

# My city

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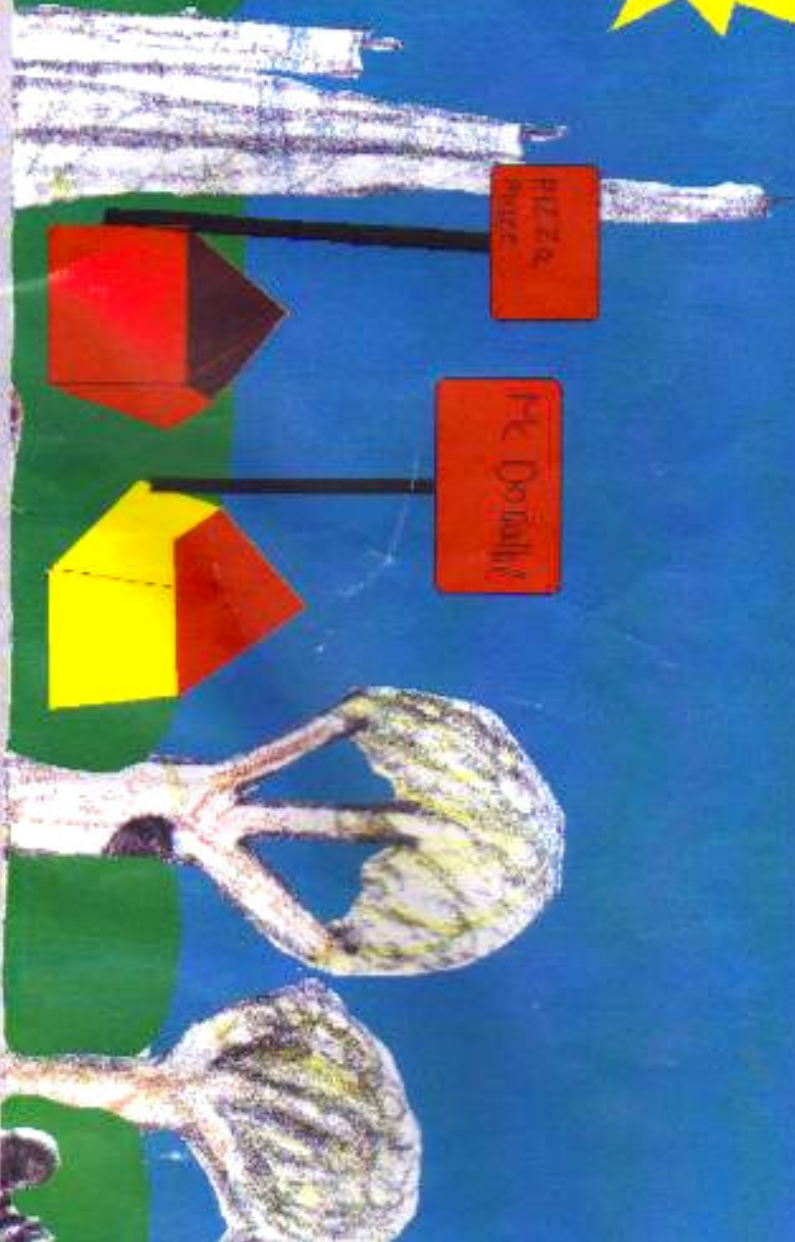
On June 7th.  
"What is that daddy?" asked baby bird.  
"It is a saw," replied daddy bird.



"What is it doing?!" asked baby bird  
"It is cutting down the tree! Fly away quickly!"  
Replied daddy bird



