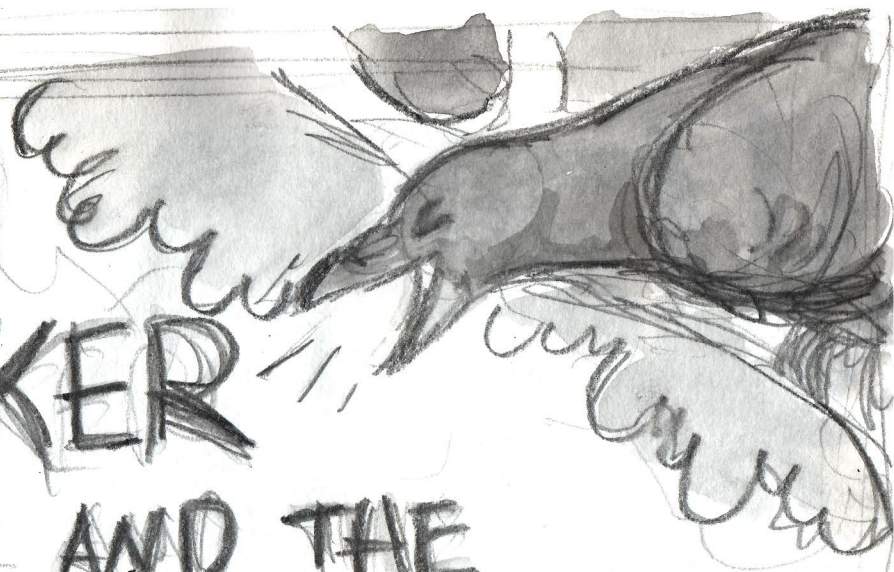
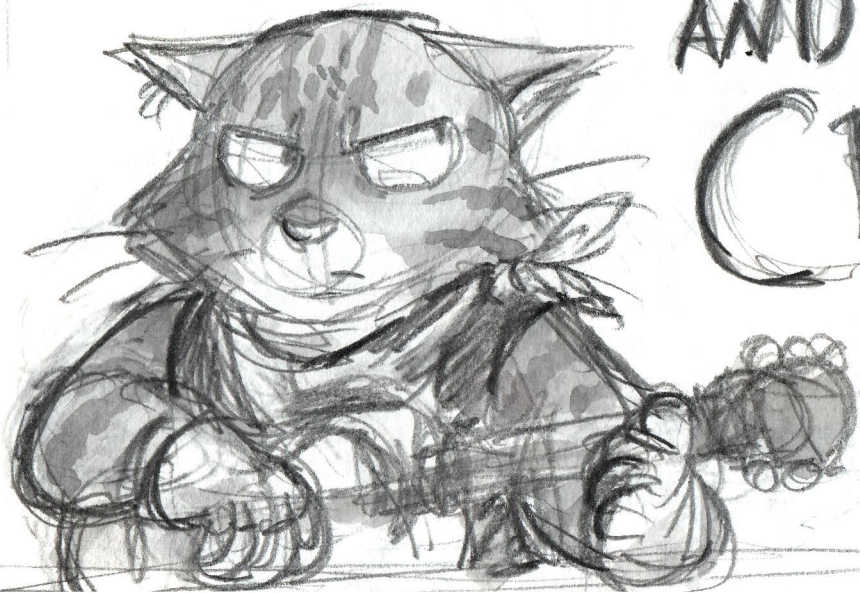


