

The TRAVELING MUSICIANS

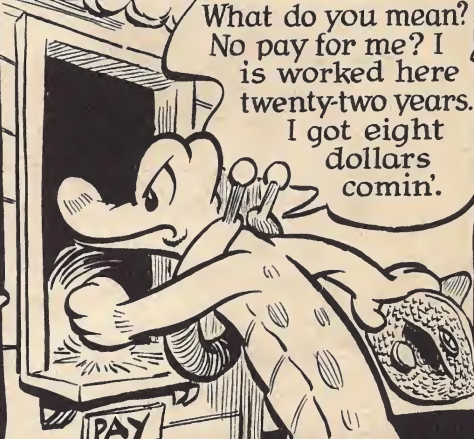



One time there was an old donkey who went up to the pay window at the farm.




Sorry, Maxwellton, no pay for you-- you're through!

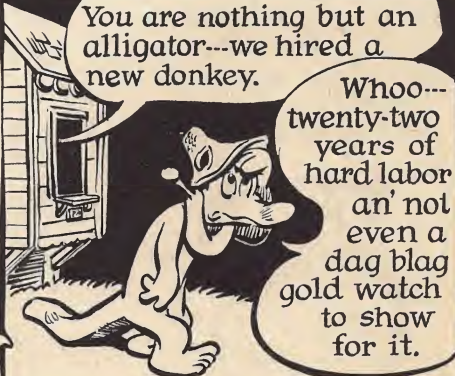
What?



What do you mean? No pay for me? I is worked here twenty-two years. I got eight dollars comin'.



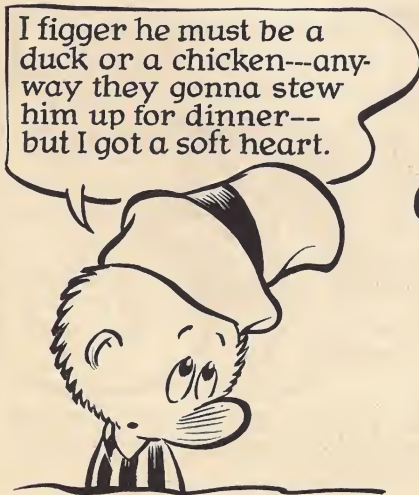
We got word here that you been workin' under false pretenses! You ain't a sure enough donkey!

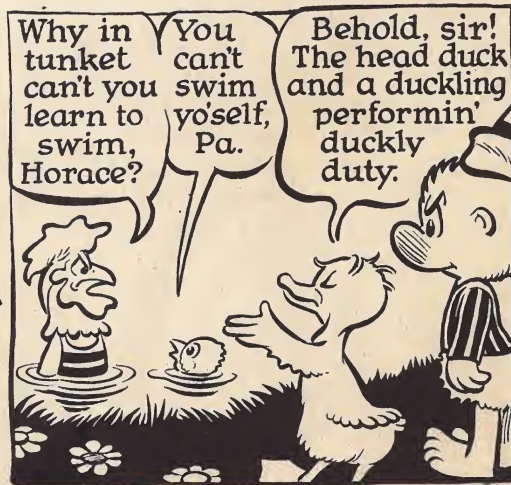


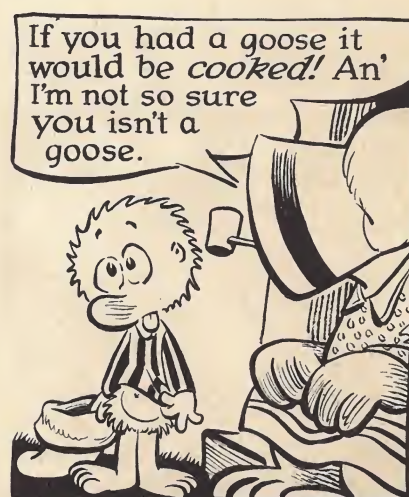
You are nothing but an alligator--we hired a new donkey.

