

## SHE'S COME UNDONE

One day sprouting from her chin,  
Haughty Hilda Hyde-McGuinn  
Spied a stringy, straggly hair,  
Which naturally wasn't welcome there.  
"Horrors!" gasped Hilda, wrinkling her snout.  
"You hateful hair, I'll rip you out!  
Whiskers are fine for grizzly old geezers  
But not for me!" She gripped her tweezers  
And gave that hair a fearsome jerk.  
But, consternation, it didn't work!  
That rotten hair, it wouldn't budge.  
Erupted Hilda, "Drat and fudge!  
School starts soon. I've got to hustle!"  
Hilda bunched and strained her muscle.  
She tugged and tugged and didn't flinch  
Till she'd pulled that hair out half an inch.  
Her hand was sore. Her skin was stung.  
Yet from her chin that hair still hung!  
"Swell!" she spat. "A pygmy beard!"  
Hilda's savage temper reared.  
She clamped her lips. She steadied her wrist.  
She clenched those tweezers in a white-knuckled fist,  
And loosed that hair a solid foot. . .  
But STILL the stubborn thing stayed put.  
Hilda's head felt fit to split.  
She wagged it and growled, "That's it!  
I pledge this fight is to the death!"  
Through gritted teeth she sucked a breath,  
Then Hilda proceeded to tweeze and toil  
Till that vile hair began to coil  
Around her feet like a pool of thread. . .  
And she never gave up till she'd unraveled her head.

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