
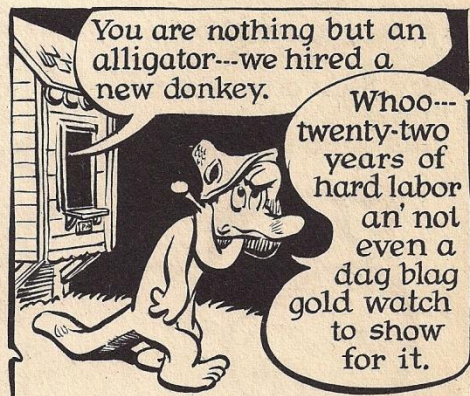
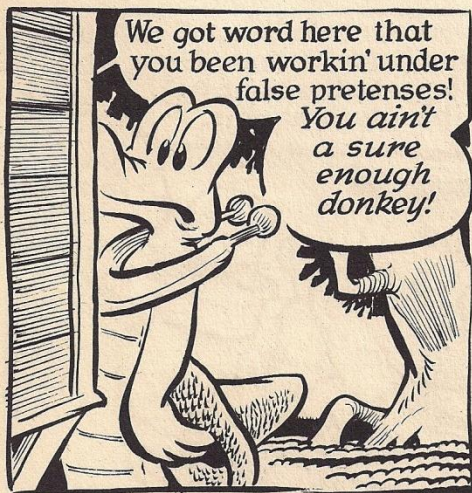
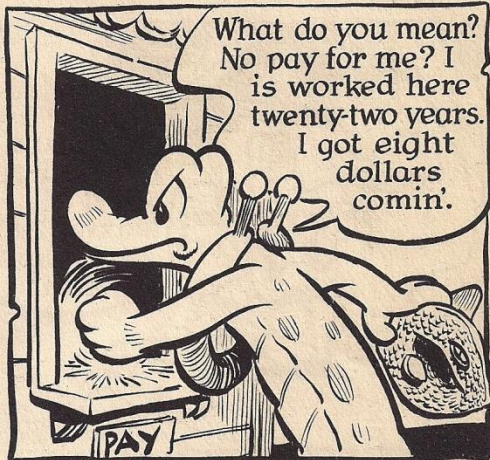
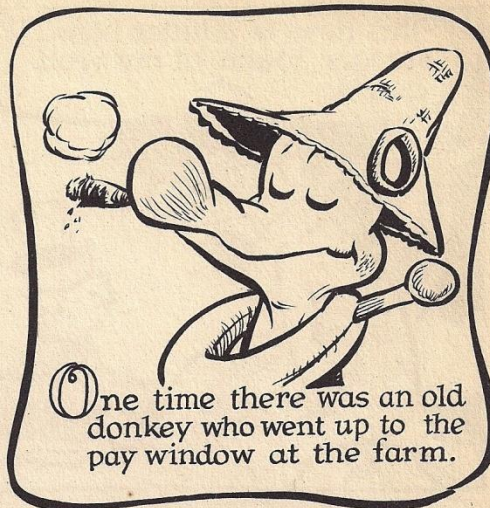
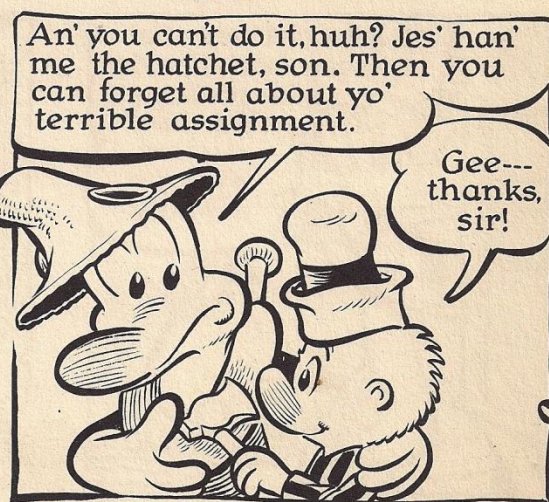
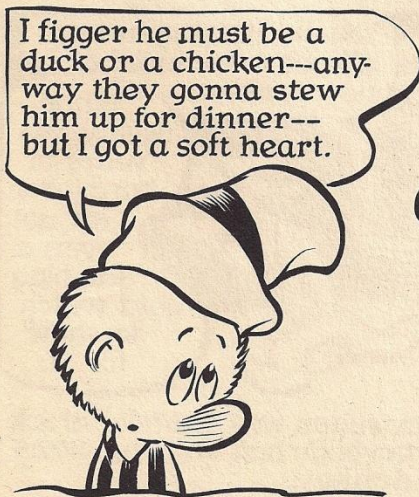
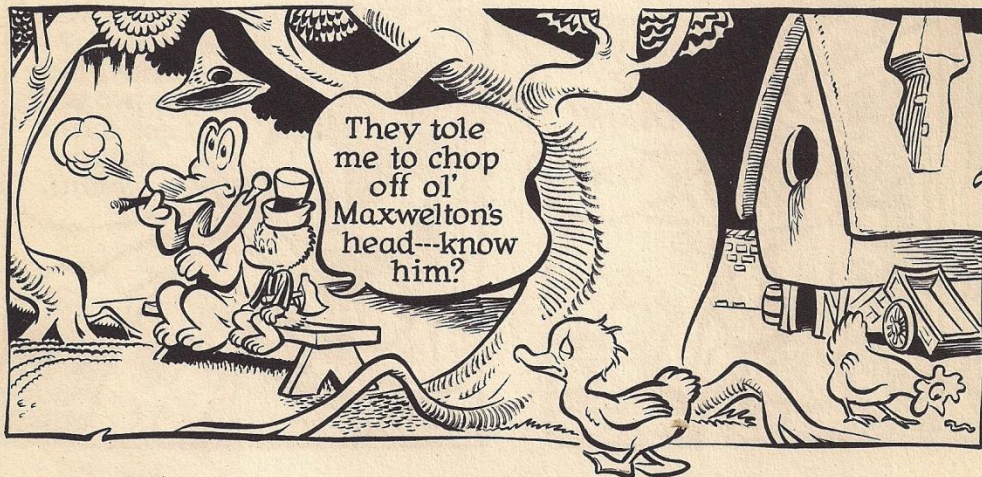
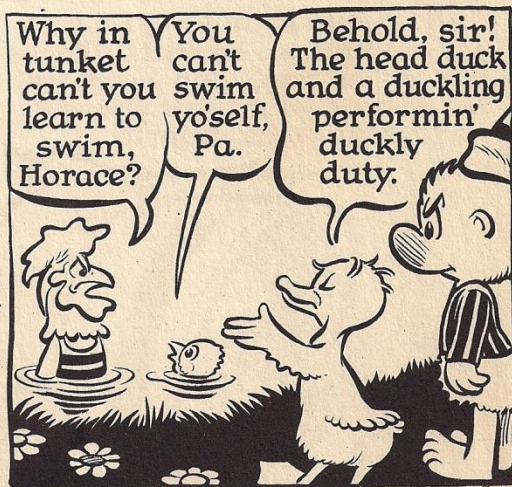
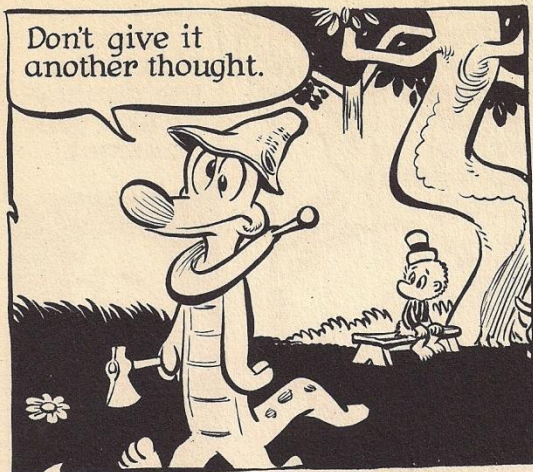