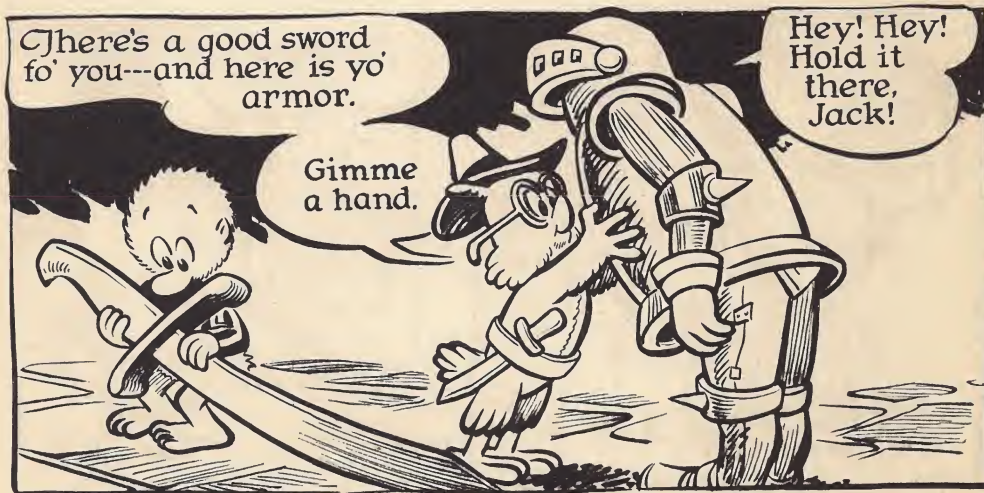
Whoo... twenty-two years of hard labor an' not even a dag blag gold watch to show for it.

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







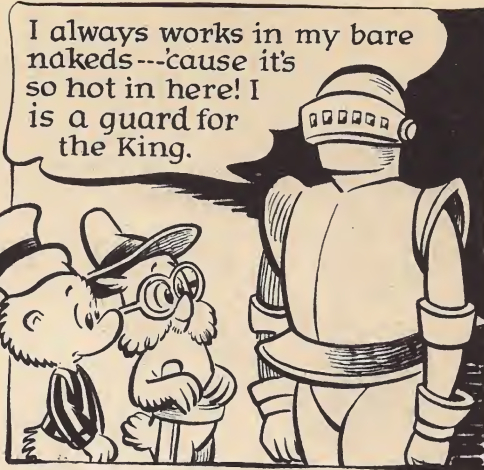




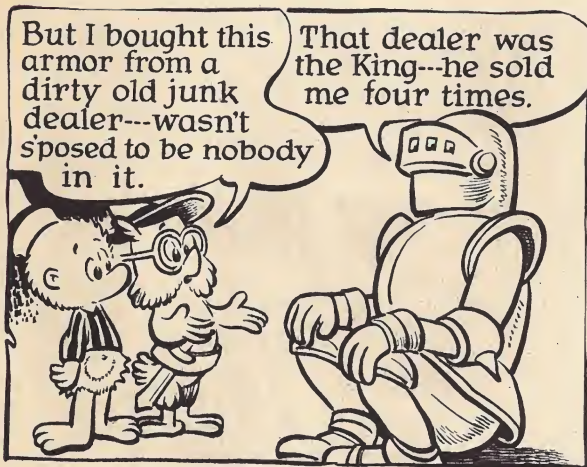
Who in there?

That ain't my eye--- it's my belly buckle.

Aha, I sees one eye peekin'.



I always works in my bare nakers---'cause it's so hot in here! I is a guard for the King.



But I bought this armor from a dirty old junk dealer---wasn't s'posed to be nobody in it.

That dealer was the King---he sold me four times.



Well, we can't take a man's clothes, Quincival. You'll gotta wear somethin' else for armor.

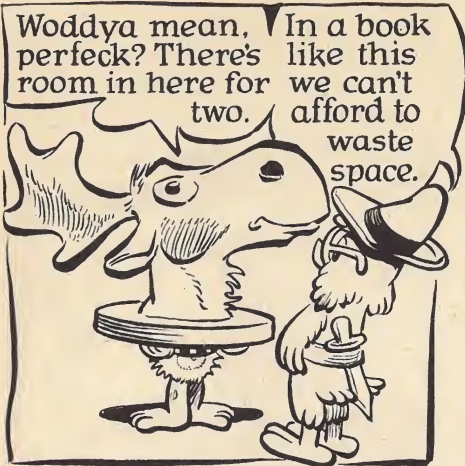


Here, try this, jes' for size.

How kin I take *that* out in the light?

