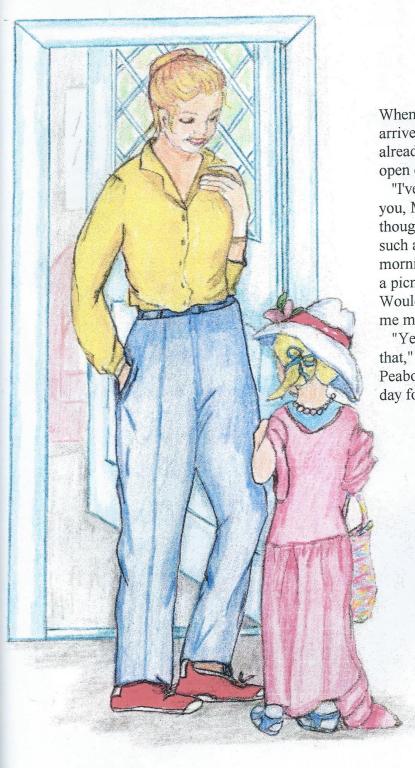
THE PICNIC A Mrs. Peabody Adventure



Story and Illustrations by Elaine J. Roark

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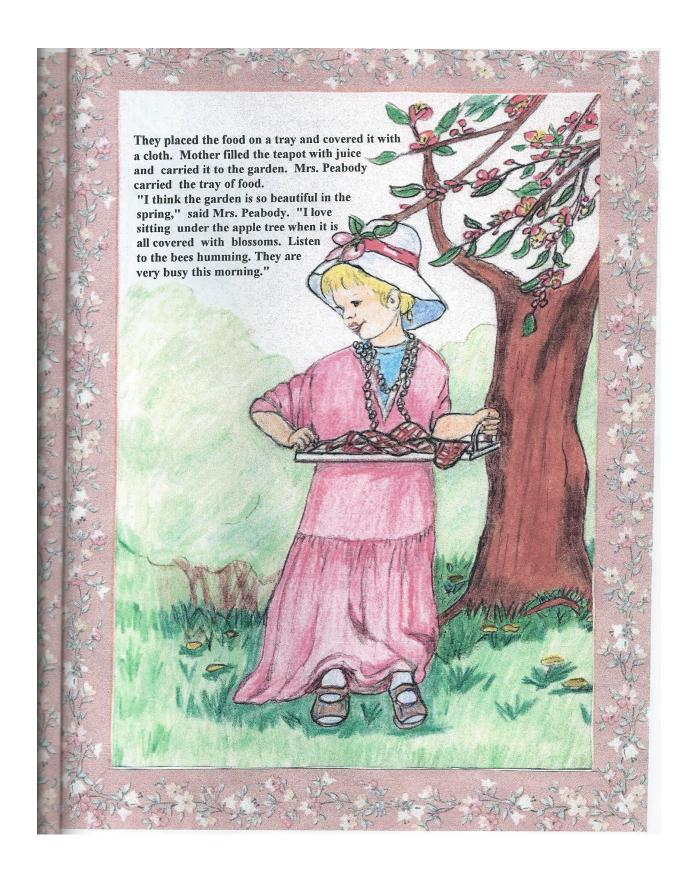