THE

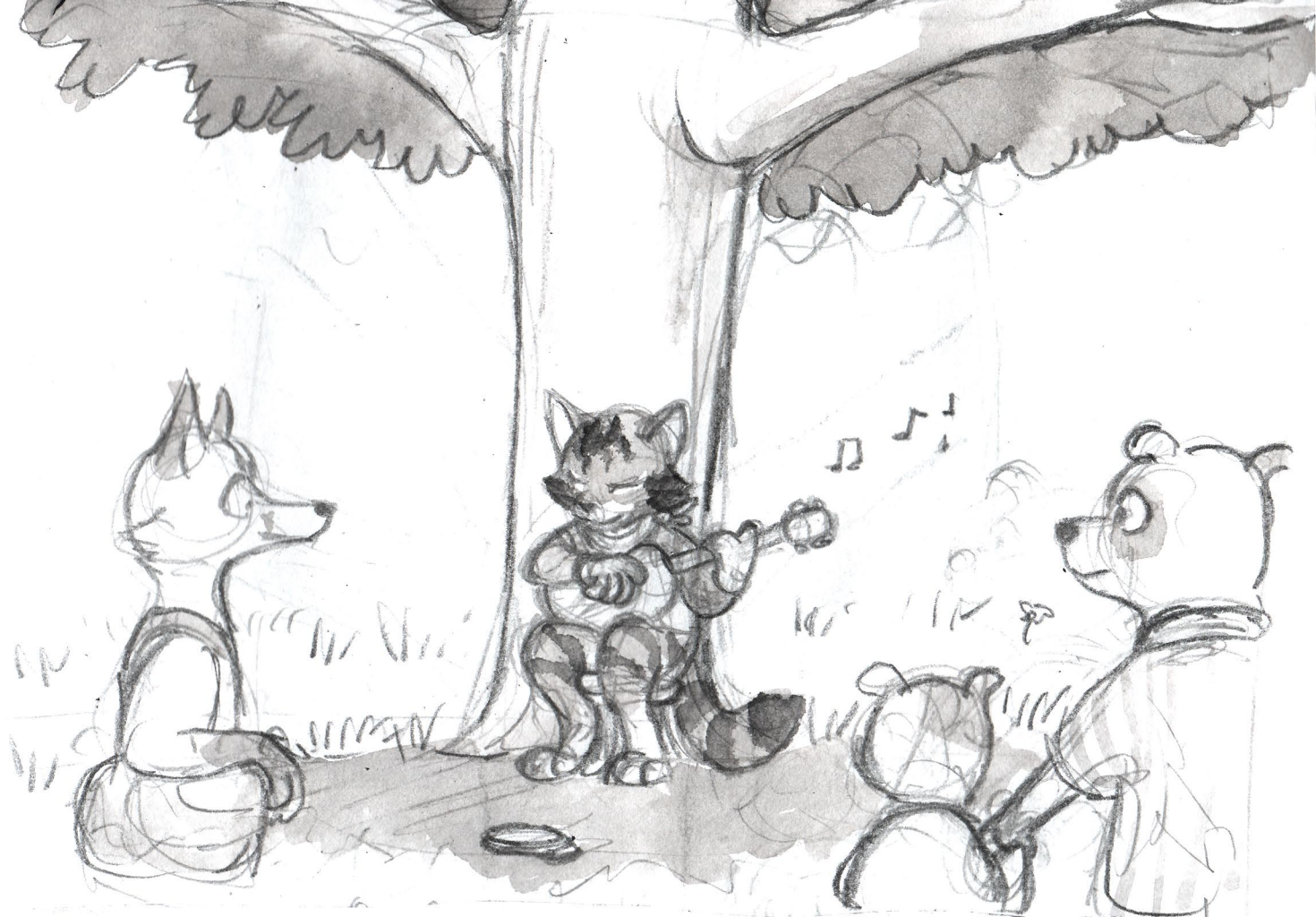
BUSKER

AND THE

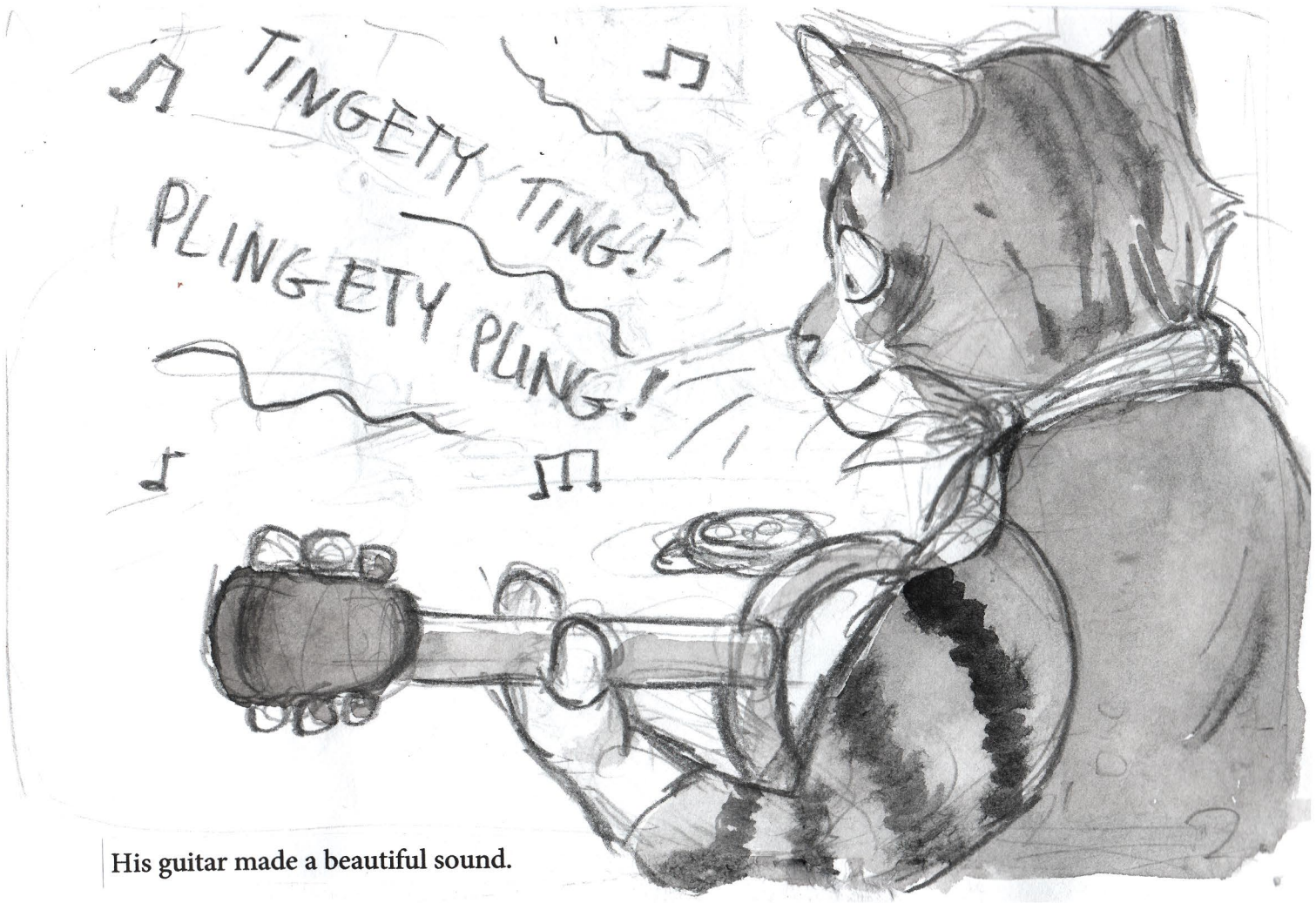
CROW



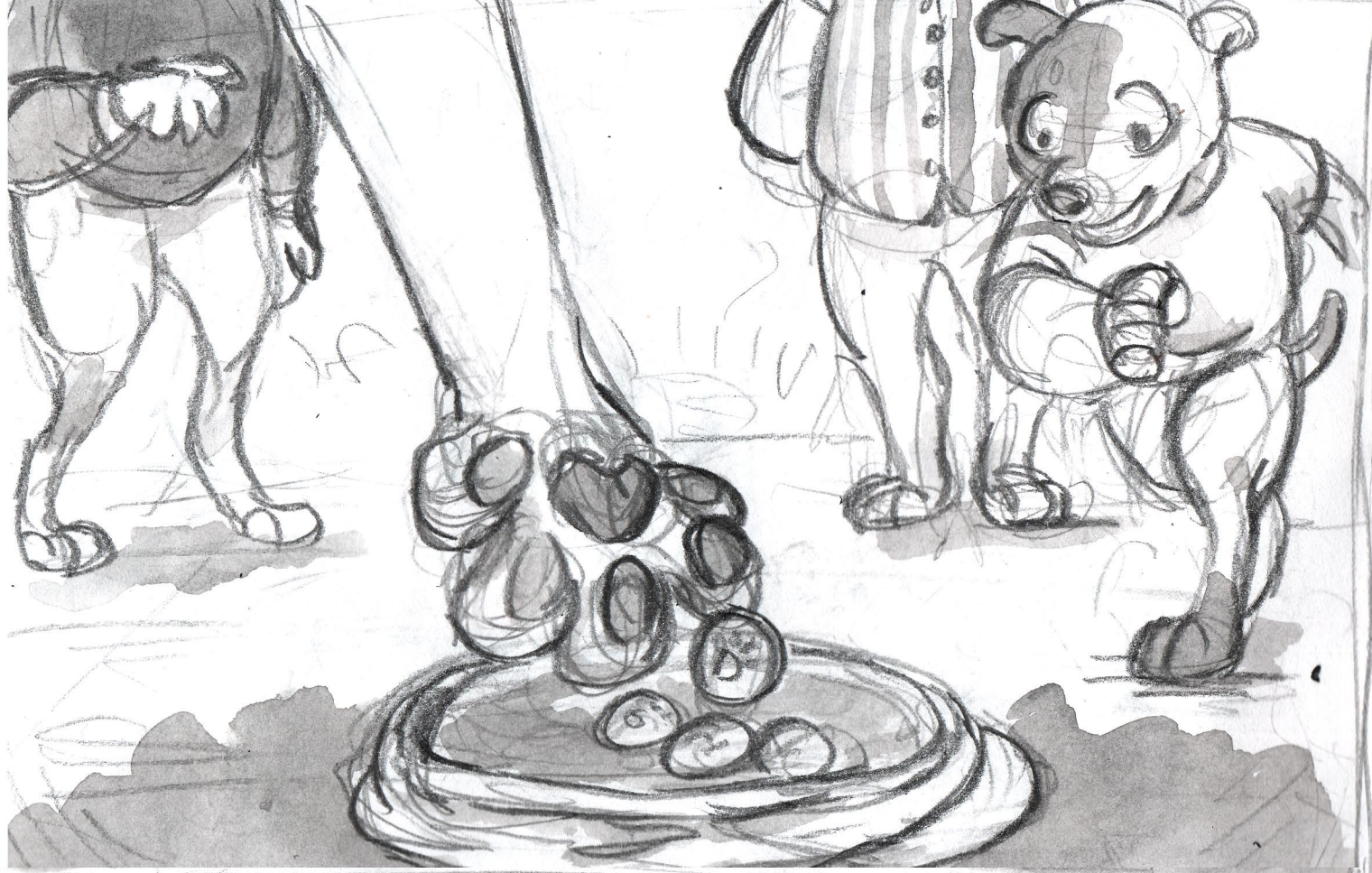
ROSIE DORE



One fine day in a sunny park, a little busker cat found a patch of shade under a tree near a busy path, and began to play his guitar.

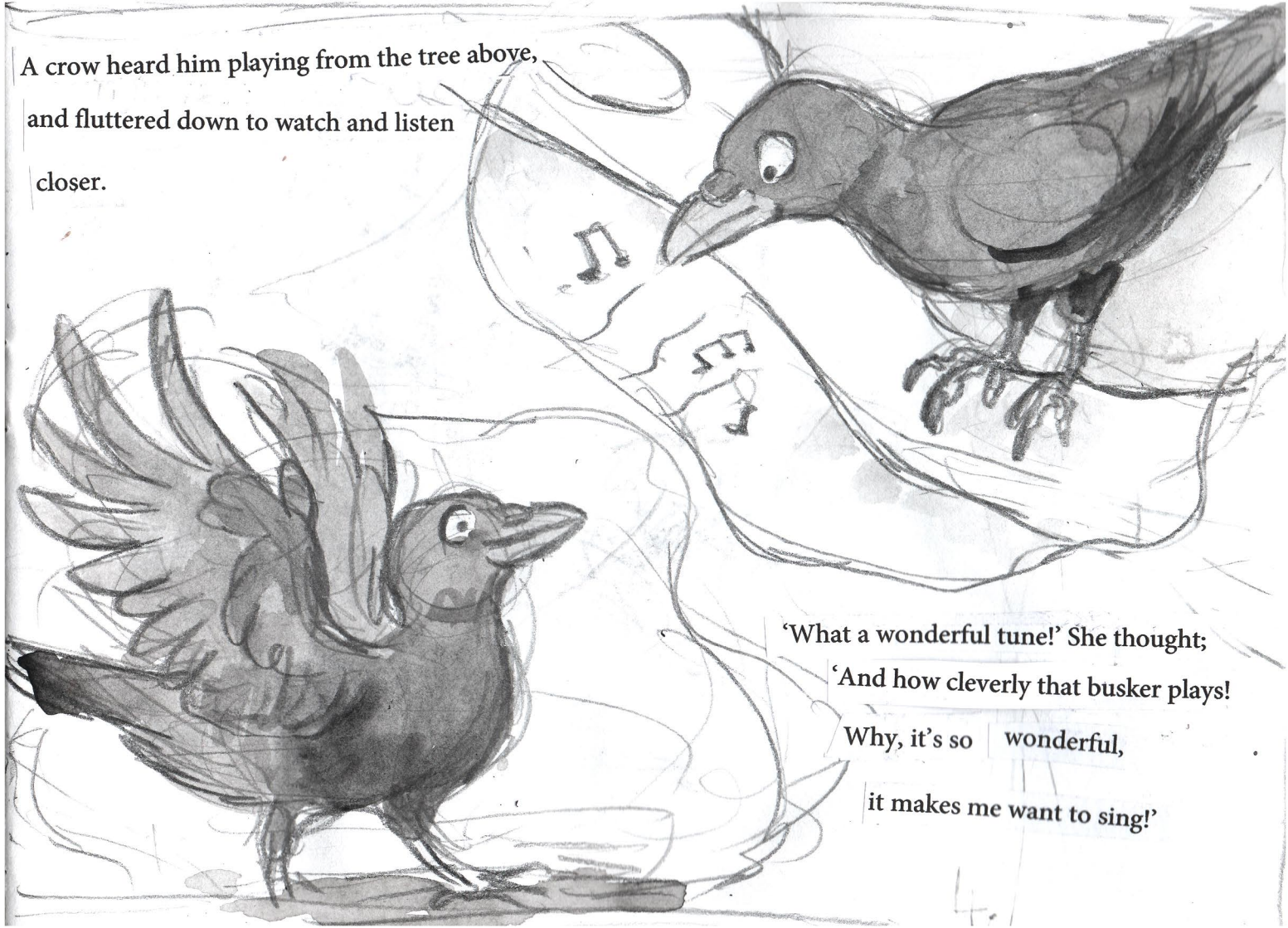


His guitar made a beautiful sound.