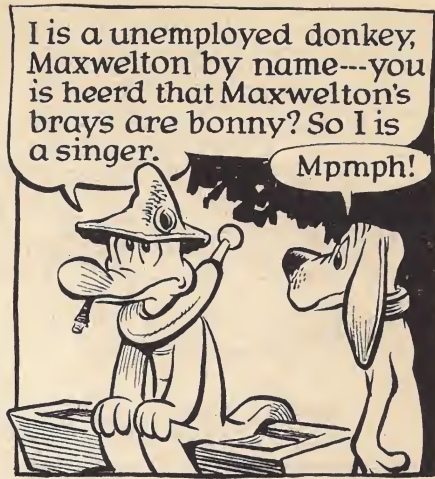


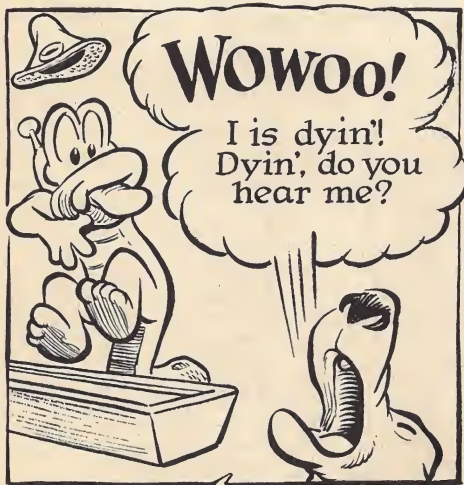
Perfeck!

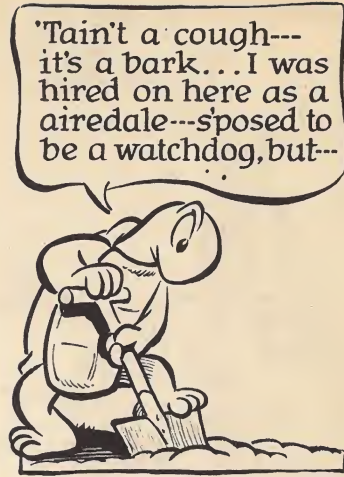


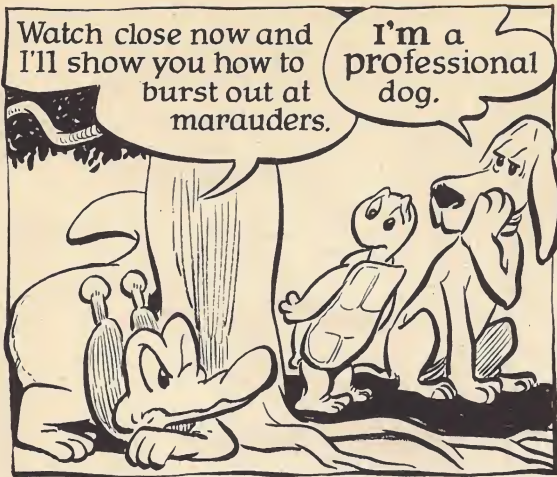
In the meantime, Maxwellton has escaped from the farm and decides to go to the big city to make his fortune as a musician. A very funny thing happens as he makes his way along the highway...











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

I'm a professional dog.



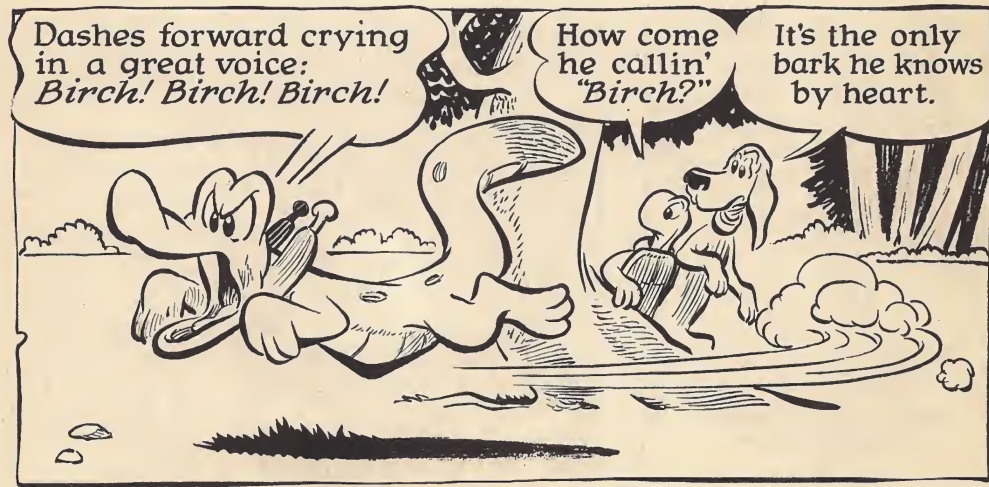
The intelligent beast is on sentry duty--- alert, dignified and a-ware.



