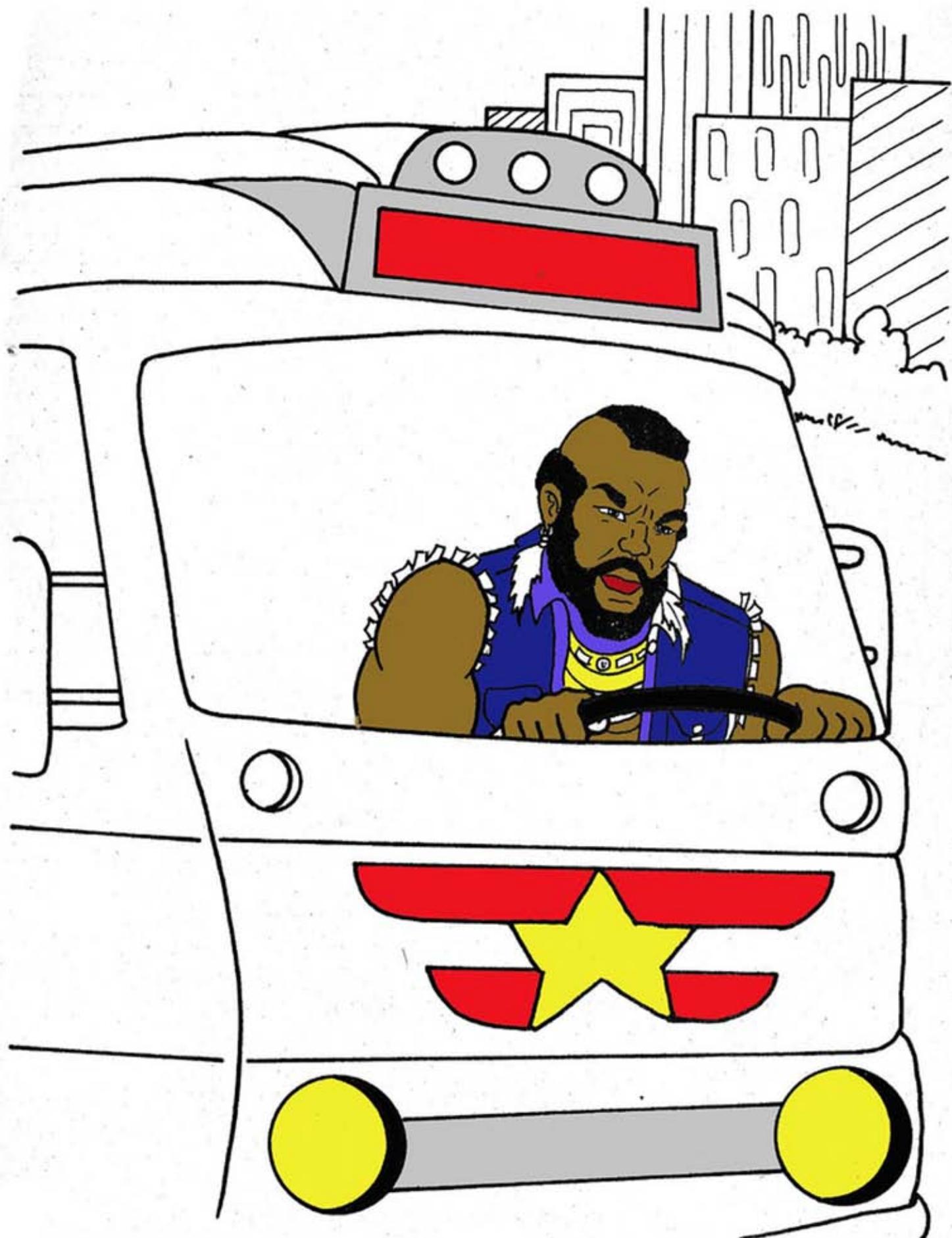
