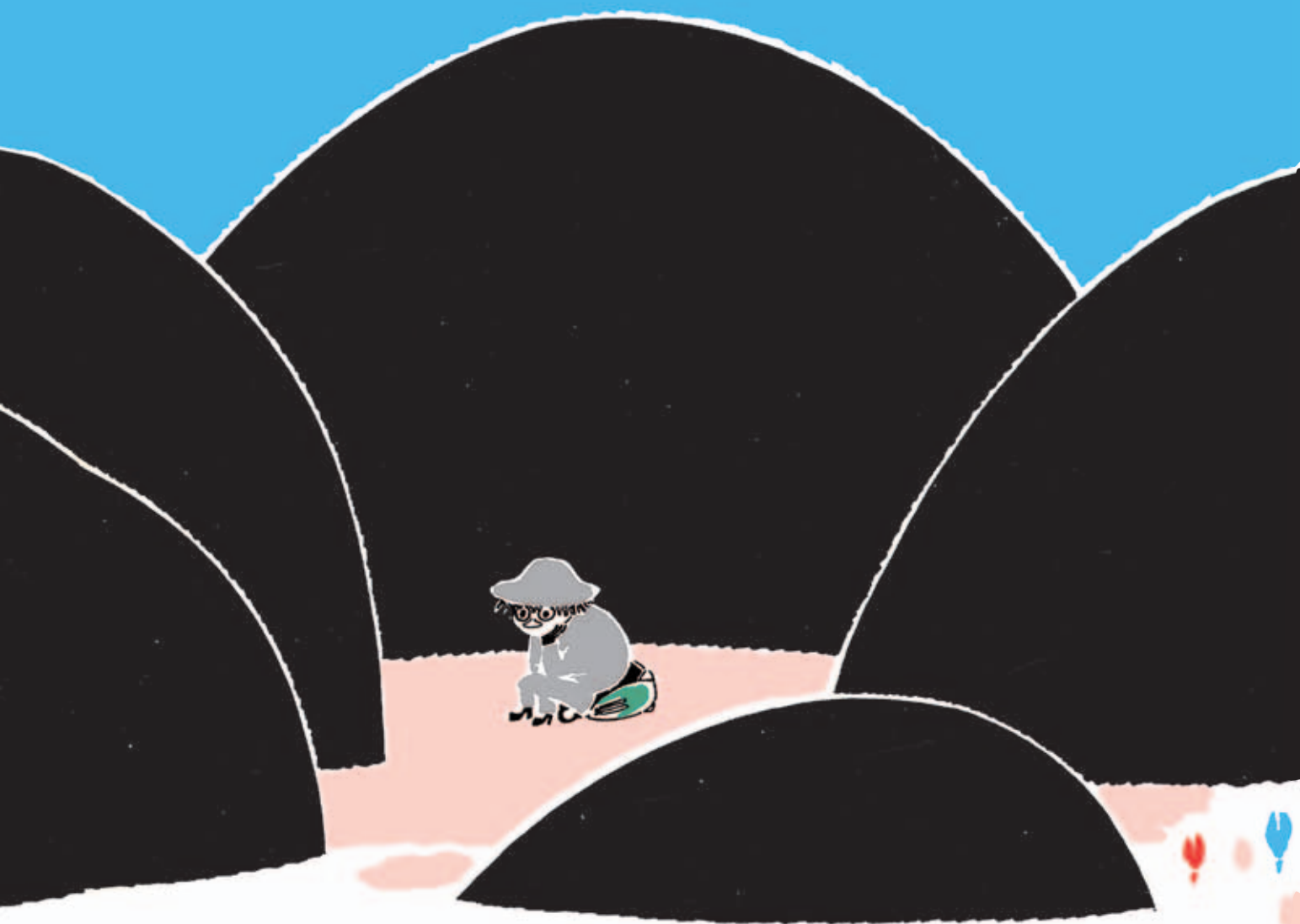




So **Toffle** walks for miles until he sees a crowd of folk
All laughing with each other, taking time to share a joke,
But no-one spots poor **Toffle** and he guesses with dismay
That nobody will notice him or even look his way.
He watches from the shadows as four fillyjonks scoot past
And eight contented whompses, each more jolly than the last,
Mymble and My with daisy chains - they're all in party mood.
Toffle could go and talk to them, no-one would think him rude
But WHO will comfort **Toffle**? Who will tell him 'In the end
If all you do is hide away, you'll never find a friend.'





A few miles further on and **Toffle's** shoes begin to pinch. His feet are sore and tired. He cannot move another inch. He parks his trusty suitcase underneath the sun's bright glare. 'What a relief,' thinks **Toffle**, 'that I've got a comfy chair.' And as he sits, soft music floods his ears from far away Where Snufkin plays his silver flute in summer's sleepy bay. Snufkin has never had a heavy load or painful feet, He wanders through green fields of flowers. His life must be a treat. But WHO will comfort **Toffle** and persuade him that a song Is better than a suitcase when the road is hard and long?