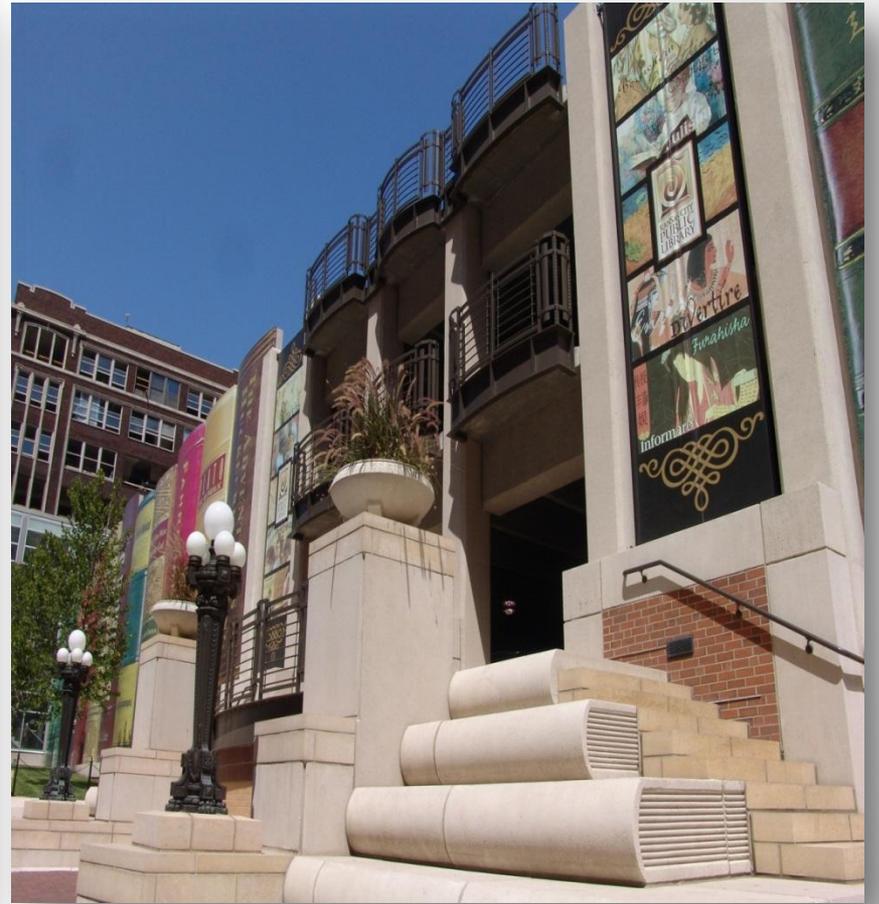
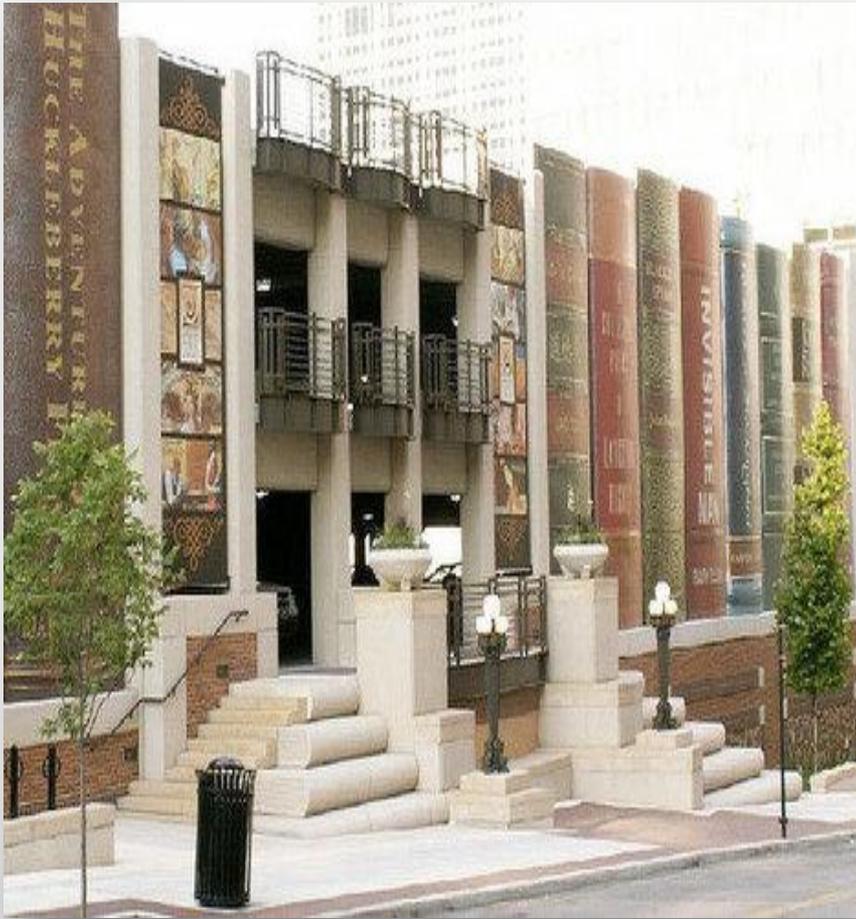
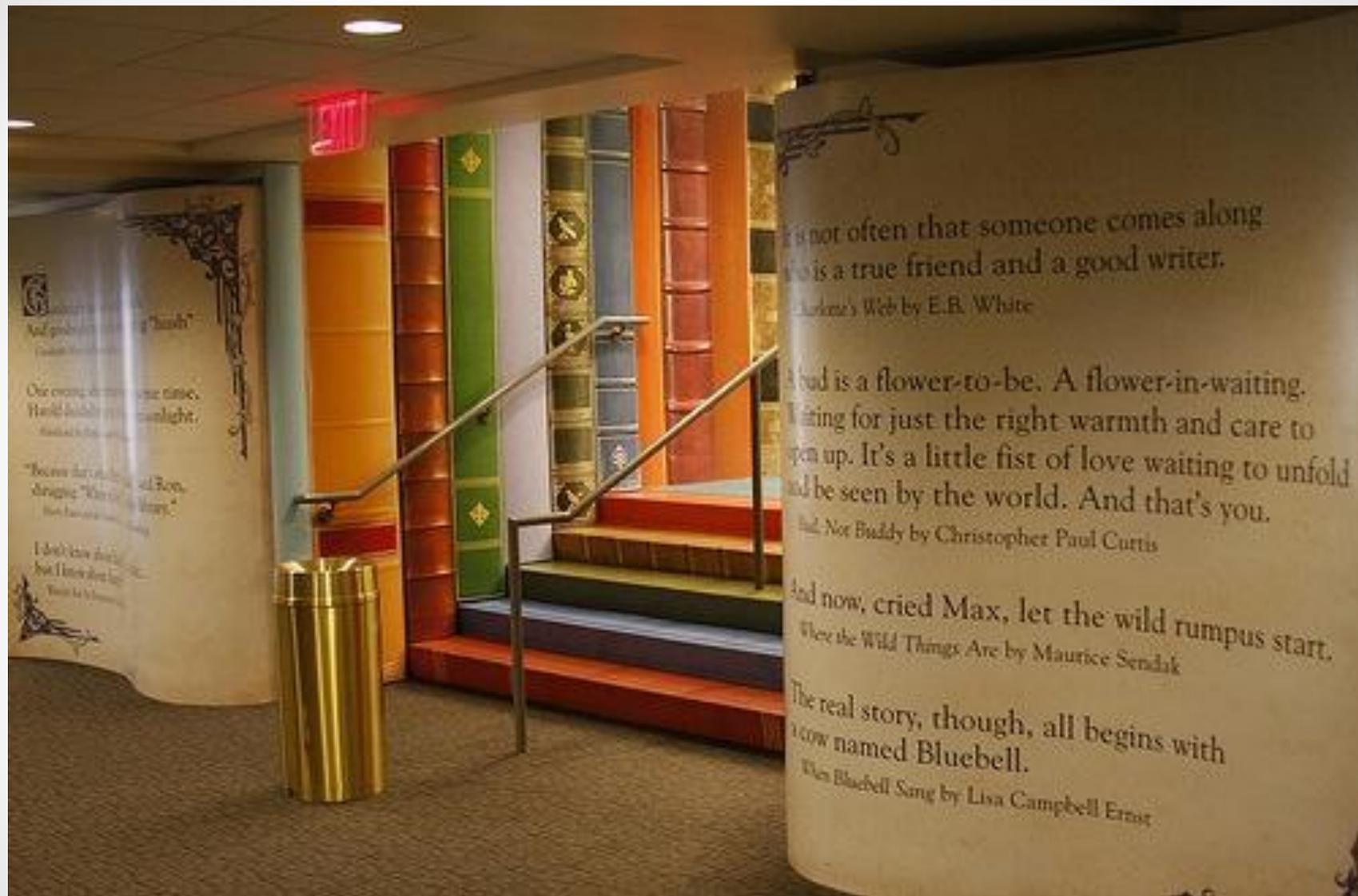


Центральная библиотека Канзаса (Штат Миссури, США)









And probably making "trash"
Cousin to the...

One evening, during some time,
Hardly visible in the moonlight,
...

"Because that's the way of the world,
dragging 'What's the story?'"
...

I don't know what it is,
but I know what it is,
...

It is not often that someone comes along
who is a true friend and a good writer.
Charlotte's Web by E.B. White

A bud is a flower-to-be. A flower-in-waiting.
Waiting for just the right warmth and care to
open up. It's a little fist of love waiting to unfold
and be seen by the world. And that's you.
Bud, Not Buddy by Christopher Paul Curtis

And now, cried Max, let the wild rumpus start.
Where the Wild Things Are by Maurice Sendak

The real story, though, all begins with
a cow named Bluebell.
When Bluebell Sang by Lisa Campbell Ernst









