

THE HOOSHER BOOK

"W'oooh!—woo-oooh!" all the time! An' Little Boy
 He haf to stay up in the tree—all night—
 An' 'thout 'o *supper* neever!—Only they
 Wuz *apples* on the tree!—An' Little Boy
 Et apples—ist all night—an' cried—an' cried!
 Nen when 't 'uz morning th' old Bear went "W'oooh!"
 Ag'in, an' try to climb up in the tree
 An' git the Little Boy.—But he *can't*
 Climb t' save his *soul*, he can't—An' *oh!* he's *mad!*—
 He ist tear up the ground! an' go "W'oo-oooh!"
 An'—*Oh, yes!*—purty soon, when morning's come
 All *light*—so's you kin see, you know,—w'y, nen
 The old Bear finds the Little Boy's *gun*, you know,
 'At's on the ground.—(An' it ain't broke at all—
 I ist *said* that!) An' so the old Bear think
 He'll take the gun an' *shoot* the Little Boy:—
 But *Bears* they don't know much 'bout shootin' guns:
 So when he go to shoot the Little Boy,
 The old Bear got the *other* end the gun
 Ag'in' his shoulder, 'stid o' *th' other* end—
 So when he try to shoot the Little Boy,
 It shot *the Bear*, it did—an' killed him dead!
 An' nen the Little Boy clumb down the tree
 An' chopped his old woolly head off.—Yes, an' killed
 The *other* Bear ag'in, he did—an' killed
 All *boff* the bears, he did—an' tuk 'em home
 An' *cooked* 'em, too, an' *et* 'em!
 —An' that's all.