

W C Jefferson

T F Wister



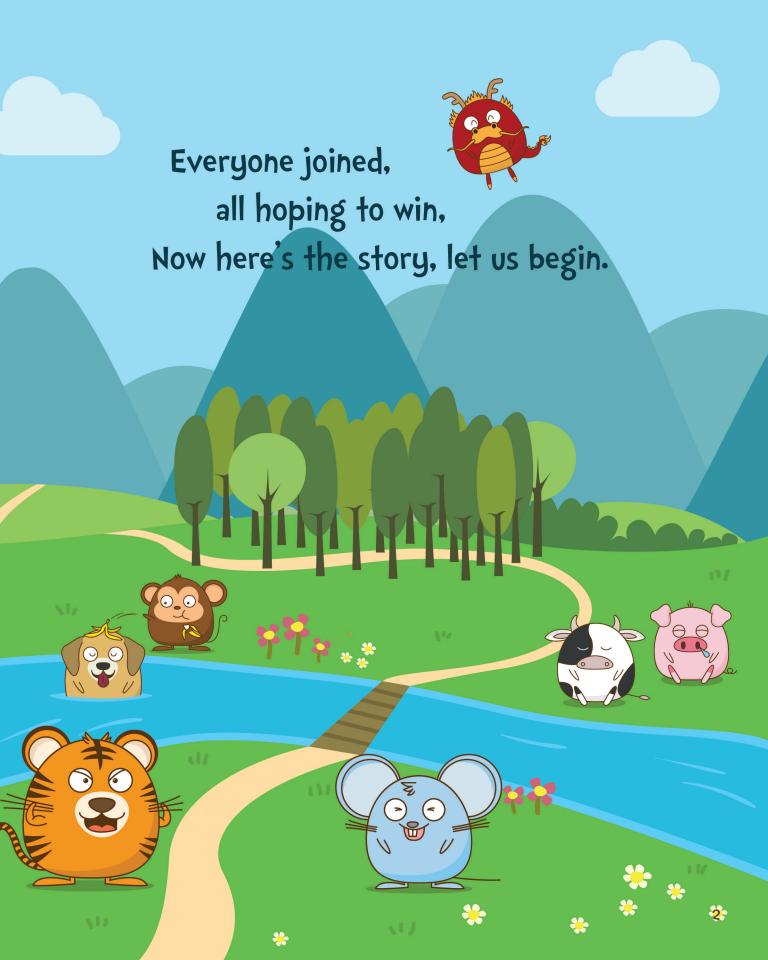
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Long time ago, in a far away land,

A great race was held that was ever so grand.

The first twelve creatures to cross the line, Would get their very own zodiac sign.





The race to victory was tough and long,
It challenged all to be smart and strong.
Through mountains tall and terrain extreme,

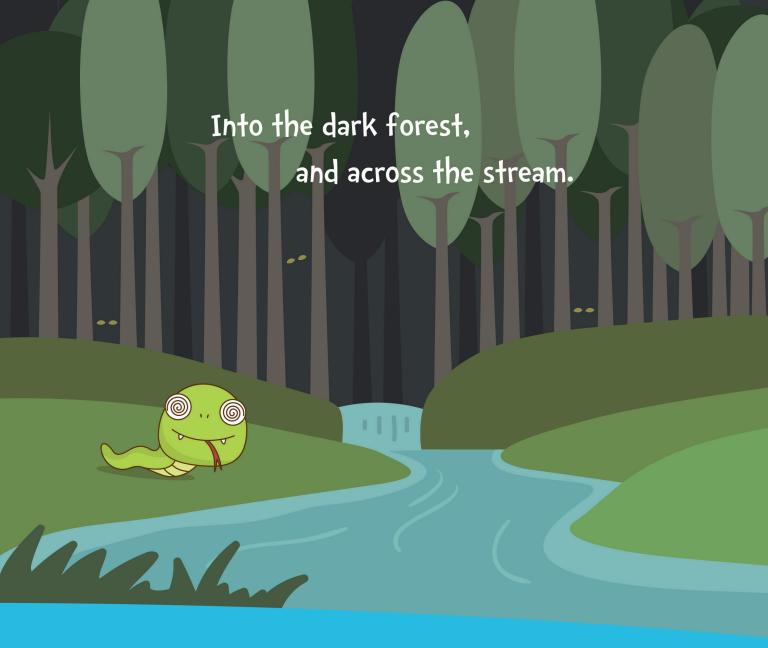


Would the fastest win?

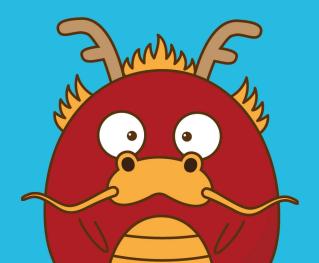


Or the bravest one?





Those who can fly?



Or those who can run?