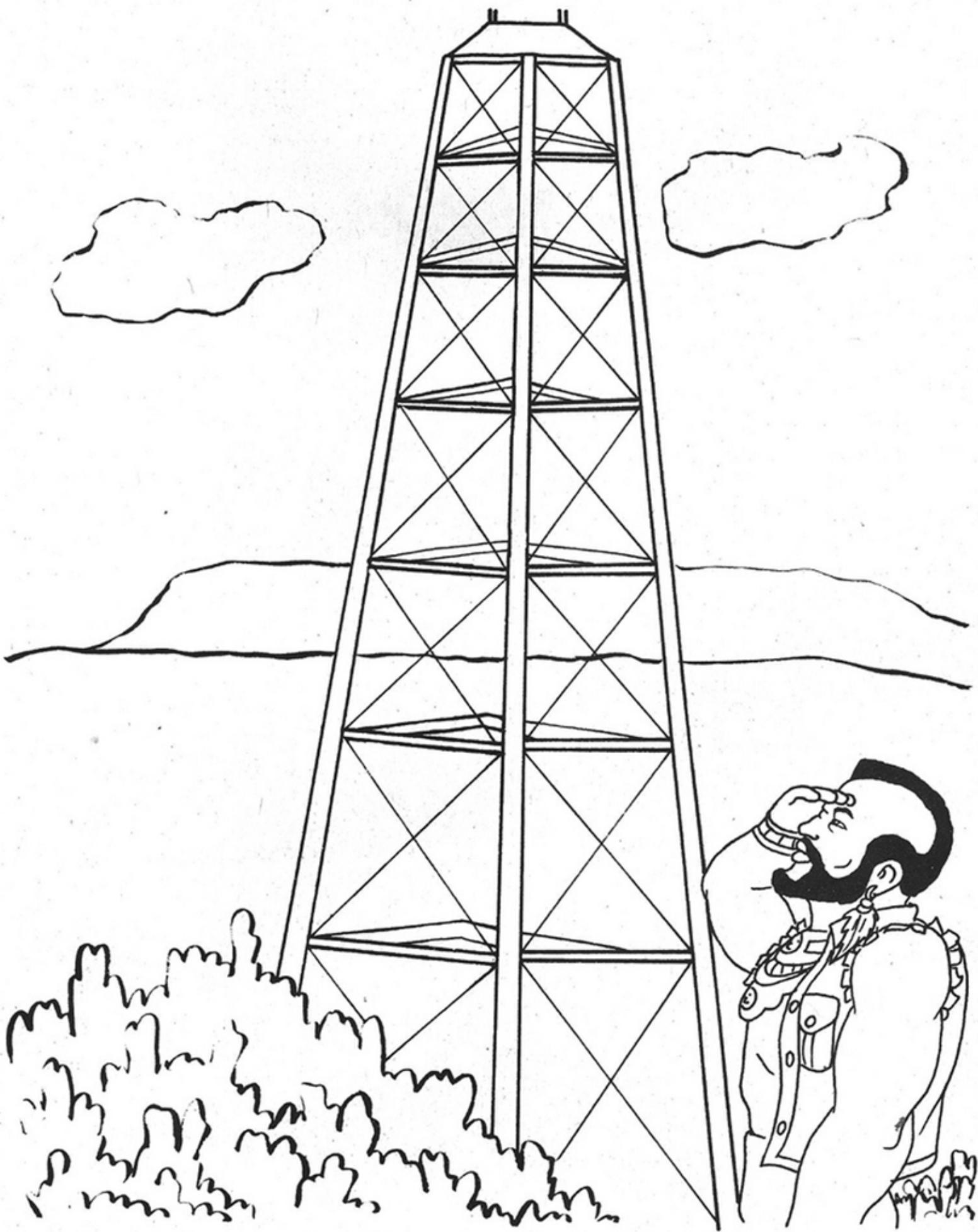