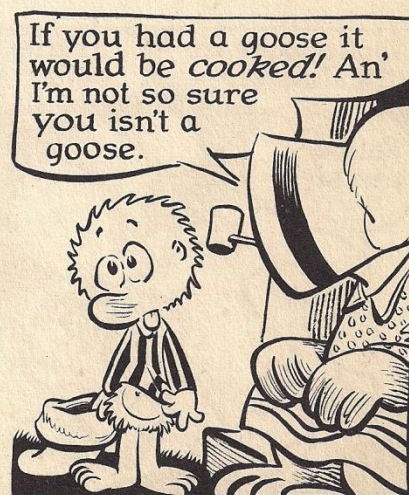
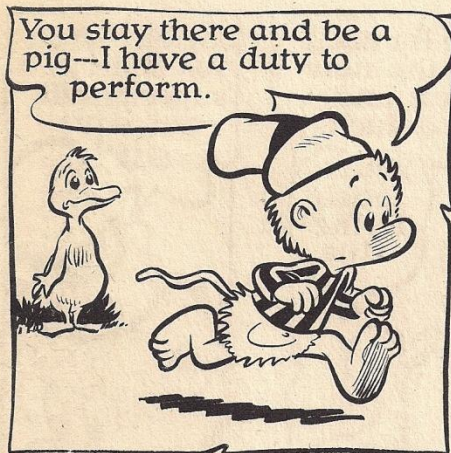
# The TRAVELING MUSICIANS

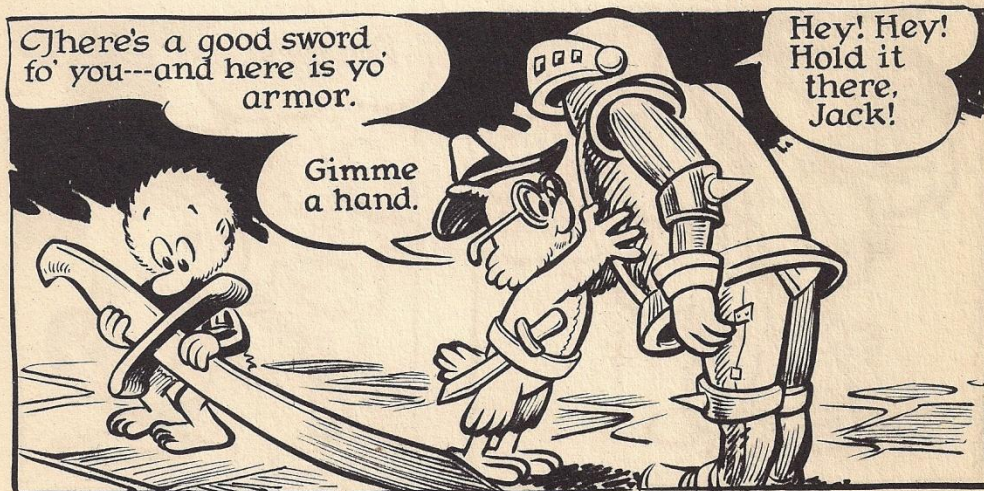



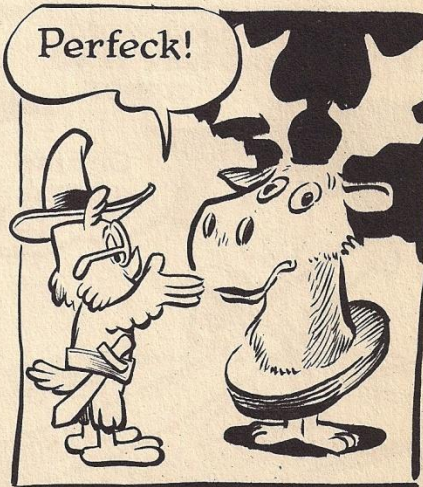
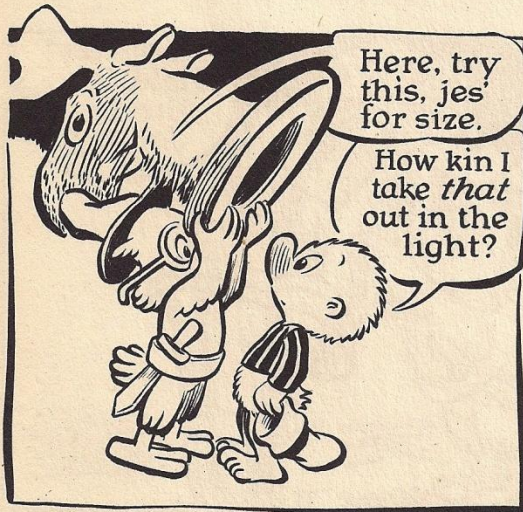
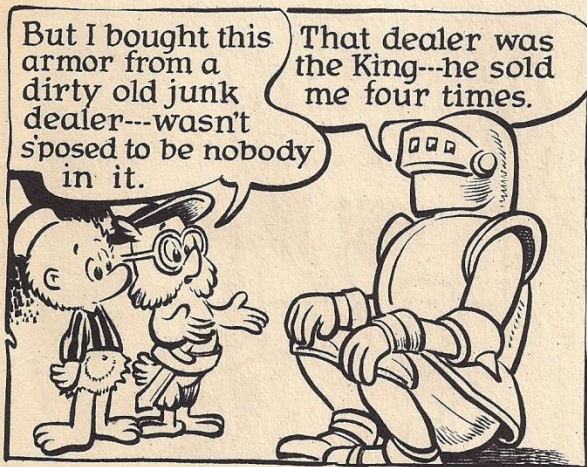
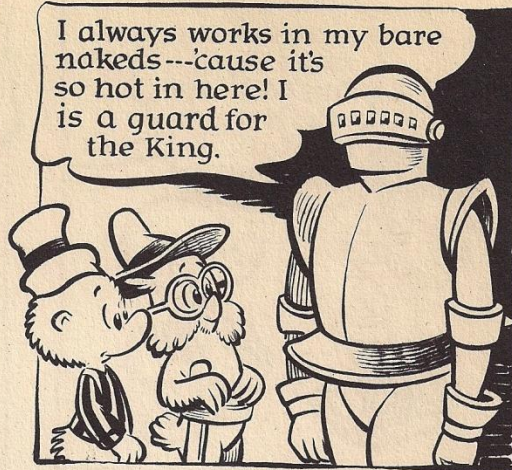
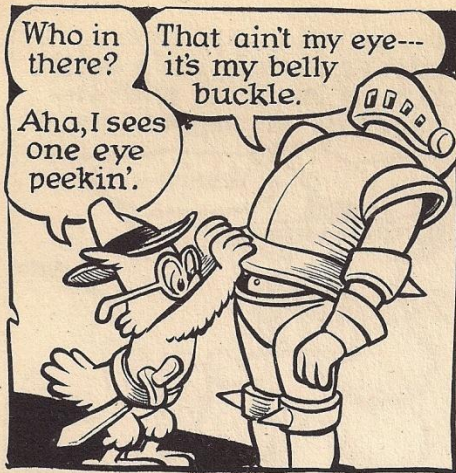
Maxwelton was thunderstruck. Everybody had said he *WAS* a donkey.