So they flew and flew and they finally reached a city



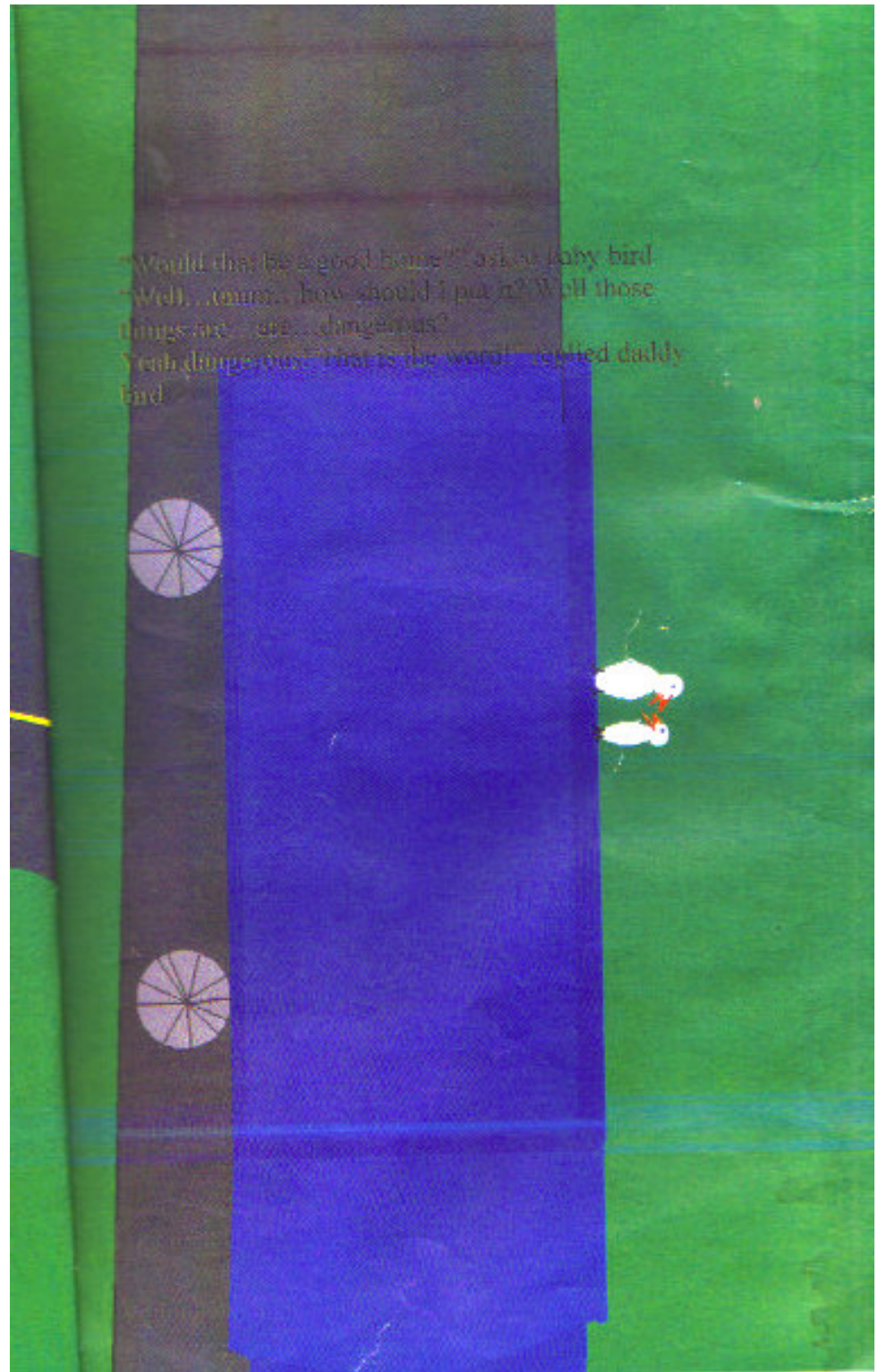
"What is that?!" asked baby bird  
"Oh! That is a sky scraper," Replied daddy bird  
"Is that a good home?" asked baby bird  
"I don't think that is really what I am looking for"  
replied daddy bird

