

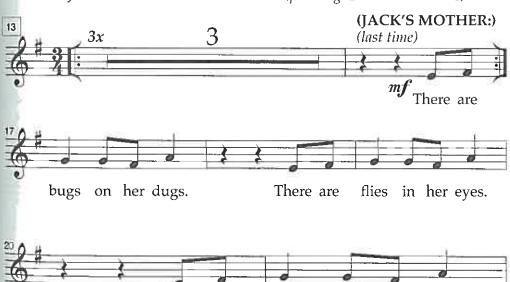
(JACK'S MOTHER:) (to JACK) Listen well, son. Milky-White must be taken to market.

JACK: But, Mother, no—he's the best cow—
JACK'S MOTHER: She's given us no milk for a week.

We've no food nor money, and no choice but to sell her.

JACK: But Milky-White is my best friend in the whole world!

JACK'S MOTHER: Look at her! (pointing to MILKY-WHITE)



lump

her

rump

on

There's a