





























ONE DAY, LONG BEFORE I WAS BORN, MY
FATHER WAS HUNTING THE VICUNA WHEN HE
SAW A MAN STAGGERING OUT OF THE GREAT
MISTS, A MAN NEAR CONE WEETH COLD
AND HUNGER!





































UNABLE TO FIND
THEIR CAMP, AND
LOST WITHOUT
THEIR COMPASS,
THE DUCKS ARE
AND WALK TO
KEEP FROM
FREEZING! THEY
THINK THEY ARE
WALKING TOWARD
THE OLD HUNTERS
HUT—BUT THEY'VE
GOT ANOTHER
THINK COMING!

























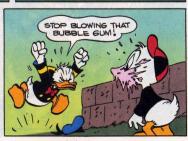




















































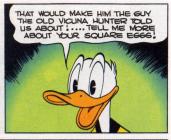




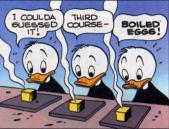




























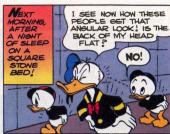












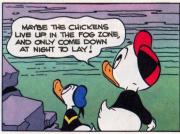




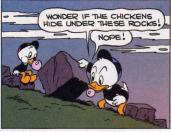
























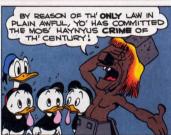
















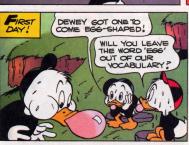






FIVE DAYS
IN WHICH
TO LEARN
HOW TO
BLOW
SQUARE
BUBBLES,
AND THE
SUPPLY
OF GUM
WEARING
THIN!









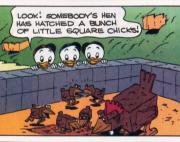






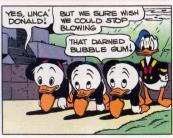




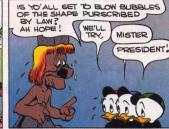










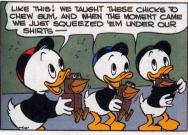


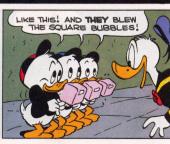


















































CALCIUM,







