



## THE JUMPING COW

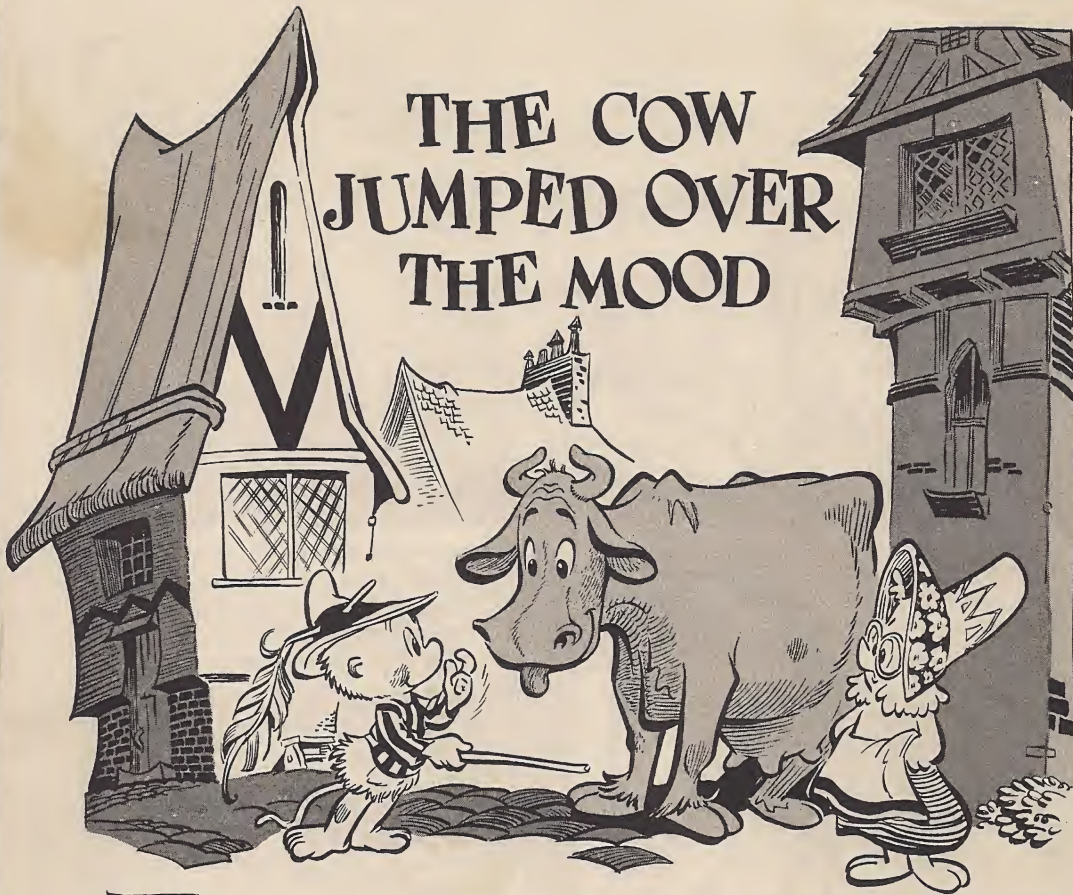
"Sing heigh diddle diddle  
The cat and the fiddle  
The cow jumped over the moon-o.  
The dog he laughed  
To see such craft  
And the maid made off  
with the spoon-o."\*



\**Sir Henry Reid: "I prefer to think (this rhyme) commemorates the athletic lunacy to which the strange conspiracy of the cat and the fiddle incited the cow."*

*Explanation quoted in the Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*

# THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOOD



**M**any years from now, in one direction or another, there lives a young lad named Hansel and Gretel (or Jack, for short) with his cruel stepmother and a wonderful jumping cow named Mrs. Montgomery.

