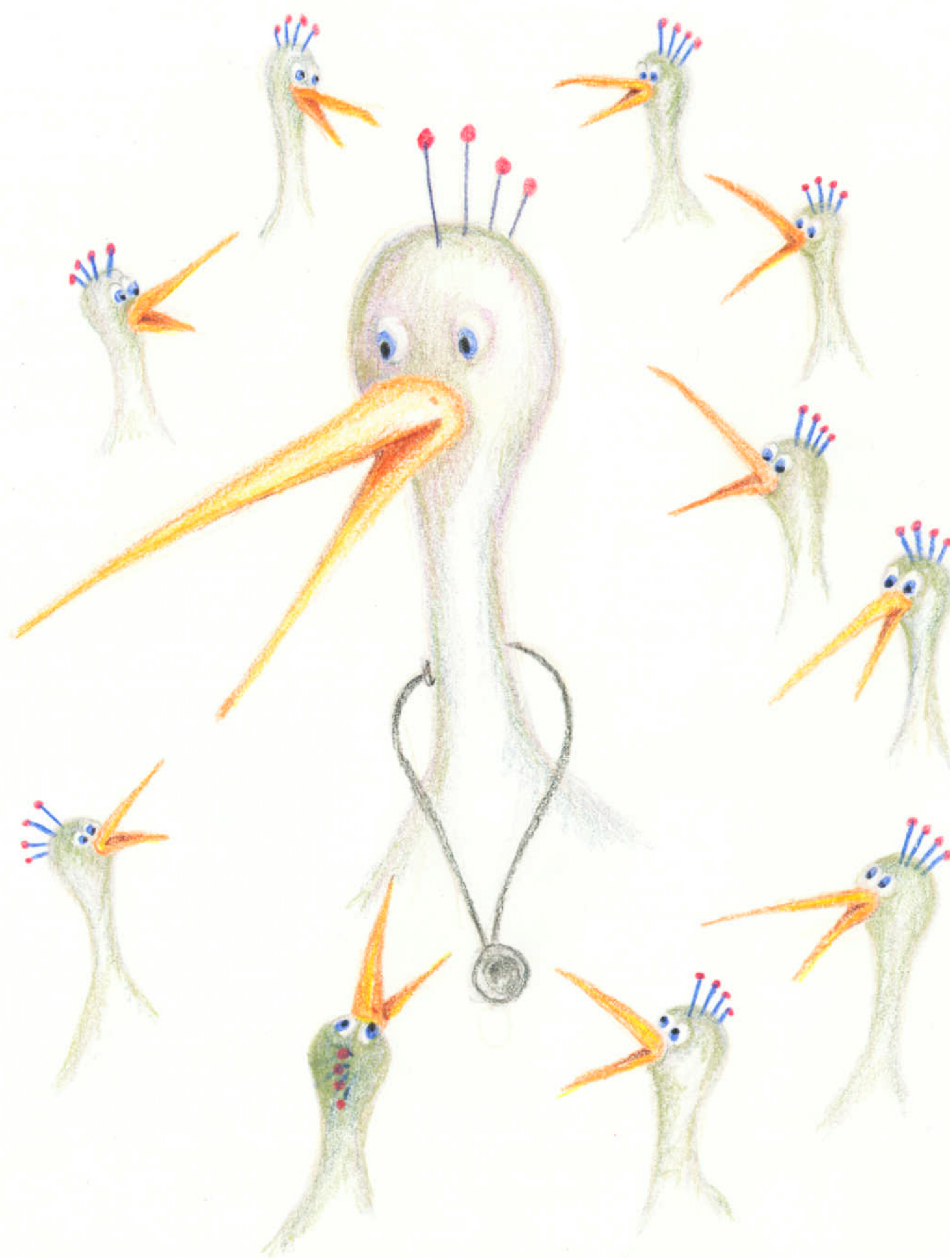