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!

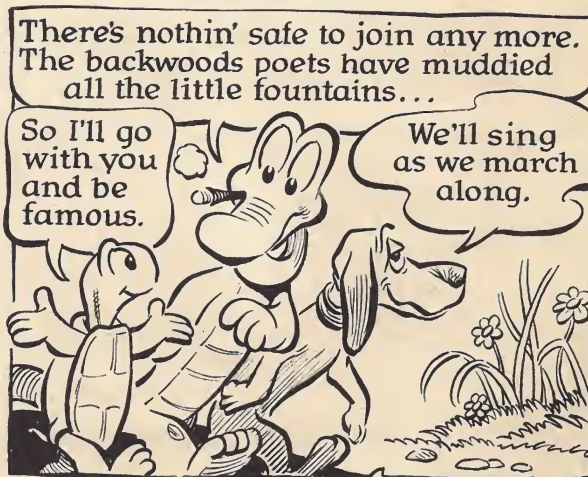
Can you see
where you're
goin', churl?

A blood curdling
behemoth!

No,
sahib.



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

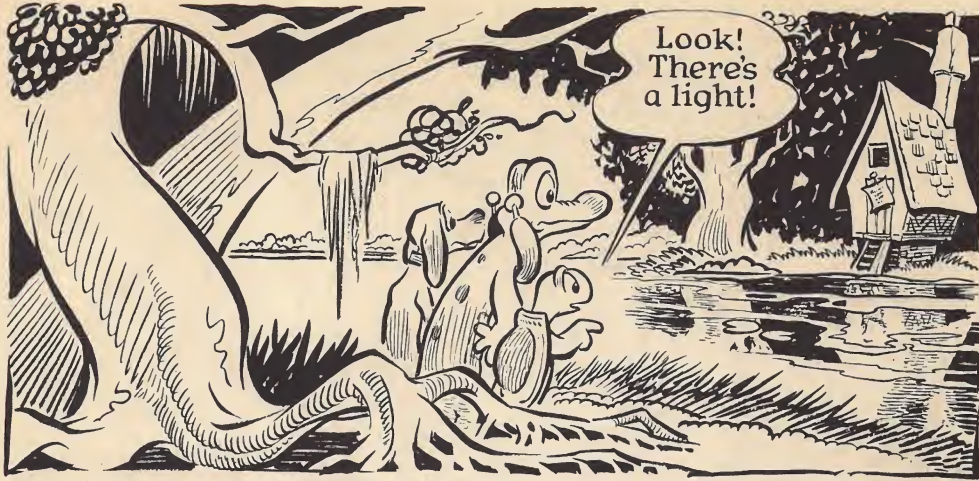


There's nothin' safe to join any more.
The backwoods poets have muddied
all the little fountains...

So I'll go
with you
and be
famous.

We'll sing
as we march
along.





Look!
There's
a light!

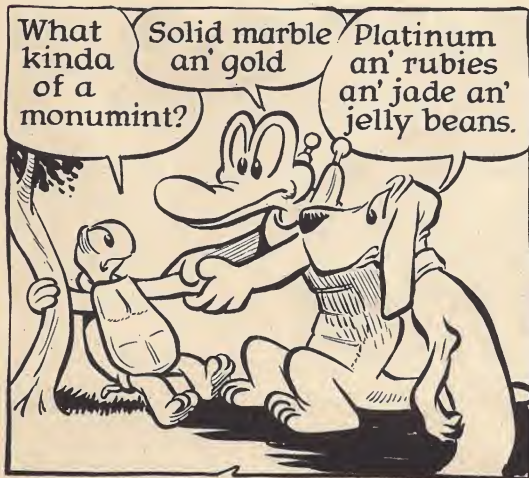


This is a rare opportunity
for you to creep forward
an' investigate.



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

Then we erects
a monumint.



What
kinda
of a
monumint?