And all the creatures in the park stopped and smiled to hear him play,
and threw shiny coins in his hat as they passed by.

A crow heard him playing from the tree above,
and fluttered down to watch and listen
closer.



‘What a wonderful tune!’ She thought;
‘And how cleverly that busker plays!
Why, it’s so wonderful,
it makes me want to sing!’

And she did.

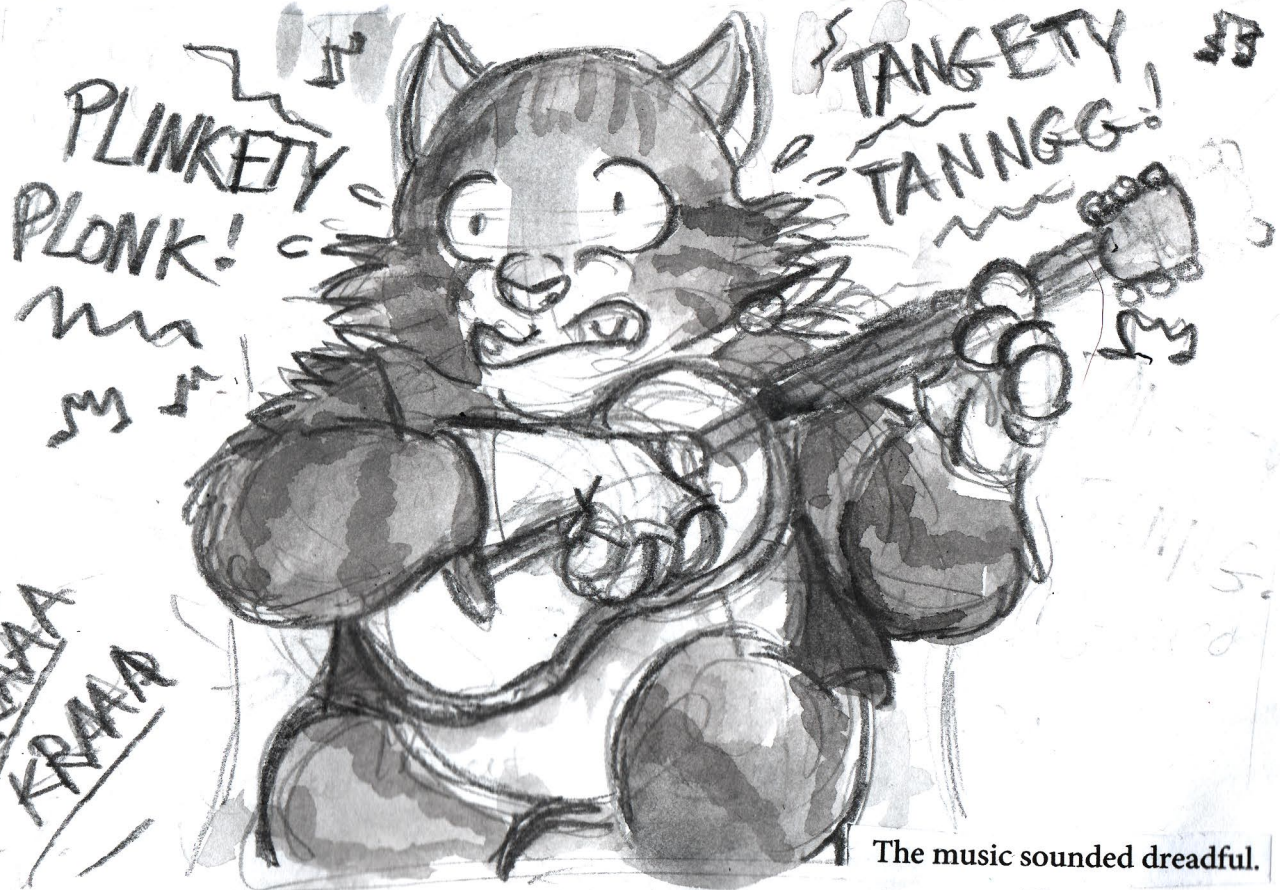
KRAAA!

KRAAA!

KRAAA!



The crow was so noisy, the busker got distracted and played all the wrong notes.

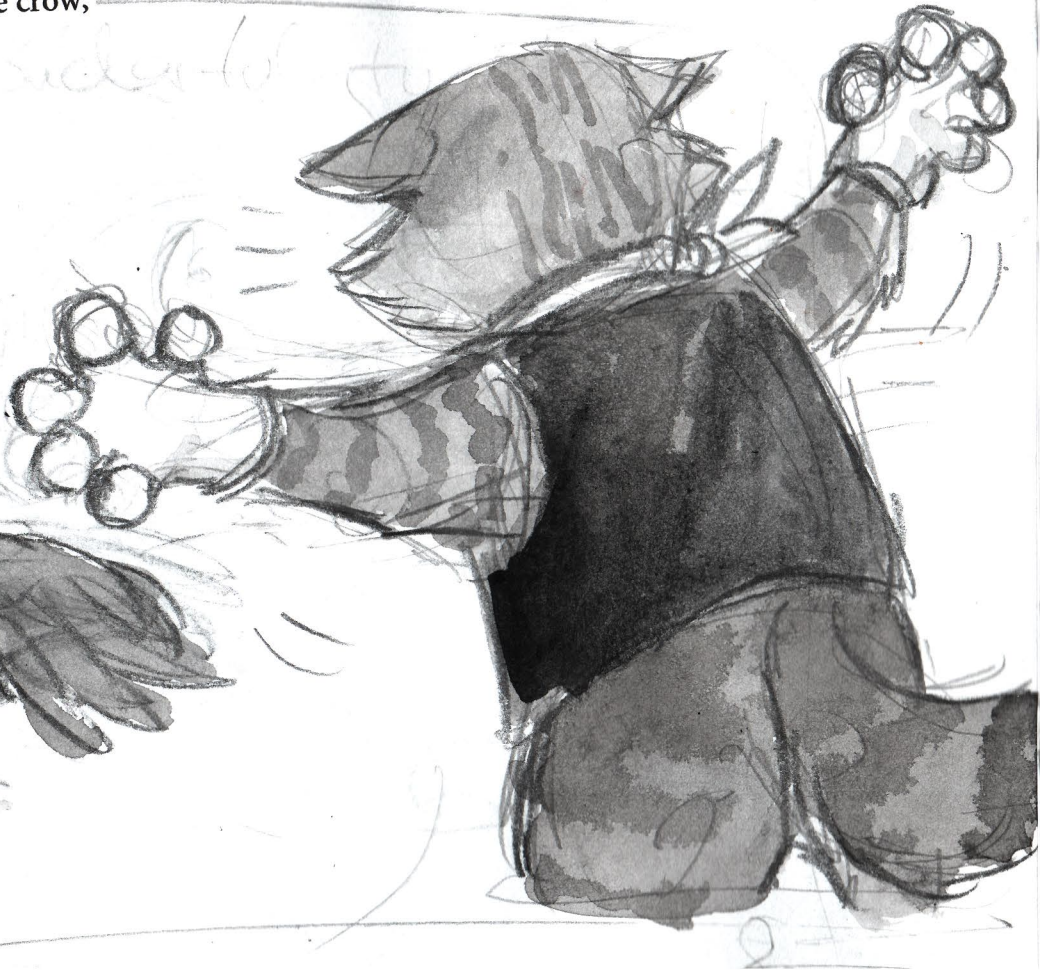


The music sounded dreadful.

'SHOO!' The busker hissed at the crow,
waving his paws to scare her away;



'You're ruining my song!'



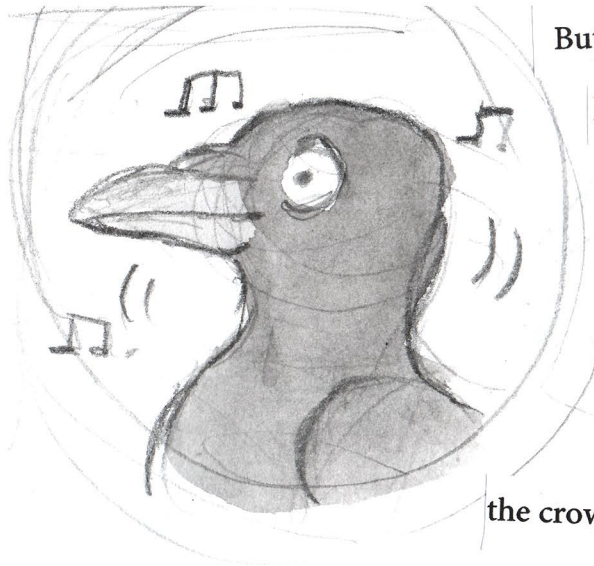


The crow fluttered hurriedly back into the branches of the tree.

‘Whoops,’ she thought to herself; ‘I think I had better keep my beak shut from now on.’

