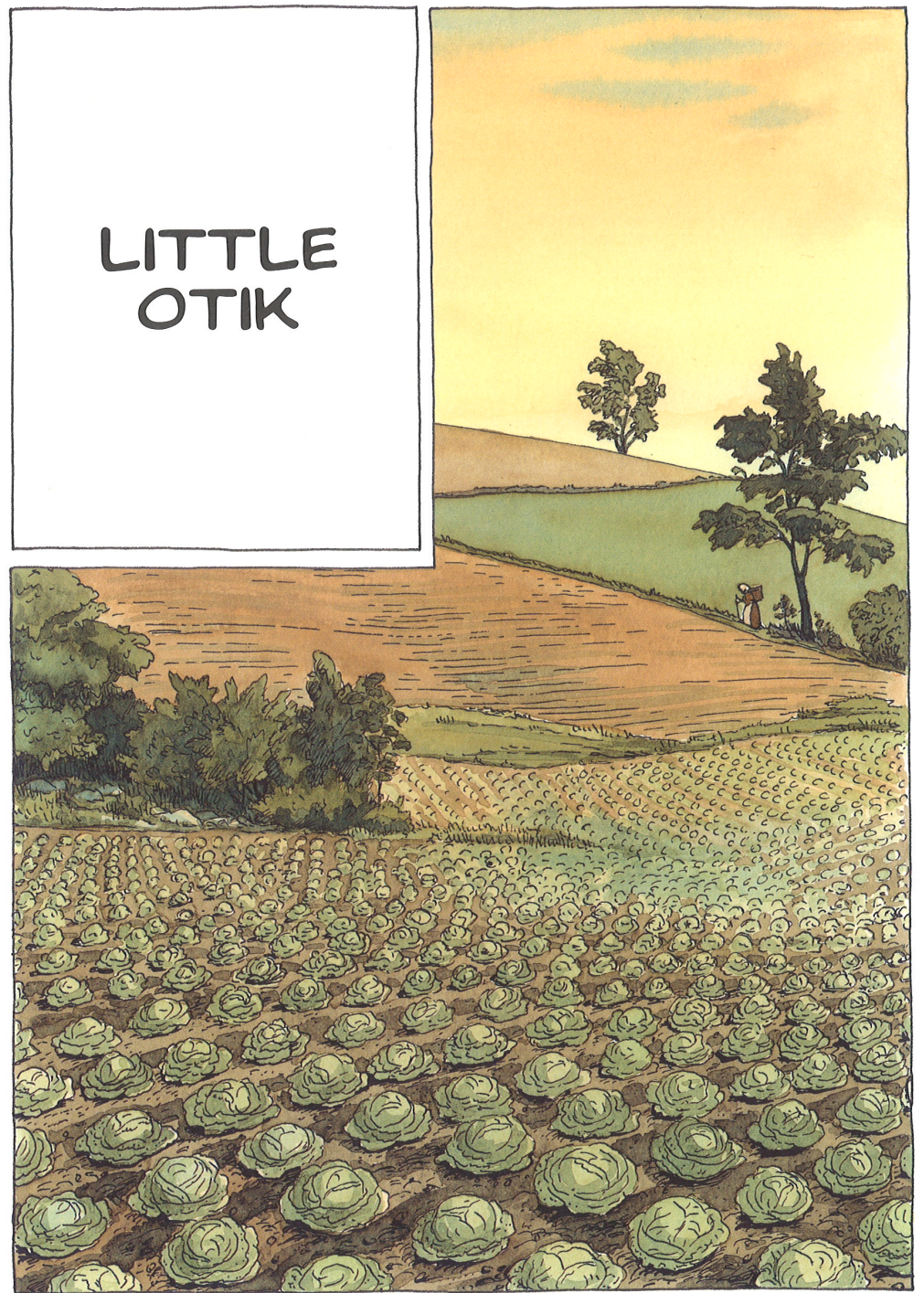


LITTLE
OTIK



ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE LIVED A MAN AND HIS WIFE. THEY WERE POOR, BUT WORSE THAN THAT, THEY WERE SAD THAT THEY HAD NO CHILD...



