

Once upon a time, long, long ago,  
in a place where just about anything would grow,  
where the temperature could rise to over 100 degrees,  
where often there was none or very little breeze,  
lived a boy named Clem who pruned trees.





There was a beautiful long straight branch of wood,  
that did not grow in the direction that it should.  
So Clem cut that branch off down by its base.  
Shortly thereafter another tree would be planted in that space.  
Clem took that branch of wood and stored it in a safe and dry place.





It was getting late and was time to return to the farm.

The sun had just set and the sky was unusually calm.

After dinner Clem sat on the porch with his little brother Ed.

Clem had a book and to his little brother he read.

Less than an hour later Clem and Ed were ready for bed.





Clem was cleaning up some nuts that had fallen to the ground.  
They had rolled down the hill and formed a large mound.  
Clem took out his new wood branch thinking he could have some fun.  
He threw each nut high into the air one by one.  
Then he swung the wood branch and hit every nut until there was none.