*Good morning, cruel stepmother, ol' boy---how do you feel this morning?*

*Lumpy---like a cucumber.*

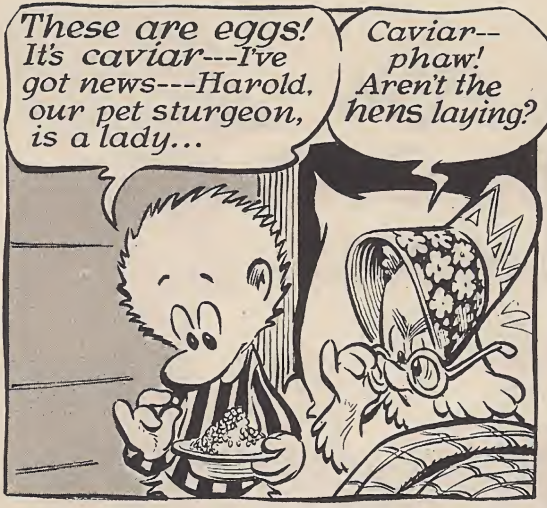


*I brought you breakfast in bed again, Cruel.*

*Ugh, what a mess! Don't we have any eggs?*

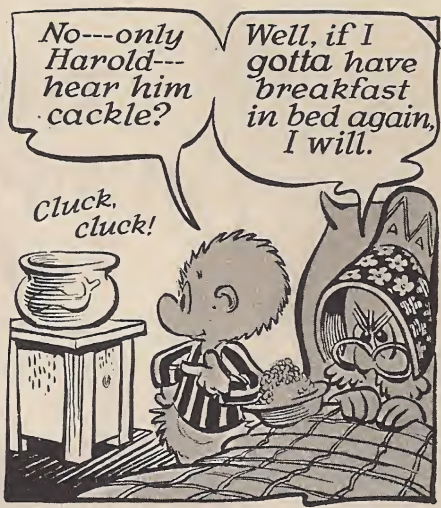






These are eggs!  
It's caviar---I've  
got news---Harold,  
our pet sturgeon,  
is a lady...

Caviar--  
phaw!  
Aren't the  
hens laying?



No---only  
Harold---  
hear him  
cackle?

Well, if I  
gotta have  
breakfast  
in bed again,  
I will.

Cluck,  
cluck!



Shove it under  
the covers with  
the rest of the  
meals I has  
in bed.

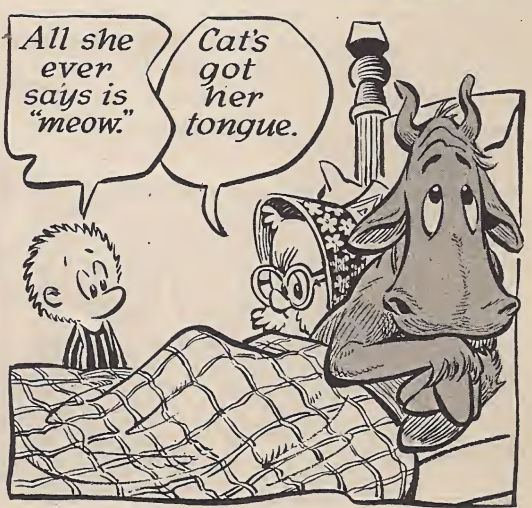
Righto!



But I swear, it's gettin'  
mighty crowded in here  
what with all this grub  
an' Mrs. Montgomery.



Meow!



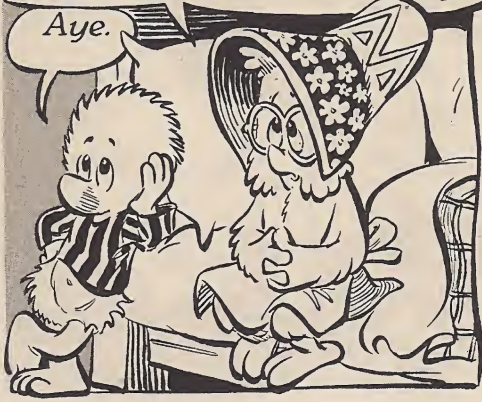
All she  
ever  
says is  
"meow."

