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PRINCE PUGGLY OF SPUD AND THE KINGDOM OF SPIFF

robert paul weston



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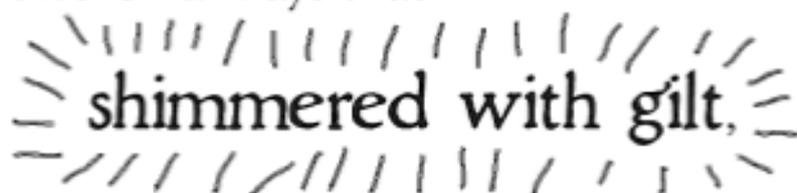
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nce,
long ago,
in a faraway land,
there rose up a palace
stupendously grand.

It was built by the sea, on the rim of a cliff,
on the easternmost edge of the
KINGDOM OF SPIFF.

Through the doors you could see a magnificent stair.
It went spiraling gracefully into the air.
Beyond it were hallways that

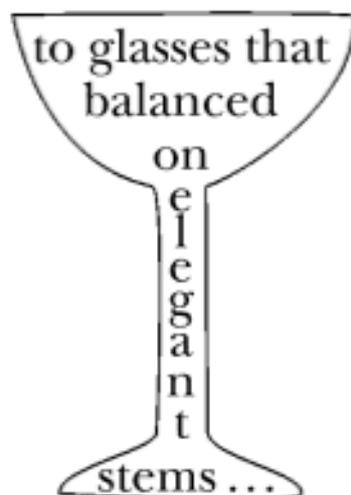
shimmered with gilt,

for that's how a Spiffian palace was built.

Every inch was luxurious, posh without fail.

It was utterly stylish in every detail:

from faucets that *s^{*}p^{*}a^{*}r^{*}k^{*}l^{*}e^{*}d^{*}* with glittering gems,



Spiff, after all, was a kingdom of taste,
where following fashion was fully embraced;
and nowhere was fashion in evidence more
than in

clothes—of the
sort that the Spiffians wore.

This was a kingdom that dressed to the *NINE'S*,
where everyone sported the latest designs.

They would ^{leap up} like lemmings to follow a craze.
They were  of fashion ...in all the worst ways.

Every Spiff in the land would compete with their friends,
to keep right in step with the latest of trends.
They always were wearing the sassiest styles
(which of course they would sport with the
smuggest of smiles).

There was only one person in all of the land
for whom “**fashion**” was something she just
couldn't stand.

That person was

Frannie,

THE PRINCESS OF SPIFF,

who lived in the castle, on the edge of that cliff.

Frannie, you see . . . well, she just didn't care.
She rarely dressed up or embellished her hair.
She never wore dresses or elegant coats.

She wore only
pajamas. 

They were printed
with boats. 