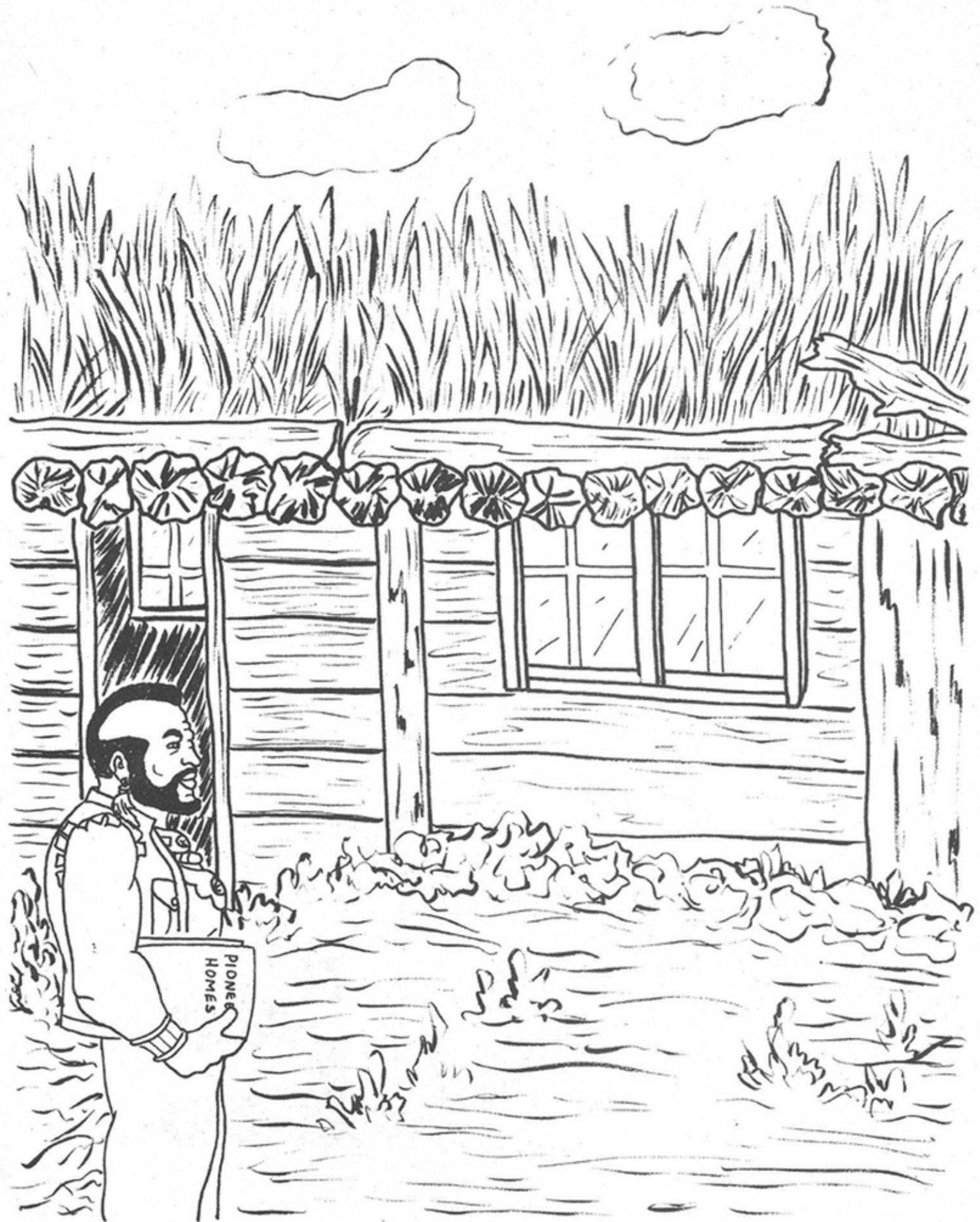


