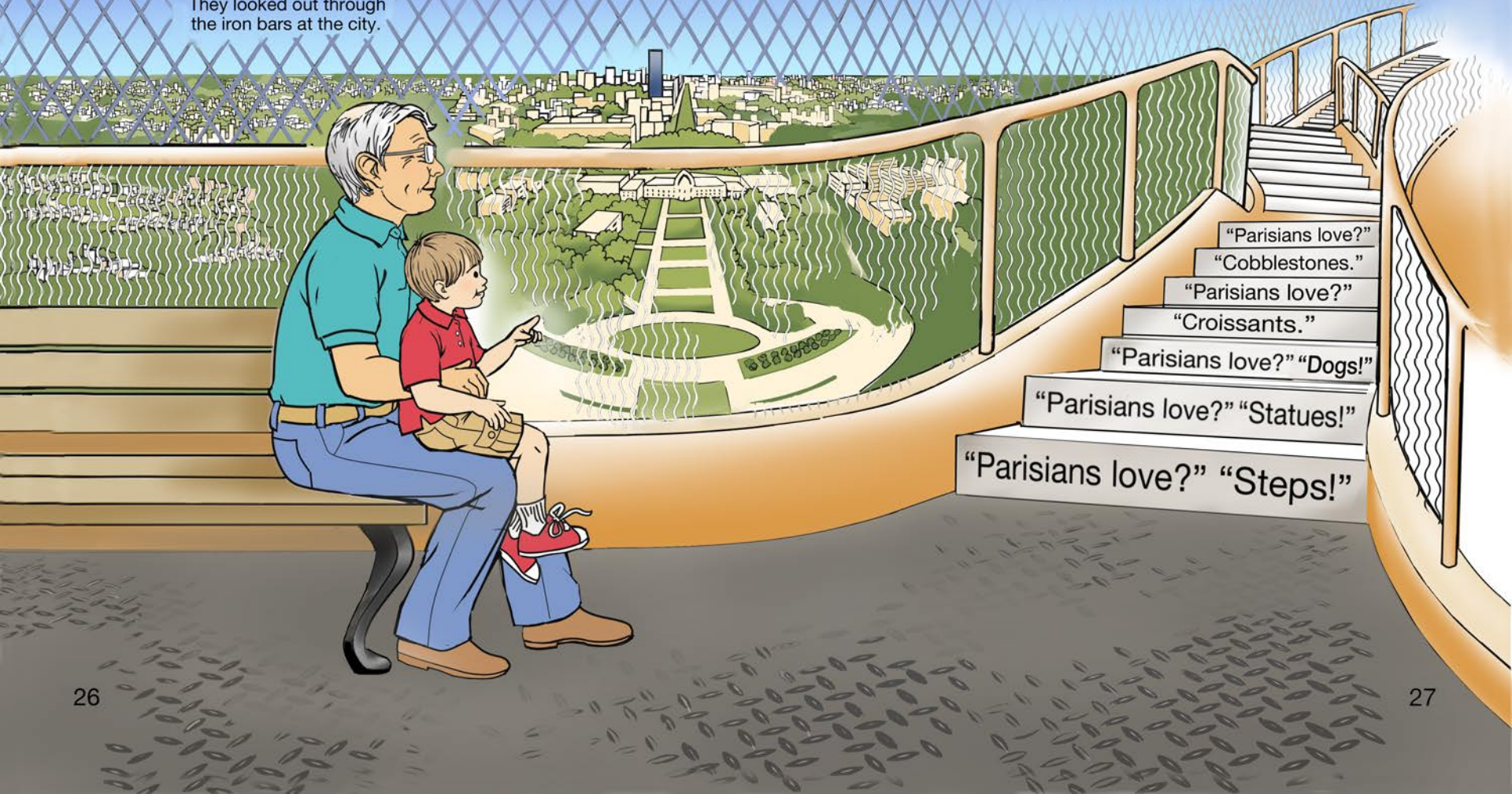


By the time they
got to fifty-six,
Pap Pap needed a rest,
and so did Ricky.
They looked out through
the iron bars at the city.

When they started up again, they played a game.

"Parisians love?" Pap Pap said.
"Asparagus towers," Ricky said.



"Parisians love?"
"Cobblestones."
"Parisians love?"
"Croissants."
"Parisians love?" "Dogs!"
"Parisians love?" "Statues!"
"Parisians love?" "Steps!"