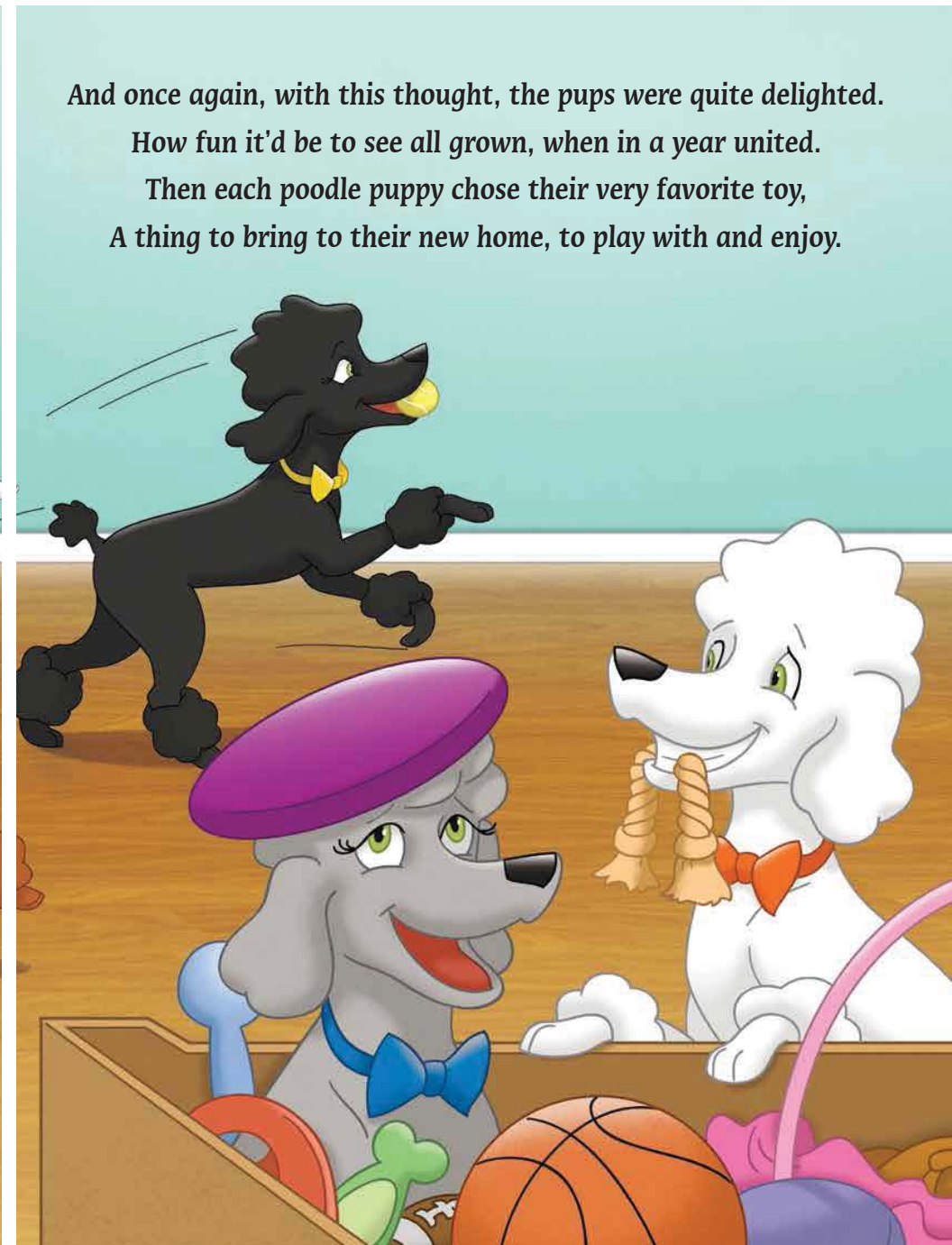
All but Deja now were fit with their final bows,
Freshly groomed in poodle cuts from heads down to their toes.
Once they'd chosen humans and where they were to stay,
A single item troubled them in a most disturbing way.



