



On a beach by a tree, sat my family and me.



Then shouted a hog, "There's a Dog On A Log!!"



A Dog On A Log? Well, how can that be?



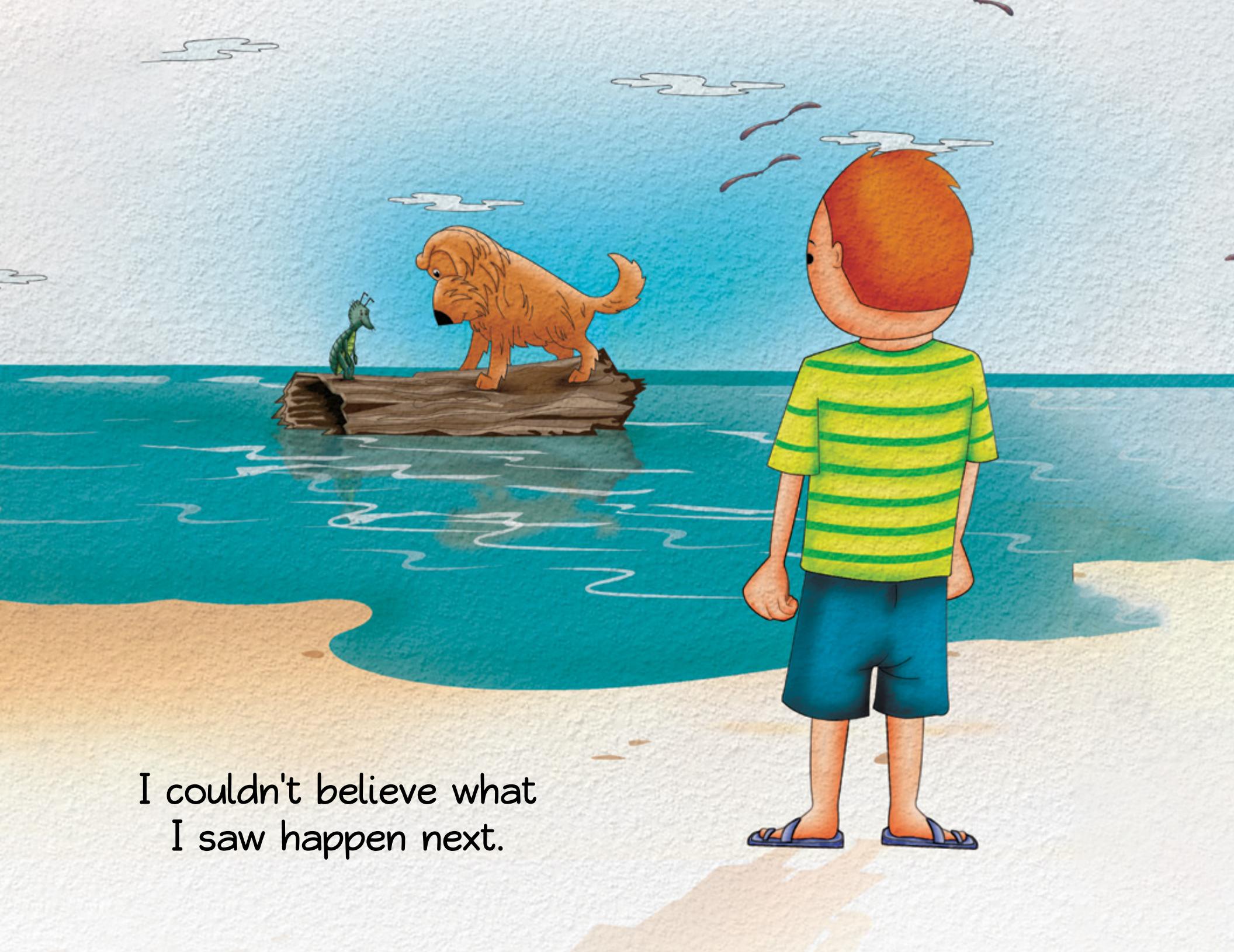
He must be saving that big, frightening flea.