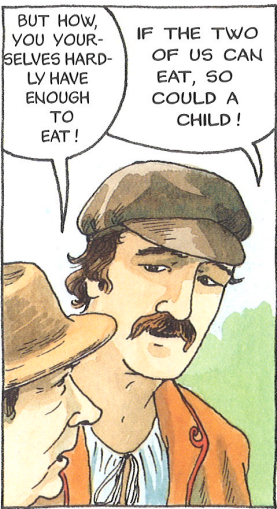
COME BACK SOON!

I'M ONLY GOING INTO THE FOREST TO CUT STUMPS!



WHY IS YOUR WIFE ALWAYS IN TEARS?

YOU KNOW YOURSELF, SHE WISHES SHE WERE ROCKING AN INFANT...



BUT HOW, YOU YOURSELVES HARDLY HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT!

IF THE TWO OF US CAN EAT, SO COULD A CHILD!



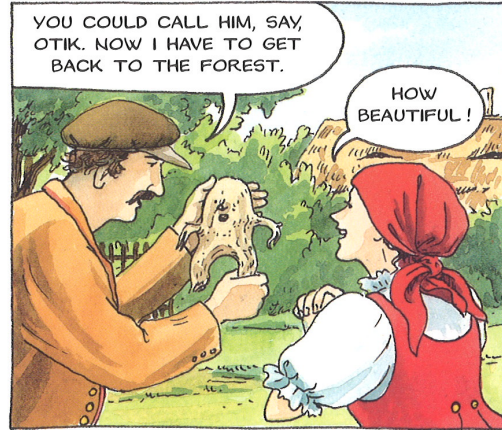
LOOK AT THAT ROOT! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?!



JUST LIKE A TINY BABY! IF ONLY I SHAPE HIM A LITTLE...



WIFE, I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!



YOU COULD CALL HIM, SAY, OTIK. NOW I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE FOREST.

HOW BEAUTIFUL!



HOPSEY, FLOPSEY, LITTLE OTIK ...



WHEN YOU WAKE UP, MY BOY, I'LL COOK YOU SOME PORRIDGE!



MAMA, I'M HUNGRY!



GOODNESS! HE'S ALIVE! WAIT, MY DARLING, I'LL BRING YOU SOMETHING RIGHT AWAY!