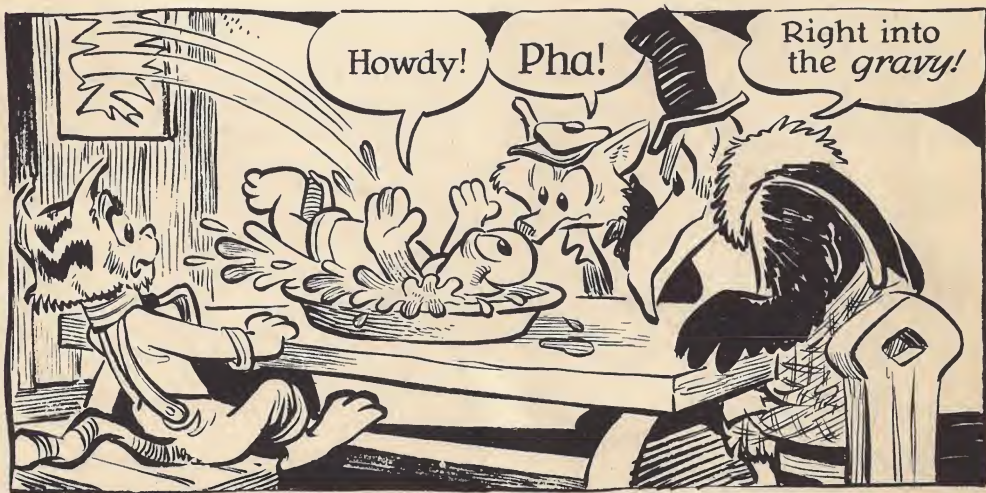
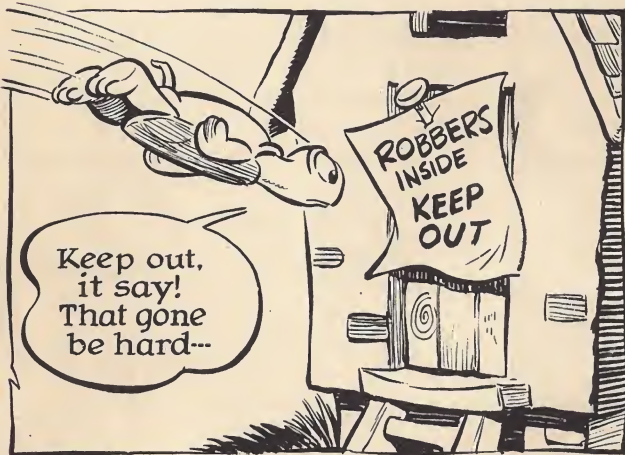
Solid marble
an' gold

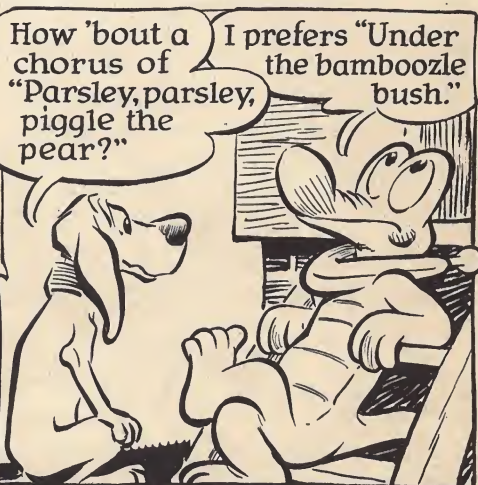
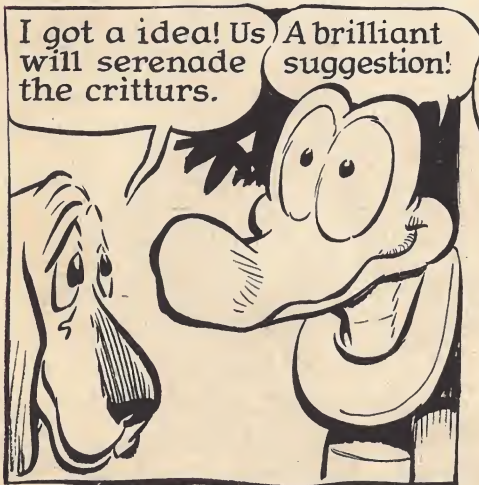
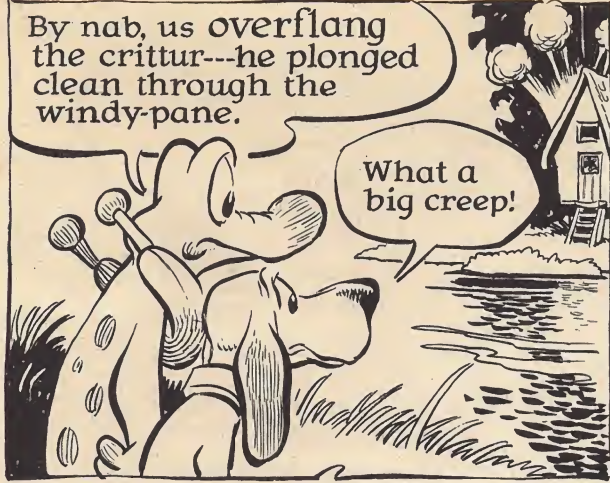
Platinum
an' rubies
an' jade an'
jelly beans.



