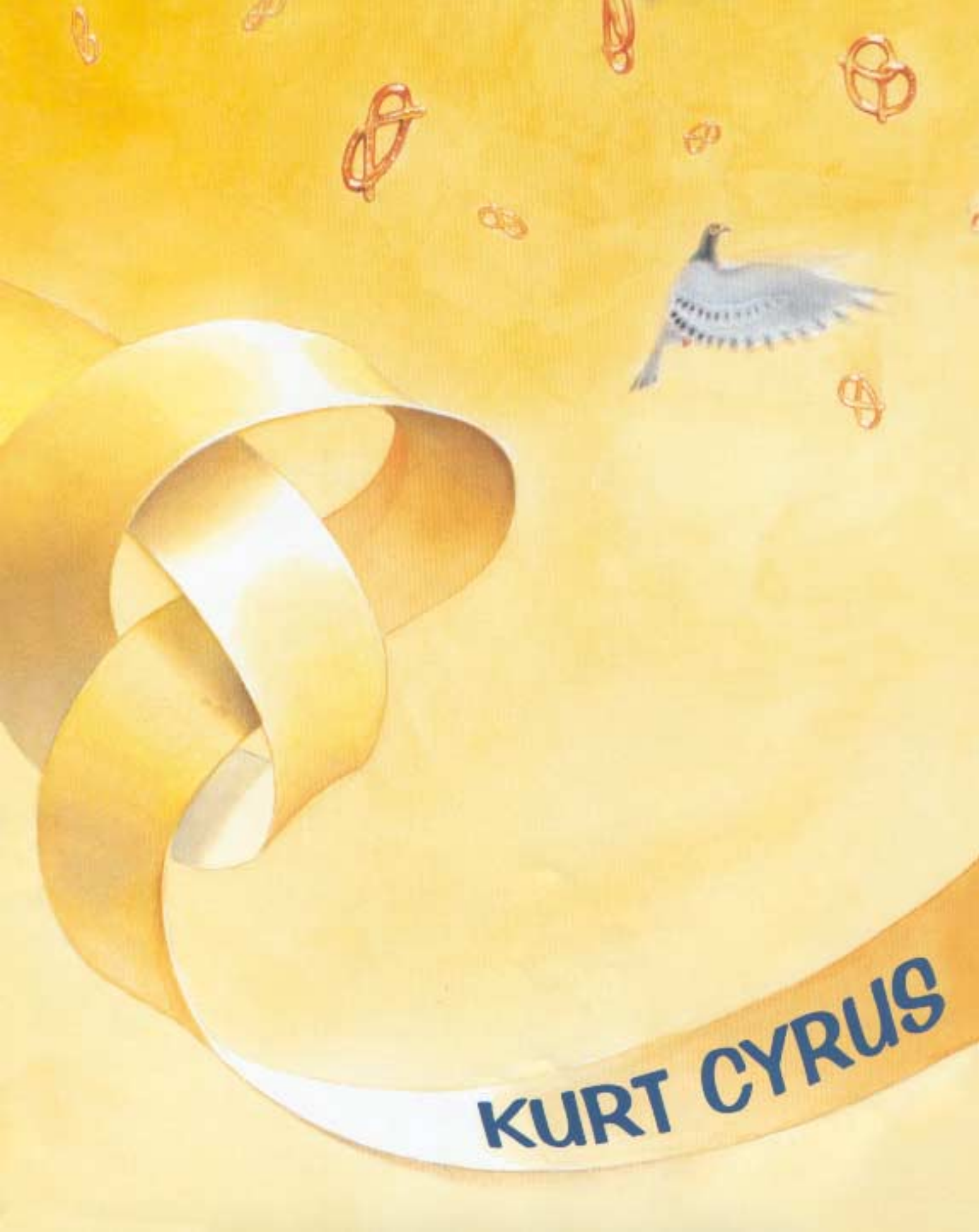


TANGLE TOWN

KURT CYRUS



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The mayor of Tangle Town was having a bad morning. “What’s wrong with this crazy door?” he growled, pushing as hard as he could.



A passing policeman heard the noise.
“Are you okay in there?” he asked.
The mayor shouted back, “No! I’m
getting blisters! Plenty of them!”

“Blasters?” the policeman
muttered. Then he announced:
“We need blasters! Twenty of
them!”

