





«And the giant flipped his pancake so high up in the air that it landed on the moon and stuck there!



All the terrified moonfolk leapt out into space, and since that day, no one has lived on the moon... except a huge pancake.

Ha ha ha! All right, good night Anathilde.»

«Good night, daddy.»

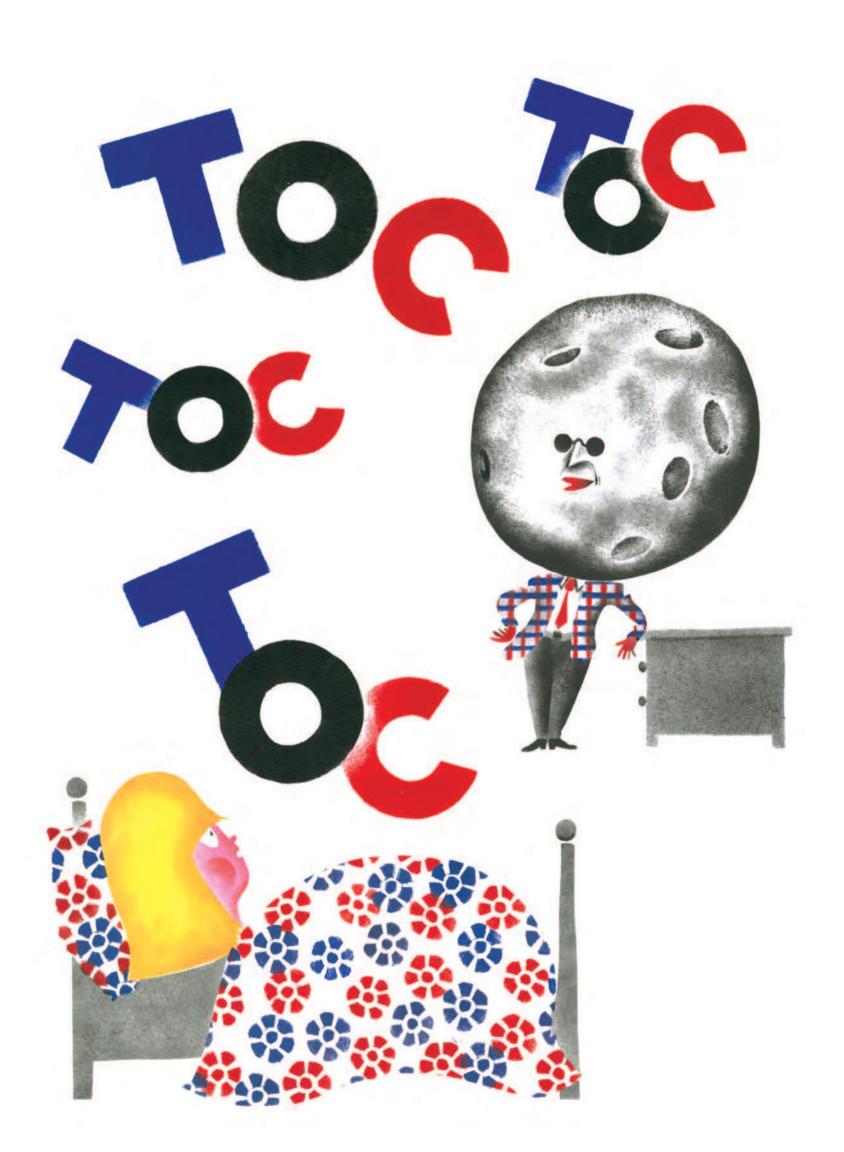


When the story was over, the lights went out.

Perched atop a chimney was a funny little man.

He'd heard the whole thing. Now he slipped into the room,

through window left open just a crack.



«Why, thy're filling your head with POPPYCOCK!!

He bellayched. The moon's not deserted!