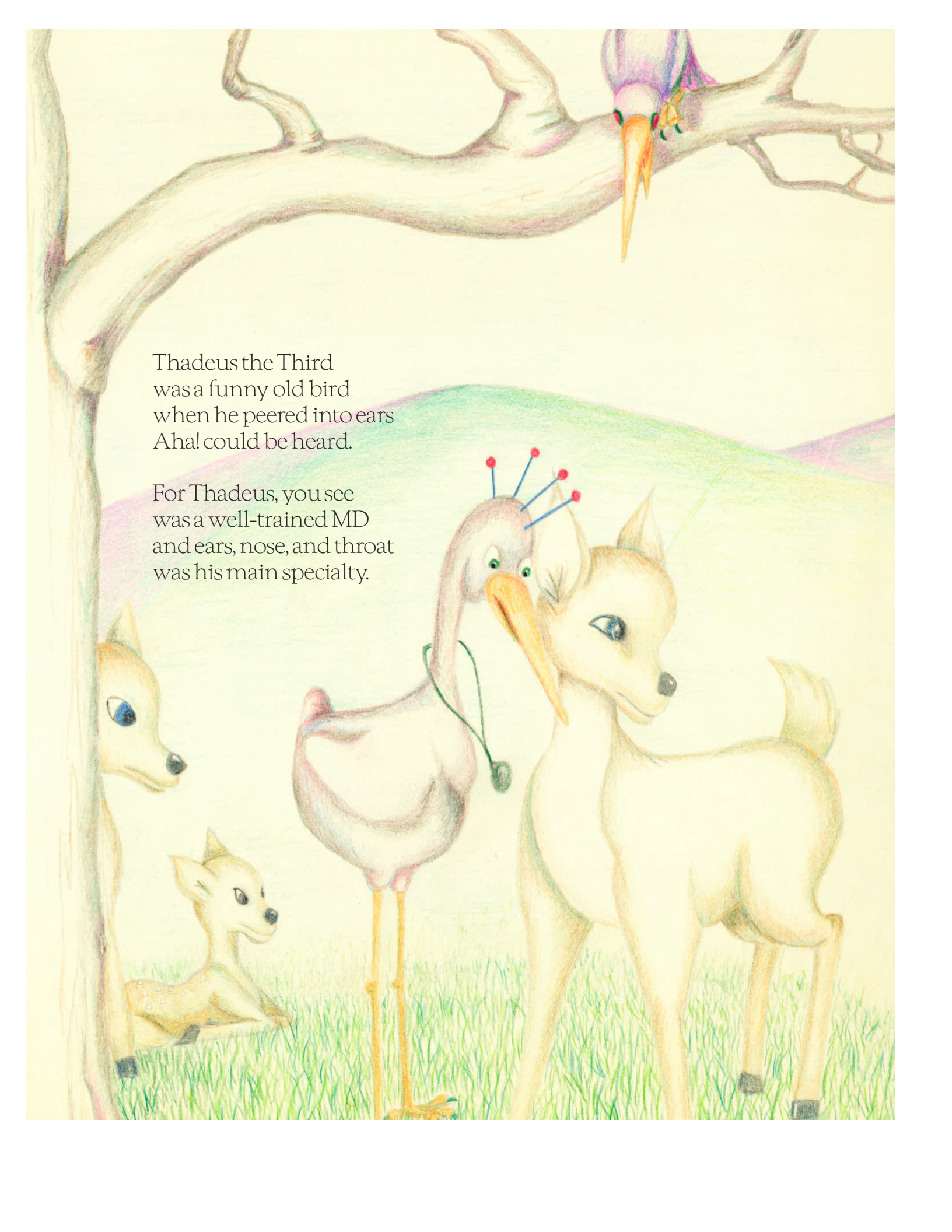