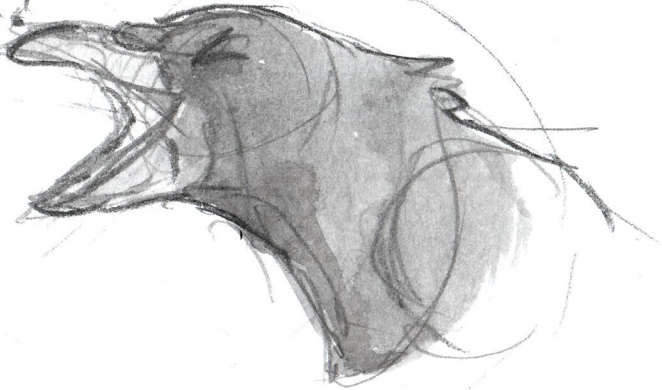
But when the busker began to play

his music again...

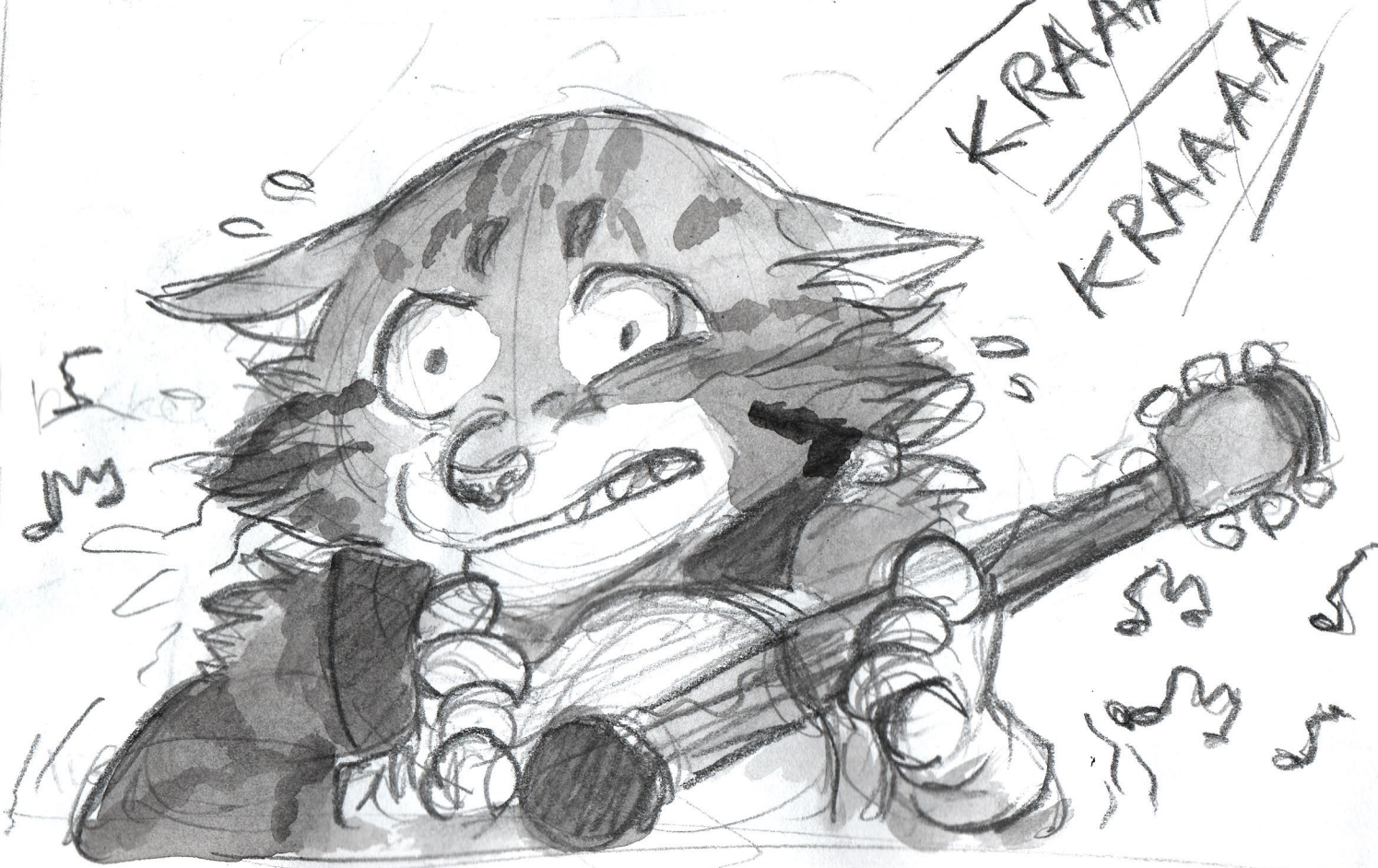


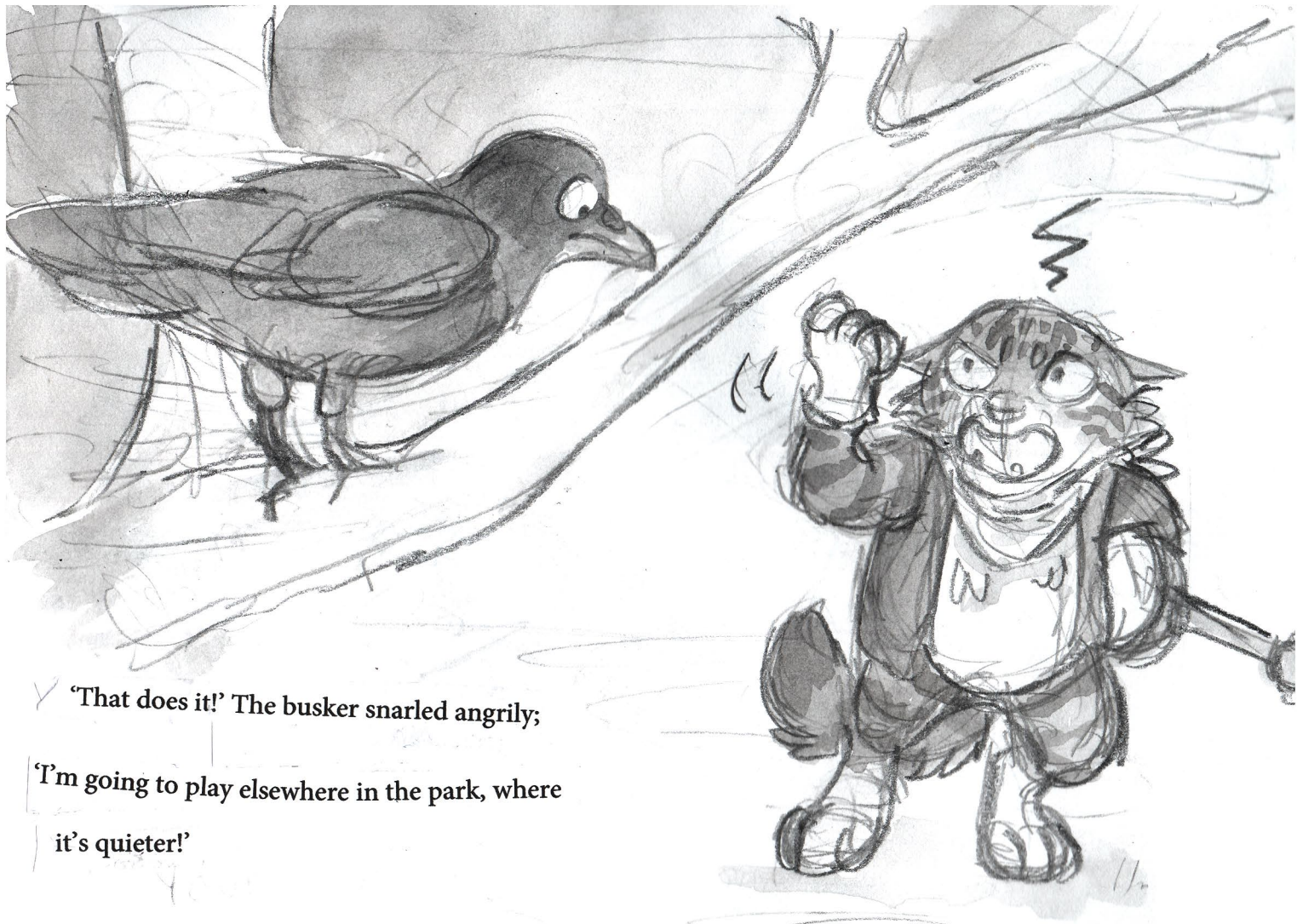
the crow just couldn't help herself.

~~KRAAA!~~
~~KRAAA!~~
~~KRAAA!~~



Soon the busker couldn't even hear his own guitar over the noise.