Cat's  
got  
her  
tongue.



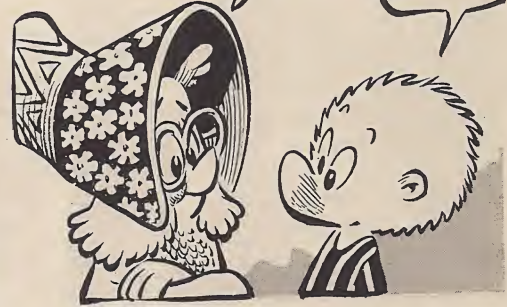
Son, I been thinkin'---they aint room enough in this bed for me and Mrs. Montgomery.

Aye.



So, figgerin' as how your lovin' cruel stepmother needs more room an' as how you is a dutiful but stupid, son...

Aye.



I knows I can trust you to git the un-wanted party outen here---best thing to do is sell her or shoot her...

What?!



Shoot my own beloved, dear, brown, eyed, sweet, little, old...

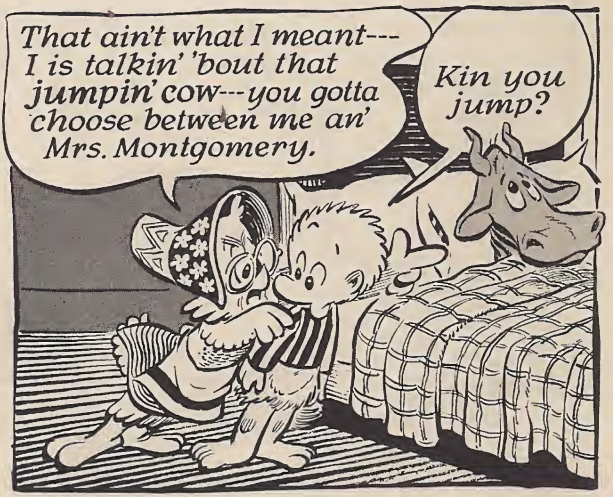


... cruel stepmother?

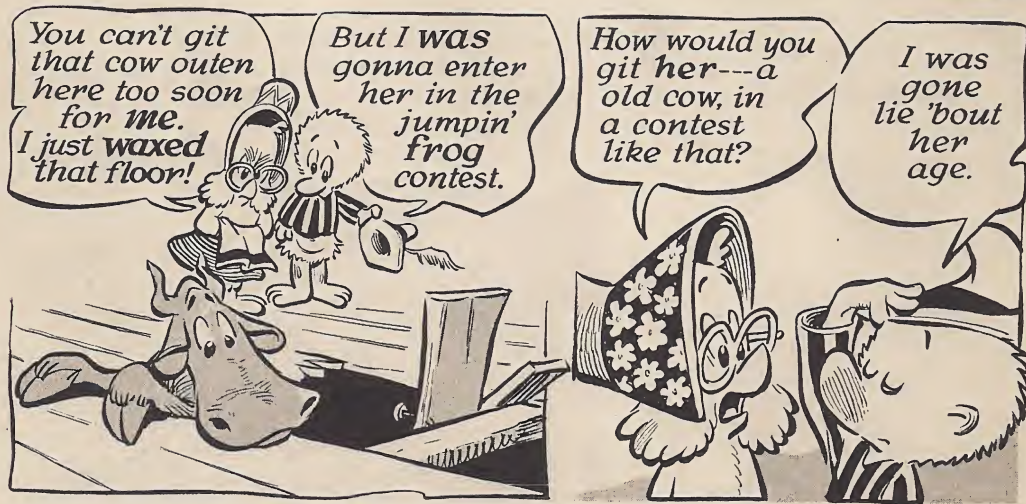
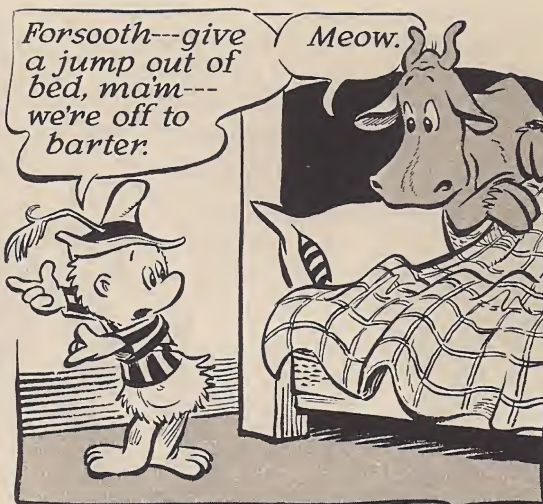