Thadeus the Third

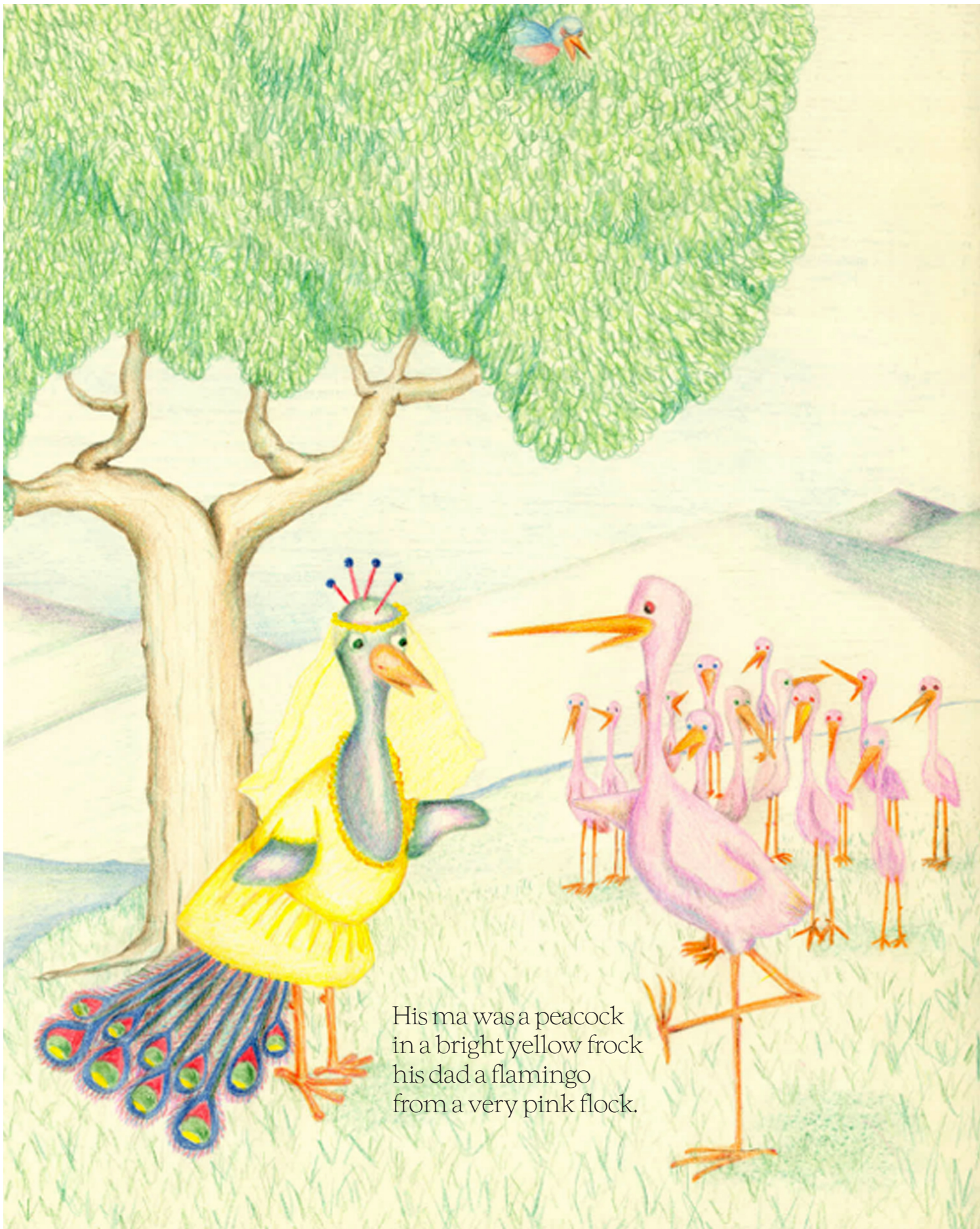


by Wendy B. Danks

A whimsical illustration in a soft, painterly style. In the upper right, a purple bird with a long, bright orange beak is perched on a gnarled tree branch, looking down. Below, a pinkish-bird with a long orange beak and a stethoscope around its neck is examining the ear of a light brown deer. The bird has four small red dots on its head connected by blue lines. The deer has blue eyes and is standing in a grassy field. To the left, another deer is partially visible behind a tree trunk. In the bottom left, a small fawn is lying down. The background features rolling green and purple hills under a pale sky.