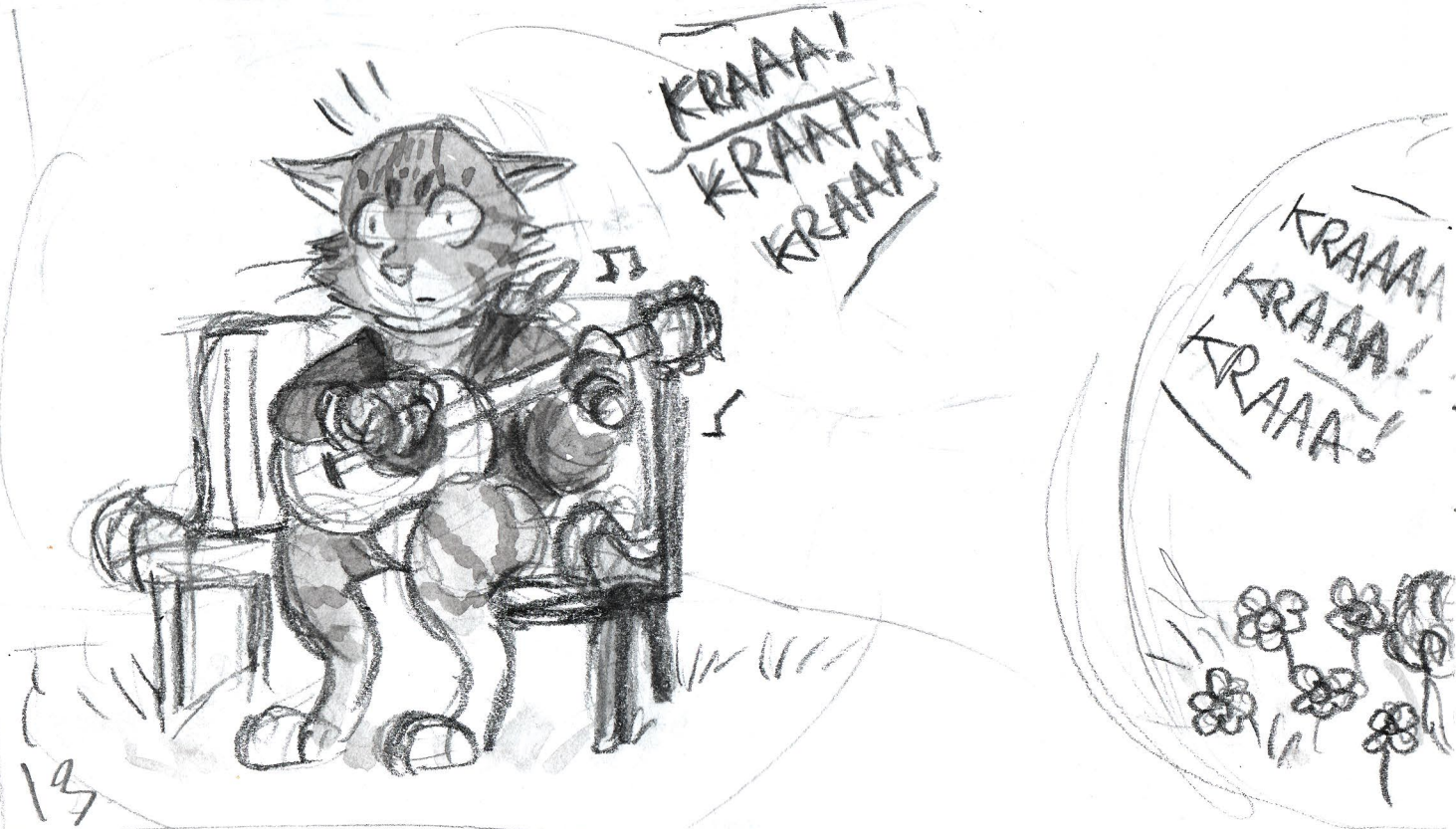


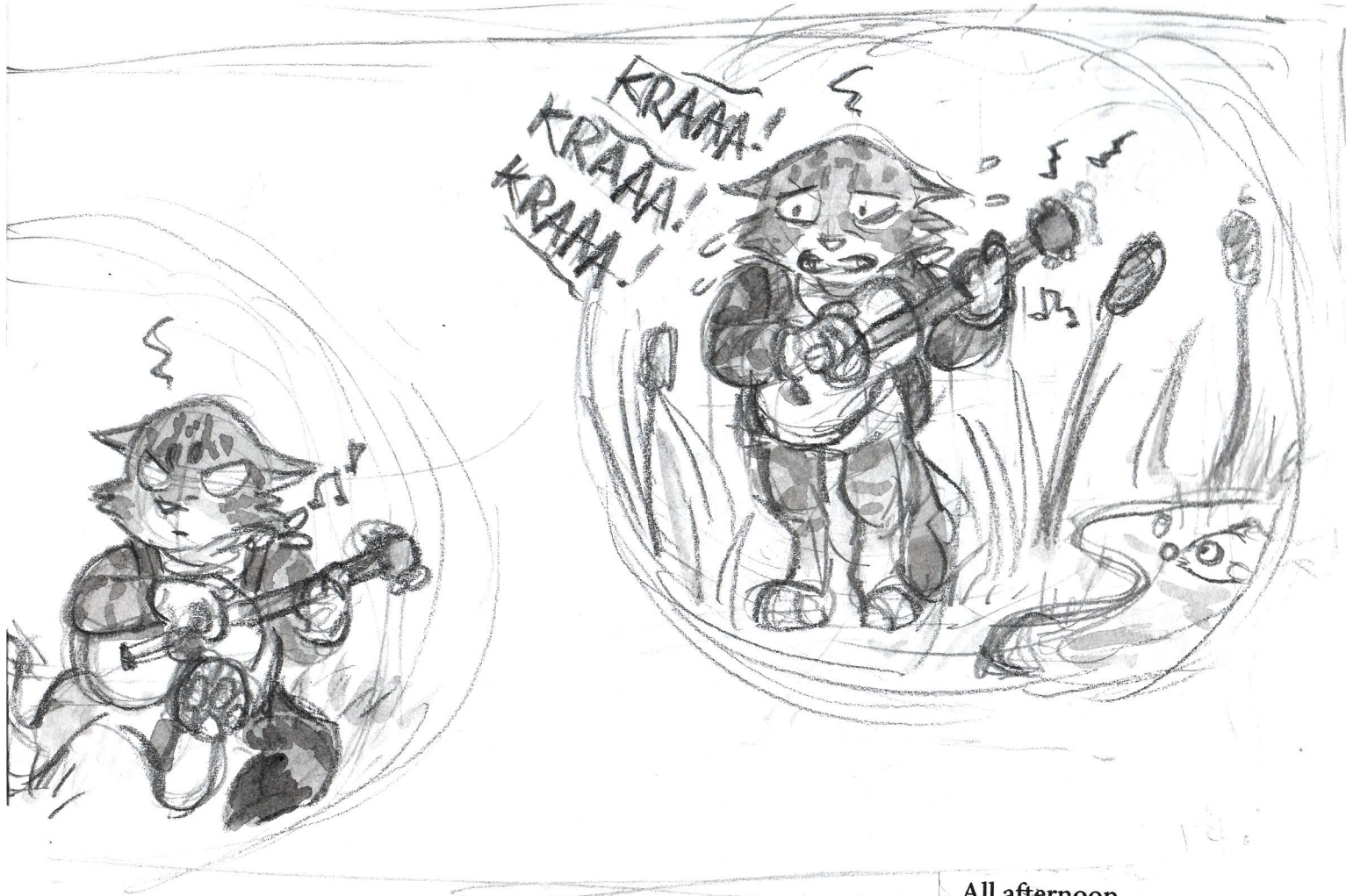


“That does it!” The busker snarled angrily;
“I’m going to play elsewhere in the park, where
it’s quieter!”

But wherever the busker went, the crow could still hear him play.

And however hard she tried, she just couldn't stop herself singing along.