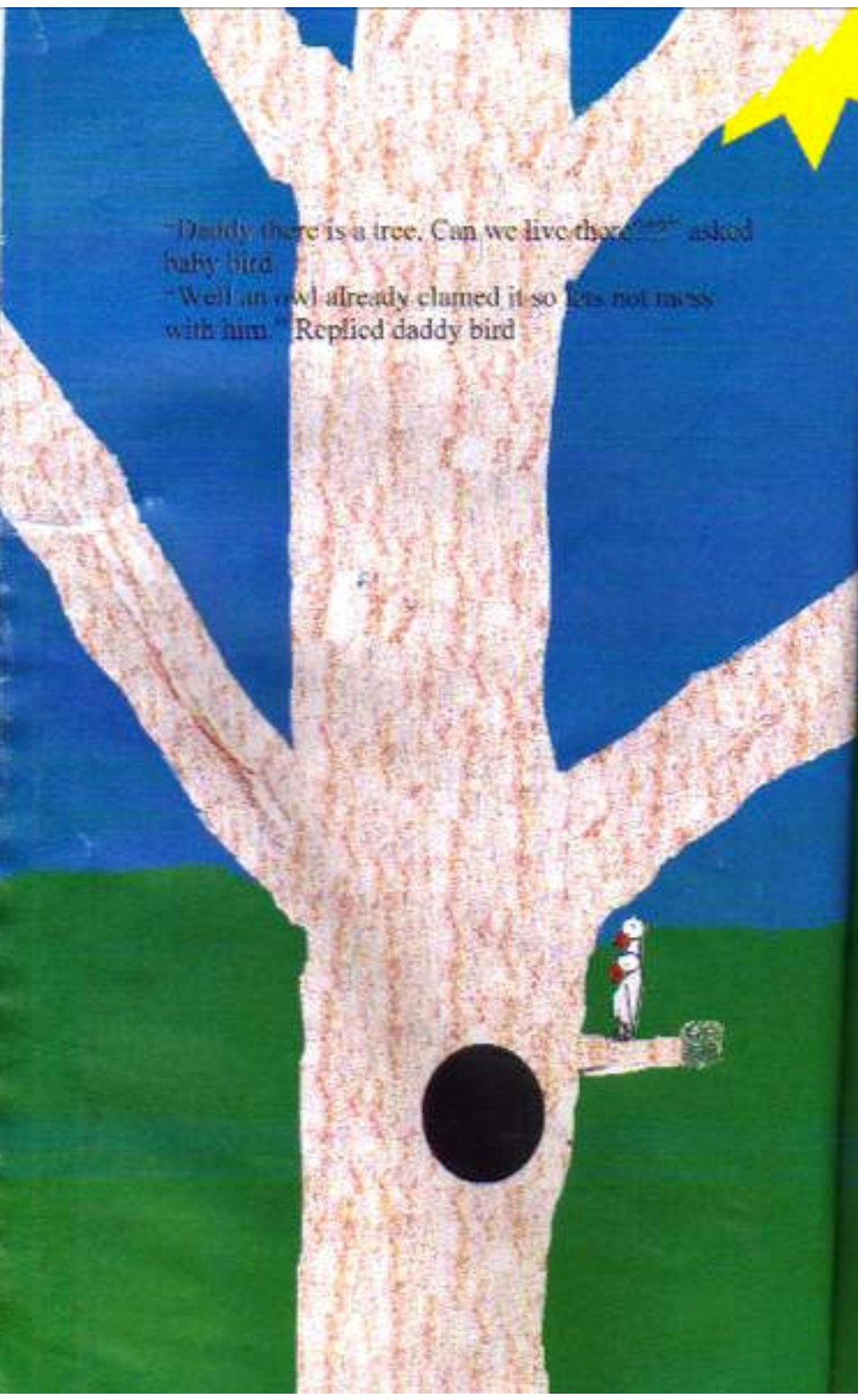


"What is that?" asked baby bird  
"That is a Car, or automobile," replied daddy bird