That ain't what I meant--- I is talkin' 'bout that jumpin' cow---you gotta choose between me an' Mrs. Montgomery.

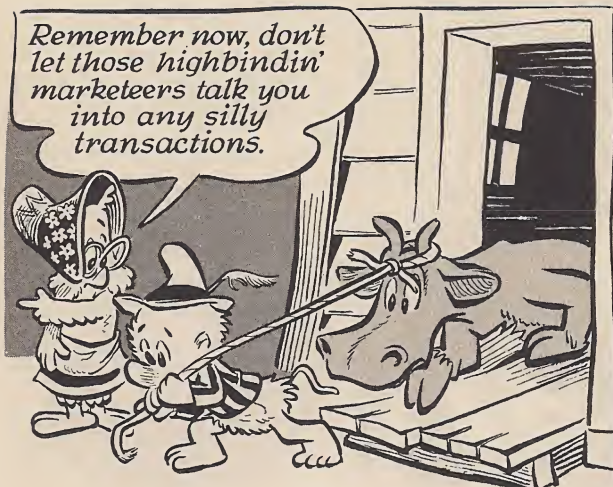
Kin you jump?











Remember now, don't let those highbindin' marketeers talk you into any silly transactions.



Haw! When did I ever get the worst end of a trade?

You recalls grabbin' that opportunity to get in on a red hot poker deal?



Them burns don't show at all now---I knows which way I'm headed these days.



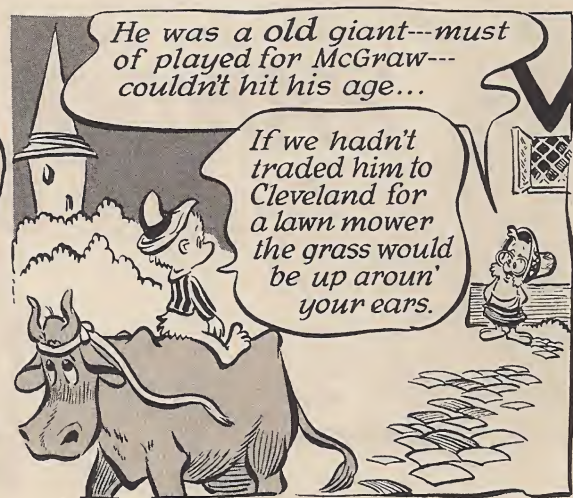
Forward!

Last time you traded a cow you came home with three beans and a beanstalk.



And a giant--- don't forget the giant was part of the bargain.

Phaw! Some bargain!



He was a old giant--- must of played for McGraw--- couldn't hit his age...

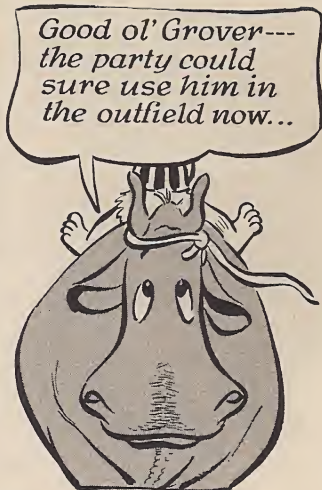
If we hadn't traded him to Cleveland for a lawn mower the grass would be up aroun' your ears.