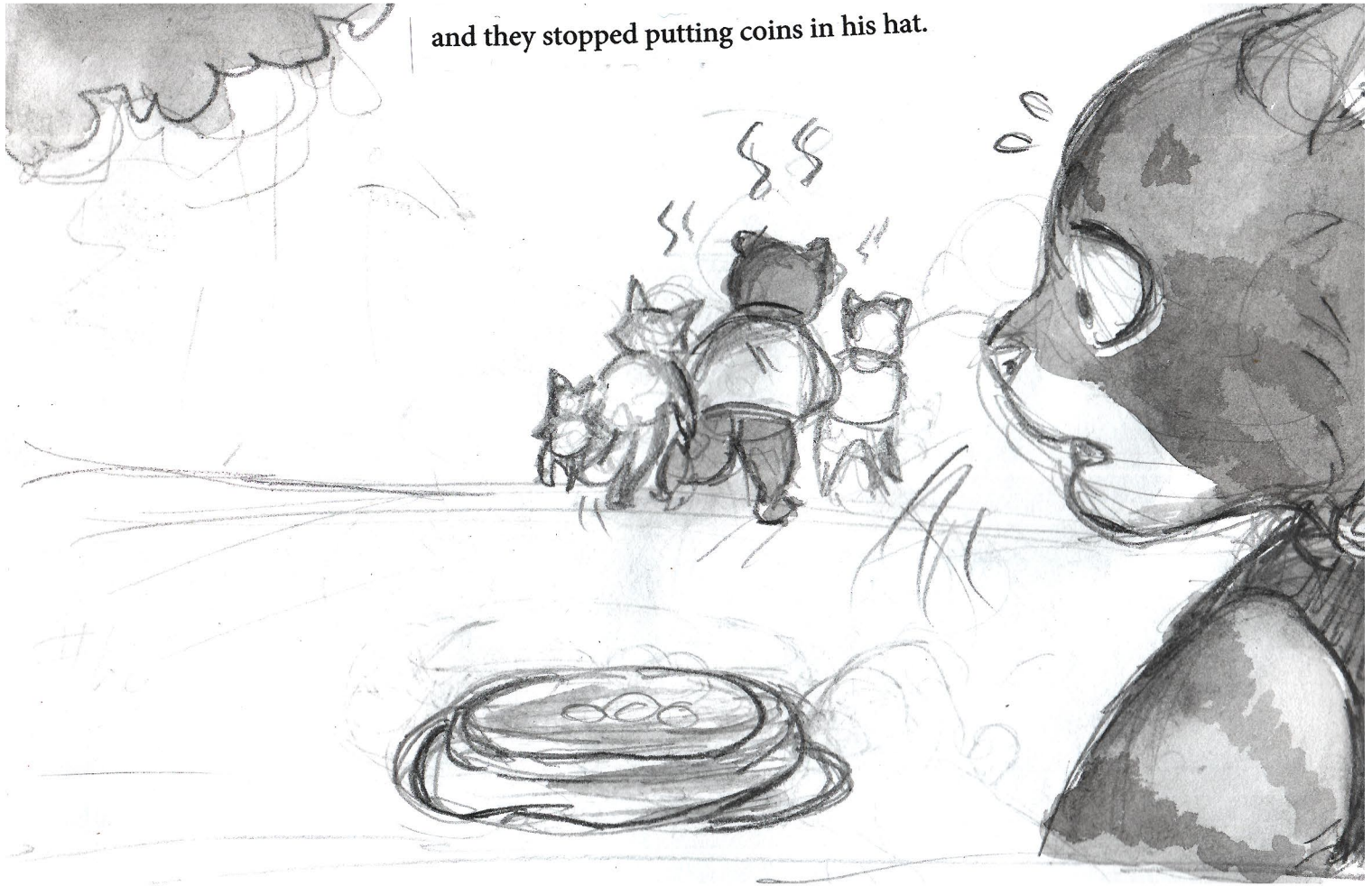


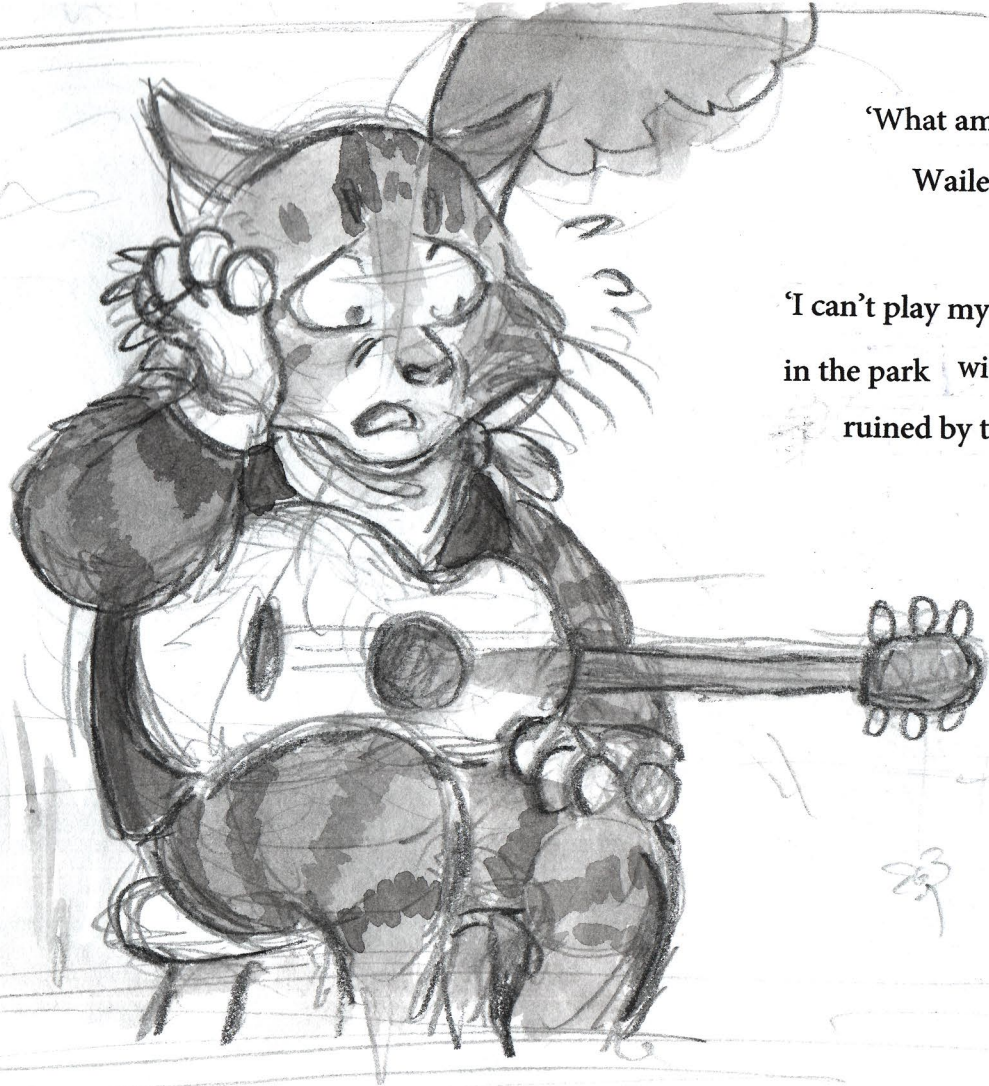
All afternoon.



The other creatures in the park got annoyed. They didn't stay to listen to the busker's music anymore,

and they stopped putting coins in his hat.





'What am I going to do?'

Wailed the busker;

'I can't play my music anywhere
in the park without it being
ruined by that noisy bird!'

The crow heard the busker's wails from
the tree above, and felt very sad.



She fluttered down from the branches,
and landed before the busker to explain herself.



'I'm very sorry,' She began miserably; 'I don't have a pretty voice like the other birds,
my voice is loud and rough.'
But your music is just so lovely, it makes me want to sing.



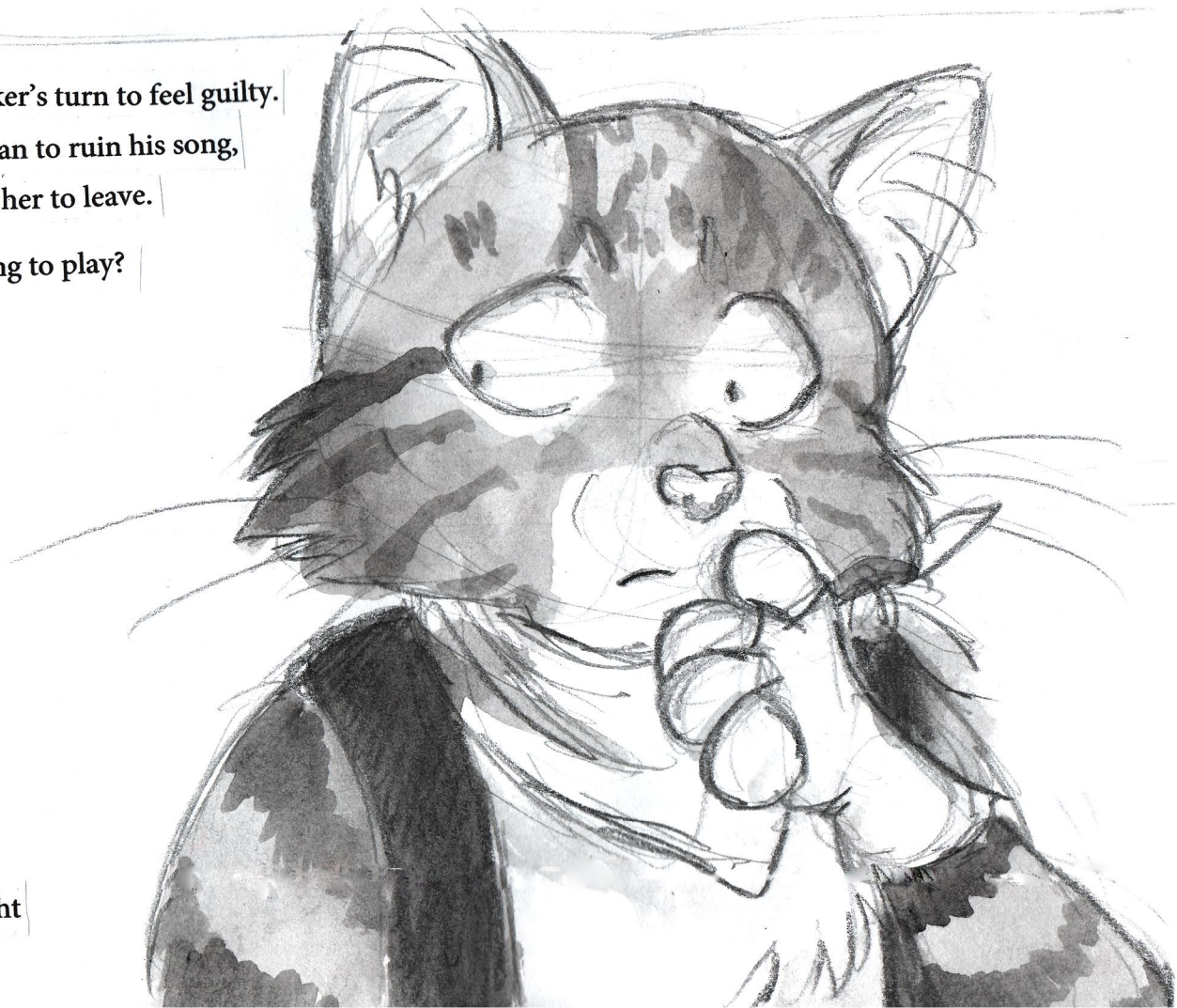


Maybe I should fly away
to a different park so you can play in peace.'

Now it was the busker's turn to feel guilty.

The crow didn't mean to ruin his song,
and he didn't want her to leave.

But how was he going to play?