Thadeus the Third
was a funny old bird
when he peered into ears
Aha! could be heard.

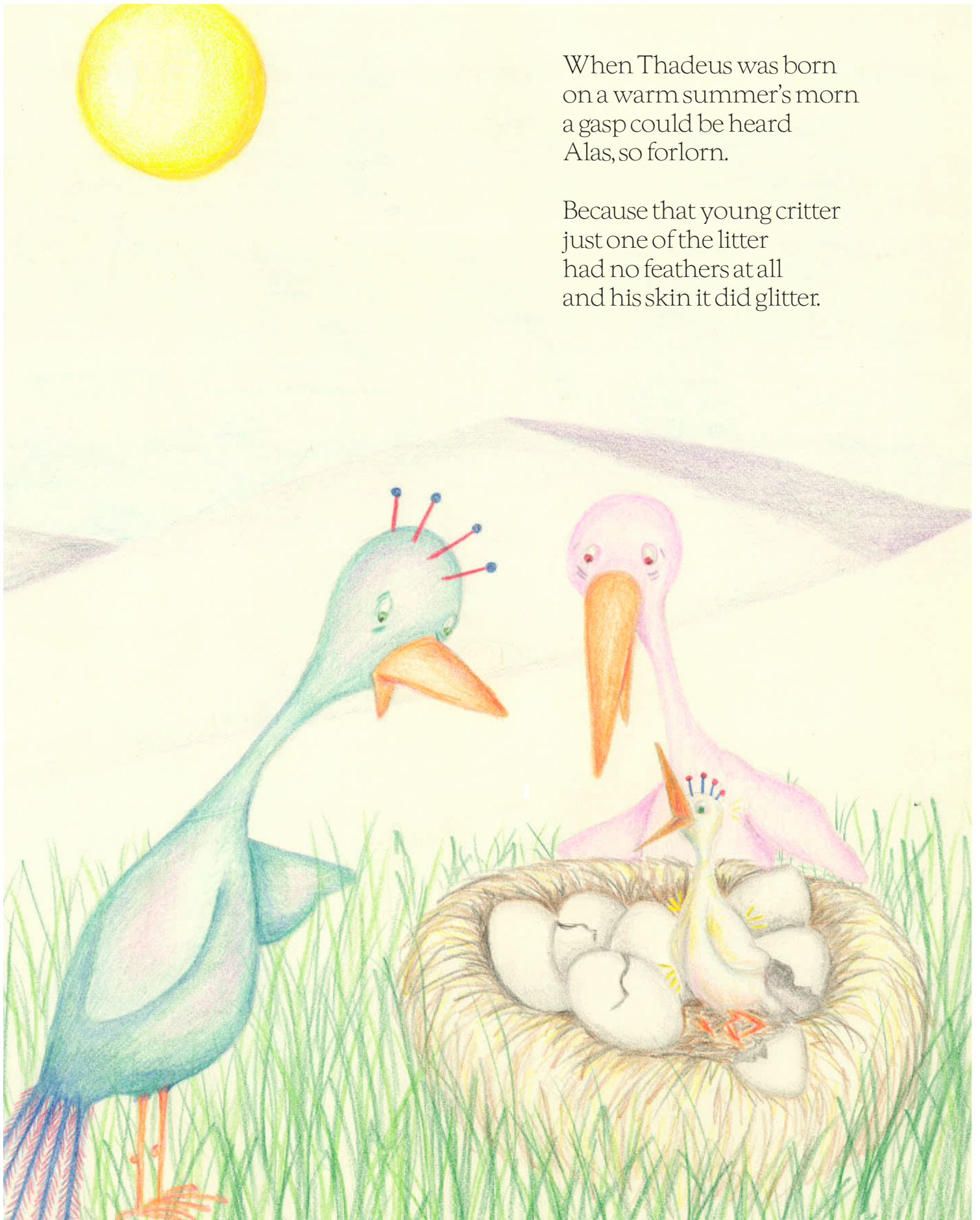
For Thadeus, you see
was a well-trained MD
and ears, nose, and throat
was his main specialty.