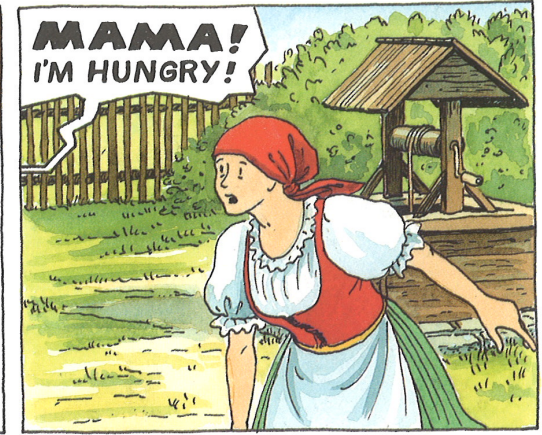
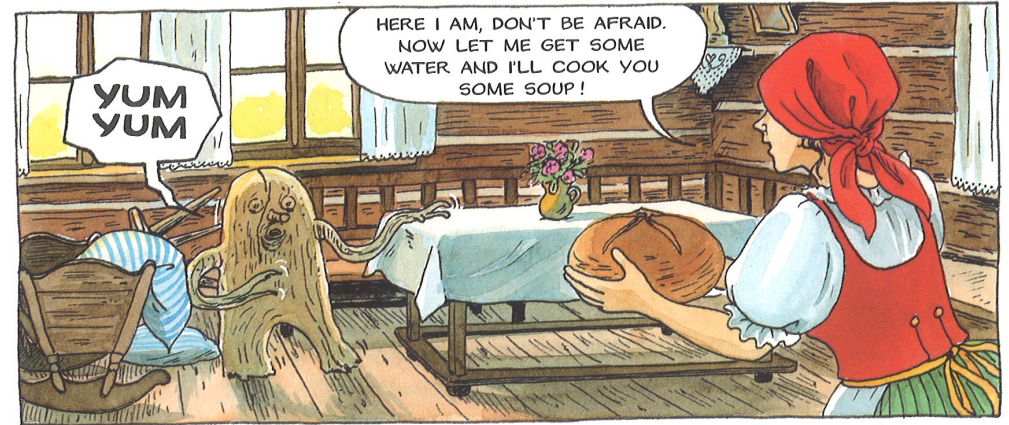
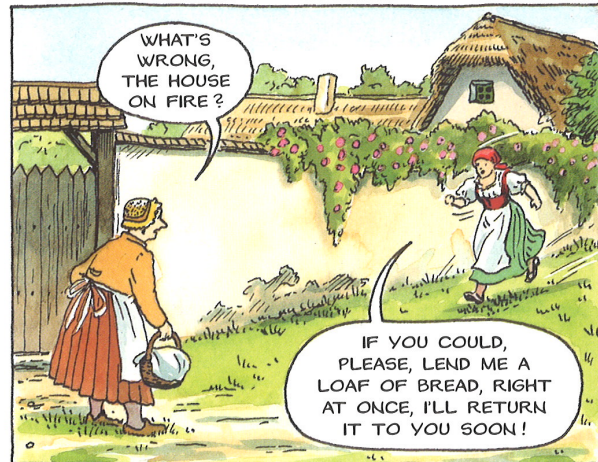
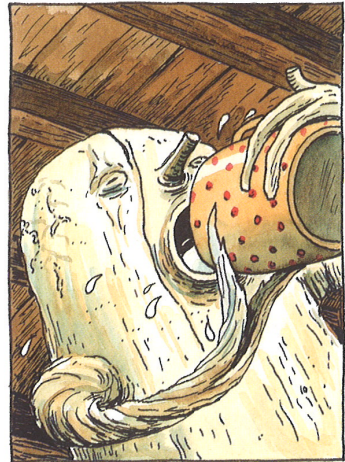
HOW NICELY HE EATS! YUM-YUM FOR MAMA...