On the Road with Mr. T

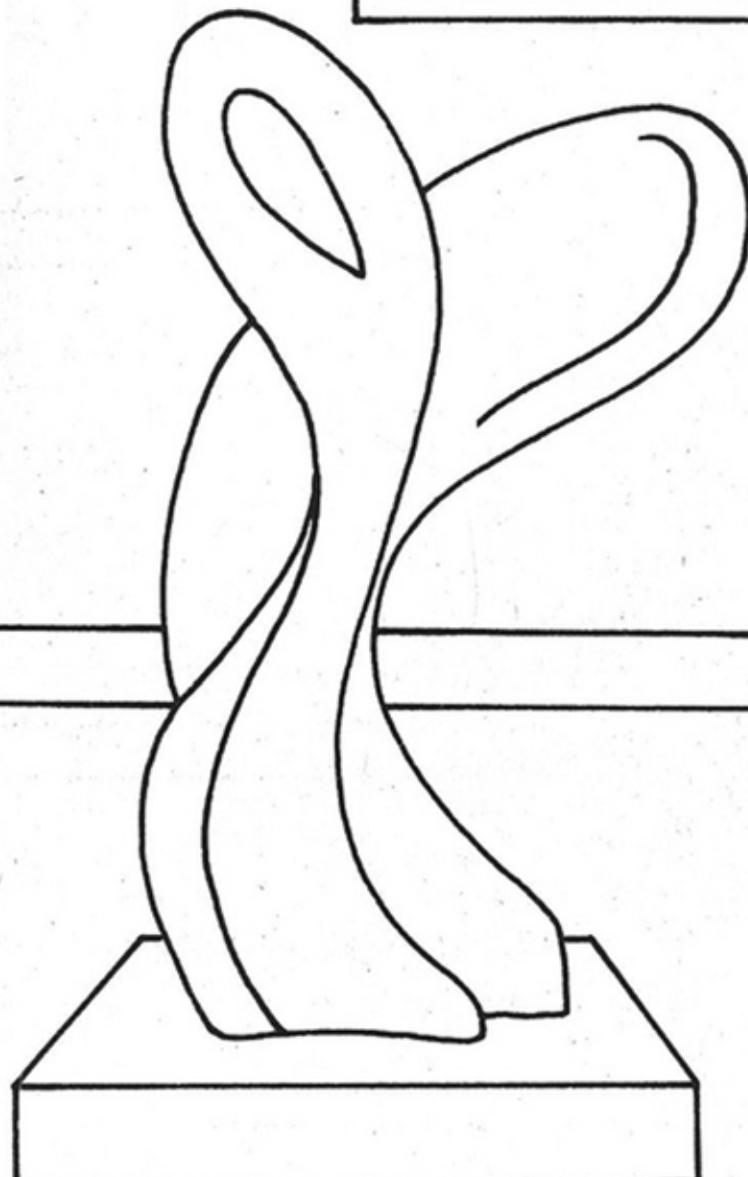
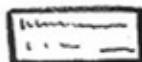
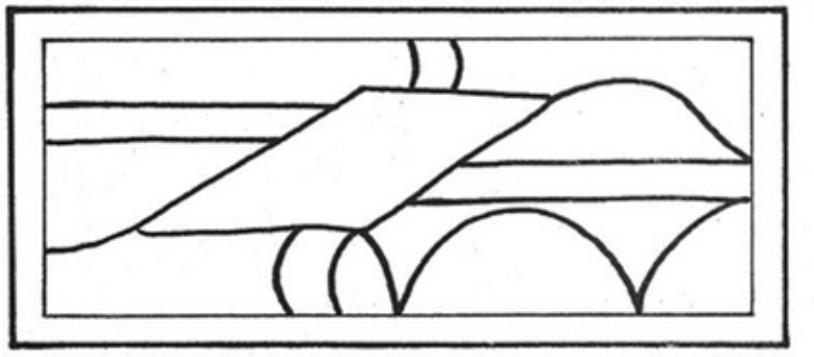




MR. T visits his oil derrick in Texas, "I drink your milkshake, fool. I drink it up!"