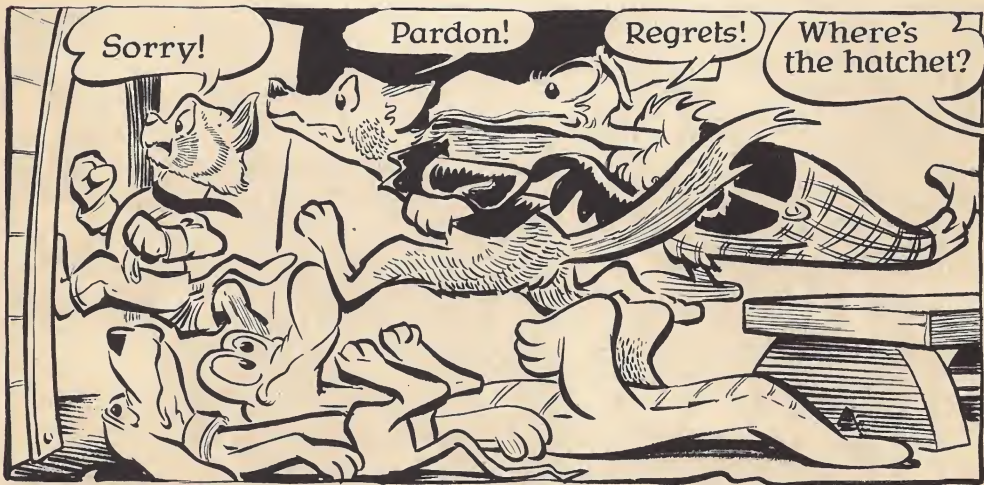
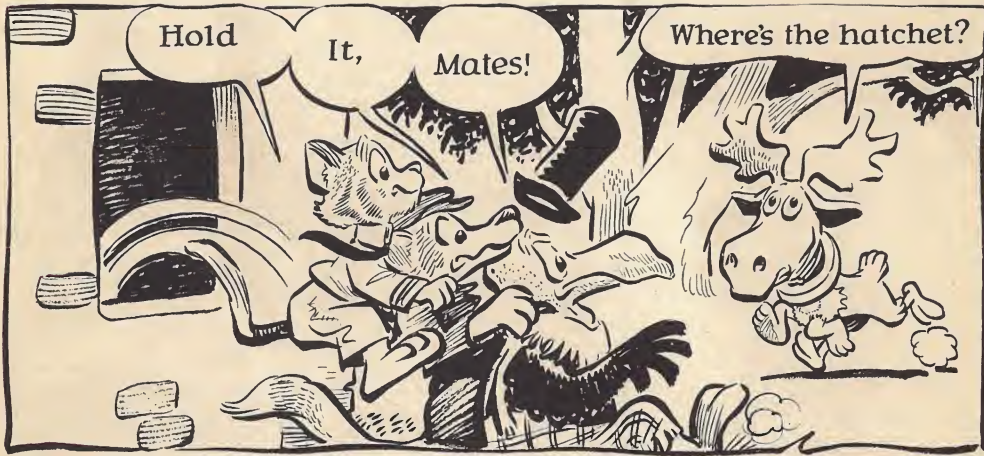
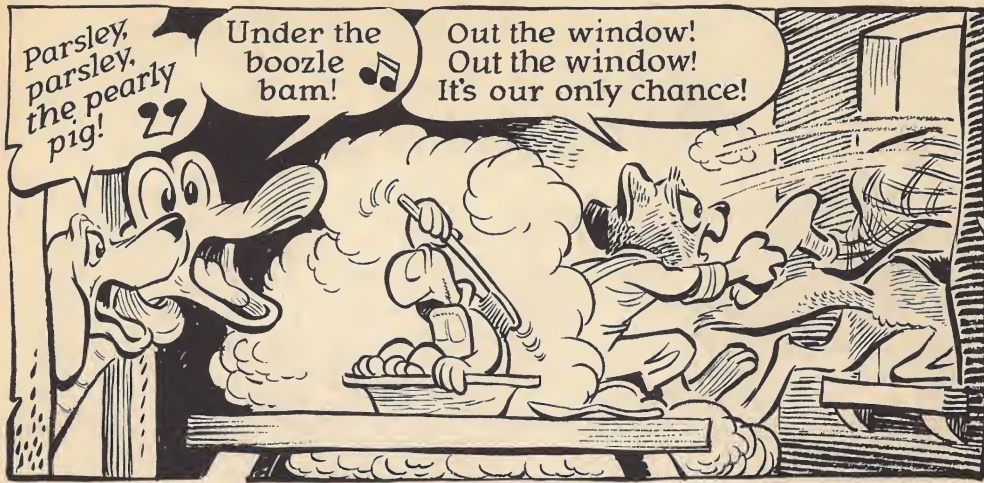
I don't
like
jelly
beans!

