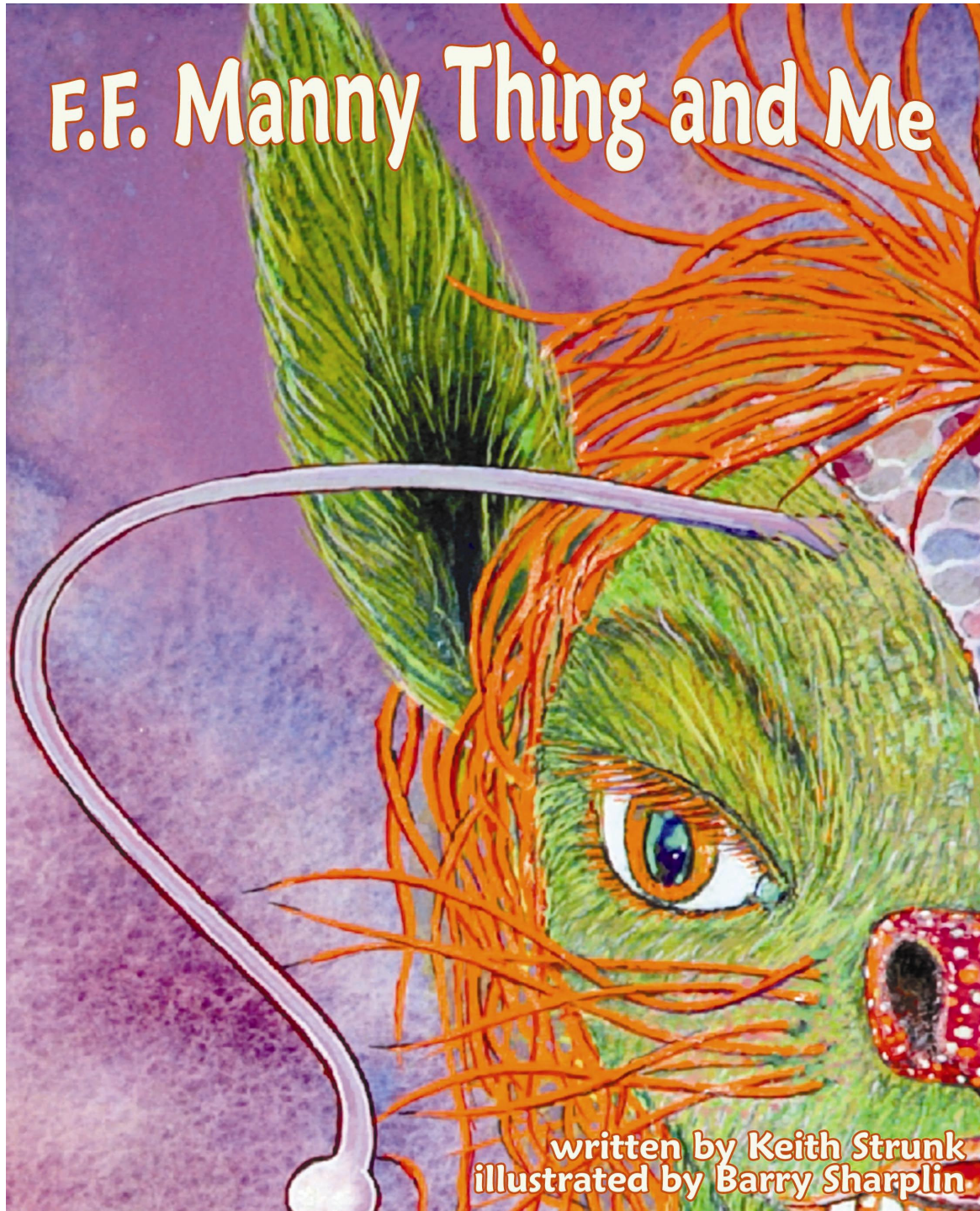


F.F. Manny Thing and Me



written by Keith Strunk
illustrated by Barry Sharplin



Furrowed Frowning Manny Thing pointed his pencil skyward for emphasis, "Twenty three thousand four hundred sixty-two point eleveny," he cried triumphantly.

"Twenty three thousand four hundred sixty-two point eleveny what," asked I as I patched my torn kite.

"Hours without mistakes," cried he.

"And how did you accomplish such a thing," asked I, gluing tempest torn tissue back together.

"By doing nothing," cried he, holding up his perfectly painted untouched by tempests kite, "My kite is tear free because it has never had to fight the sky to fly."

"But, a kite is meant to fly," said I,
" it's a shame to never let it try."

Furrowed Frowning Manny Thing
paused perplexed, holding his kite
high over his head.



"So it would seem to me
F.F. Manny Thing, that you've indeed
made one mistake in twenty three
thousand four hundred sixty-two
point eleven hours. But I know little
of such weighty things," said I as
I gathered up my patched,
sky-scraping kite.



Furrowed Frowning Manny Thing stood frozen,
his kite struggling to join the wind as he held it over his head,
and pondered furiously.

Me? I sit and watch my kite
tickle the tempests with tissue paper.
Last I heard, he was pondering still.