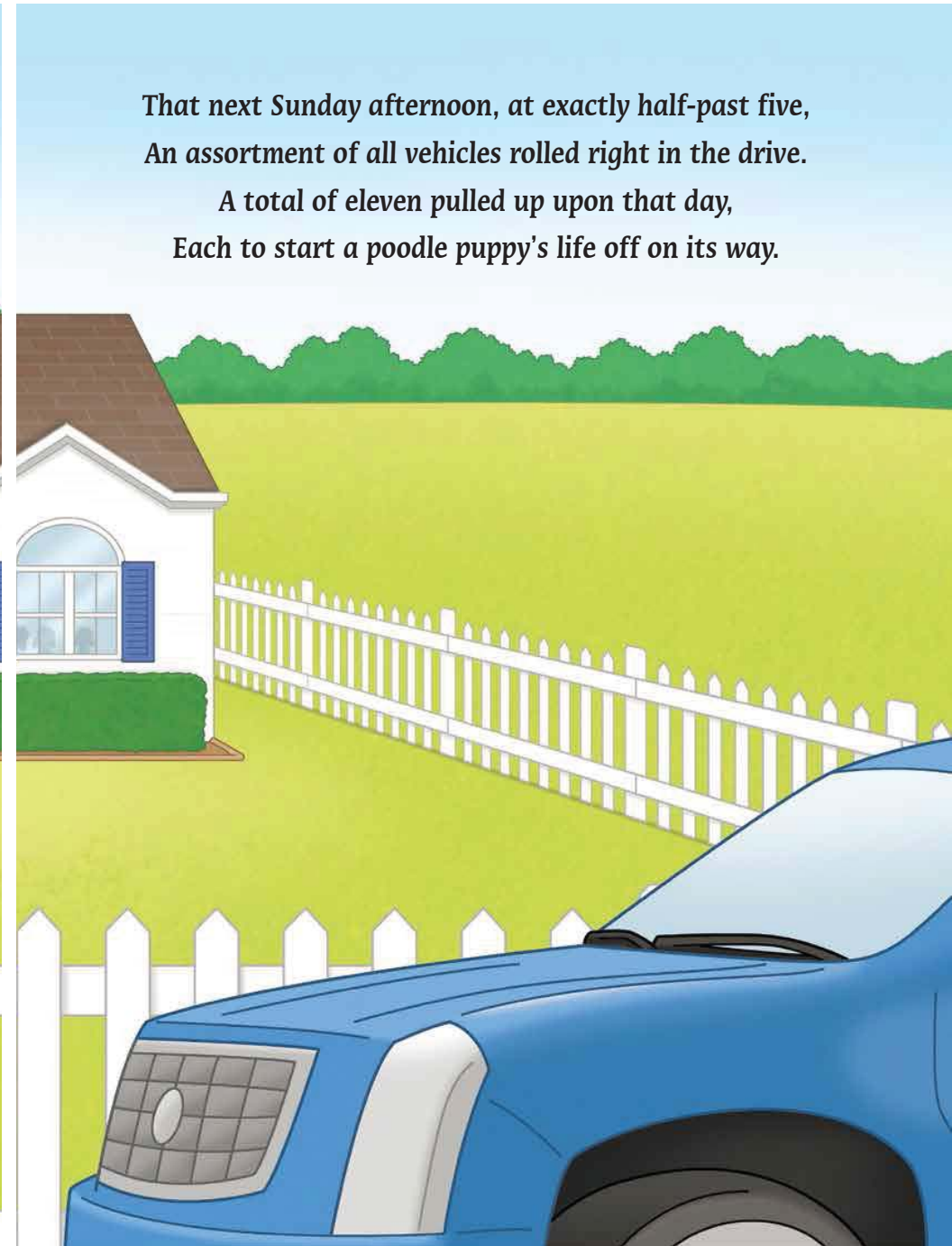
Each poodle had so bonded with each sister and each brother.
It was rather obvious how they'd grown to love each other.
How then would they ever, someday reunite?
Indeed a great dilemma, a most disturbing plight.



More than just a whim or wish, this was a poodle need.
So in a circle, paw to paw, they pledged and all agreed.
They vowed a party in one year and all poos must attend.
Meanwhile the poos would keep in touch by letters they would send.



And once again, with this thought, the pups were quite delighted.
How fun it'd be to see all grown, when in a year united.
Then each poodle puppy chose their very favorite toy,
A thing to bring to their new home, to play with and enjoy.



*That next Sunday afternoon, at exactly half-past five,
An assortment of all vehicles rolled right in the drive.
A total of eleven pulled up upon that day,
Each to start a poodle puppy's life off on its way.*

There were cars and SUVs, two motor homes and more,
Awaiting these sweet baby poos to love and so adore.
As well there were two limos, oh yes, and one Rolls Royce!
This ride was for Miss Deja Vu, who had never had a choice.