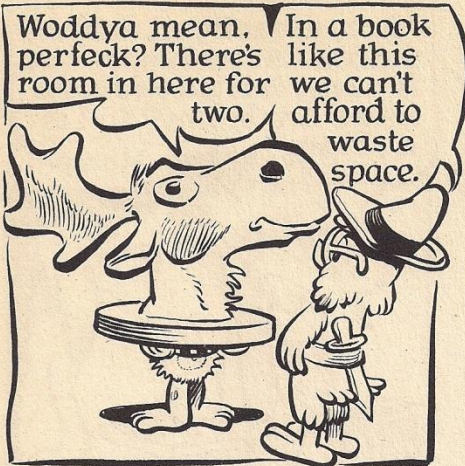




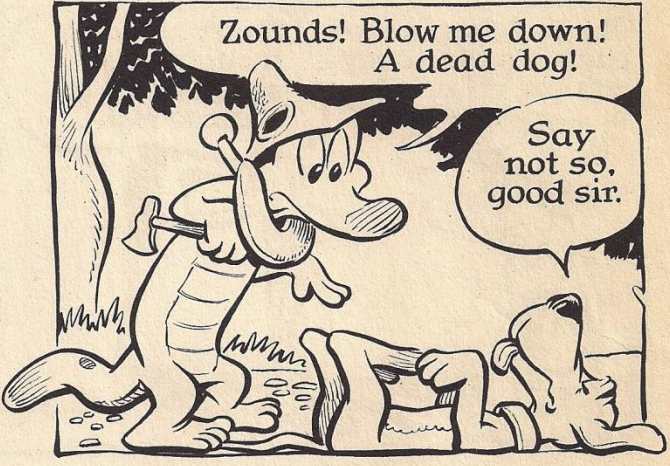


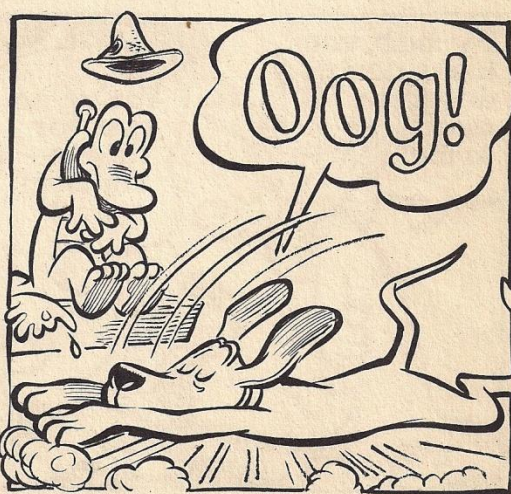
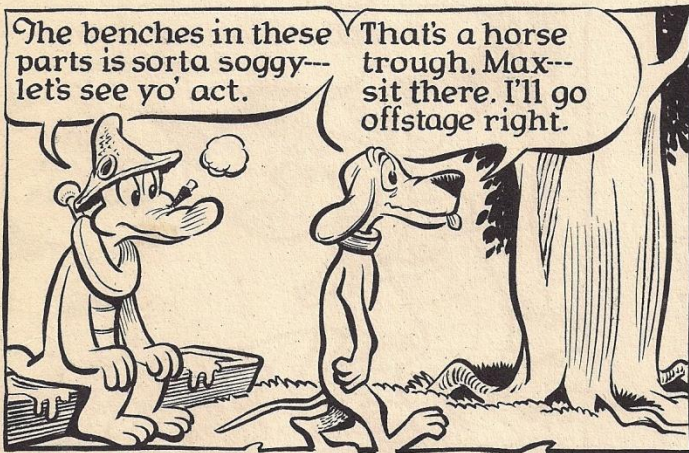
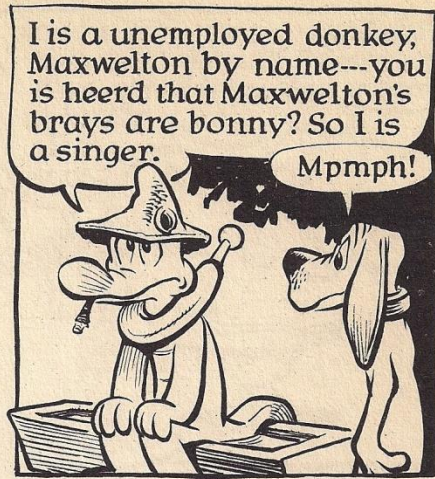