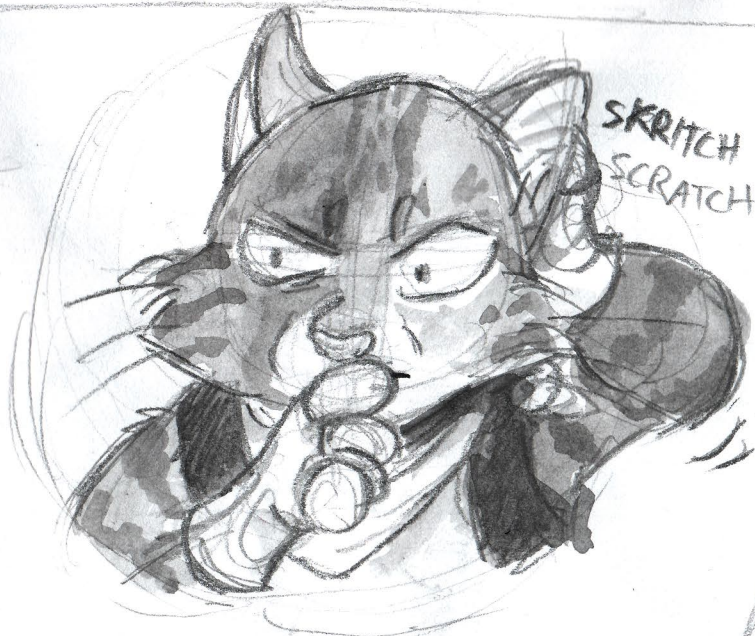
The busker thought
for a moment.

'Maybe it isn't your voice that's bad,'

he pondered;

'but perhaps you just need a different

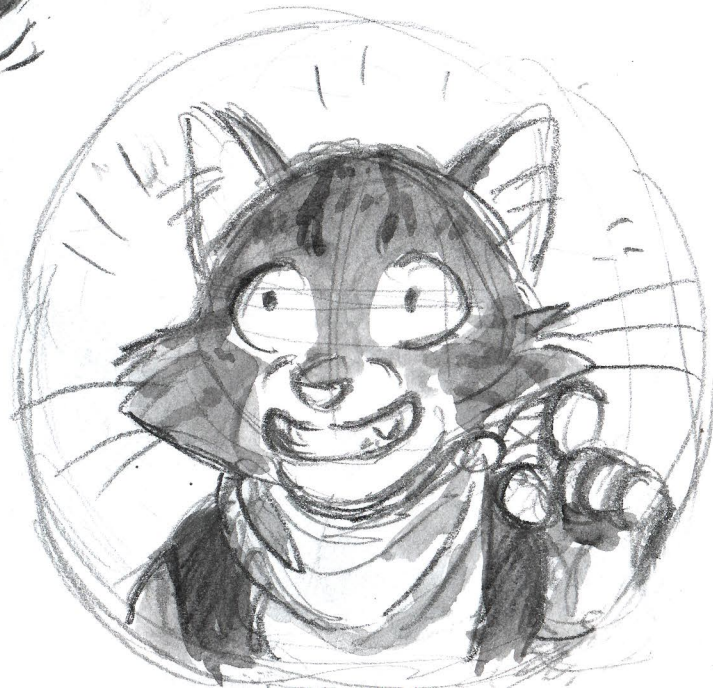
tune.'

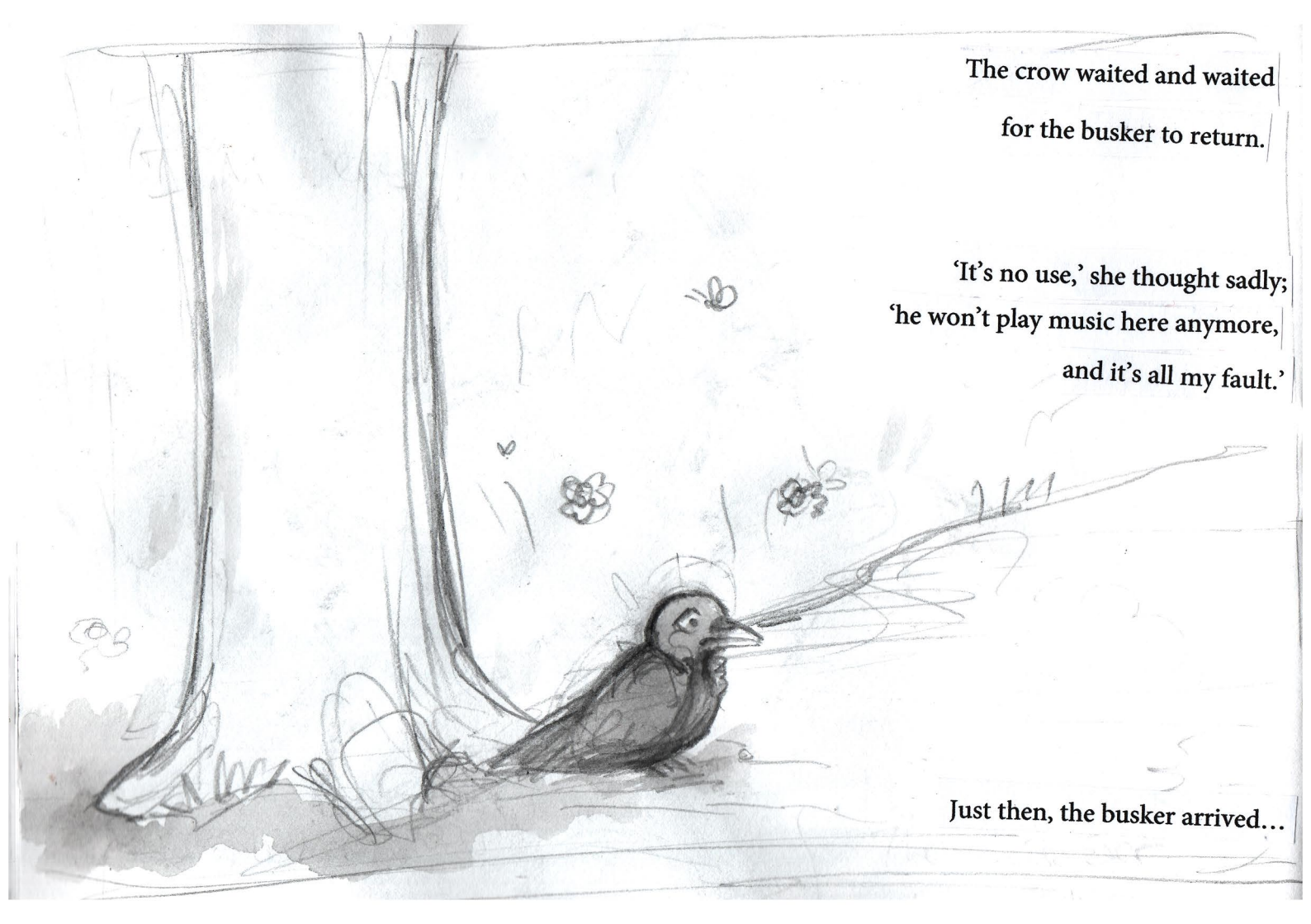


And then he had an idea!

'You just wait there,' he told the crow excitedly;

'I'll be right back!'





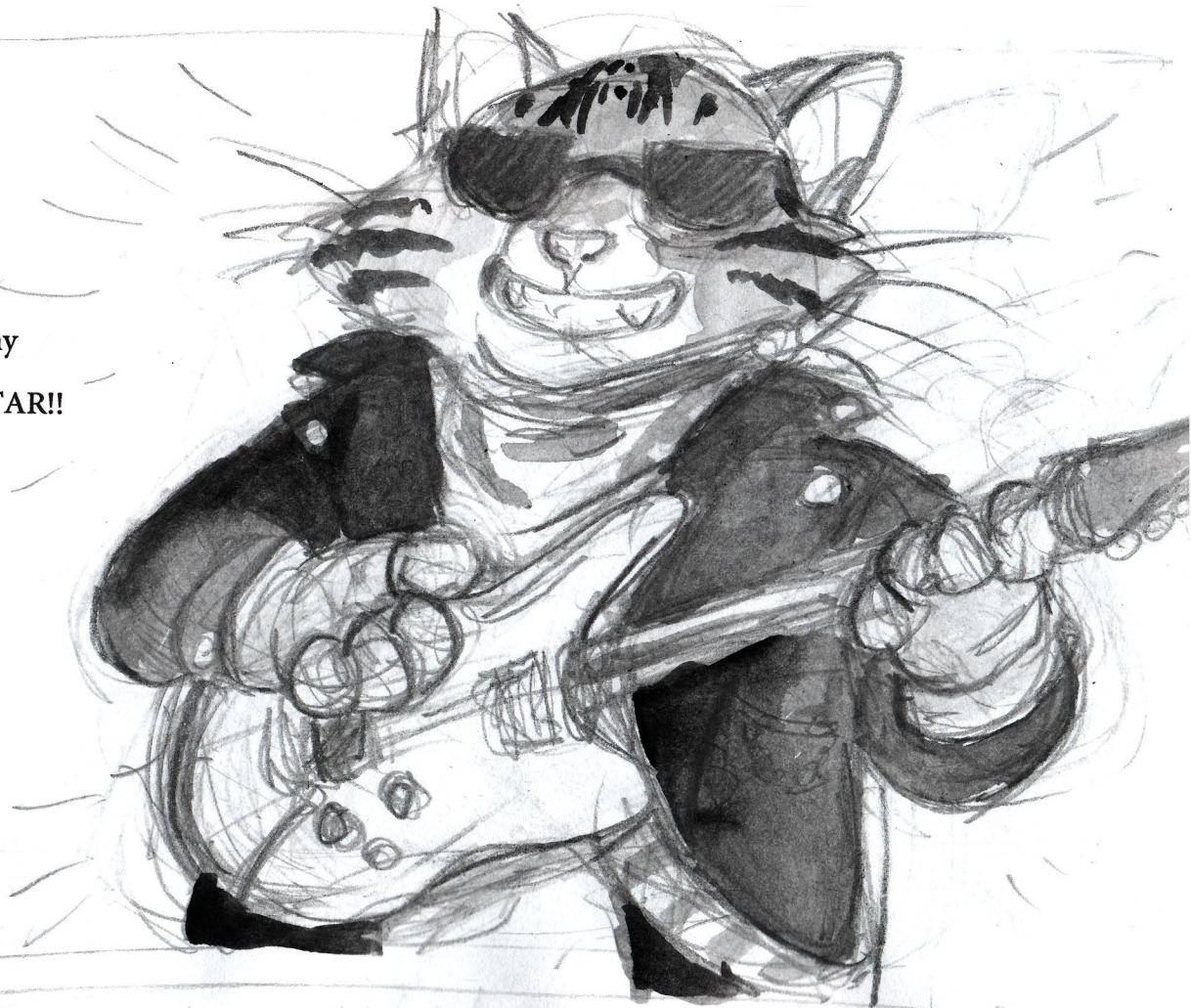
The crow waited and waited
for the busker to return.