His ma was a peacock
in a bright yellow frock
his dad a flamingo
from a very pink flock.

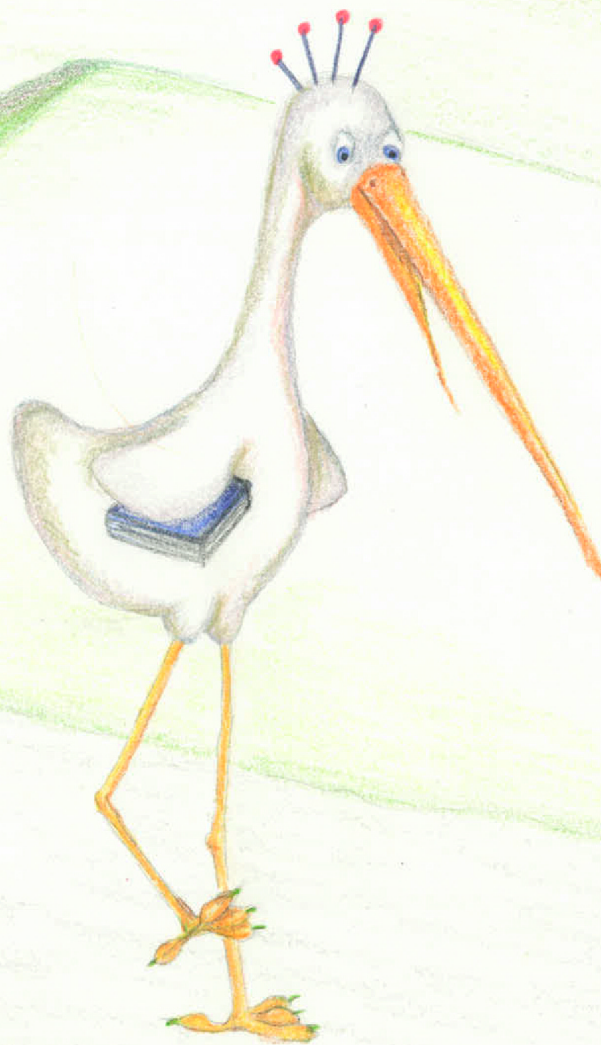
When Thadeus was born
on a warm summer's morn
a gasp could be heard
Alas, so forlorn.

Because that young critter
just one of the litter
had no feathers at all
and his skin it did glitter.



When he grew to full grown
from the coop he had flown
or more properly stated
he walked, all alone.

So he went to Med school
'cause he wasn't a fool
and he studied quite hard
followed every old rule.



After seven long years
many lonely wet tears
he earned his diploma,
celebrated with beers.

Now he's in business
his patients confess
that Thadeus is good
as a doctor no less.

