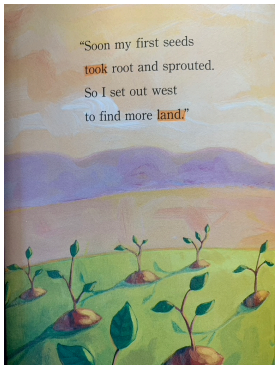
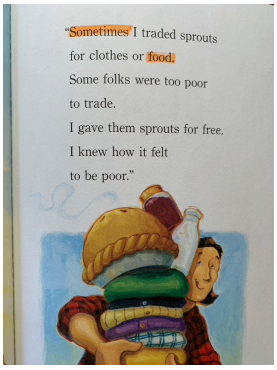
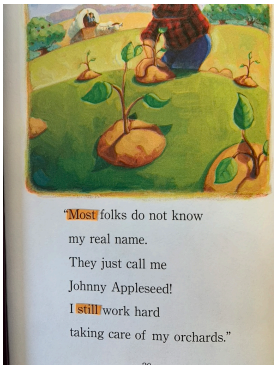
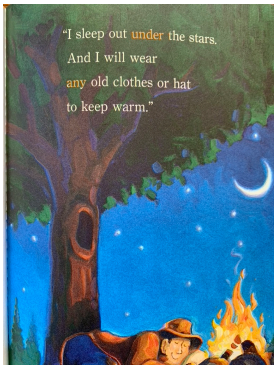
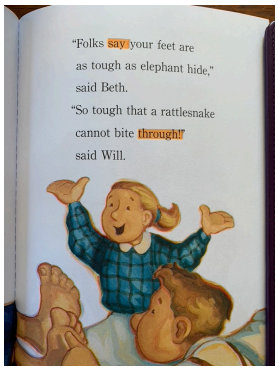
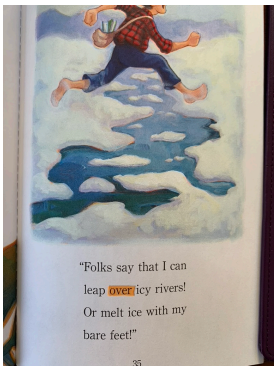

"Soon my first seeds
took root and sprouted.
So I set out west
to find more land."

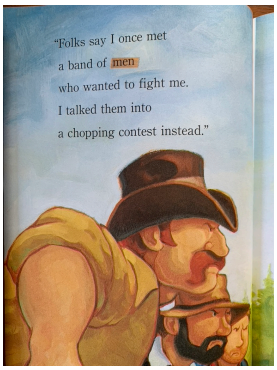

"Sometimes I traded sprouts
for clothes or food.
Some folks were too poor
to trade.
I gave them sprouts for free.
I knew how it felt
to be poor."

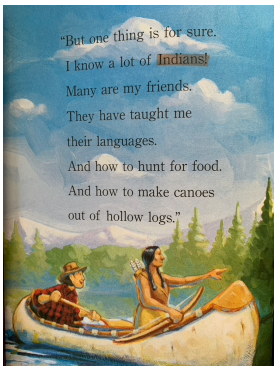

"Most folks do not know
my real name.
They just call me
Johnny Appleseed!
I still work hard
taking care of my orchards."

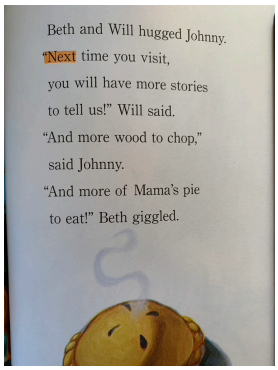

"I sleep out under the stars.
And I will wear
any old clothes or hat
to keep warm."

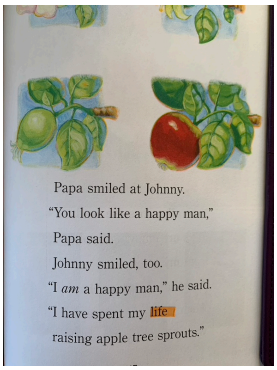

"Folks say your feet are
as tough as elephant hide,"
said Beth.
"So tough that a rattlesnake
cannot bite through!"
said Will.


"Folks say that I can
leap over icy rivers!
Or melt ice with my
bare feet!"


"Folks say I once met
a band of men
who wanted to fight me.
I talked them into
a chopping contest instead."


"But one thing is for sure.
I know a lot of Indians!
Many are my friends.
They have taught me
their languages.
And how to hunt for food.
And how to make canoes
out of hollow logs."


Beth and Will hugged Johnny.
"Next time you visit,
you will have more stories
to tell us!" Will said.
"And more wood to chop,"
said Johnny.
"And more of Mama's pie
to eat!" Beth giggled.


Papa smiled at Johnny.
"You look like a happy man,"
Papa said.
Johnny smiled, too.
"I *am* a happy man," he said.
"I have spent my life
raising apple tree sprouts."