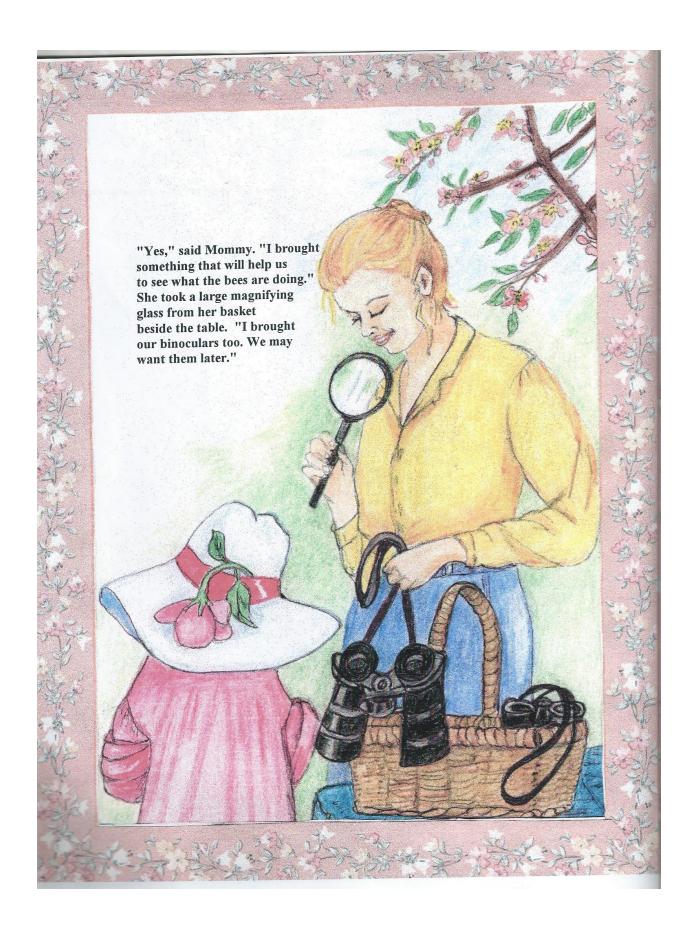
When Mrs. Peabody arrived Mommy was already standing at the open door.

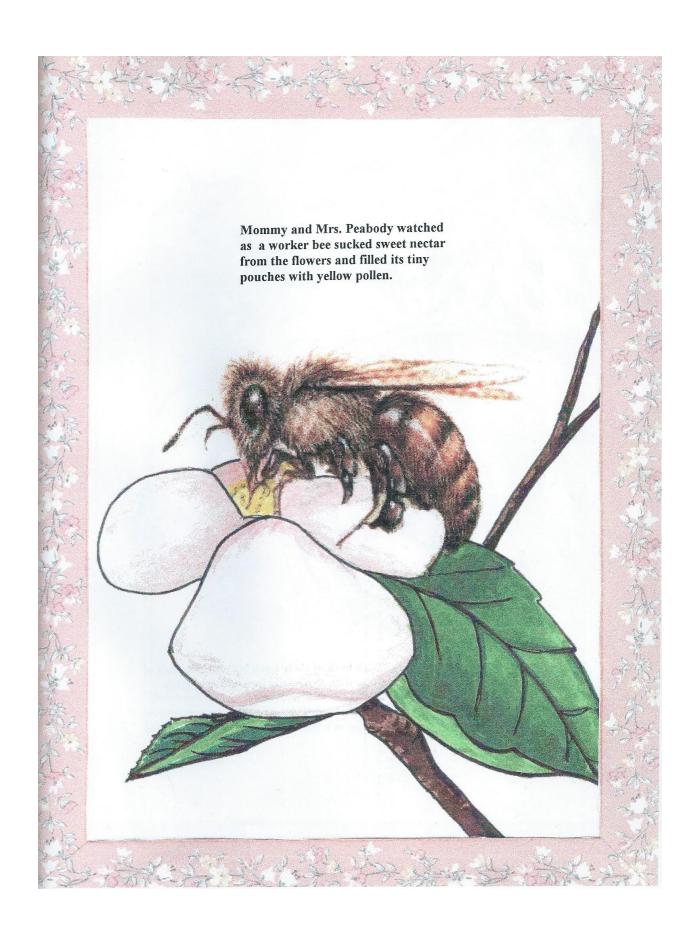
"I've been waiting for you, Mrs. Peabody, I thought that since it is such a lovely spring morning, we would have a picnic in the garden. Would you like to help me make sandwiches?"

"Yes, I would like that," smiled Mrs. Peabody. "It is a lovely day for a picnic."