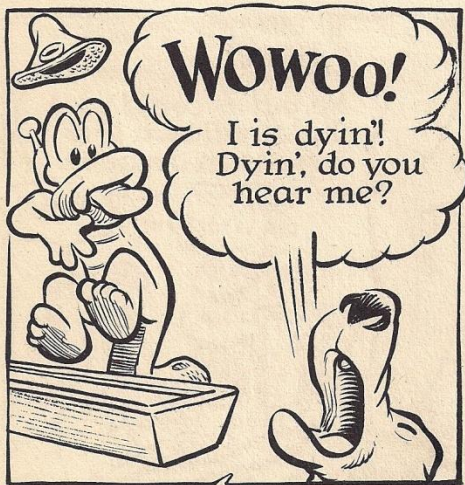


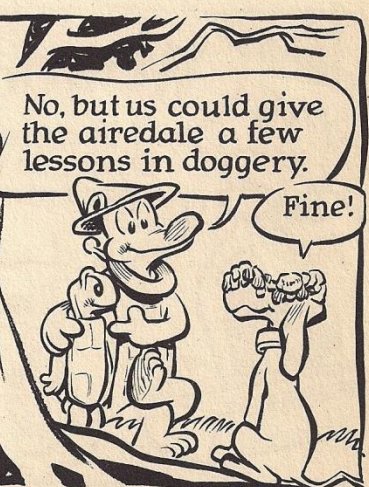
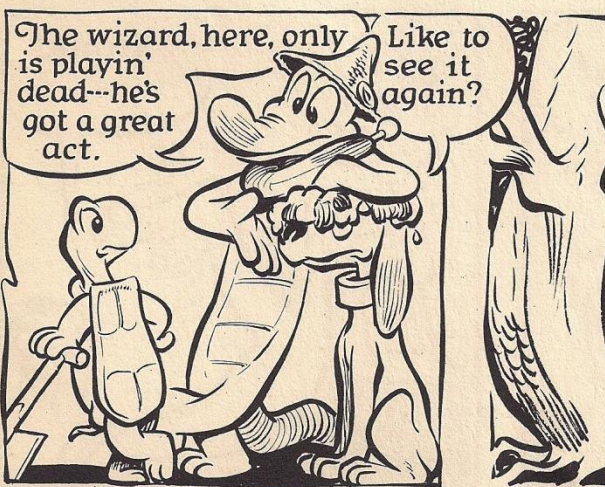
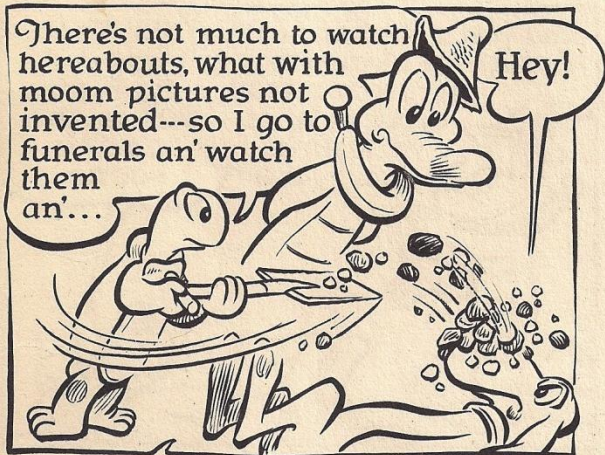
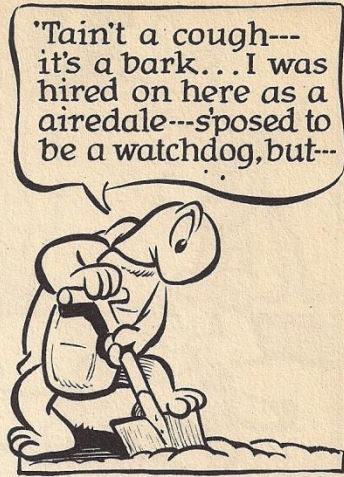
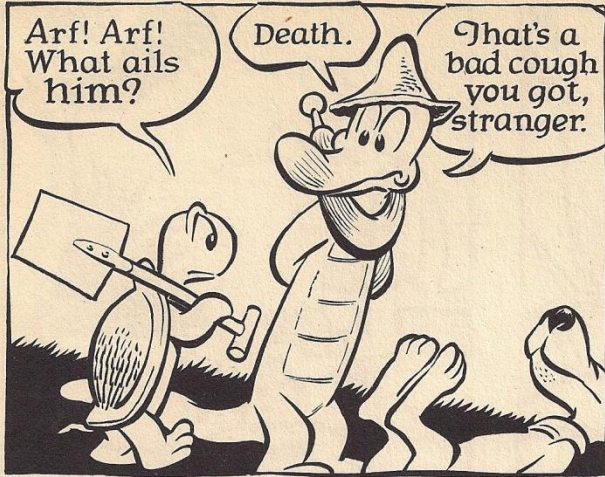
In the meantime, Maxwellton has escaped from the farm and decides to go to the big city to make his fortune as a musician. A very funny thing happens as he makes his way along the highway...

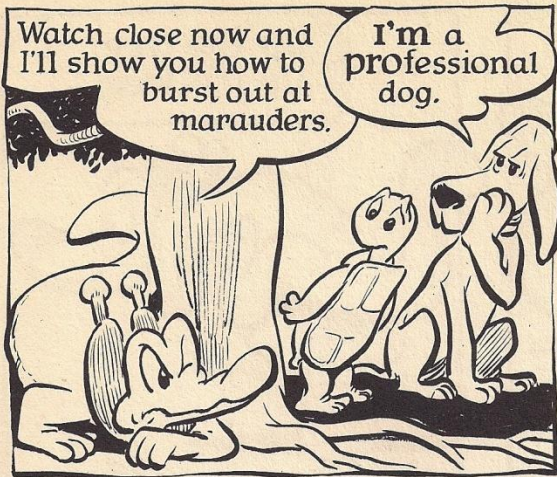






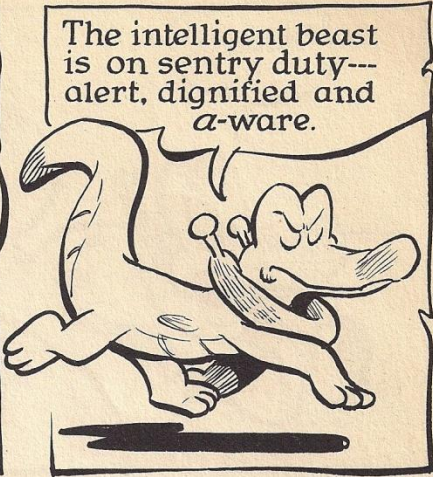






Watch close now and I'll show you how to burst out at marauders.

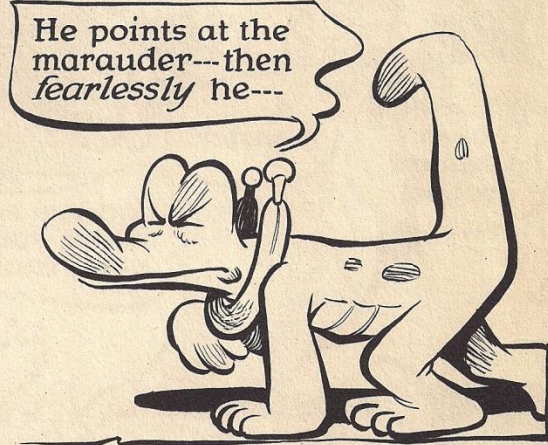
I'm a professional dog.