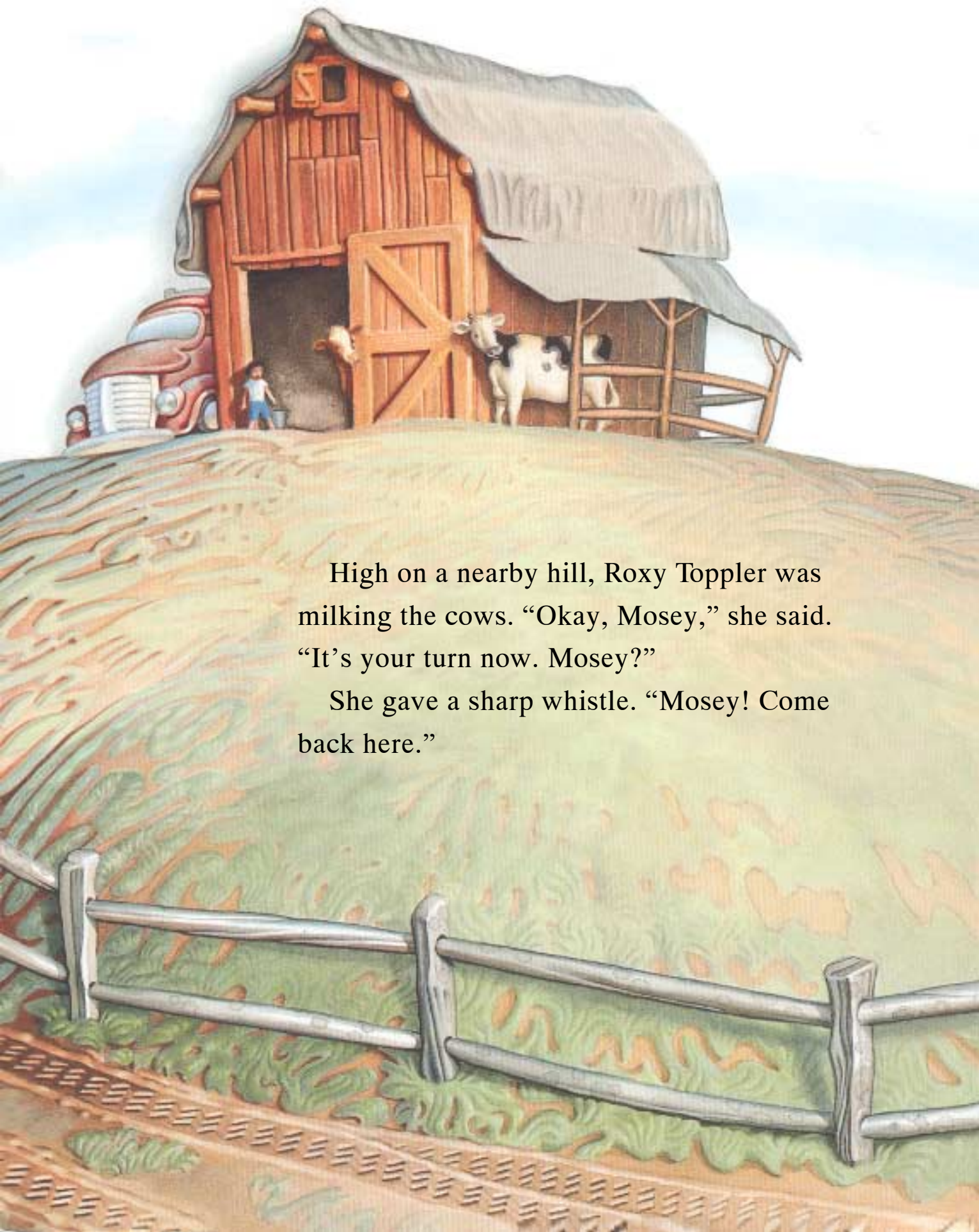


“Twenty?” said a man. “That’s
every plasterer in the city.”



“Disaster in the city!”
somebody cried.

It was a typical day
in Tangle Town.



High on a nearby hill, Roxy Toppler was milking the cows. “Okay, Mosey,” she said. “It’s your turn now. Mosey?”

She gave a sharp whistle. “Mosey! Come back here.”

Mosey looked around. Then her tail waved
goodbye.



Mosey knew she needed milking. But this cow had wandering feet, and some days they just couldn't be stopped.



