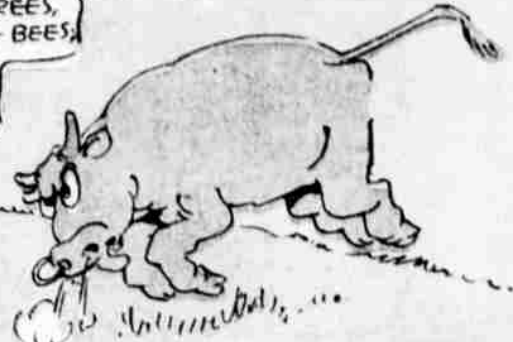


# THE KELLY KIDS

TIM AND TOM

By NATE BOHNER

THE BIRDS ARE SINGING IN THE TREES,  
THE FLOWERS ARE FULL OF BUMBLE BEES,  
OH YES, THEY'RE VERY VERY FULL  
NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD  
DO TH RHYME WITH  
FULL?



I AM ARCHIBALD WIFFENPOOF, A POET! COULDST  
TELL ME WHERE HEREABOUTS I MIGHT FIND  
A BOSKY DELL; I WOULDST WOO THE MUSE.



YEA BO! COME HITHER  
WE'LL SHOW YOU WE  
KNOW WHERE LOTSA  
BOSKYS ARE.

THANKS BOYS THIS BEAUTIFUL HILLSIDE IS JUST THE  
PLACE. I SHALL WRITE AN ODE TO A SMOKED  
SAUSAGE!



WE WILL GO  
BUT WE'LL  
COME BACK  
COME ON  
TIM.

THE PORKCHOP BUSH BLOOMS  
ON THE LEA,  
THE SWEET VIRGINIA HAM  
CAVORTS BESIDE THE SURGING  
SEA  
I DO NOT SEE THE —



RAM!



THE GENTLE LAMBKIN  
GAMBOLS IN  
THE HAPPY SPRINGTIME  
AIR  
I CLIMB A TREE —  
ESCAPE HIS HORNS AN'  
BUMP INTO A —

B-A-A-A



BEAR



GEE WHIZ!  
MY GOSH! I FEAR HE'LL BITE  
MY KNEES THEY SHAKE AND  
SHAKE;  
I RISK MY NECK DROP TO  
THE GROUND,  
AND FALL UPON  
A —



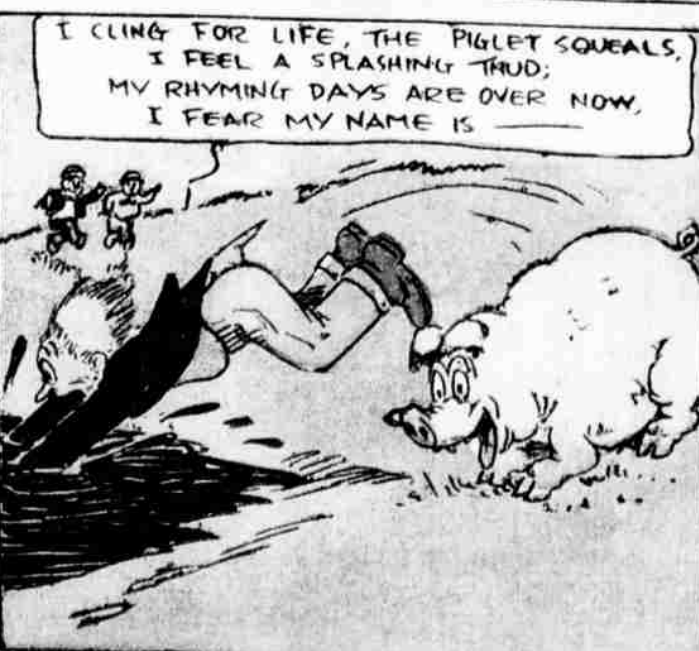
SNAKE!



I RUN IN HORROR THROUGH THE WOOD  
AND STUMBLE IN A BOG.  
THEN SOMETHING JUMPS AND SPEEDS  
AWAY —  
I FWD IM ON THE —



HOG!



I CLING FOR LIFE, THE PIGLET SQUEALS,  
I FEEL A SPLASHING THUD;  
MY RHYMING DAYS ARE OVER NOW,  
I FEAR MY NAME IS



SOME BOSKY  
DELL, EH  
ARCHIE?

MUD!

YEA-BO  
YO-HO.

YEA BO, I SEE AN ENEMY  
CRAFT APPROACHING

ALL MEN, TO YOUR GUNS,  
TO HO-

HO, CHARLIE,

AYE, AYE, CAP

GO FIND  
THE RANGE

AYE, AYE, CAP

CAPTAIN, I HAVE  
FOUND THE RANGE.

IT'S DOWN IN THE  
KITCHEN.

Yo-Ho