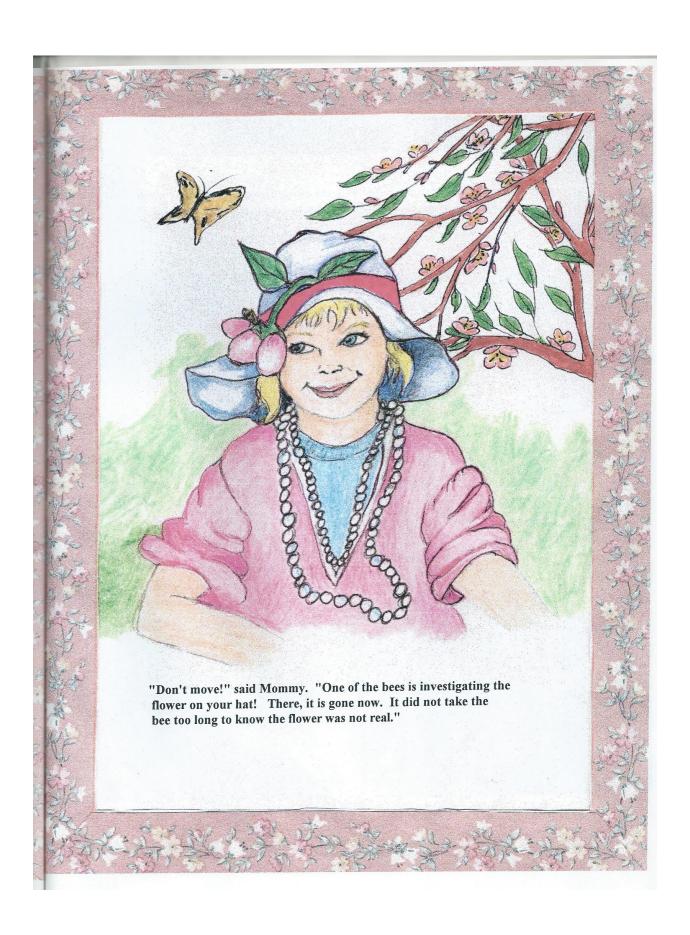


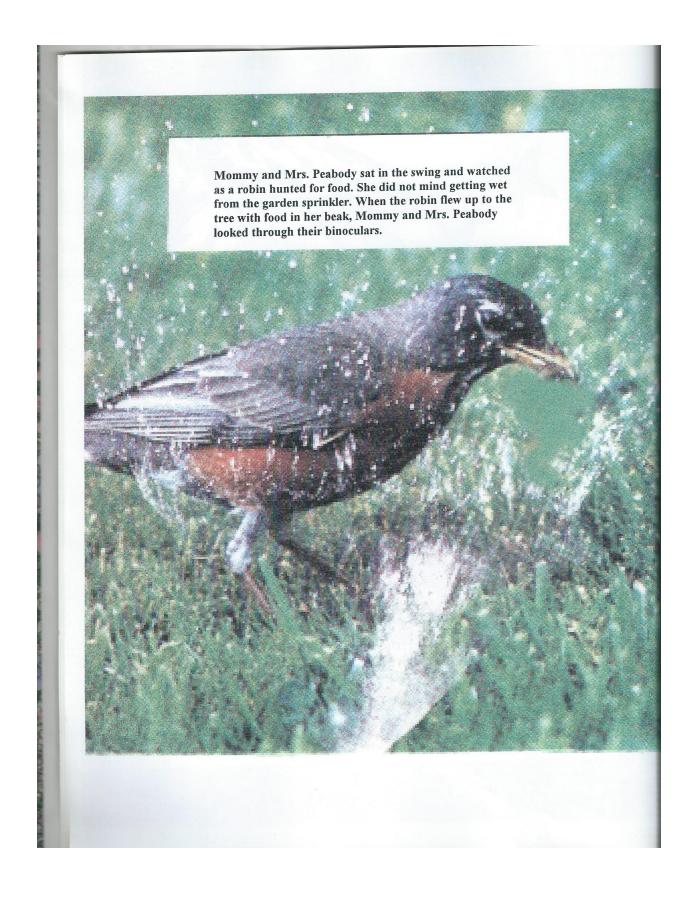


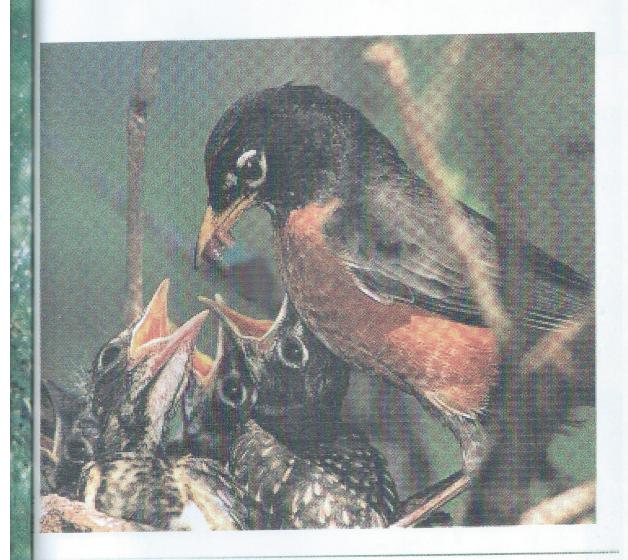




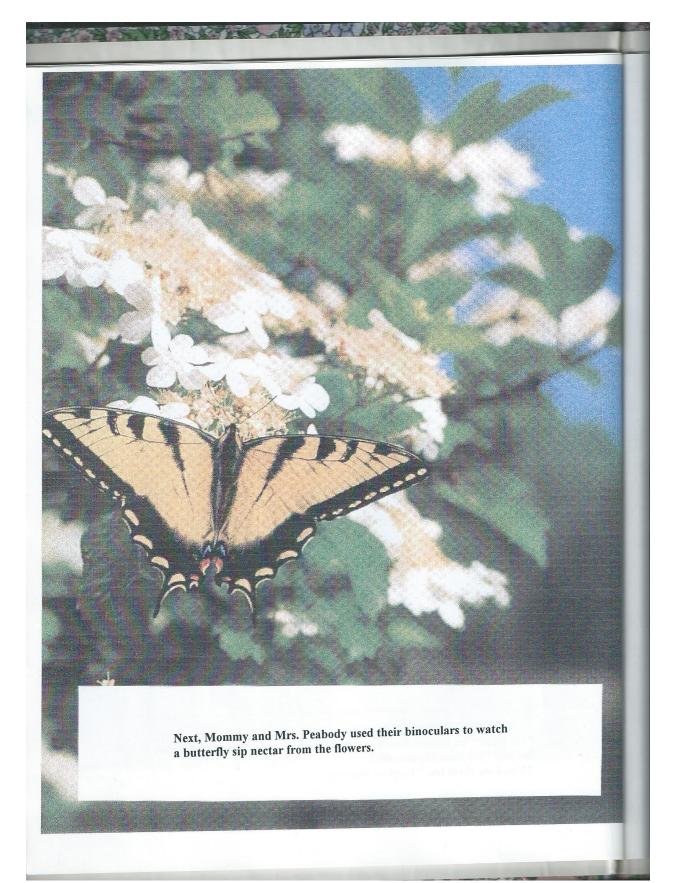


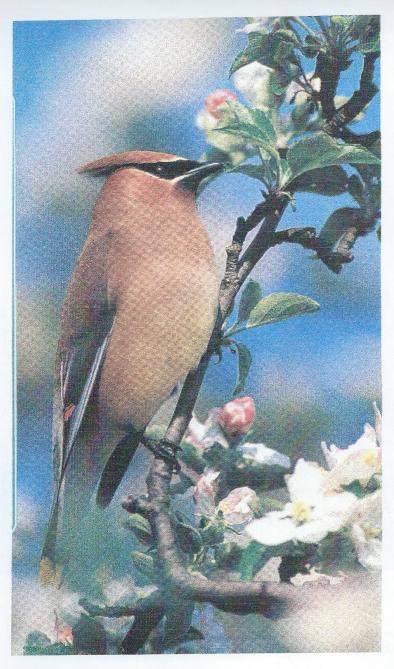






"Oh look!" whispered Mrs. Peabody. "I see the nest! She is feeding her babies. They have big mouths!"
"Yes, I see them too," laughed Mommy.





A beautiful waxwing visited the apple tree. They could see the lovely bands of color on his wings and the tust of feathers on his head.



Mommy pointed and whispered, "Look over there by the oak tree. Our baby squirrel has come to visit us too."



