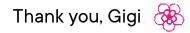


Story and Pictures by Kasia Pochlopien



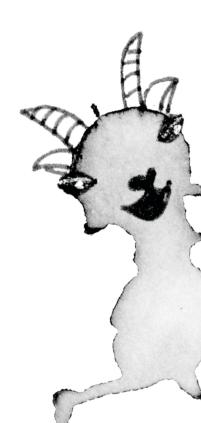
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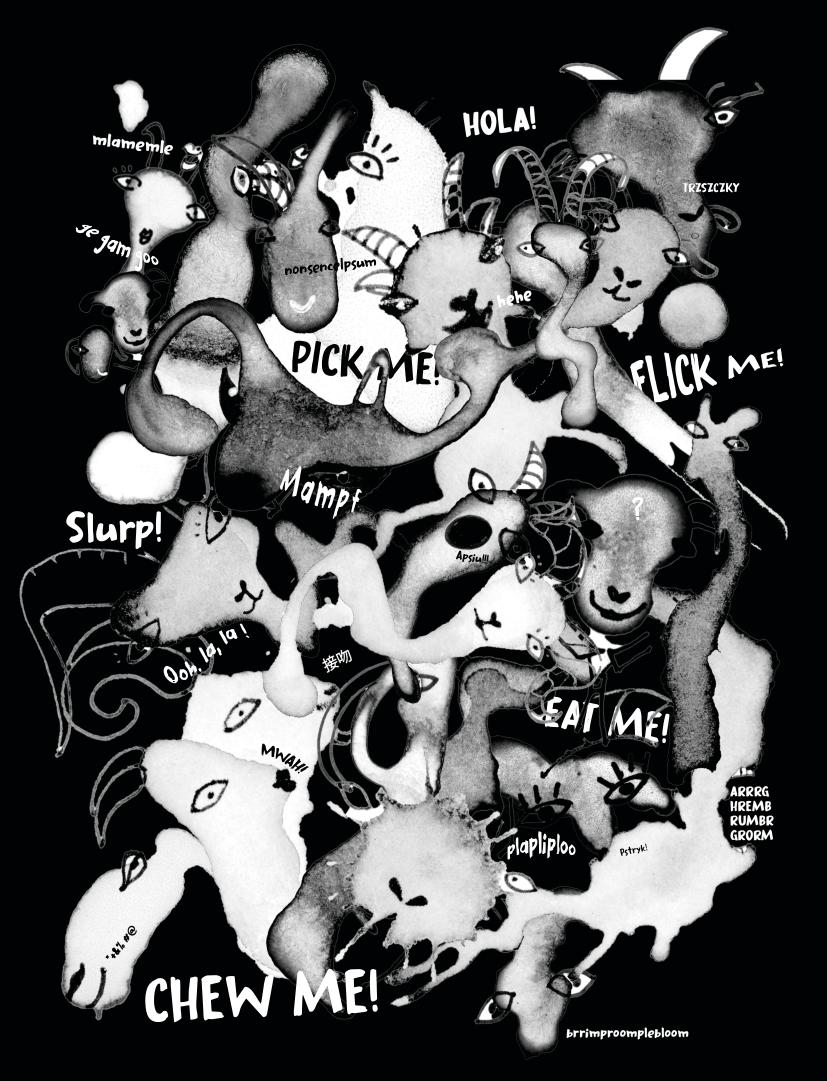
The artwork was created in ink and ink wash.





Every person's nose, Big, small, narrow, or wide, Has something very special Living ... That something's a goat, Believe it or not. And you've got one too, In case you forgot.





Joey's nose goat Was named Josephine. She was quite unique--In fact, a queen!

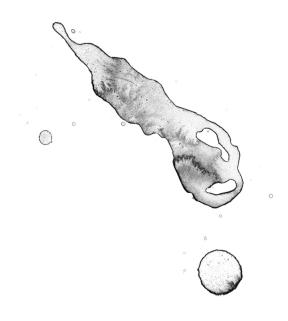


Joey's nose holes were big And had plenty of room,

Josephine had a throne, Plus, a crown and a broom.



One windy day, In the cold and the frost, Nose got the flu, ACH0000000!!! And Josephine got lost.



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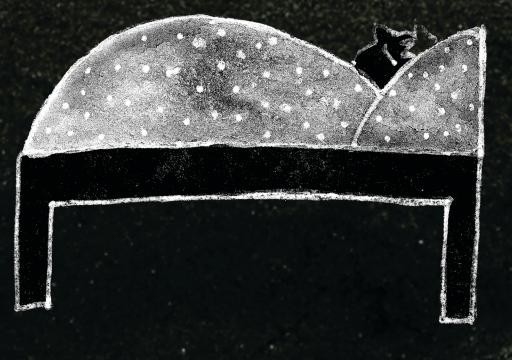


'Oh no!"

ried the nose. What a mishap! must find my goat, Is quick as a snap!"



When Joey went to bed His nose got to work. Nose called all his friends--That's good teamwork!



"Listen up, all! We don't have much time. My goat must be found Before the morning chime."



Everyone nodded, "What could go wrong?" And they headed out, Singing this song:



GOAT, THE QUEEN

LEFT THE SCENE

WITHOUT A TRACE

UNSOLVED CASE

NOSE IS IN PAIN

FILL HIM UP AGAIN

AMEN! AMEN! AMEN!