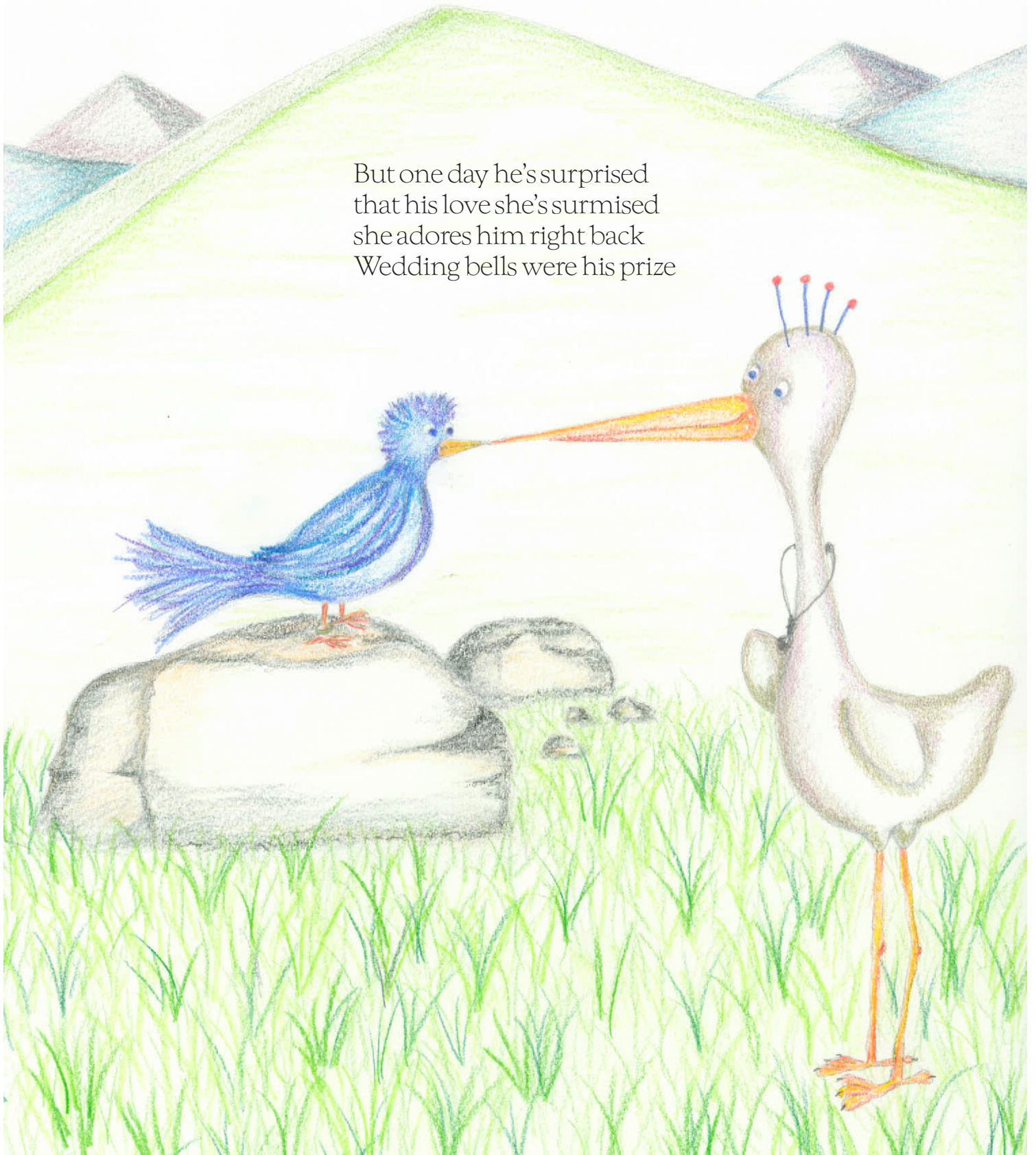




But there's something awry
as he heaves a big sigh
when a certain young lady
goes winging on by.