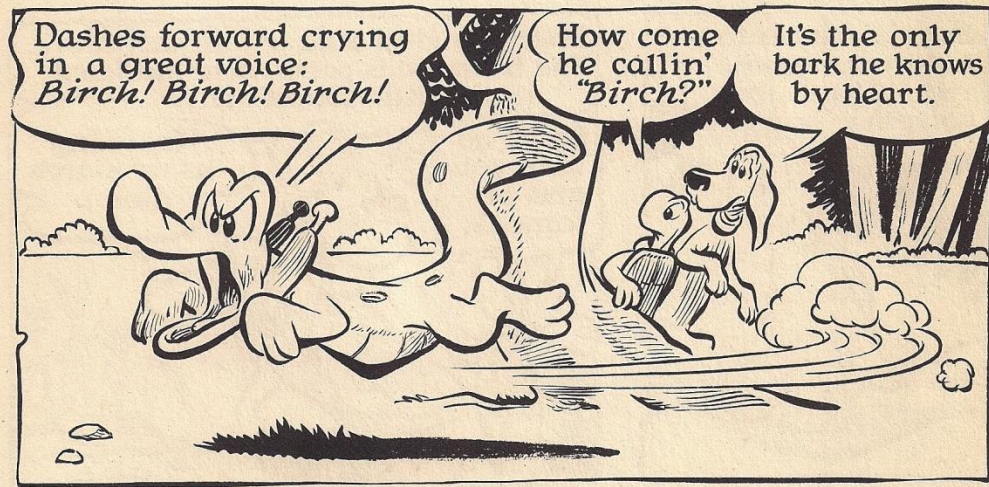
The intelligent beast is on sentry duty--- alert, dignified and a-ware.



Suddenly he sniffs a sniff.



He points at the marauder--- then fearlessly he---



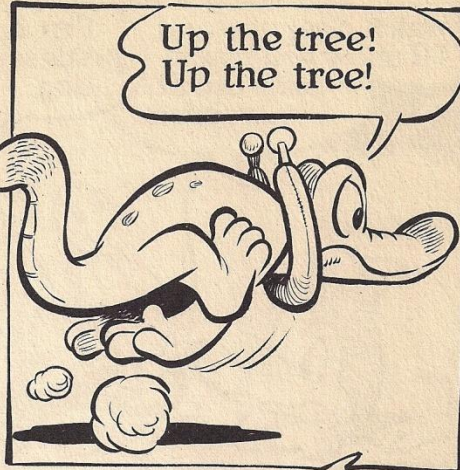
Dashes forward crying in a great voice: *Birch! Birch! Birch!*

How come he callin' "*Birch?*"

It's the only bark he knows by heart.



Woop!



Up the tree!  
Up the tree!



Whoosh!  
That was  
a narrow  
escape!

A  
monster!

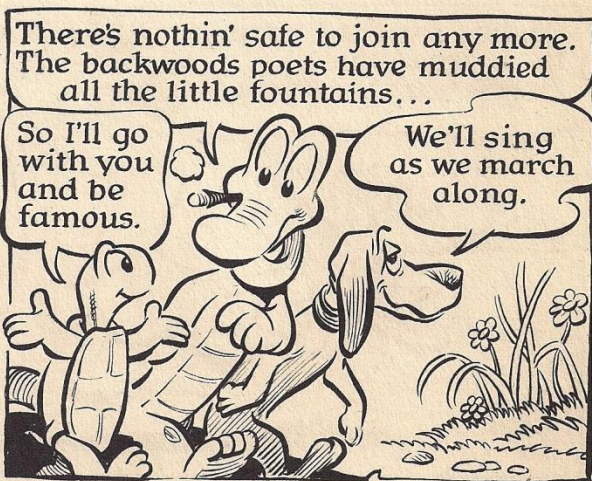
Can you see  
where you're  
goin', churl?

A blood curdling  
behemoth!

No,  
sahib.



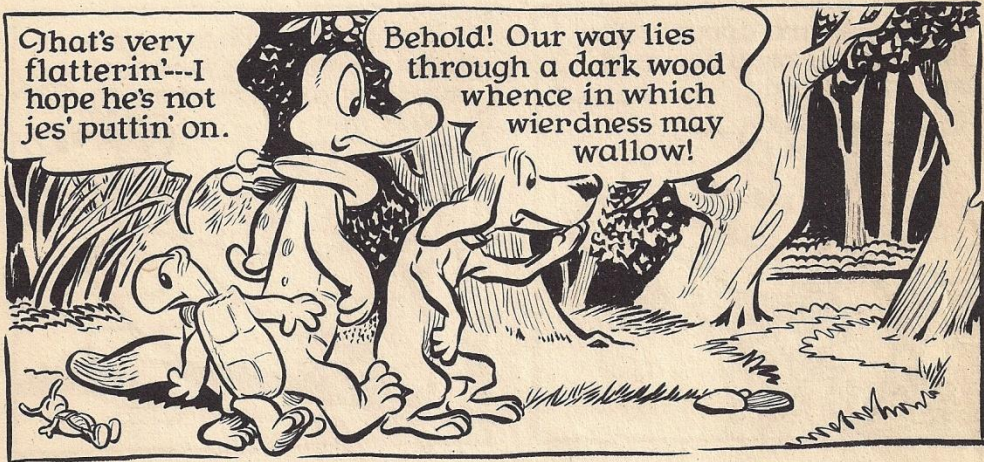
Bein' a dog is too  
risky--I'm gonna  
run off an' join  
somethin' safe.

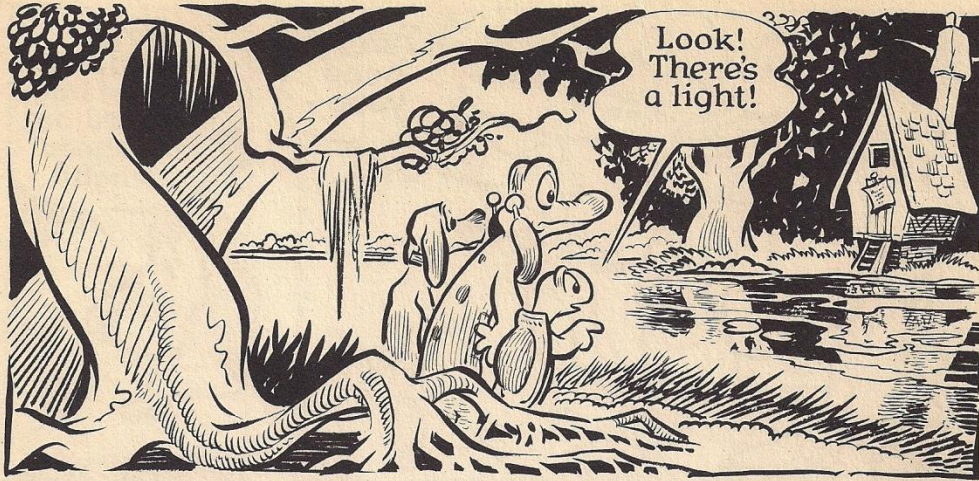


There's nothin' safe to join any more.  
The backwoods poets have muddied  
all the little fountains...