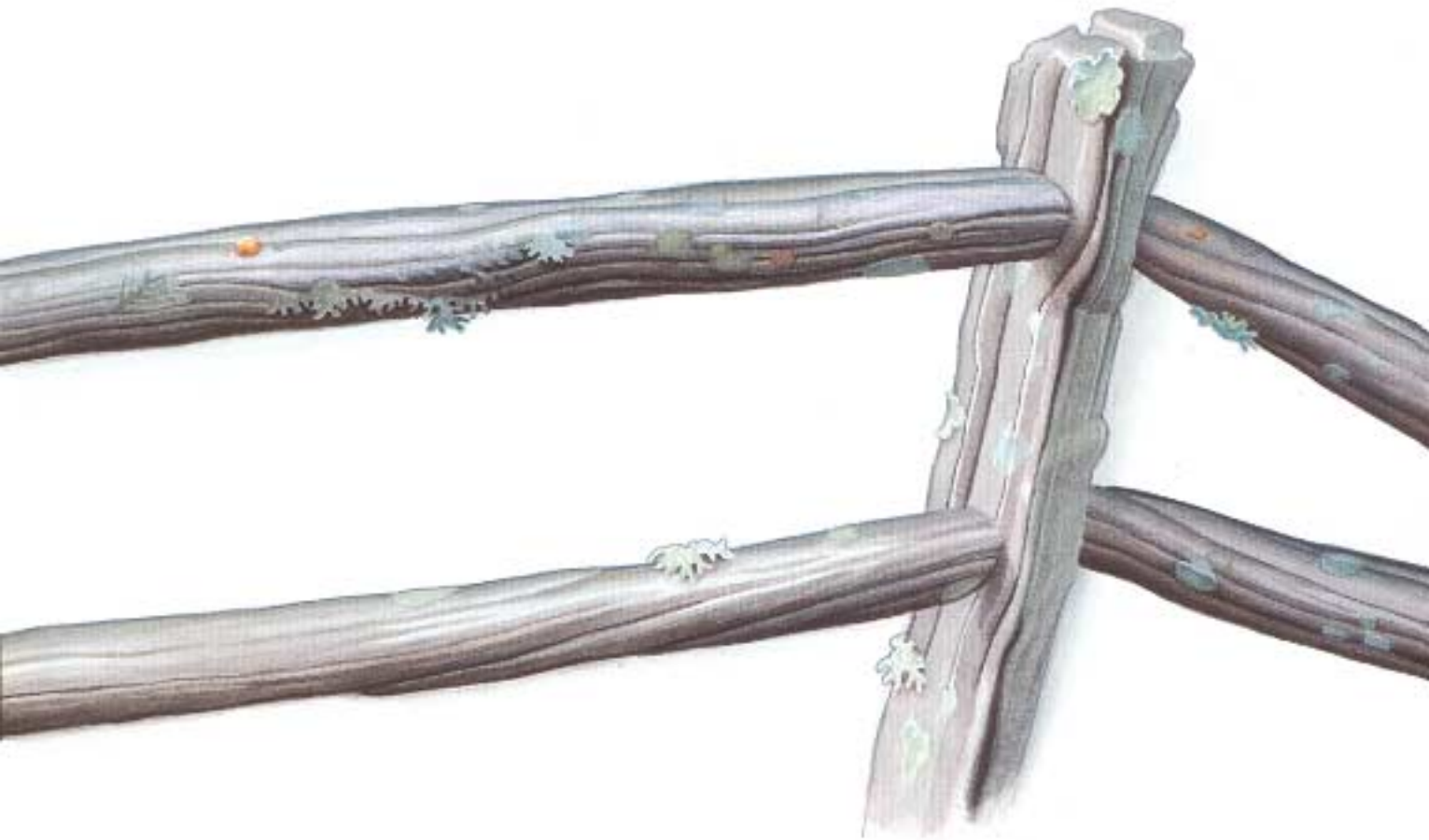
So Roxy got plenty of practice rounding up cattle: “Mo-seeey! Eeee-yip! Yoo-hoooo, hey, Mosey!”



But today's roundup would be different.
“Yikes!” Roxy blurted. “Mosey's made tracks
to Tangle Town.”

In a hurry, she propped up the fence—just
enough to fool the other cows.

Then down the hill she ran.





In the streets of Tangle Town, sirens were wailing. Horns were honking. People were shouting: “Disaster! Disaster!”

“What’s going on?” Roxy asked.