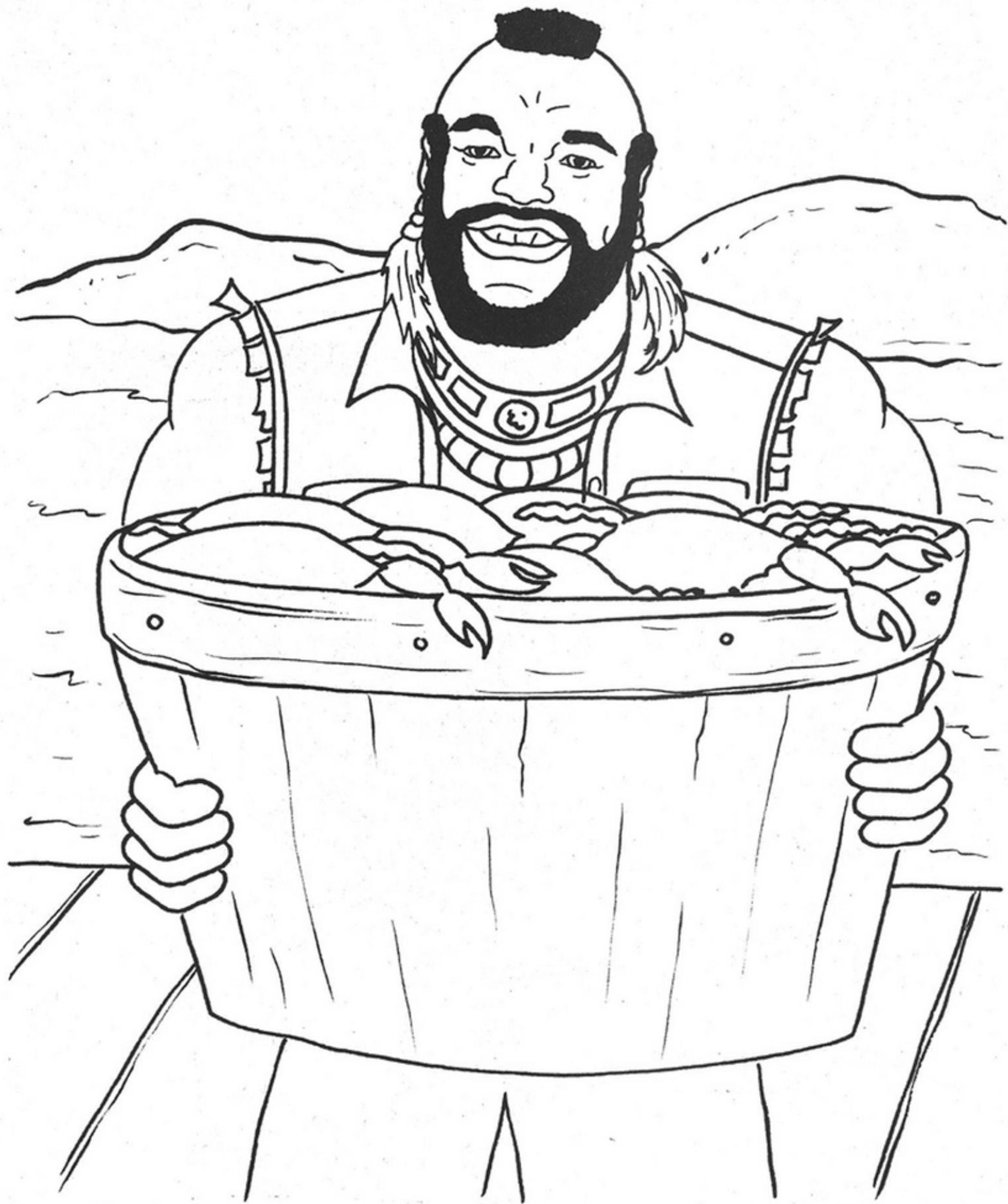


MR. T pities the fools who lived in this pioneer sodhouse in Nebraska.

