





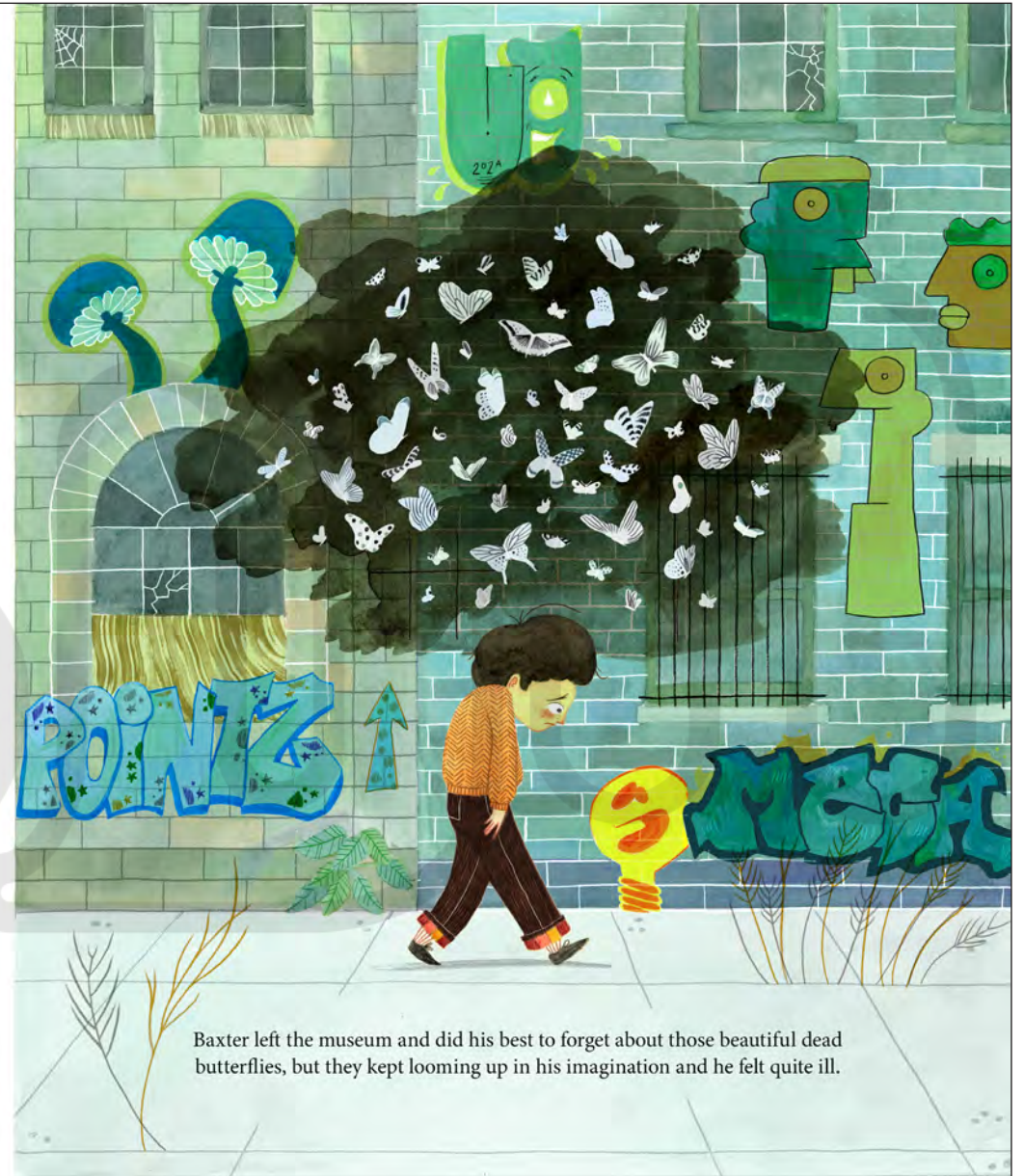




'Oi' someone said,
'No touching.'