Now why would a dog be saving a flea?



Especially in the water on the branch of a tree.



I couldn't believe what
I saw happen next.



Even that Dog On A Log was perplexed.

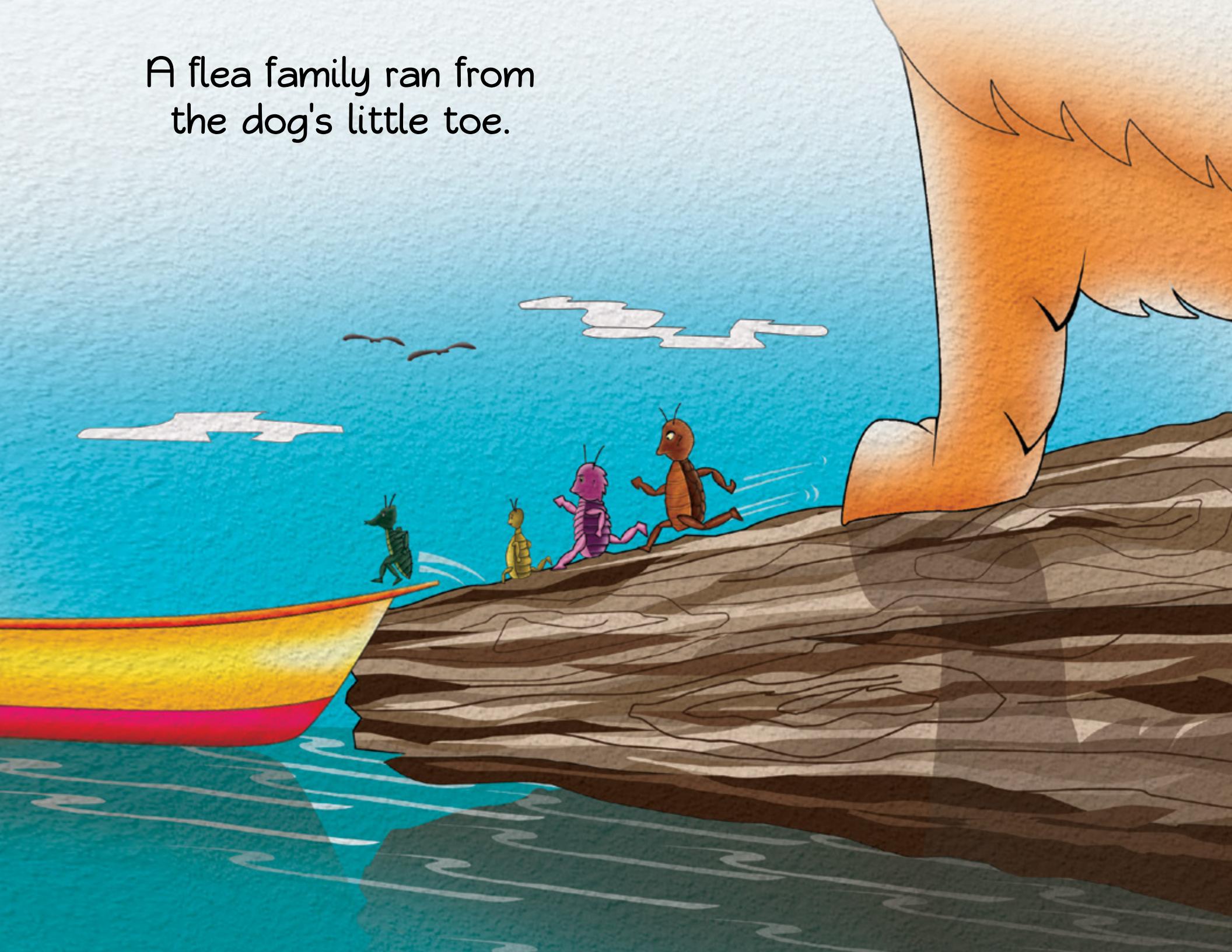


The flea pulled on a rope and up came a boat.



I'll bet you can't guess
what happened next.

A flea family ran from
the dog's little toe.