So I'll go  
with you  
and be  
famous.

We'll sing  
as we march  
along.





Look!  
There's  
a light!

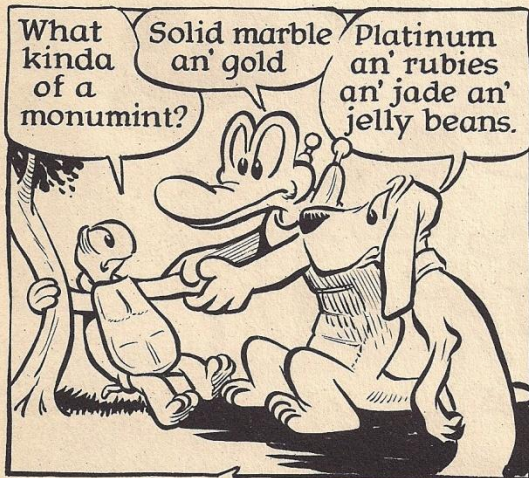


This is a rare opportunity  
for you to creep forward  
an' investigate.



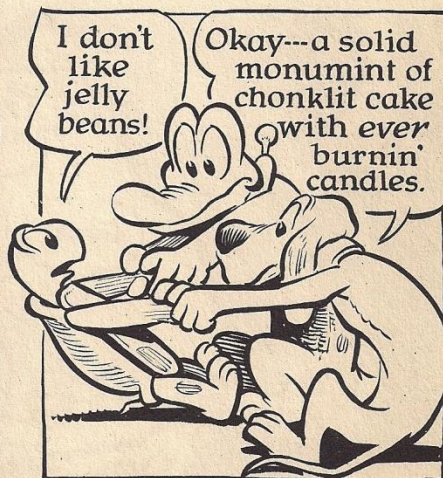
But s'pose  
they is *fierce*  
monsters an'  
*eats* me!

Then we erects  
a monumint.



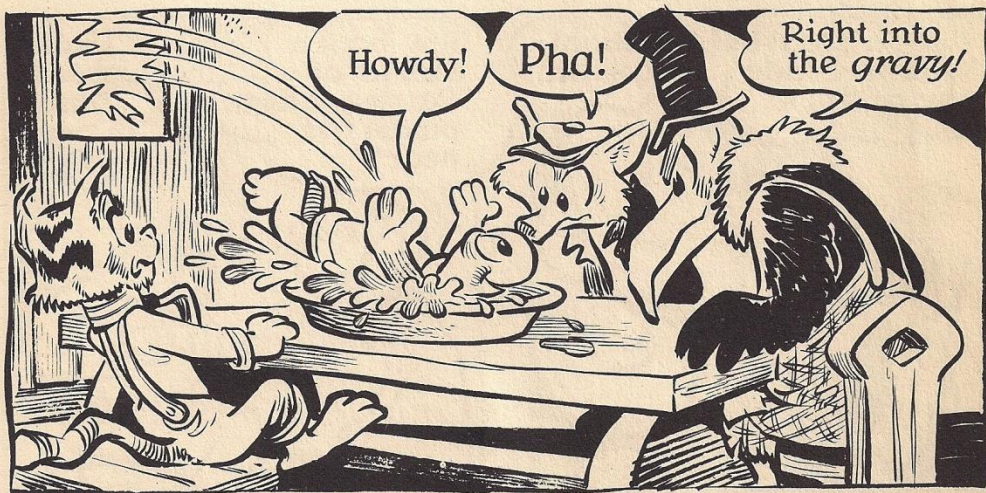
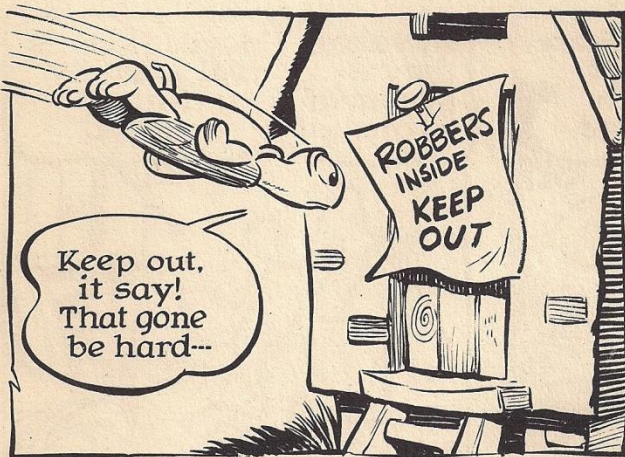
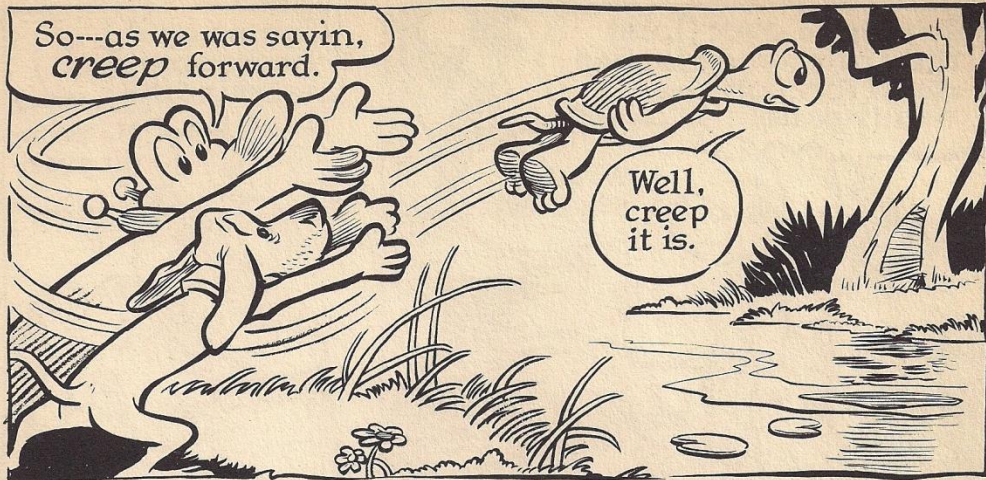
What  
kinda  
of a  
monumint?