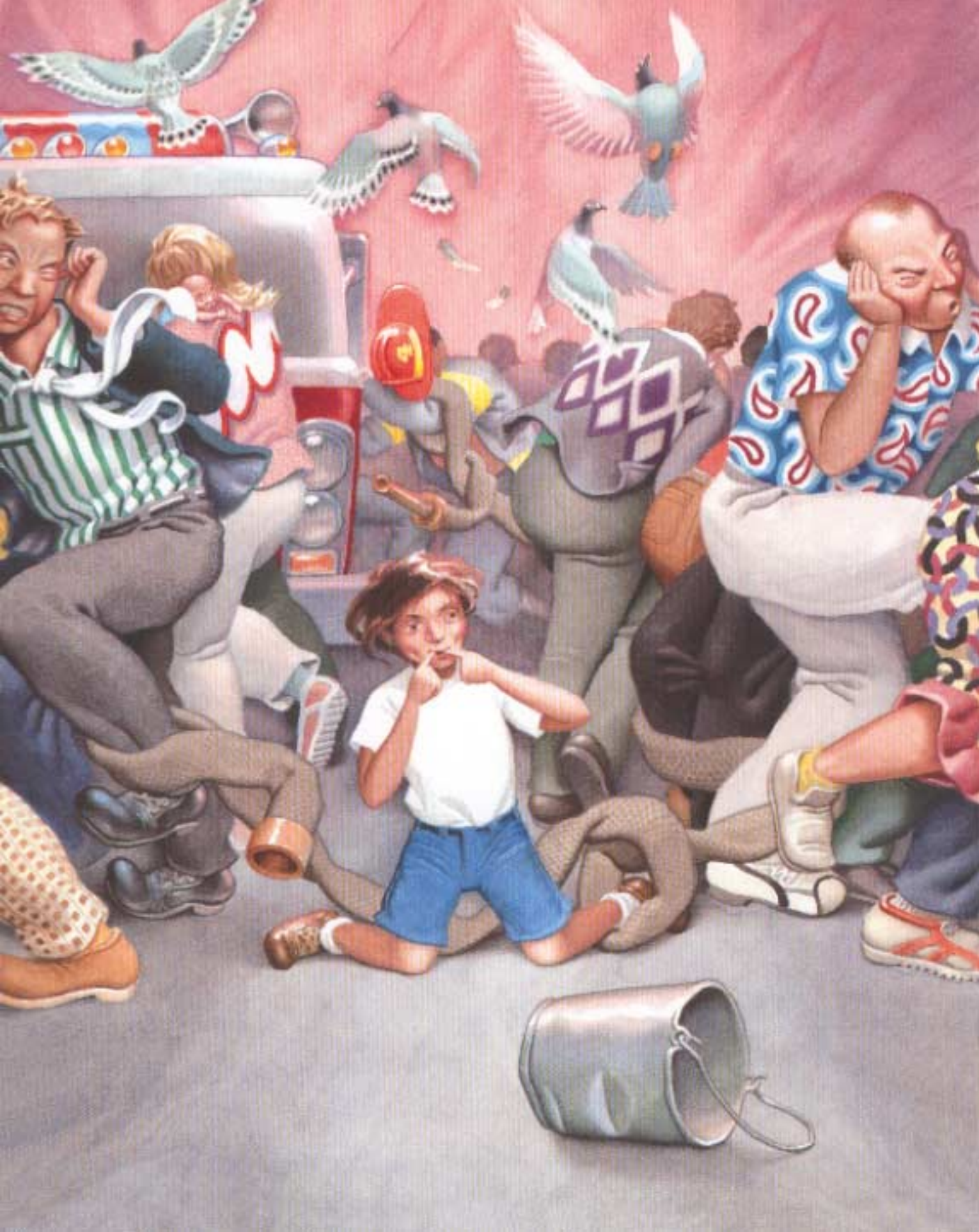


“Please let me through!” Roxy cried. “I have to catch my cow, and fix my fence!”

“Fix muffins?” someone yelled. “At a time like this? The blasters are coming!” And the confusion just grew worse.

Wow, thought Roxy. It's just like a stampede of scared cows! And before she knew it, Roxy's barnyard instincts took over.