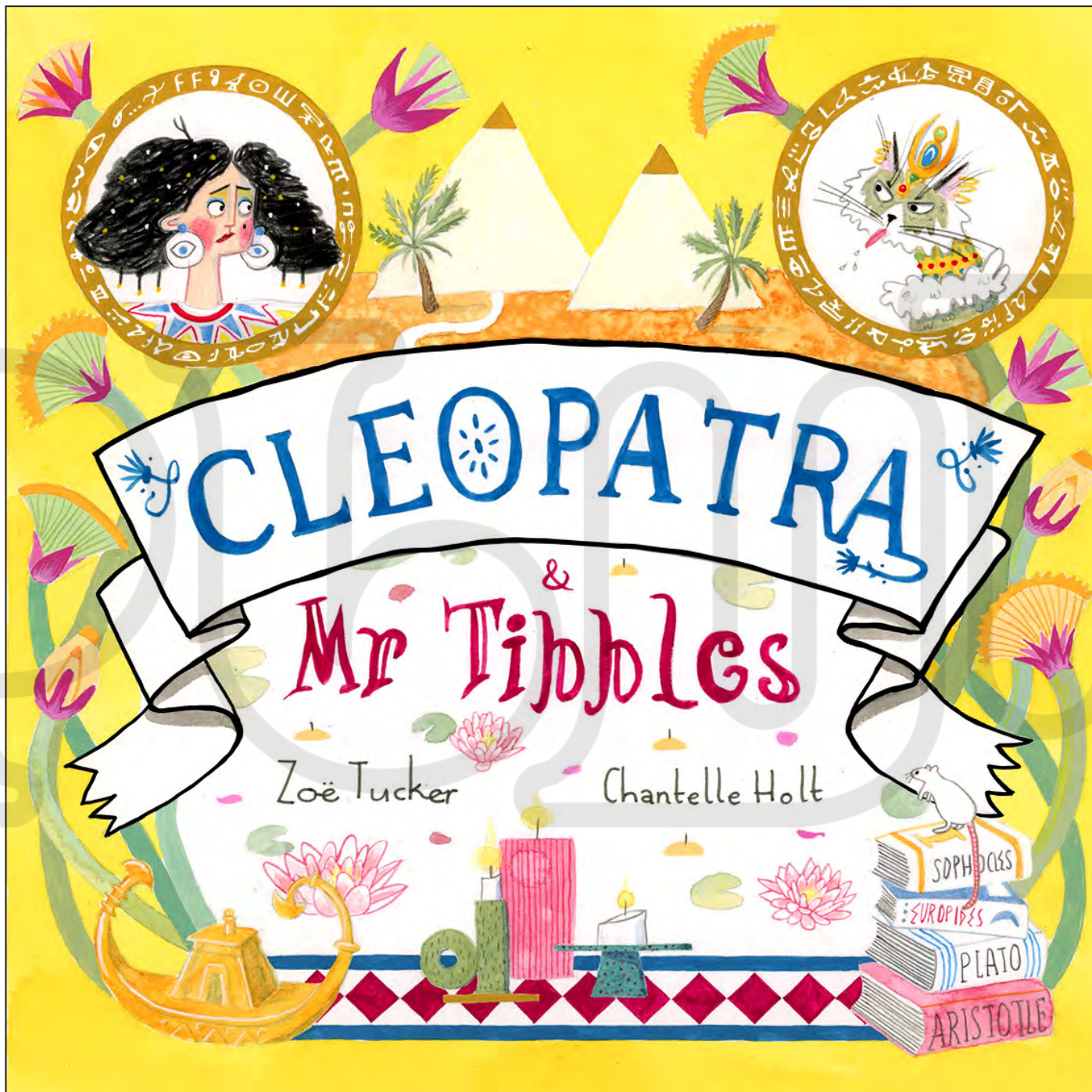
Baxter lowered his hand. He studied the individual butterflies. Each was so pristine that he was having trouble believing they weren't still living, but then he noticed the pins that held each butterfly to the wall.



Baxter left the museum and did his best to forget about those beautiful dead butterflies, but they kept looming up in his imagination and he felt quite ill.







CRELLIN HATES MONDAYS



WRITTEN BY EM MAINEY ILLUSTRATED BY CHANTELE HOLT

CHANTELLE HOLT

Grandpa lived in a rickety old house stuffed full of Things.







CMH







cuH0t



DALSTON

CHANTELLE HOLT