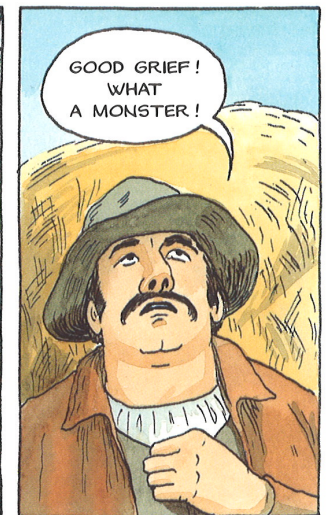
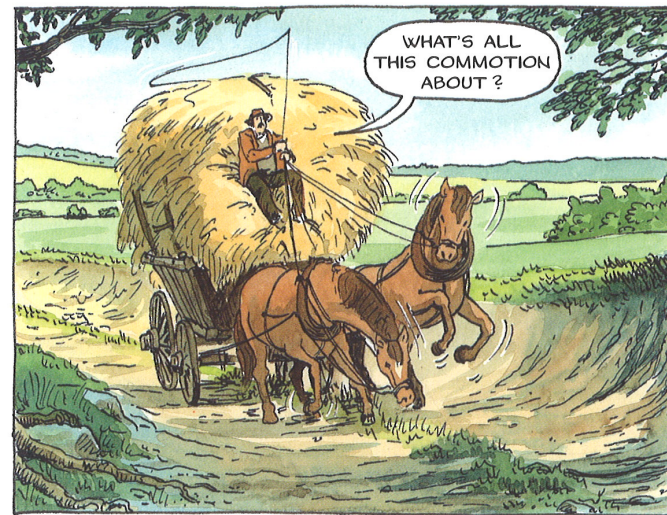
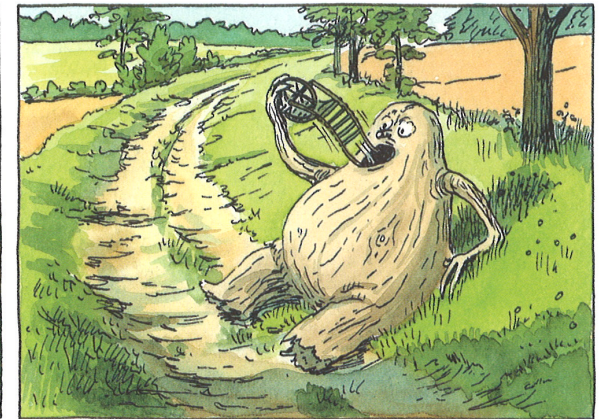
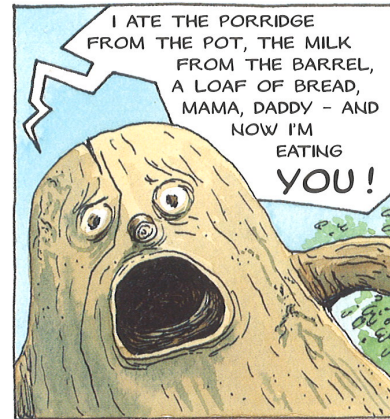
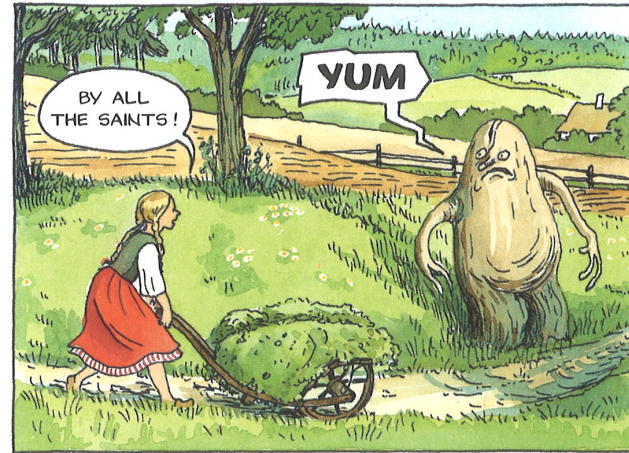
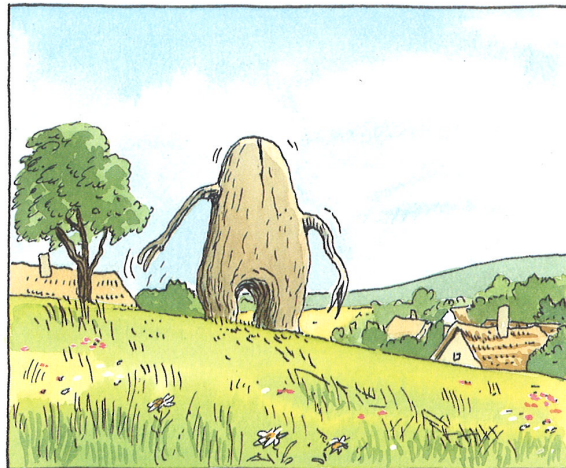
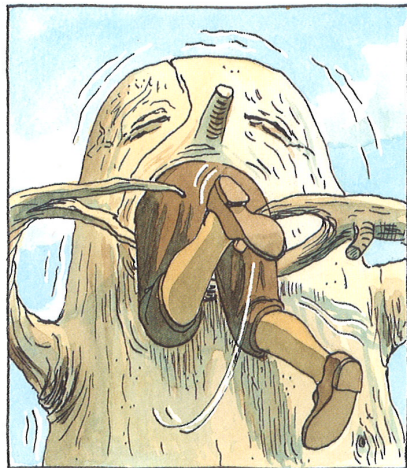
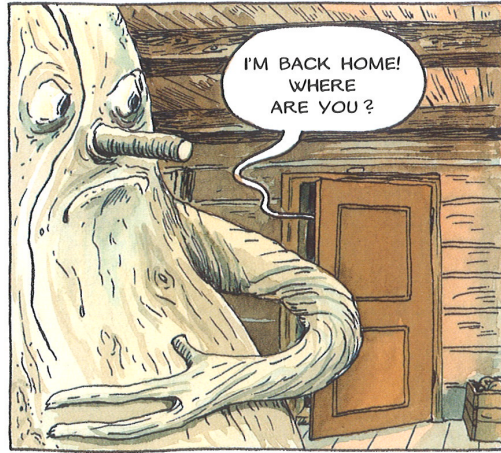
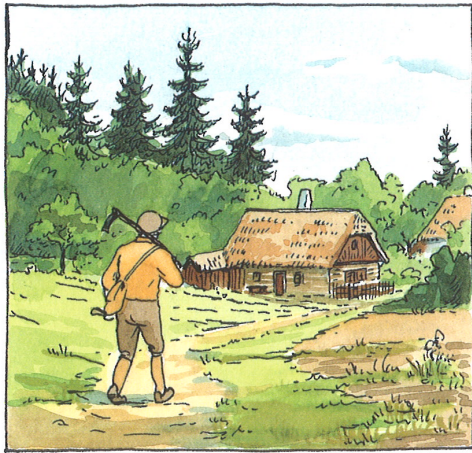


