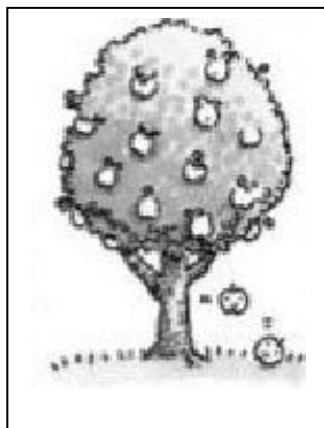
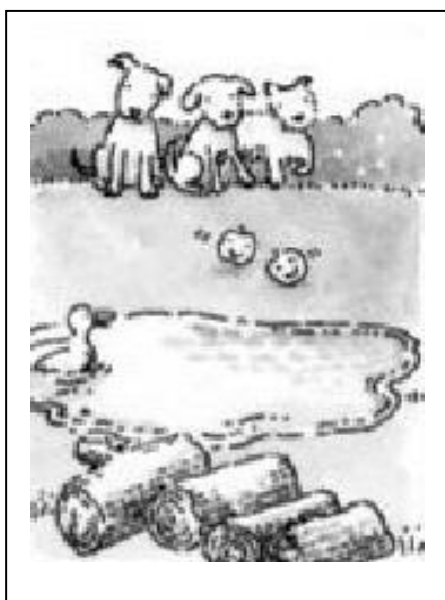


Two Funny, Little Red Apples



Two funny, little red apples
Fell from a tree one day.
Both small apples rolled and rolled
Till they got far away.



They rolled into a big, green yard,
Right past three white dogs.
They rolled right past a cold, blue lake,
And over four brown logs.

They didn't stop.
They kept on going fast as a speeding train.
Until they felt some small, wet drops
Fall from the dark sky as rain.



They rolled into a pretty, new house,
Where a kind lady made them dry.
Then she put the two clean, red apples
Into her apple pie.