They searched on the ground;



They looked in the air;



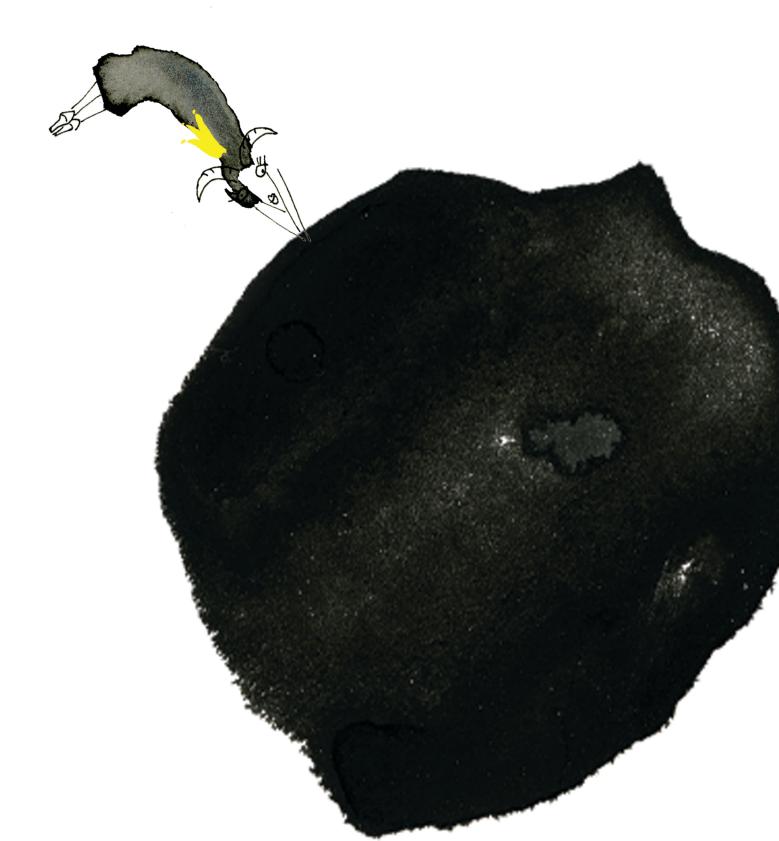
But no goat--

Not up, down, or ... a nywhere!

"Wait!" said the nose, "We've searched far and wide. But what if she's close, In a place we've not tried?" Eyes rolled, teeth ground, Ears got red. And then mouth called, "Back to the head!"



They returned home To take a good look. And where was the goat? In Joey's reading nook! Your Majesty! Nose said. "You must come back home. I miss you so much. Get back in your dome!" With trembling voice And a tear in her eye, Josephine jumped back in. Nose gave a great sigh.

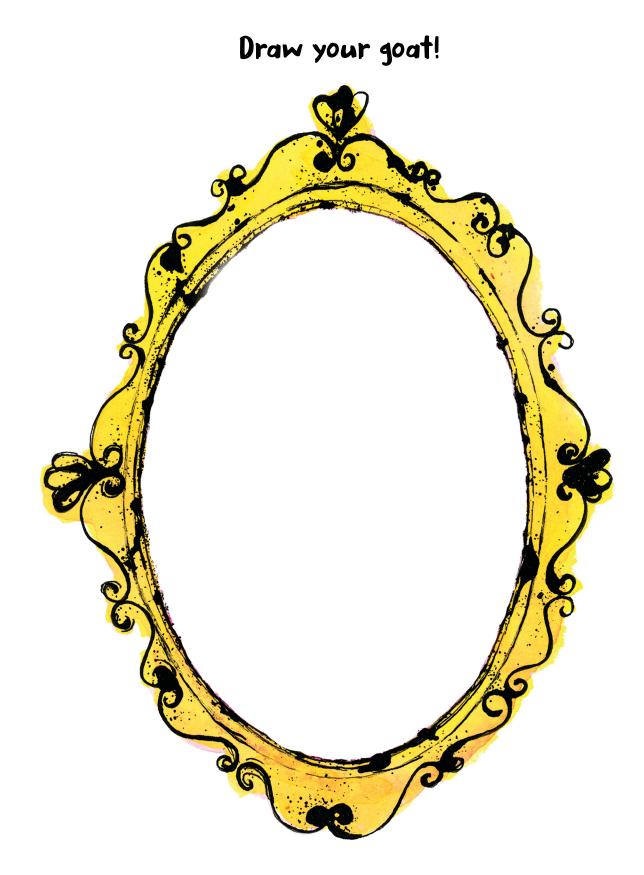


Goat was back home, Snug and snail. There you have it; The end of the tale. But one more thing, before you get cross: When you sneeze, COVER YOUR NOSE! Or your goat might get lost!



And always remember To sing the goat song:





Your Goat's Name



Kasia lives in St. Louis along with her spouse, two daughters, Jimmy the dog, Billy the cat, and three chickens. She was born and grew up in Poland. One fine day, Kasia decided to go on an adventure and explore the world. And so she did.

Currently, she writes and illustrates children's books, all while constantly brainstorming new ideas for the next great escapade.



Also by Kasia Pochlopien

