

The Hairy Toe

Once there was a woman who went out to pick beans,
and she found a Hairy Toe.

She took the Hairy Toe home with her,
and that night, when she went to bed,
the wind began to moan and groan.

Away in the distance
she seemed to hear a voice crying,
"Where's my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?"
"Who's got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?"

The woman scrooched down
'way down under the covers
and about that time
the wind appeared to hit the house **swoosh!**
And the whole house creaked and cracked
like something was trying to get in.
The voice had come nearer
almost at the door now
and it said,
"Where's my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?"
Who's got my Hair-r-ry To-o-o-e?"

The woman scrooched further down
under the covers
and pulled them tight around her head.
The wind growled around the house
like some big animal
and **r-r-um-mbled** over the chimney.
All at once she heard the door **cr-r-a-ack!**
And Something slipped in
and began to creep over the floor.
The floor went
cre-e-eak, cre-e-eak,
At every step that thing took towards her bed.
The woman could almost feel
it bending over her bed.
Then in an awful voice it said:
"Where's my Hair-r-y To-o-o-e?"
Who's got my Hair-r-ry To-o-o-e?"
YOU'VE GOT IT!"