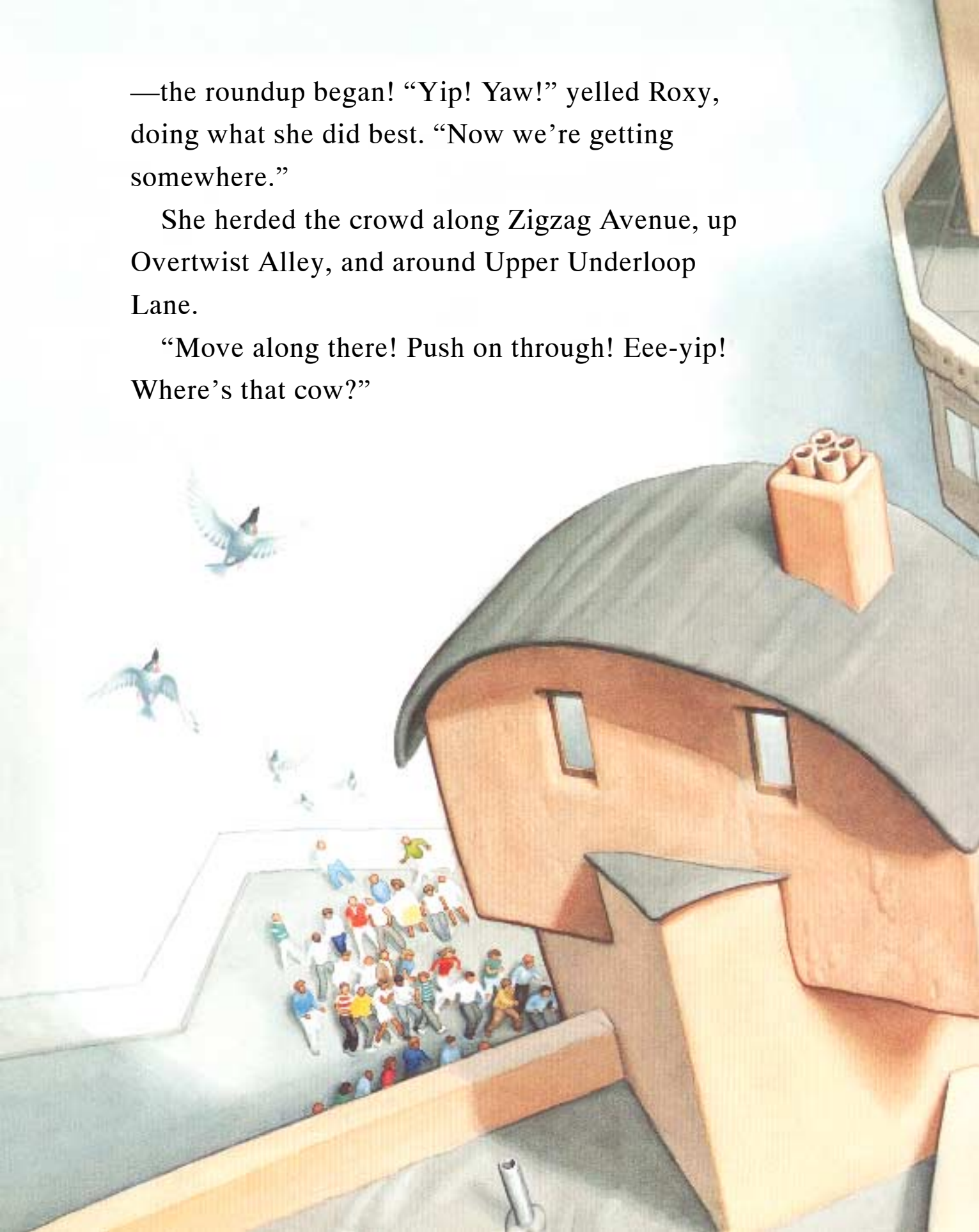
First, Roxy whistled her cow whistle, sharp and piercing. The stampeding mob jumped back in surprise.

Then—“Hee-yah! Yah!”—

—the roundup began! “Yip! Yaw!” yelled Roxy, doing what she did best. “Now we’re getting somewhere.”

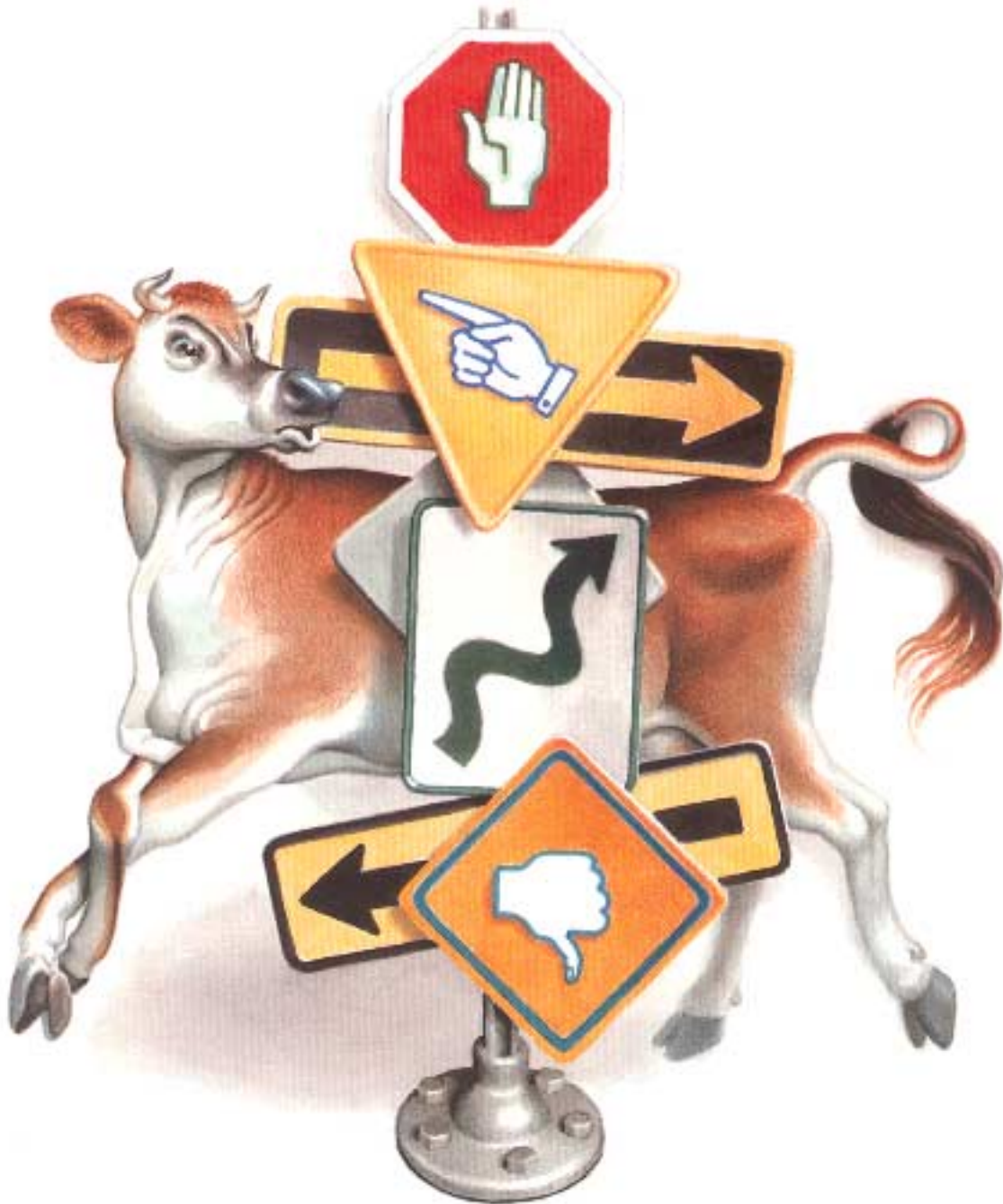
She herded the crowd along Zigzag Avenue, up Overtwist Alley, and around Upper Underloop Lane.