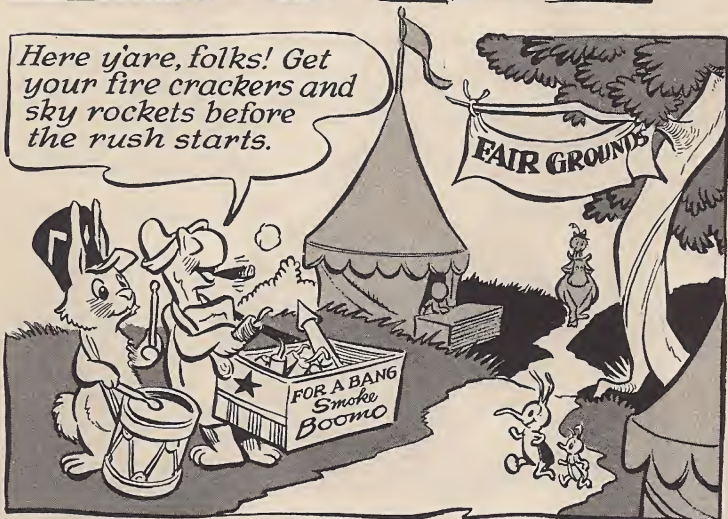


Cleveland, huh?  
I voted for him  
both times.

Oop!  
Kin you  
talk?



Good ol' Grover---  
the party could  
sure use him in  
the outfield now...



Here y'are, folks! Get  
your fire crackers and  
sky rockets before  
the rush starts.

We want one  
of them big  
bang kind an'  
a coupla  
mediums.



I want one that goes

**WANGO!**



We don't got none  
what goes wango!  
Ours utters a good  
American boom or  
bang!

Let's  
not  
raise  
our  
voices  
to the  
custom.





Make up your mind---make up your mind.

I'll take one of those two-for-a pennys.



Right! Here y'are--- piping hot!

Hey!



Take it! Take it!

Nothin' doin'--- it's slightly used!

Yeah.



Here! It's as good as new---

Not for us!



Not me---I never touch the stuff.

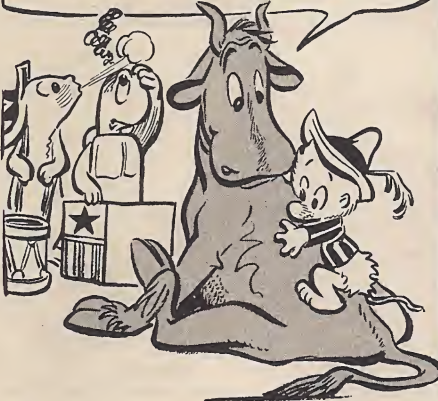
But what'll I do with it?







Most polite man I ever met-- when he tips his hat, a girl got somethin' to think about...



Good morrow! You'll be glad to know that I'm here to swap this fine cow.



Let's just step over here where us can discuss this exceptional cow so as not to flatter her ego too much.



What model is she-- a late '53?

How many horsepower?

Cows don't got horse-power!

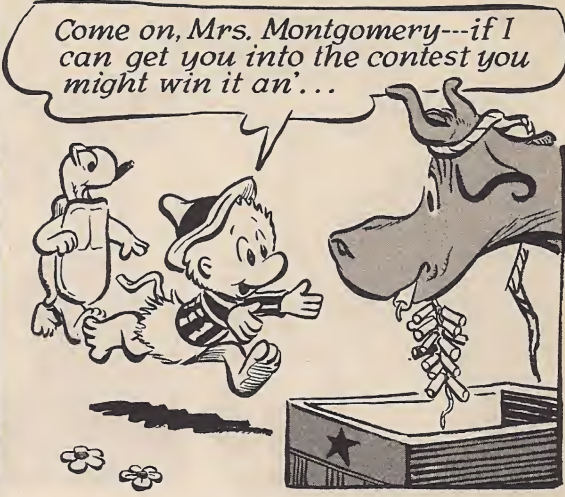






Everybody what's a frog git ready for the big jumpin' frog contest!

