

SHARK-EYE

Shark-Eye! What a name for a lion! Shucks, now I'll have to spin th' yarn about a mixup Kangy, my kangaroo pal, had with this Shark-Eye.

It was after Kangy had whipped th' savage old goat, Whisker Billie, for buttin' Tops'l Barney, my old shlpmate, that Kangy and I took a little cruise with Barney on his schooner, th' Wanderin' Lass. Our first port o' call was Port Kennedy, on Thursday Island, in Torres Strait.

No sooner were we ashore than Barney began to brag to th' people that Kangy, who was hoppin' along with us, could whip a cage full of wildcats, and give th' wildcats th' first bite. Of course everybody crowded around to get a peek at such a savage kangaroo. While th' people were shovin' about, starin' and pointin' at Kangy, a fellow hove 'longside o' Barney and

bawled out that there was a toothless old lion they called Shark-Eye in th' town zoo that could slap our kangaroo all over th' map.

Barney winked at me and told th' feller to give us a squint o' that man-eatin, shark-eyed lion. Well s'r, Kangy actually grinned, and Barney and I almost fell over laughin' when we gazed on that lion.

Well, to make a long story short, th' people crowded about a fenced-in place to watch Shark-Eye cuff Kangy around. Soon as Shark-Eye was turned loose he let out a roar and jumped for Kangy. Up into th' air went Kangy, and wham!, he landed with his big feet on that lion's tender nose and sent him sprawlin' in th' dirt. That was enough for Mr. Shark-Eye. Over th' fence he went, and that was th' last we saw of him. Well s'r, th' crowd went wild over Kangy, and proclaimed him th' champion o' Thursday Island.