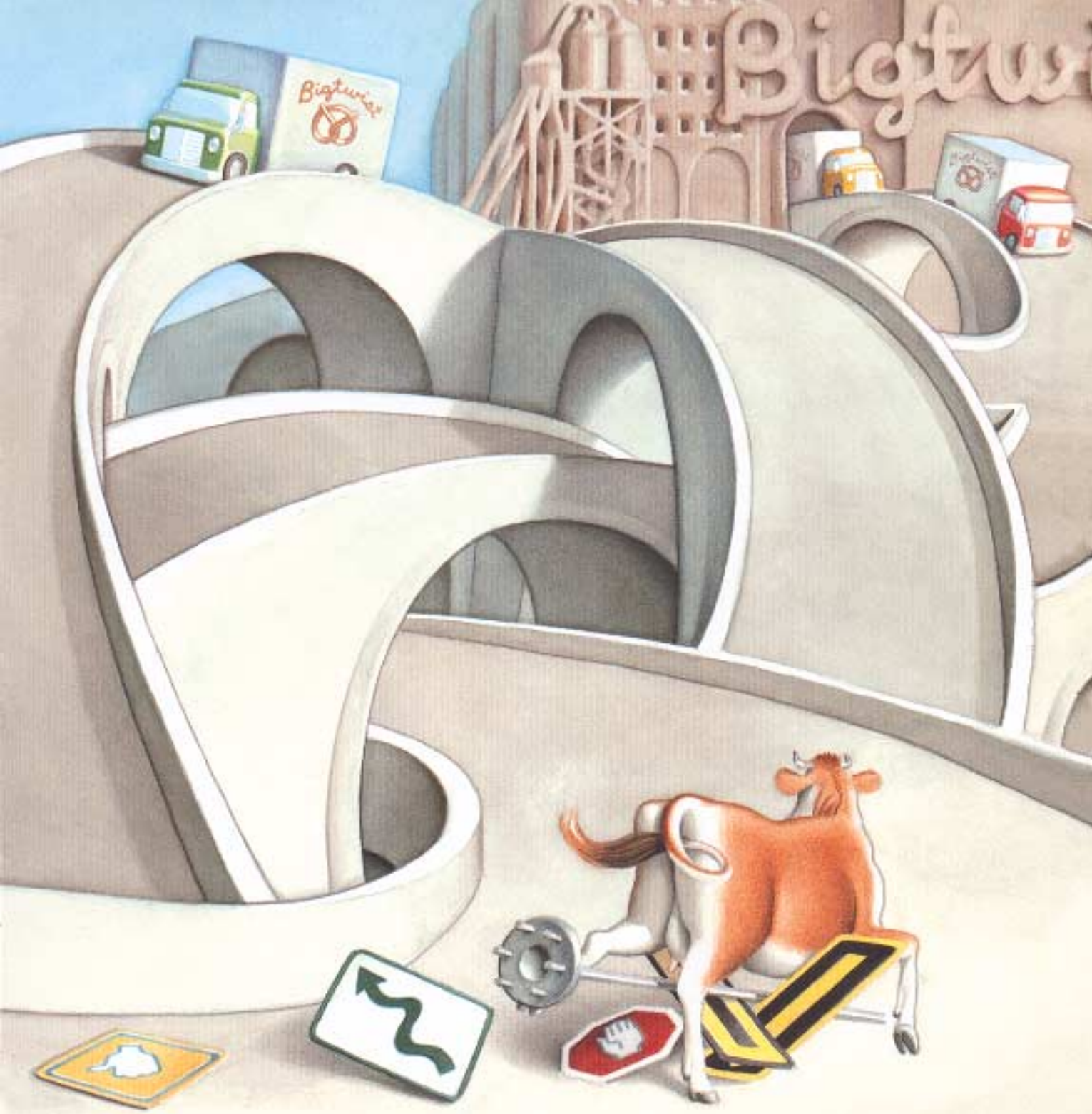
“Move along there! Push on through! Eee-yip! Where’s that cow?”