CLANG.  
CLANG!



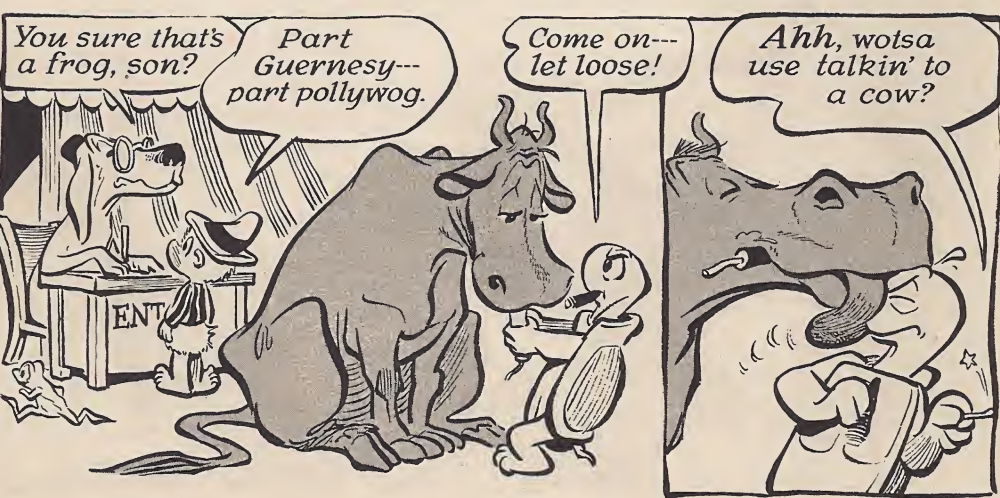
Come on, Mrs. Montgomery---if I can get you into the contest you might win it an'...



Then I won't have to git rid of you 'cause you'll be famous.

Hey---you ate my fireworks!

Roman candles, too!  
My personal favorite!