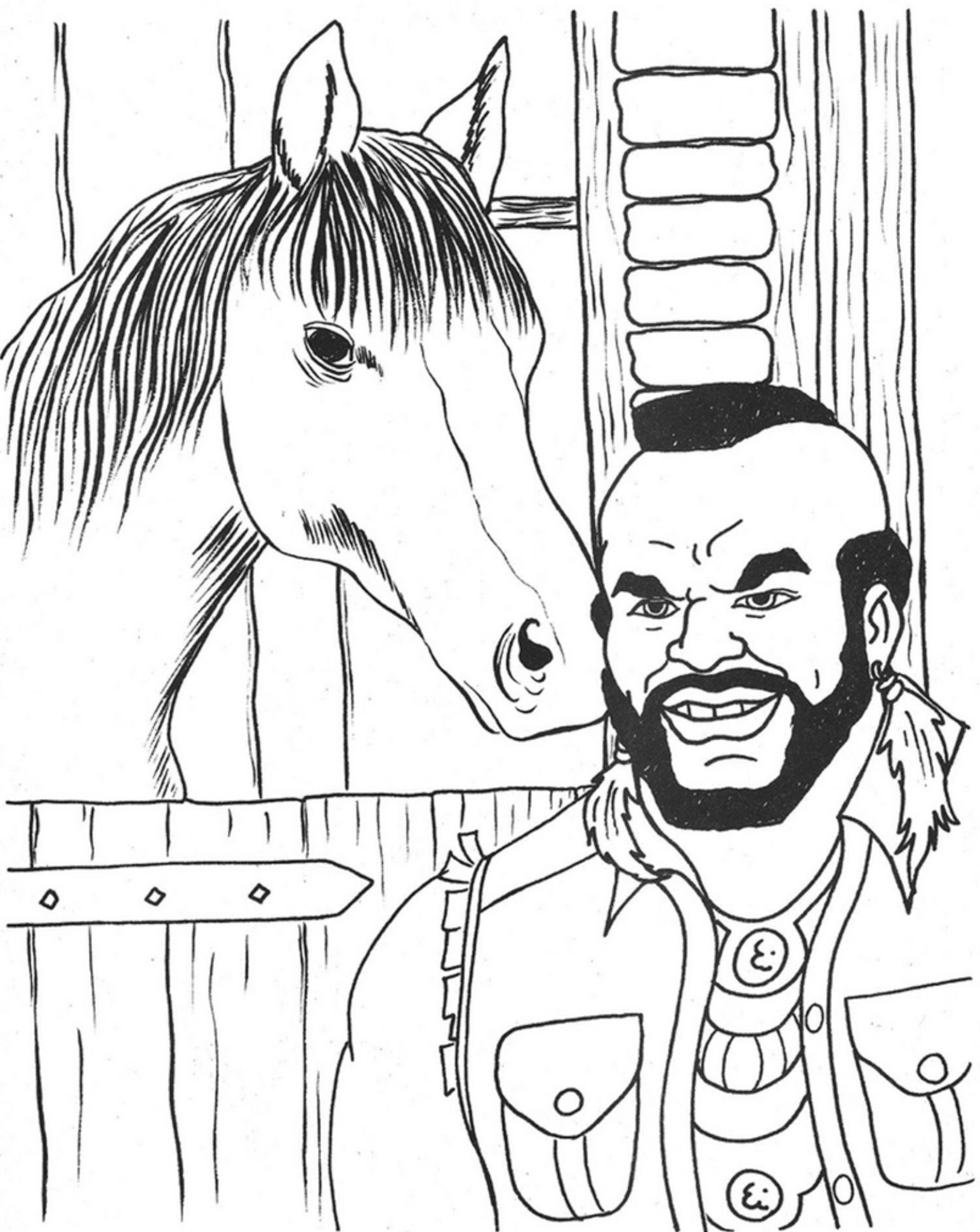


MR. T visits the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. "What's this jibba jabba?" he asks.

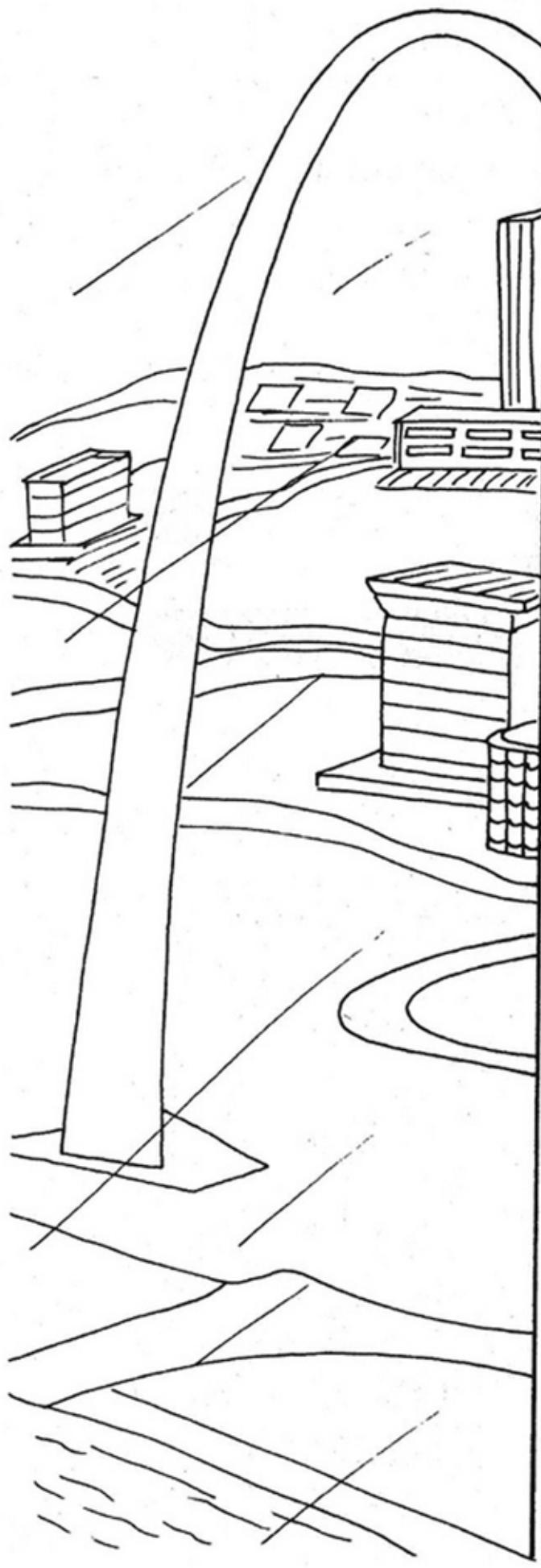
"You call this art? I could bend a fender to look like that with my bare hands."



MR. T is sorry for what he did. He would like to offer you a bushel of Maryland crabs.



