

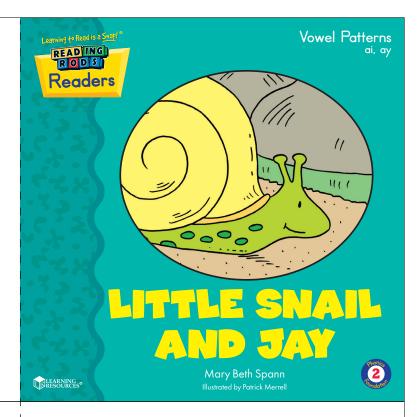




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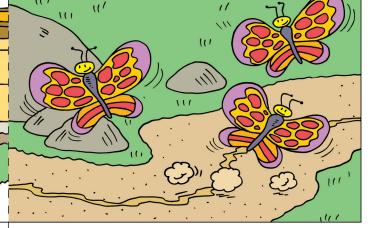


On Sunday Snail crawls back into his old paint pail. Into the pail without a peep, Little Snail is fast asleep.





This is Little Snail. He is sad today.

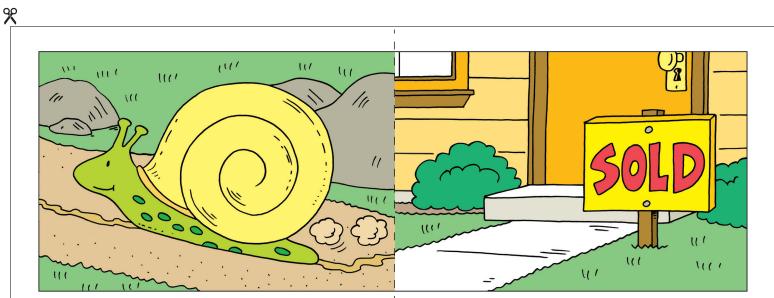


Slippery-slow, slippery-slop.
Follow the slimy trail—don't stop.
Up the trail without a peep, to
Little Snail's house to go to sleep.

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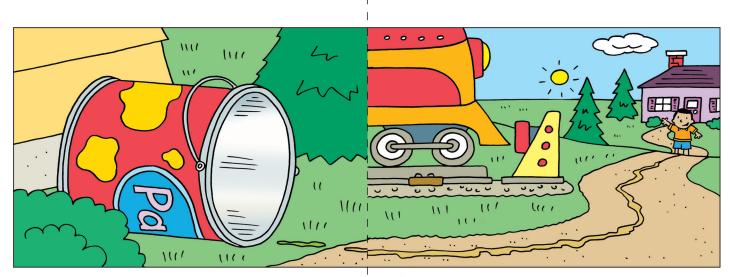






On Saturday Little Snail crawls up the dusty trail.

His best friend Jay has moved away.



On Monday Little Snail crawls out of his old paint pail.

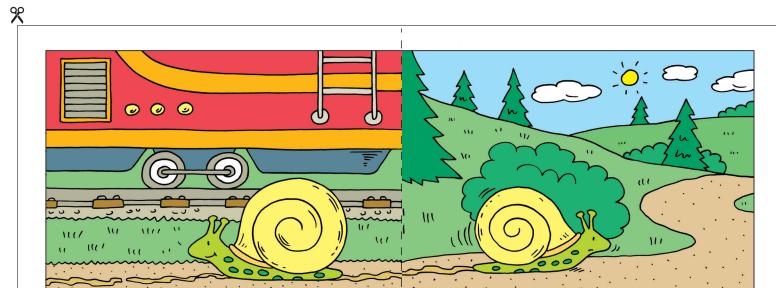
Slippery-slow, slippery-slop.
Follow the slimy trail—don't stop.
Over the tracks without a peep,
to Little Snail's house to go to sleep.

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On Friday Little Snail heads back, past the train.

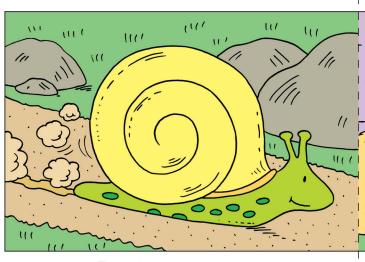
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Slippery-slow, slippery-slop.

Making a slimy trail—don't stop.

Over the fields so far away, to

Jay's new house to sing and play.



On Tuesday Little Snail crawls down a dusty trail.



Let's slip and slide. Let's flip and fly. Let's play in the hay. Let's paint some clay.

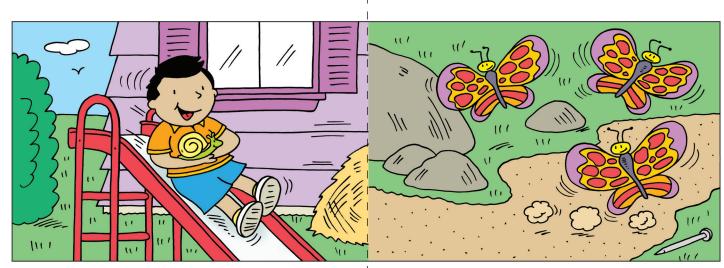
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FOLD ON DOTTED LINE









On Thursday Little Snail plays all day with Jay.

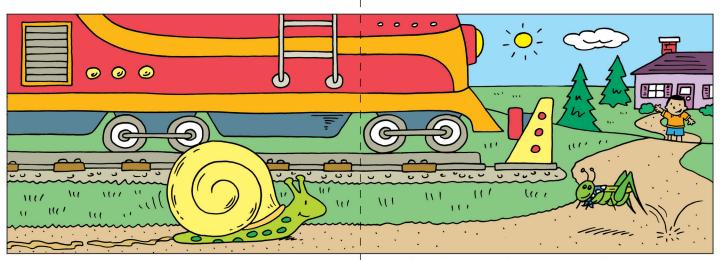
Slippery-slow, slippery-slop.

Making a slimy trail—don't stop.

Over the fields so far away, to

Jay's new house to sing and play.





On Wednesday Little Snail crawls by a train.

Slippery-slow, slippery-slop.

Making a slimy trail—don't stop.

Over the fields so far away, to

Jay's new house to sing and play.

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