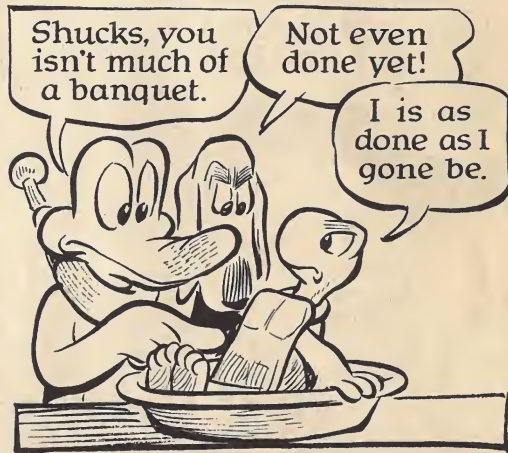
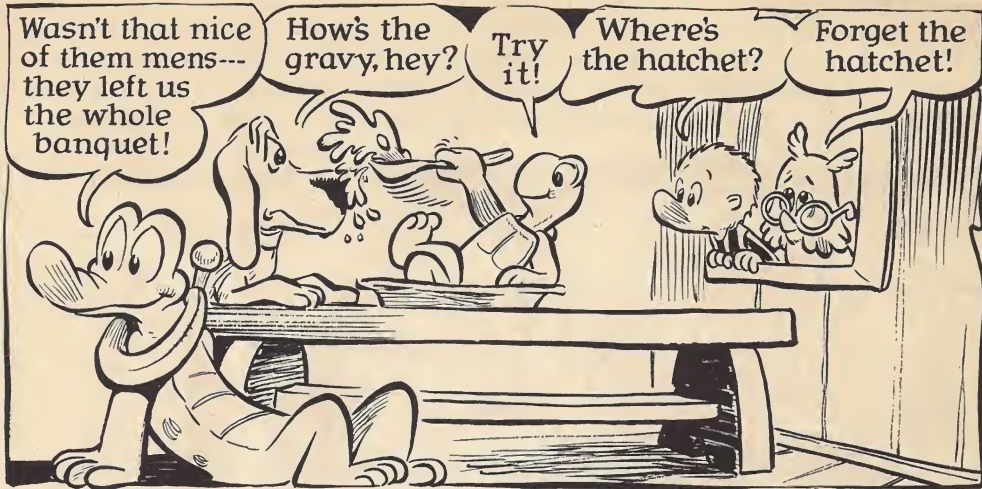
Okay---a solid
monumint of
chonklit cake
with ever
burnin'
candles.











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'---



Ever' one of 'em is gone to sleep.

Land!



Hey, Pogo, come on out! Us all goin' over to Billy Bowleg Island for a stomp an' a perloo.



Shhh---first off I got a mess of tads in here as needs puttin' to bed. Gimme a hand gittin' 'em home to they ma'ns.

Sho' nuff, ol' perloo kin wait.