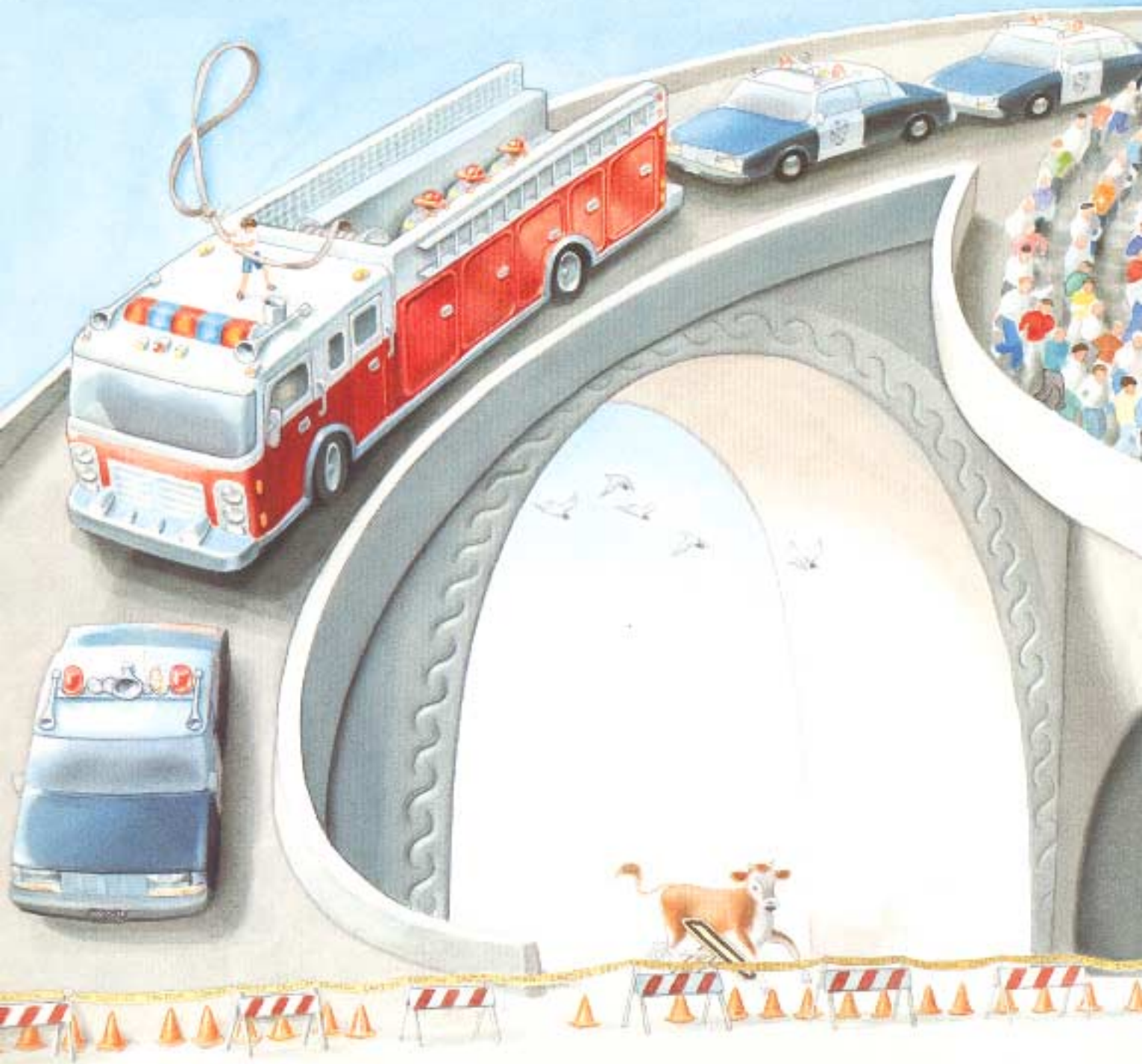


Somewhere down around Roundabout
Turnaround, Mosey's wandering feet were
getting a little mixed up.