...YUM-YUM FOR DADDY... AMAZING! HOW HE LIKES IT!



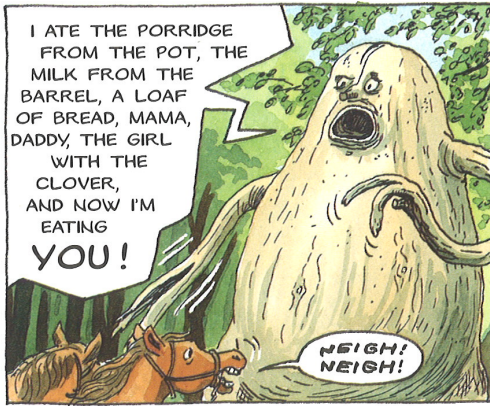
MAMA, I'M HUNGRY!







OUT OF MY WAY OR I'LL SLICE YOU UP WITH MY WHIP!



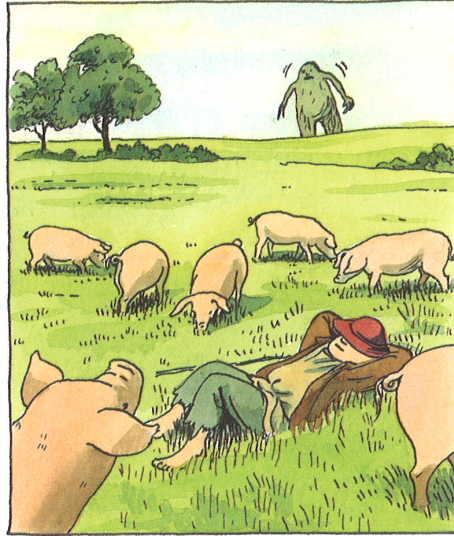
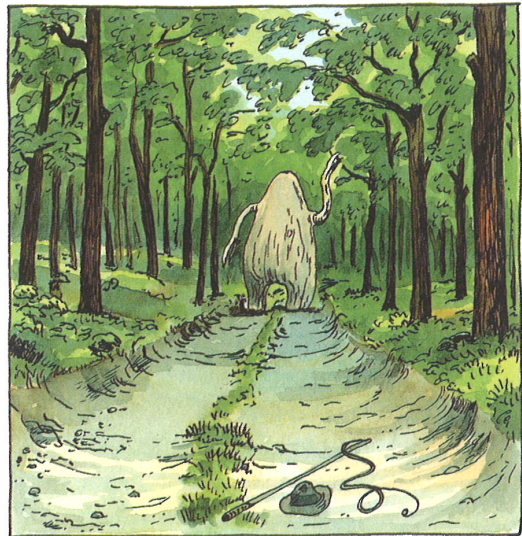
I ATE THE PORRIDGE FROM THE POT, THE MILK FROM THE BARREL, A LOAF OF BREAD, MAMA, DADDY, THE GIRL WITH THE CLOVER, AND NOW I'M EATING YOU!