In Kentucky, MR. T is awakened by a horse. "What's this jibba jabba?" he asks.
"I was having a dream about Grace Jones naked on a bearskin rug."



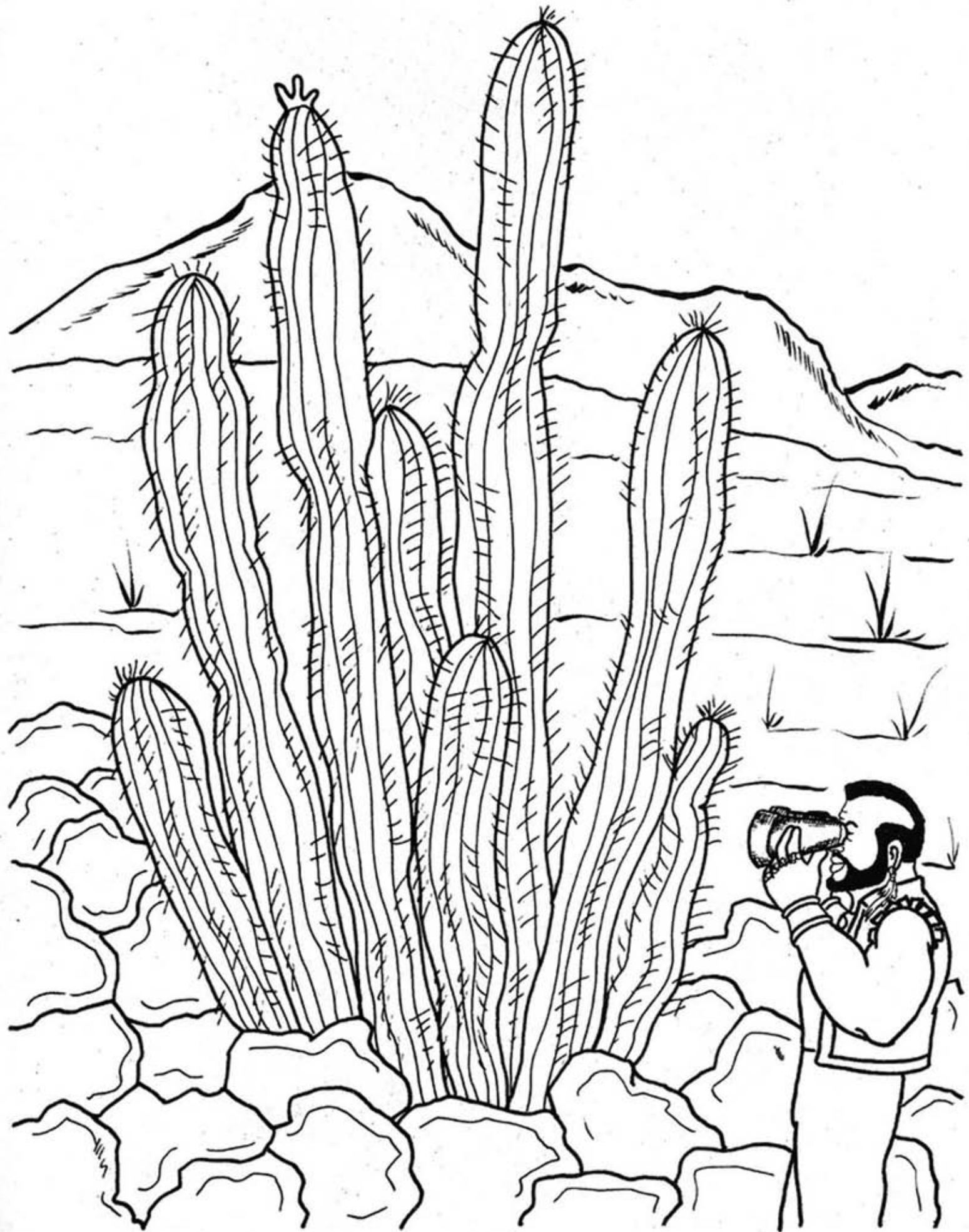
MR. T is overcome by the Spirit of St. Louis.



MR. T ain't gonna follow that crazy fool Murdock into this South Carolina cypress swamp.



"You better have your green crayon out, fool, 'cause this here is a bountiful cornucopia
of fresh vegetables from New Jersey, the Garden State."



MR. T enjoys the Native American tradition of ingesting peyote.



MR. T visits an abandoned house on devil's night in Detroit.
Connect the dots to see the house before it gets set on fire.



