

Manfred the Mitten

by Manfred Quayle

Once upon a time, every piece of land in the entire world was glued together in a giant clump called . . .



“PANGEA”.

Pangea was lovely, and the continents got along quite well. But, like most families, it began to drift apart after millions of years.



In the midst of this ignoble dissolution, one mitten-shaped continent floated in isolation, lonely and wistful for bygone days.



*His name . . . was MANFRED . . . known to some as . . .
“MICHIGAN”.*

*Other land masses reunited to form new continents,
like Asia, Africa, and South America . . .*



. . . but Manfred continued to drift alone, an island unto himself.

These were dark times for Manfred. One evening, he got so tankered that he went and sat right on top of Ohio and Indiana.



It was uncomfortable, but the experience made him quite conservative.



For the first time in a long time, he had a home.

Little did he know, there was another lonely soul like him who had just found a home next door.



Her name was Maggie the Marshmallow Stick. She was despised by most for her fiery nature.

Only Manfred, being a mitten, was able to touch her and hold her.



She made him feel nervous and warm, but he loved being near her.

Manfred was a mess. He demanded that Stevens T. Mason acquire her.

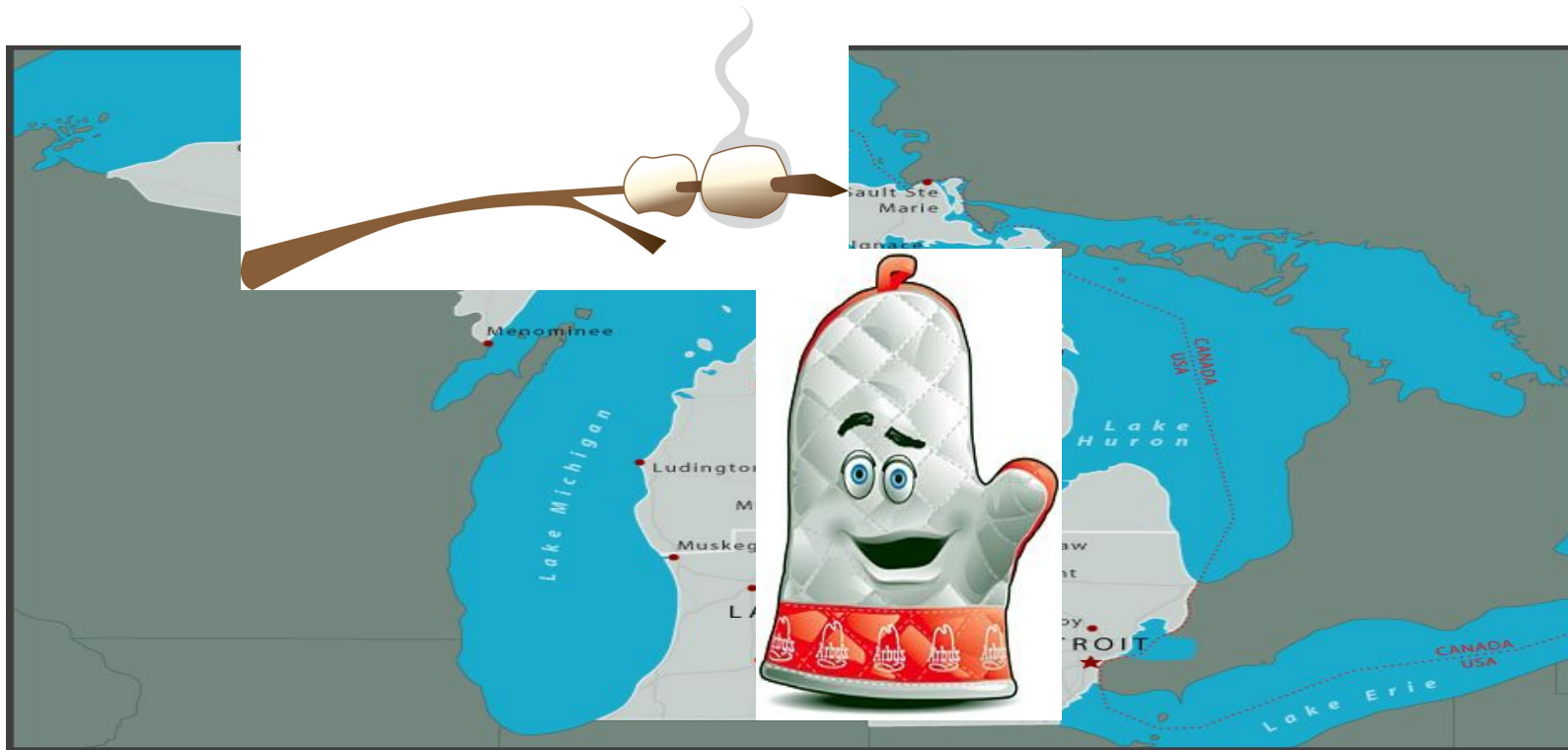


Please, Stevens.
I cannot live
without her.



So Stevens traded Toledo to get her.

All was well for Manfred and Maggie.



But on some cold winter nights, the water surrounding Manfred reminded him of floating in the Panthalassic Ocean...

TO BE CONTINUED . . .