



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



HOW FLUFFY SAVED THE OPERA

The opera was "Carmen", it was at the season's height,
And Fluffy for a lark had joined the "supers" for a night
('Tis often done, they'll tell you at the stage director's door!),
And the wardrobe woman dressed her as she ne'er was dressed before.



The curtain rose, her stage fright o'er, she played her tiny part:
Her only trouble was she knew the solos all by heart
And found it hard to mutely pose amid the burst of song,
And did so want to help the prima donna's work along.



Between the acts (through brother Dick) she met the famous cast,
And they showed her all the wonders of the place from first to last,
Including Siegfried's dragon and the way they make him rage,
Till Fluffy was enchanted with the life upon the stage.



The second act had come and gone, but something was amiss:
The audience was friendly, but from somewhere came a hiss!
And it was whispered round the stage by those who were so bold
That there was no mistake—the peerless Carmen had a cold.

The last great scene was on; would Carmen's voice redeem the night?
The audience was breathless; Fluffy planned a vocal fight.
She heard the cough, the hoarsening voice, but none in front could tell,
For Fluffy carried on the song—and Carmen acted well!



The curtain fell mid wild acclaim; 'twas triumph after all!
Poor Carmen in hysterics answered call upon recall.
And Fluffy? Well, you should have heard the cast roll out the cheers,
While the prima donna buried her in roses to her ears.



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