

# OH, YOU BEAST!

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Once upon a time there was a young chick who thought the world was her oyster and set out to find the bluebird of happiness. She was no dumb bunny and not the least bit squirrely so she got a bee in her bonnet to join the rat race working in an office as a gopher. Soon she was working in a back room with several others, all crammed in like sardines.

Her figure was graceful as a swan and some old bat in accounting made a catty remark that she was probably loose as a goose. Actually this little filly didn't horse around at all.

The cow who maligned her drank like a fish, loved to pig out and acted kittenish around the boss, fawning all over him. (Even though he was a dashing dog, she called him the Old Goat.) She envied the girl's looks (which certainly weren't mousy), and the way she was merry as a grig as though the job were just a lark.

The top dog was a handsome clothes horse but business frequently made him cross as a bear and his employees were totally buffaloed.

Her mother fussed over her little chick like an old hen and thought her job just ducky. She badgered her with advice: "Work like a dog and never be a lazy hog!"

The girl kept busy as a bee although she was a bit sheepish around the boss. As she told her social butterfly friend, "Holy mackerel! Sometimes he rampages like a bull in a china shop!" But she continued to work like a horse, so that one of her bird-brained friends said she was a pigeon. Actually she was just parroting what she had heard.

One day a handsome young buck was hired and was soon lionized by all the office birds. He didn't crab about it because he was quite a wolf. Even our little gopher cast a few cow eyes at him. So, the sly fox invited her to a local watering hole (where he frequently went stag so he could tomcat around). She watched in horror as he asked the bartender for extra ponies of liquor in his drink. Pretty soon the louse was drunk as a skunk and tried to paw her. But she didn't quail and, stubborn as a mule, pushed the rat away.

Acting like a total jackass, he angrily snarled "Why would I want a little shrimp like you?" She wasn't a bit cowed and got mad as a hornet at the strutting peacock who turned out to just be a turkey.

Next day she was a little antsy and almost chickened out and quit. When her boss asked "Why?" she weasel worded. But he smelled a rat and gradually ferreted out the truth. Once he got her trust she sang like a bird, telling how the guy had goosed her and behaved like an animal.

"It's pretty clear there's something fishy here. I've had my head in the sand like an ostrich too long," he said. "I needed someone to put a flea in my ear and open this can of worms."

As it developed, the skunk hadn't been caught yet because he was as slippery as an eel. After every incident he played possum until it died down, but our sweet young thing was the gadfly that led to revealing the snake in the grass. The boss found that he was the black sheep of his family, a jailbird who got the job by acting like an eager beaver, then turning into a lounge lizard. Drinking had become a monkey on his back, and he was in trouble with local loan sharks.

But the boss had kept an eagle eye on our little fox who was certainly no dog. He invited her out to tie on the old feed bag. "We'll fire the stinking polecat," he said hawkishly; he wanted to hear his swan song right away. She, however, was a dove by nature and suggested he only be transferred if he took therapy and went cold turkey.

To her surprise, the boss agreed. Inside this great bear of a man she had found a pussycat. The other employees had just made him a scapegoat for their problems. With her he was a complete lamb. Clearly the leopard could change its spots.

Casting sheep's eyes at him while he told her how batty, how cuckoo he was over her, she realized that she loved him too. When he asked her to marry him she didn't clam up but went for it whole hog. They billed and cooed like lovebirds and agreed it was a whale of a deal.

Her competitor, mad as a wet hen, said she was just feathering her nest. She wasn't any cold fish; in fact, she was fertile as a turtle so soon they had kids. One little tad became a Cub Scout and they all lived together snug as bugs in a rug.