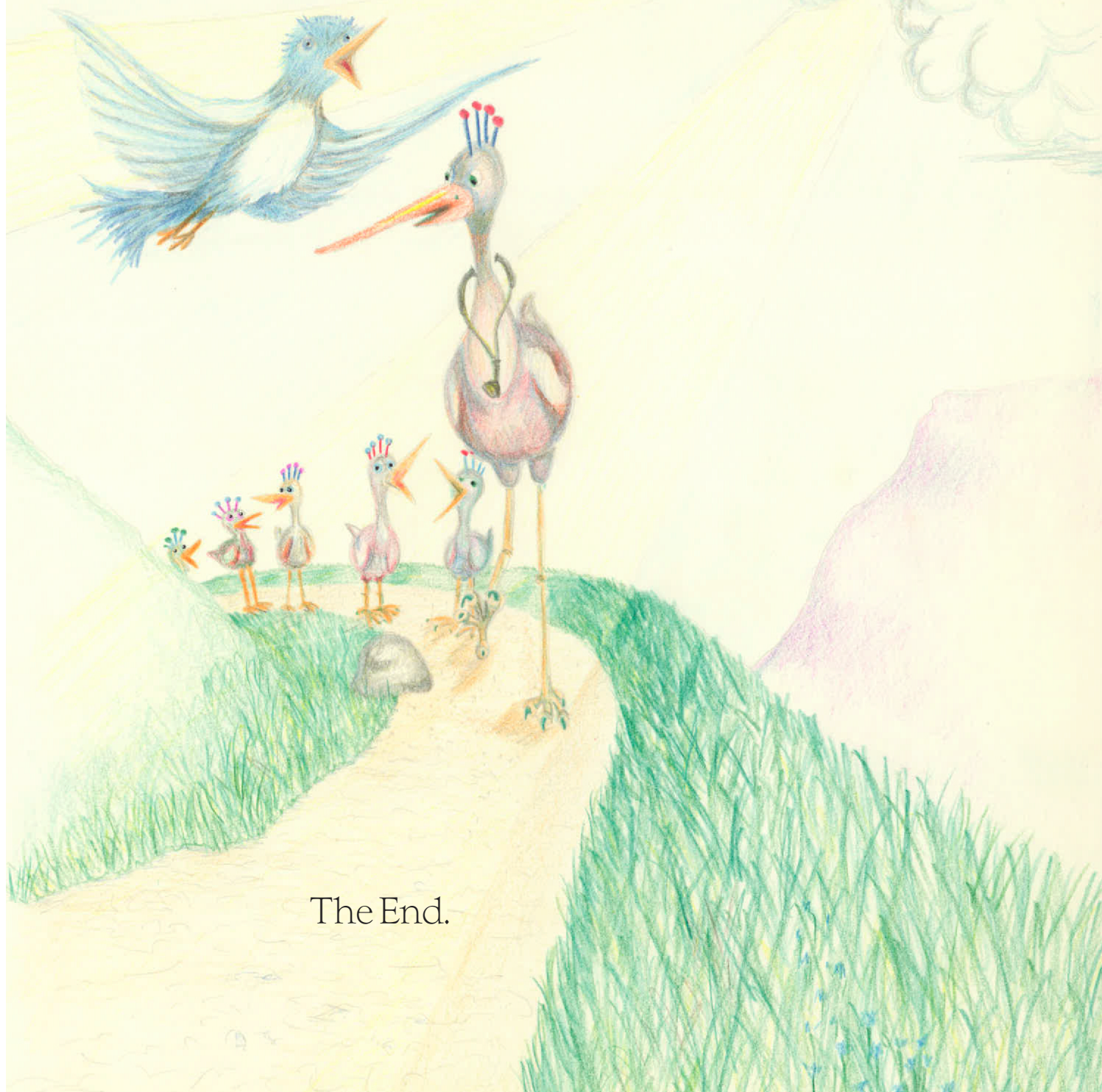
He's hopelessly in love
with that pretty young dove
who doesn't know he's alive
as she flies far above.

But one day he's surprised
that his love she's surmised
she adores him right back
Wedding bells were his prize



It's several years later
of ten chicks he is pater
each featherless as dad
each simply a wader

But they all now agree
that their pop set them free
to live their own lives
and be happy just to be.



The End.