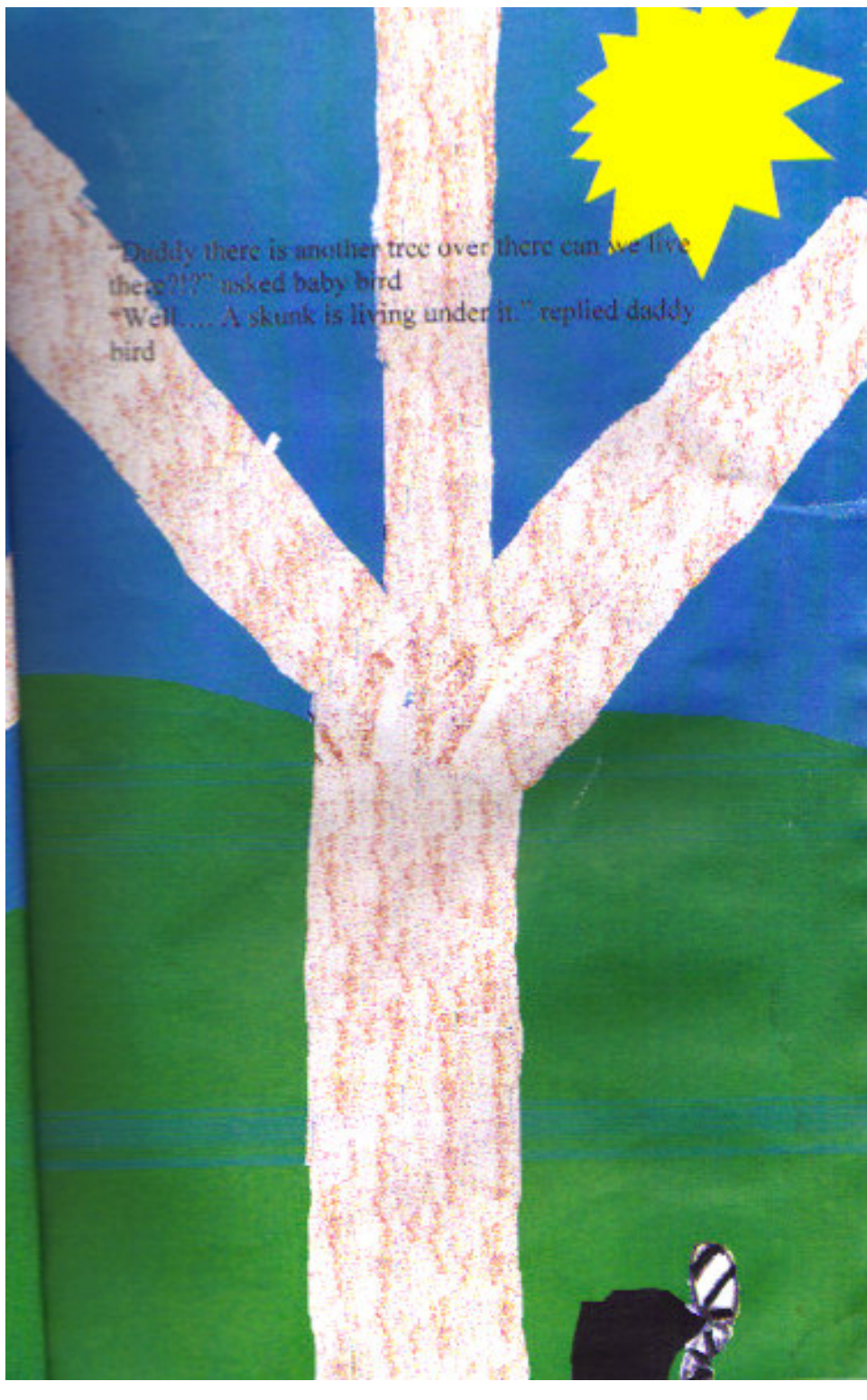


"Would that be a good home?" asked baby bird  
"Well, umm... how should I put it? Well those things are... are... dangerous!"  
"Yeah, dangerous! That is the word!" replied daddy bird





"Daddy there is a tree. Can we live there?" asked baby bird.  
"Well an owl already claimed it so lets not mess with him." Replied daddy bird



"Daddy there is another tree over there can we live there?" asked baby bird  
"Well.... A skunk is living under it." replied daddy bird