"Gonna teach this sucka a lesson!" MR. T said.

Connect the dots to discover the new friend MR. T made while skindiving off the coast of Oregon.



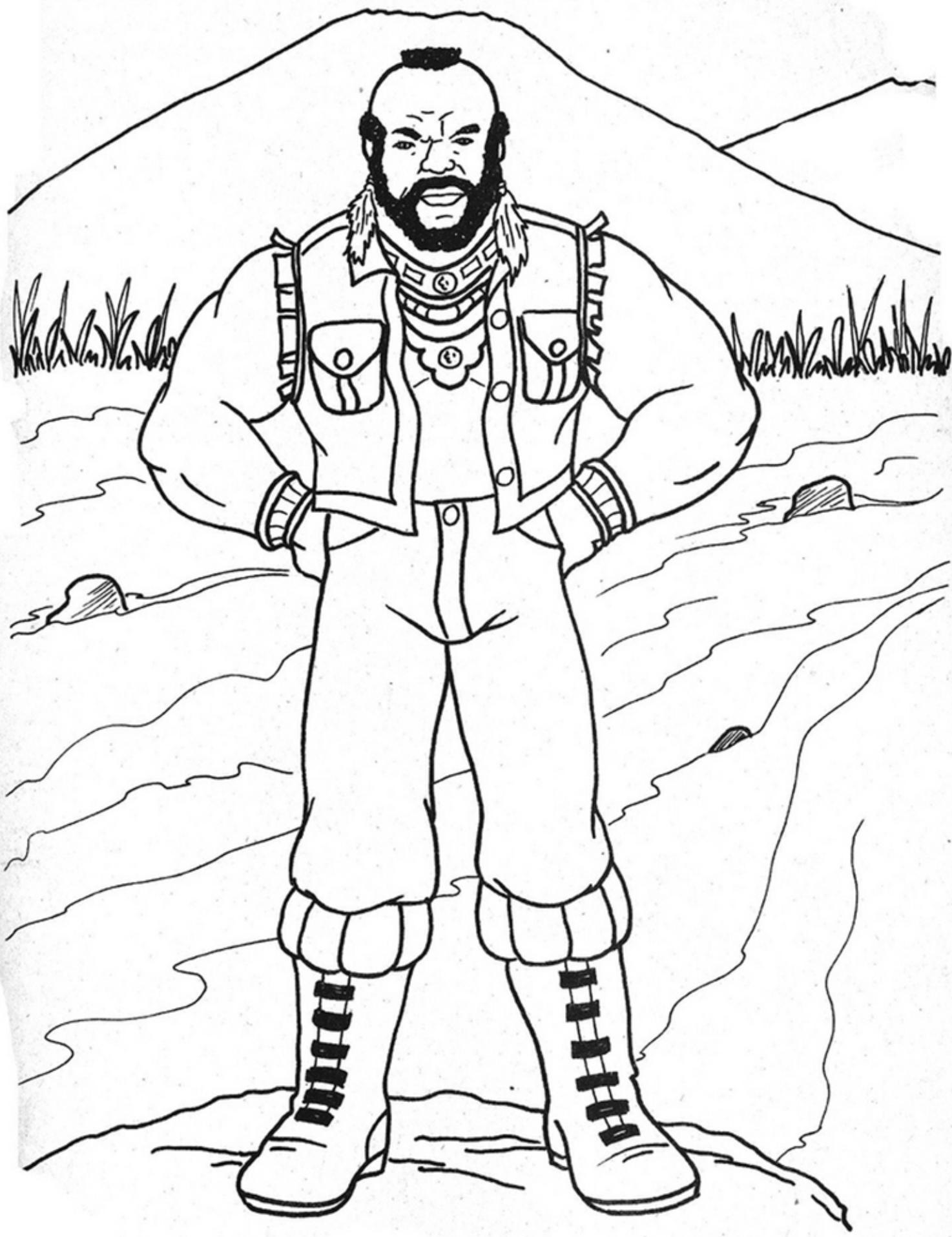
"Hey kid, go and grab me one of those prairie dogs.
All this traveling across the American West has made Mr. T hungry."



MR. T goes Marlin fishing in Florida. "I ain't goin through all that William Faulkner jibba jabba with you, sucka," he says.



MR. T is still sorry for what happened in New Hampshire.
He would like to offer you this delicious Maine lobster.



I pity the fool who doesn't admire these amber waves of grain and purple mountains majesty.