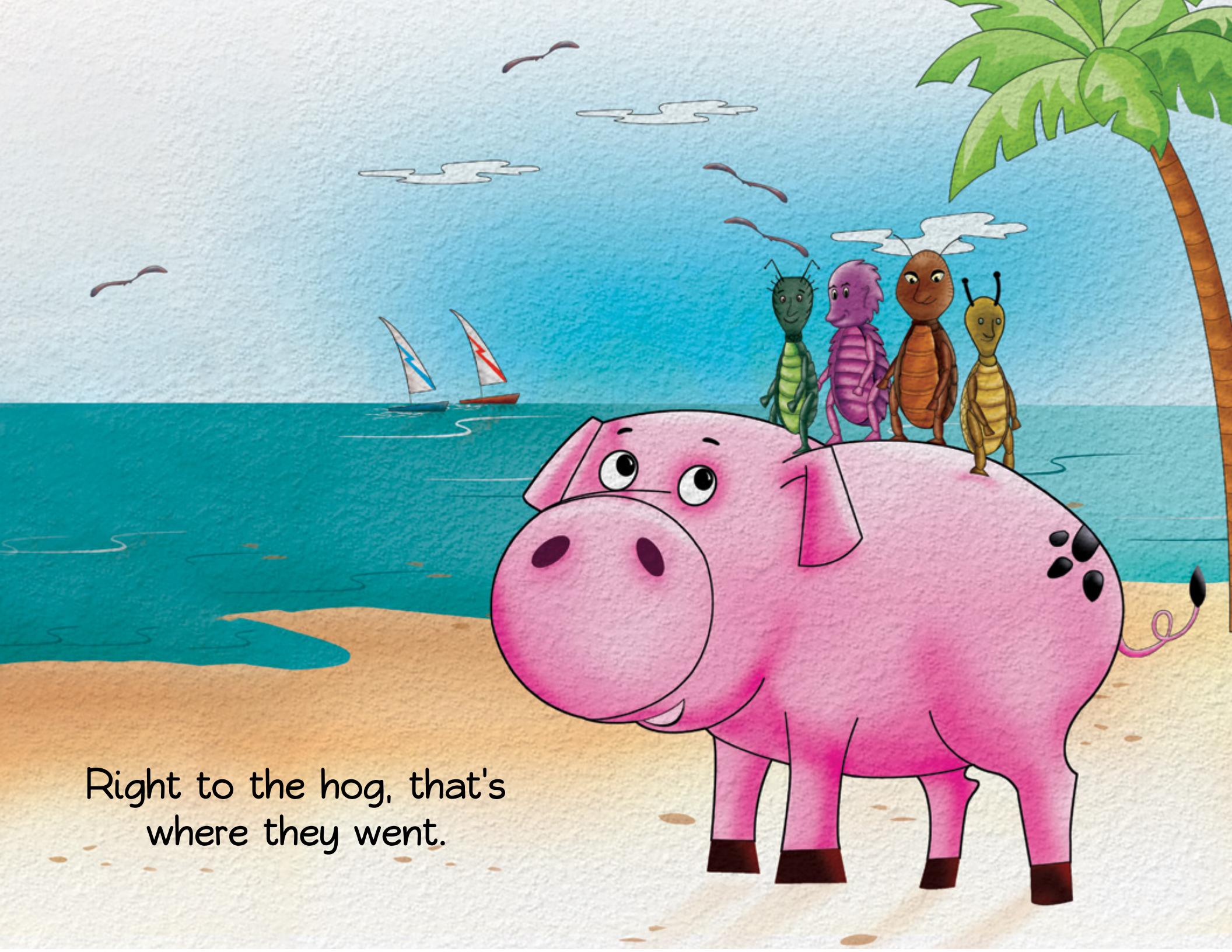
They got into the boat and began to row.



Once on the shore, they ran through the sand.



Over a cookie in
my left hand.



Right to the hog, that's
where they went.



They found a new home with an unpleasant scent.



As for the Dog, he's still riding that log.



As for me-Ouch-I think
I have a flea.