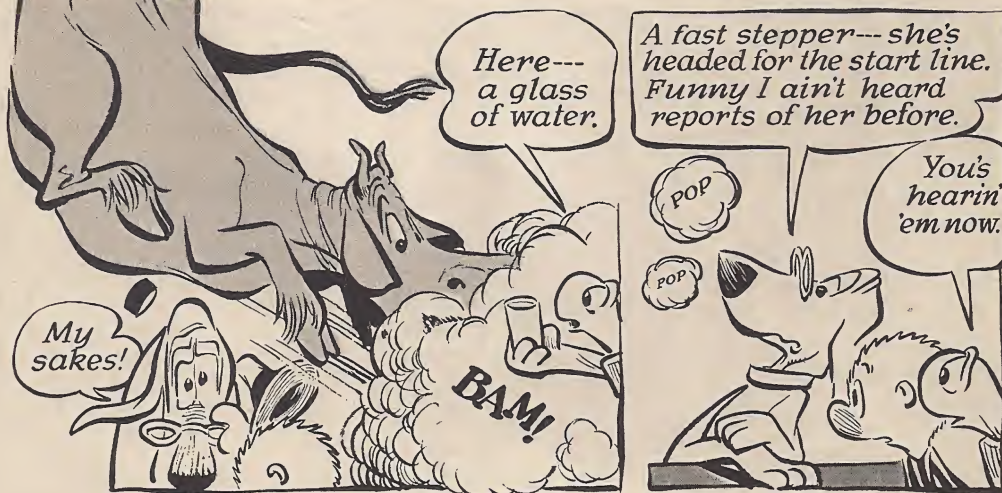
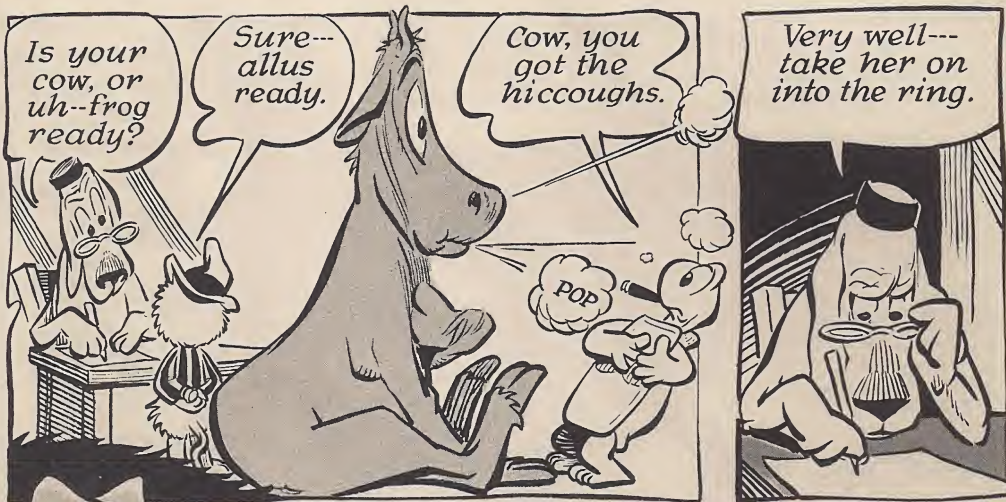
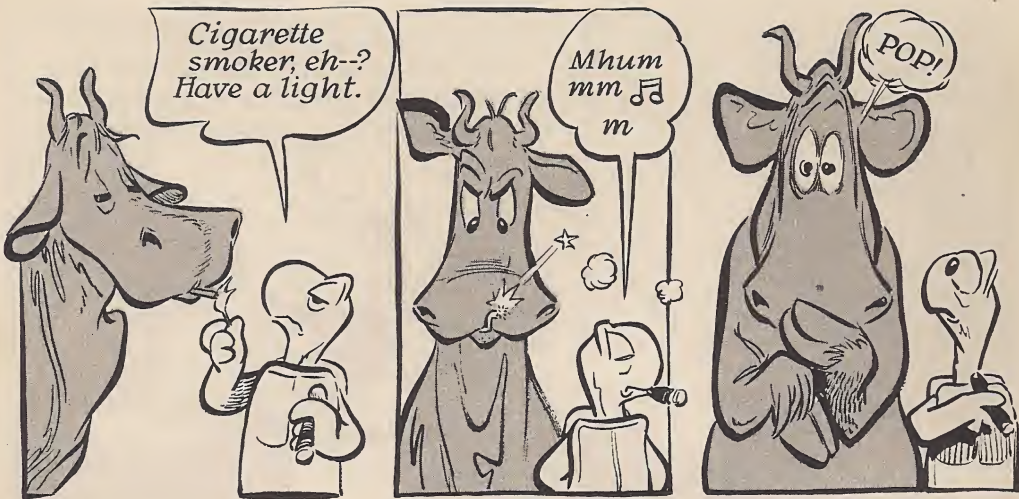
You sure that's a frog, son?

Part Guernsey---  
part pollywog.

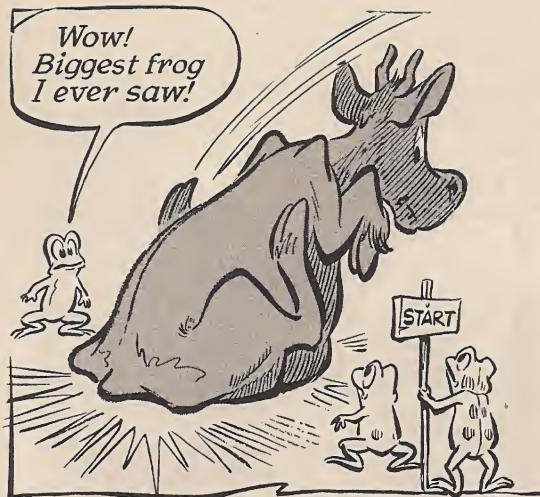
Come on---  
let loose!