'It's no use,' she thought sadly;
'he won't play music here anymore,
and it's all my fault.'

Just then, the busker arrived...

...with a big, shiny

ELECTRIC GUITAR!!

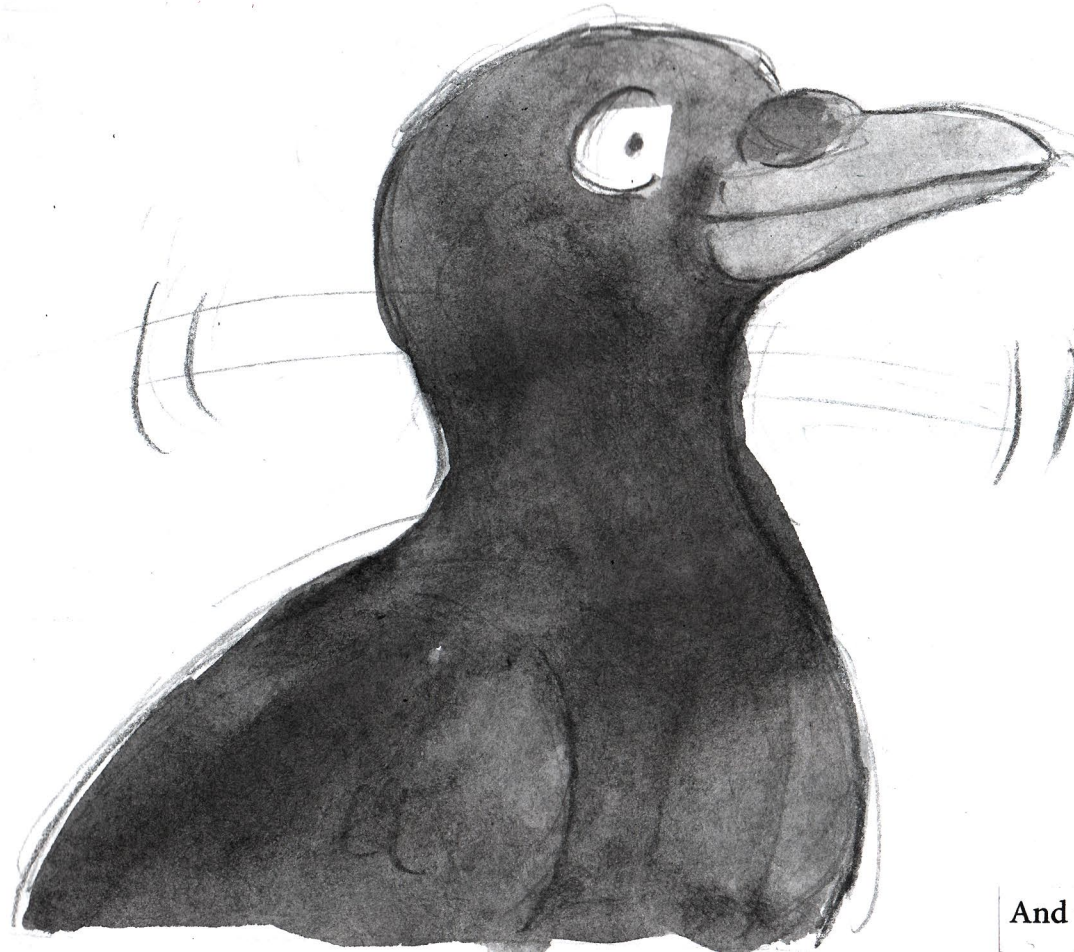


'Listen to this!' The busker meowed, and began to play.

KERRANNGG!
KEEYONWOWW!



The crow bobbed her head in time
with the sound.



And then she started to sing;



KRAAA!

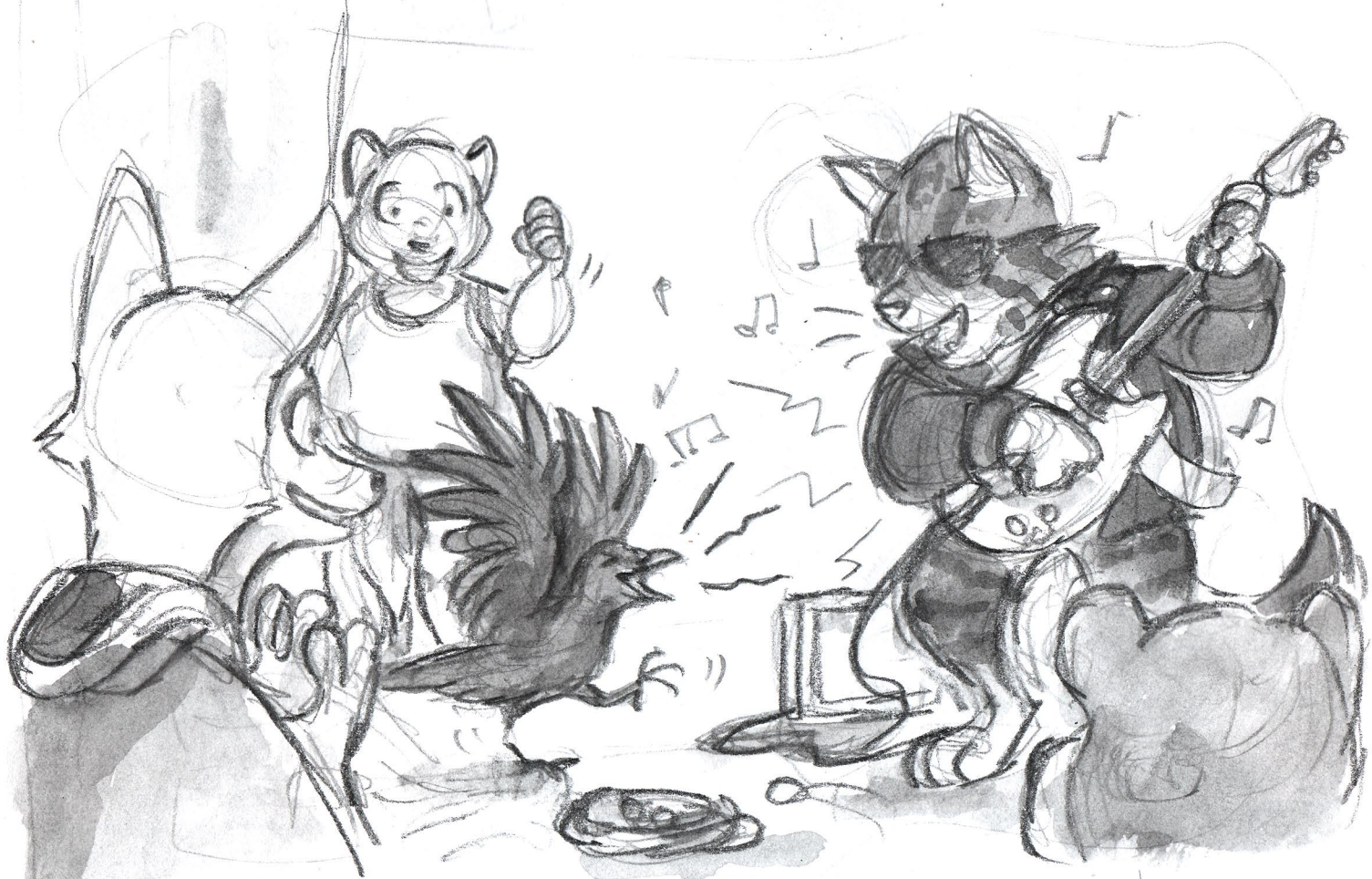
KRAAA!





♪
KERRAAGOWOW—
WOOWW!!

The crow's noisy voice matched with the loud guitar to make a ROCKING tune that was even better than before!



And all the creatures in the park stopped and cheered to hear them play,

and threw shiny coins in the hat as they danced by.