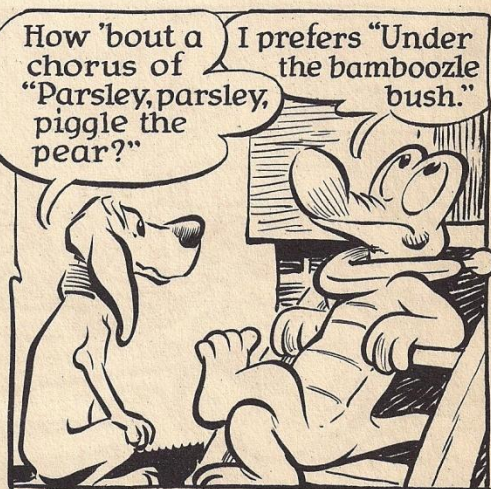
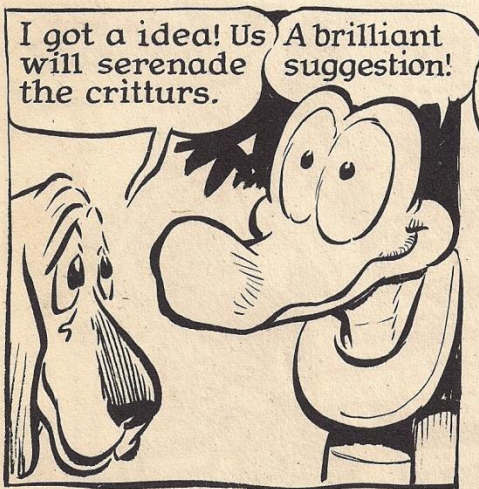
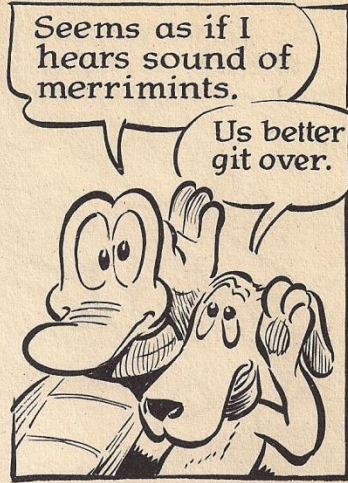
Solid marble  
an' gold  
Platinum  
an' rubies  
an' jade an'  
jelly beans.



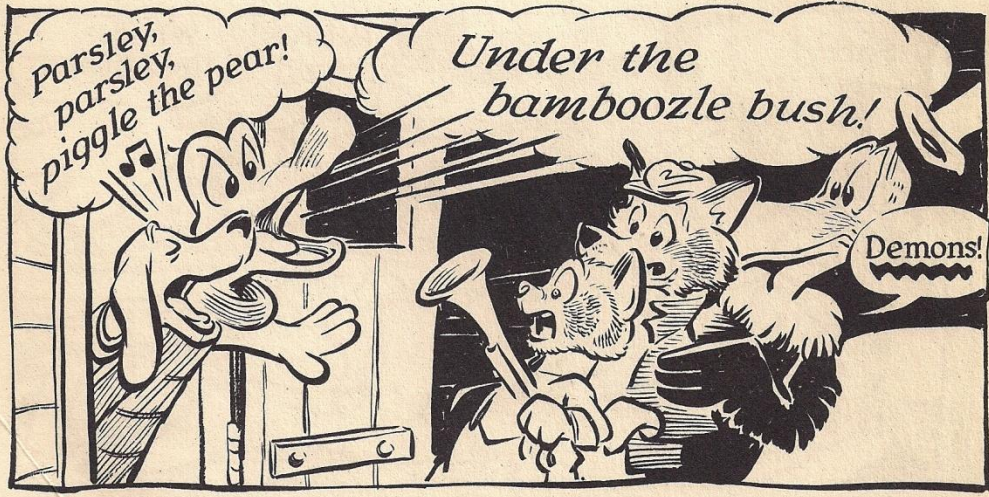
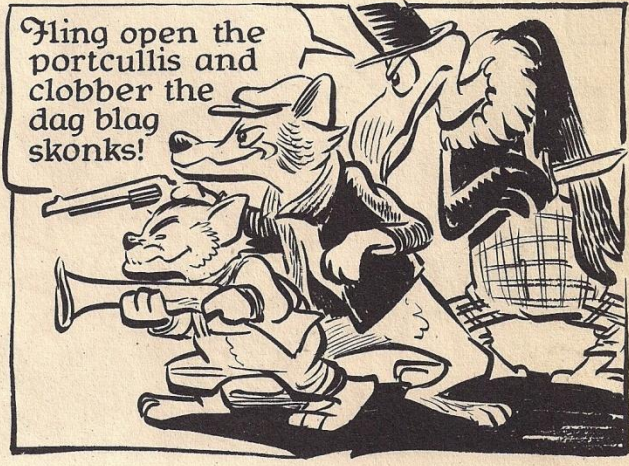
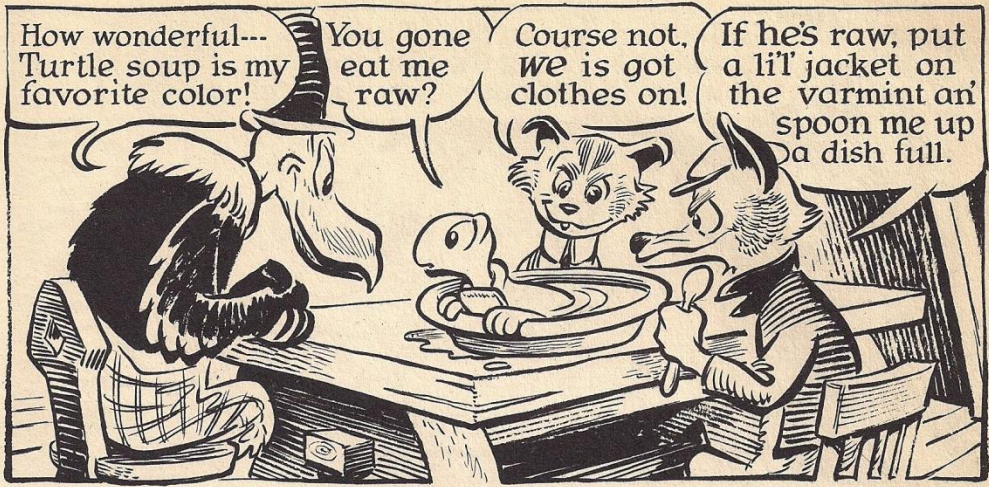
I don't  
like  
jelly  
beans!