Ahh, wotsa use talkin' to a cow?









Wow!  
Biggest frog  
I ever saw!



And the  
loudest!



Out of  
sight!

Over  
the  
moon!

Makes  
a man  
proud  
to be a  
frog!



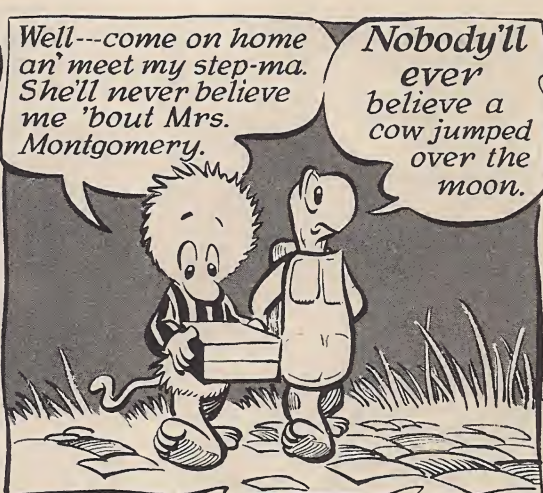
My boy, your frog is spread-  
eagled the opposition---no  
question about it, you deserve  
the prize.

I  
deserve  
it!



How come  
**you**  
deserves it?

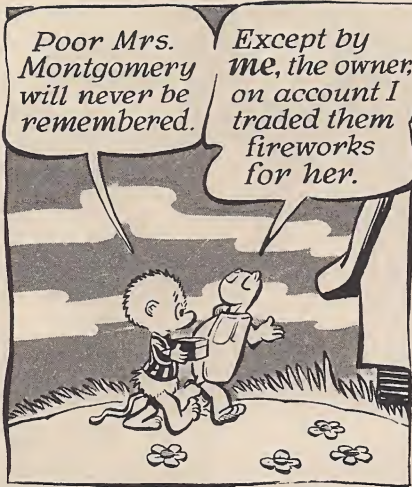
Them was  
my fireworks  
she ate.



Well---come on home  
an' meet my step-ma.  
She'll never believe  
me 'bout Mrs.  
Montgomery.

Nobody'll  
ever  
believe a  
cow jumped  
over the  
moon.





Poor Mrs. Montgomery will never be remembered.

Except by me, the owner, on account I traded them fireworks for her.



It's gonna be hard to tell ol' Cruel that all I got to show is fireworks.

It gonna even be harder to show the fireworks.

Aha!



About Mrs. Montgomery-- I--uh--

She's in bed.



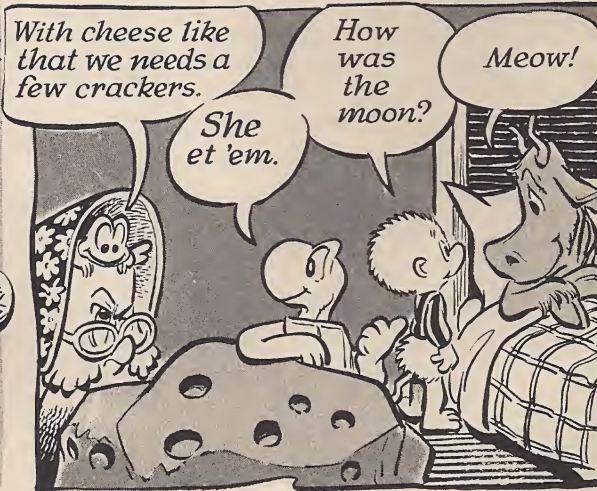
In bed!?

In bed---she come in through the roof with the biggest lump of green cheese you ever saw.



They giv her a prize for jumpin' over the moon-- oop!

Yeowp!



With cheese like that we needs a few crackers.

She et 'em.

How was the moon?

Meow!