NEIGH! NEIGH!



YUM YUM!

WOOF WOOF!

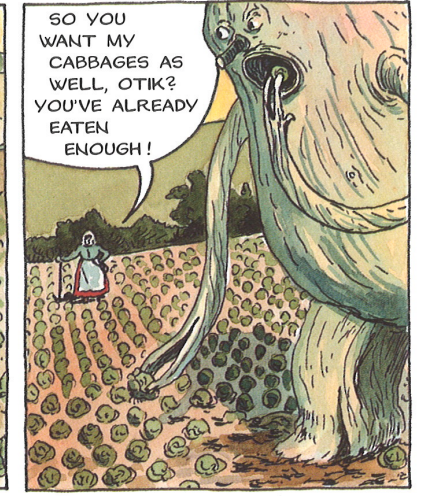


OINK! OINK!

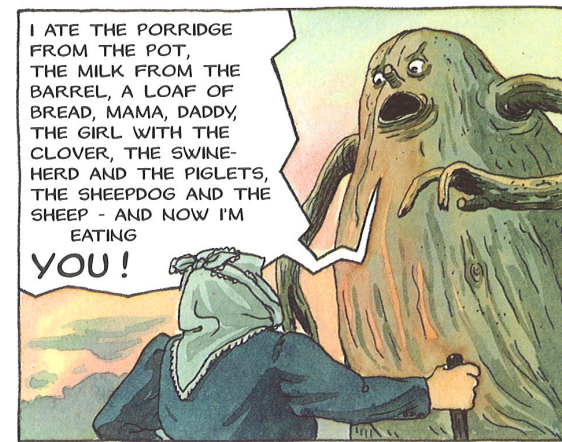


HELP!

OINK! OINK!



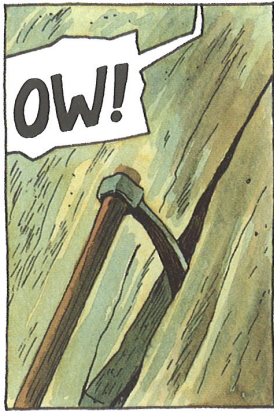
SO YOU WANT MY CABBAGES AS WELL, OTIK? YOU'VE ALREADY EATEN ENOUGH!



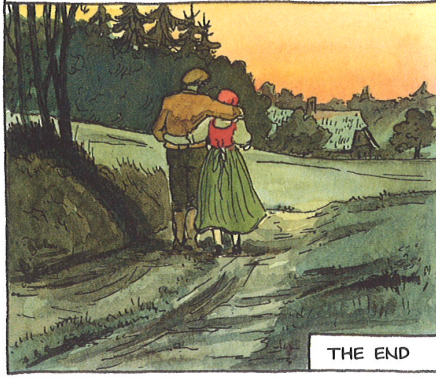
I ATE THE PORRIDGE FROM THE POT, THE MILK FROM THE BARREL, A LOAF OF BREAD, MAMA, DADDY, THE GIRL WITH THE CLOVER, THE SWINE-HERD AND THE PIGLETS, THE SHEEPDOG AND THE SHEEP - AND NOW I'M EATING YOU!



YOU JUST SEE WHO'S EATING WHOM!



SO THE MAN AND HIS WIFE WENT HOME,
AND FROM THEN ON THEY NEVER FELT
SAD THAT THEY HAD NO CHILDREN.



THE END