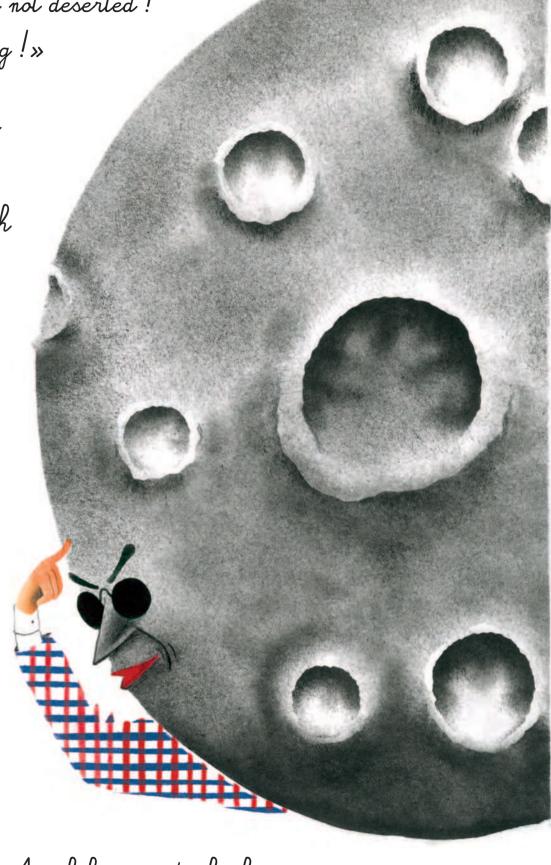
I shoud know - I'm the king!»

Anathilde couldn't believe her eyes, or her ears!
«Is that why you have such a big head?» she asked.

«My head is so big because i'm VERY smart.

Come with me!

And you'll see that we have other things besides pancakes up there!»



Anathilde didn't think twice.

She leapt out of bed

«For starters, you're going to help me get my sprocket back in working order.» declared the king of thre Moon.

«Your what now?» Anathilde asked.

"My SPROCKET! Down here you have rockets, ugly things that smoke and soar!

Well, I invented the sprocket.

It dips down on springs and rises back up with balloons!

It's splendid idea, but sadly those imbecile Moonies made the cables toot tight, and now they've snapped.»

«Those imbecile whosits?» Anathilde asked.

«Goodness me, are you DEAF? Moonies!

My little creatures, laborers, servants, lackeys...

The Moon's crawling with them! You'll see.»



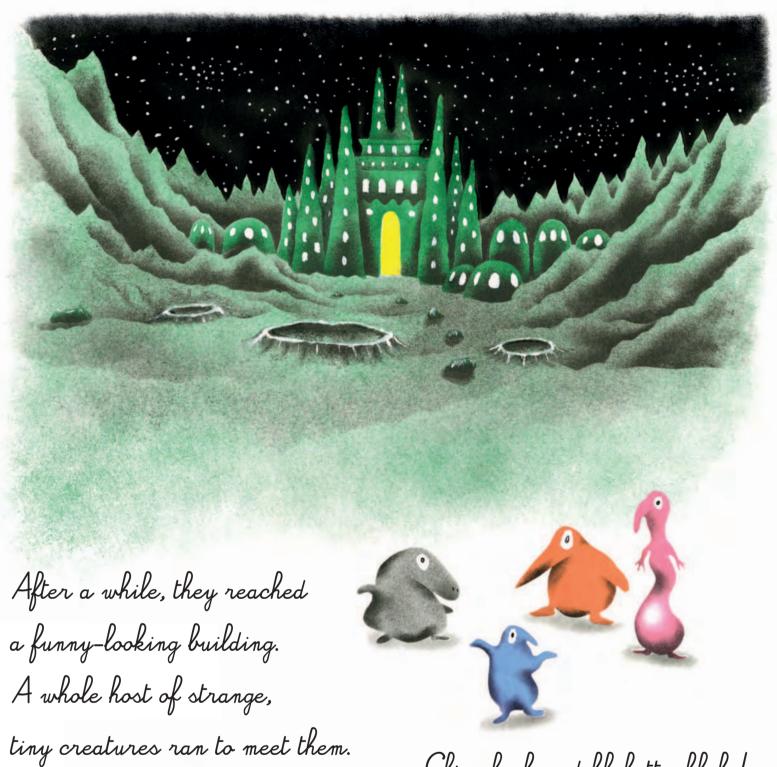






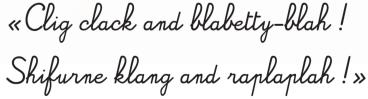
As the moon drew closer, however, things took a turn for the worse. It was dark, and the wee king wasn't sure wich cable controlled the brake. He accused Anathilde of being an ignoramus. In the end, the sprocket crashed in the depths of a crater. Luckily, neither Anathilde or the king was hurt. «The Moonies will hear me!» shouted the king of the Moon, bounding from his vessel like a madman. Anathilde hastened to follow, so as not to be left alone in the desolate moonscpae.







They spoke a language Anathilde couldn't understand. It sounded like they were gargling rocks!





They must have been the Moonies, for the wee king began shouting at them as loudly as he could, calling them all incompetent.

Until suddenly a gin OOORMOUS beast showed up. Then the wee King let out a sigh of relief. «Ahh!