Whichever way they went, they kept bringing her back to the Bigtwist Pretzel Mill, where all the streets of Tangle Town meet.

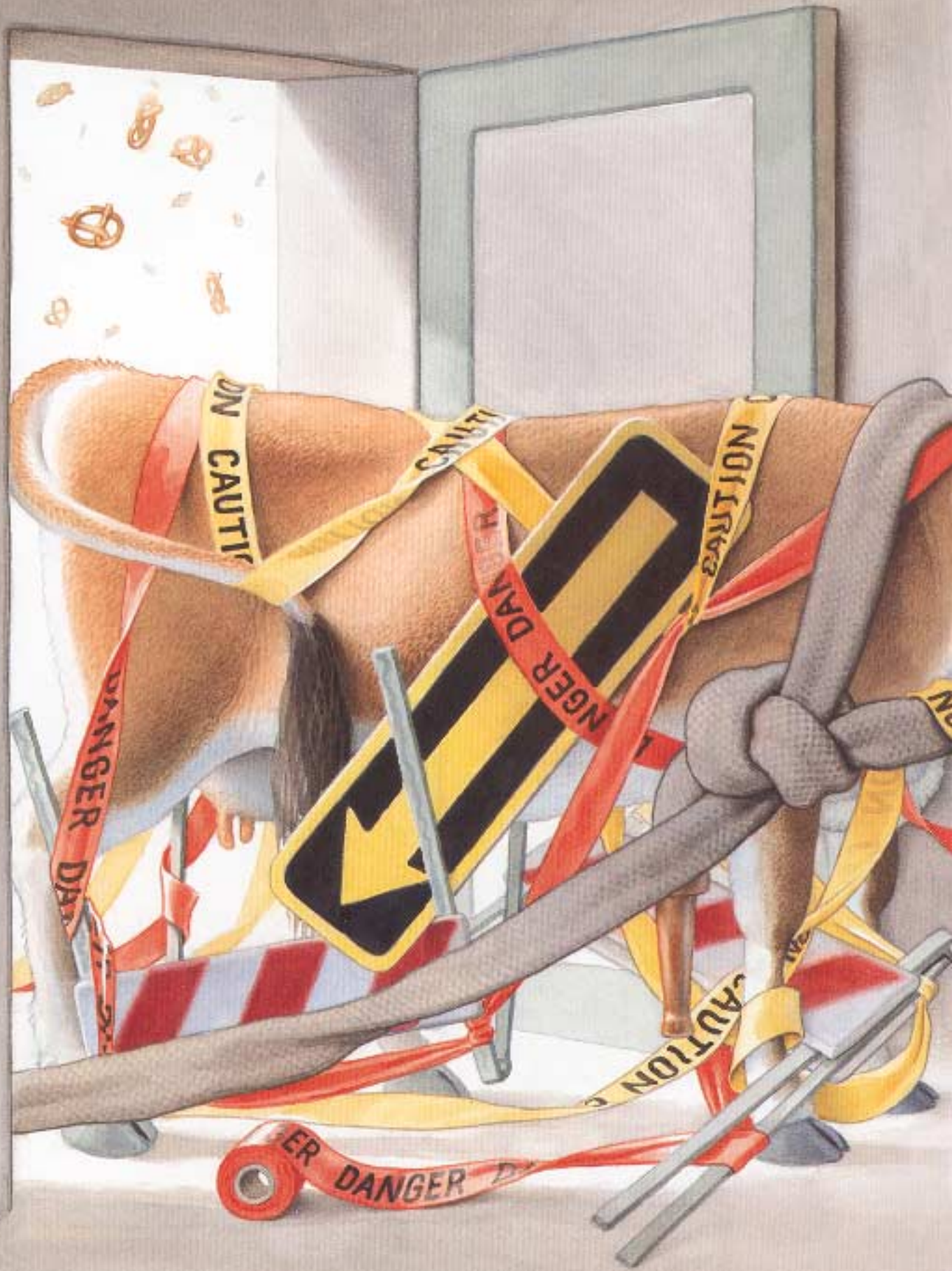


“Here she comes!” hollered Roxy, twirling the fire hose like a lasso. “Head ’er off at the blasting zone. Fence ’er in. Yip! Yip!”



T-TOWN
BLASTERS





. . . and into the office of the mayor. He was sitting there, nursing his blisters in a mustard plaster. “I’m saved!” said the mayor.

“Mmmooooo,” said Mosey.



Before the smoke and dust had cleared, people were going back to their business. Roxy milked. Sweepers swept. Policemen policed, as if nothing unusual had happened. It had just been one of those days . . .







. . . a typical day in Tangle Town.

“What’s wrong with this crazy chair?” growled the mayor.