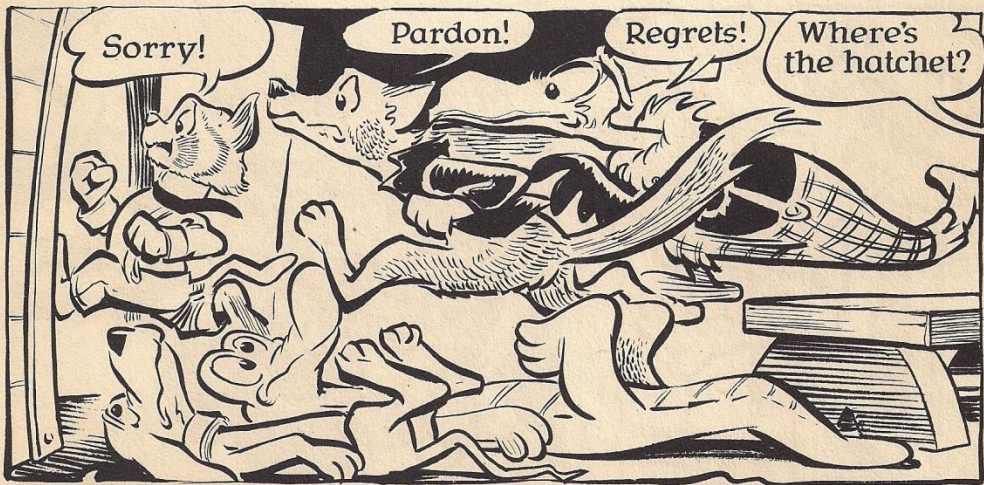
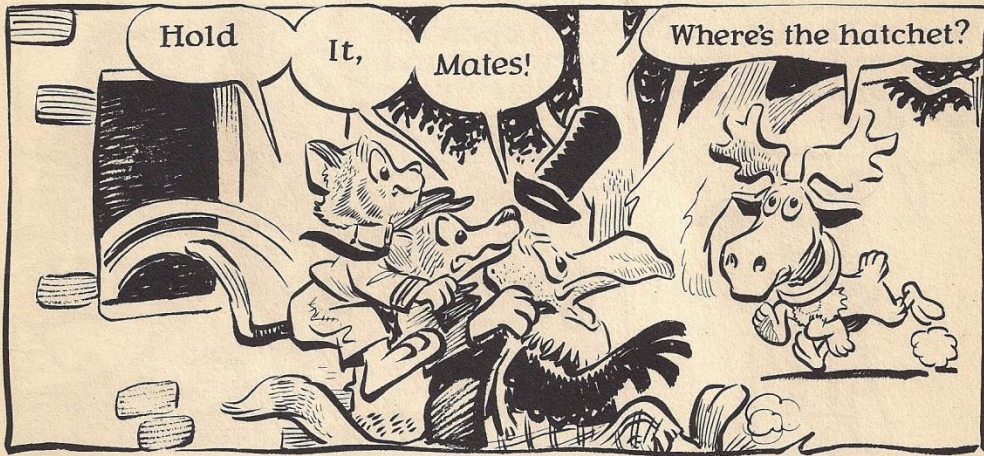
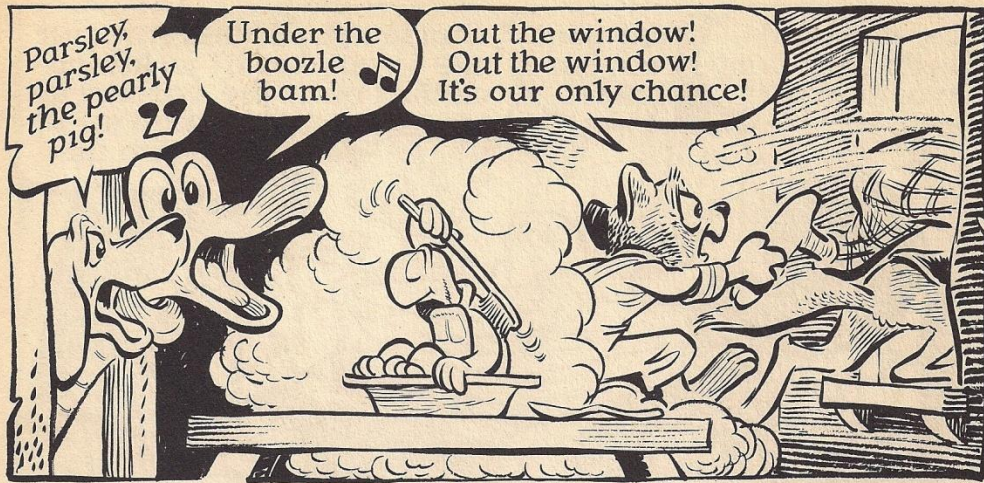
Okay---a solid  
monumint of  
chonklit cake  
with *ever*  
burnin'  
candles.

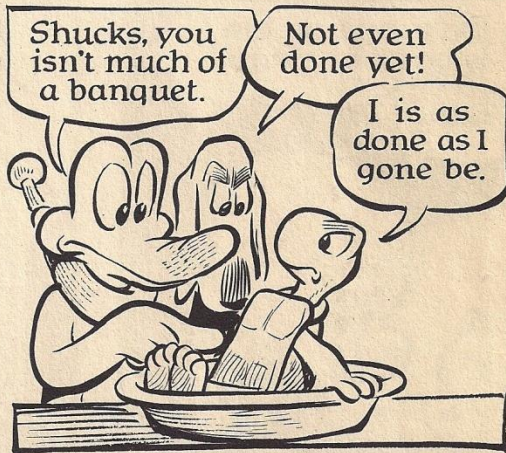
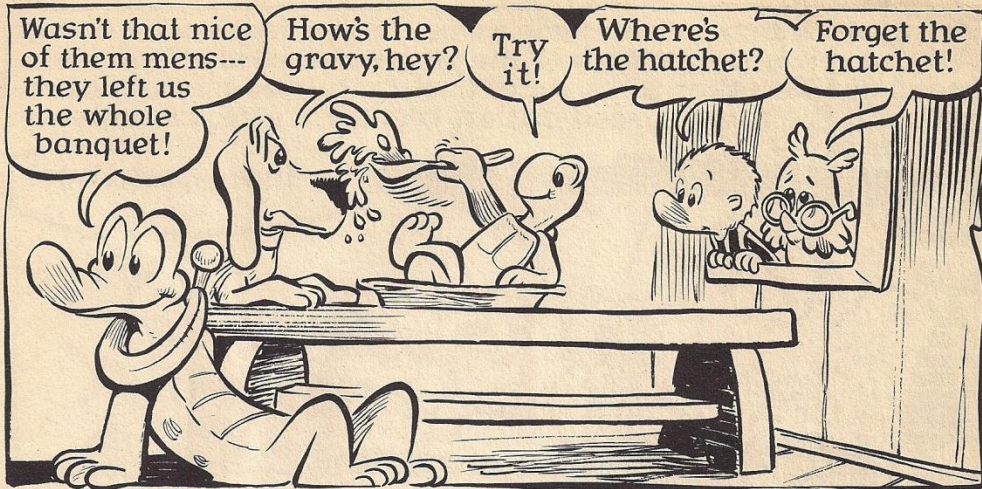












An' that, chillun, is how come we got such a comfortable swamp. All the critturs went back to the farm an' acted like themselves, 'stead of like other folks, an' ol' Owl, he buried all the hatchets an' soon the farm spread out an' become a nice, swampy woods an'---

