“It’s raining, it’s pouring,” Elmo sang, dripping water on Oscar’s trash can. But Oscar didn’t fall for it.
“Maybe Oscar will come out to see his little old grandma,” Elmo thought. So Elmo draped a blanket over his red fur and wore a grandmotherly cap.

**Tap! Tap!**

Elmo knocked on the can. In a sweet voice he called, “Oh, Oscar dear. Will you please come play with Grandma?”

Oscar raised the lid, letting out a smelly whiff of sardine-and-donut casserole.

“Oh, it’s you again,” Oscar replied. “Not a bad trick, but it didn’t work. Read my lips: no, no, no?”