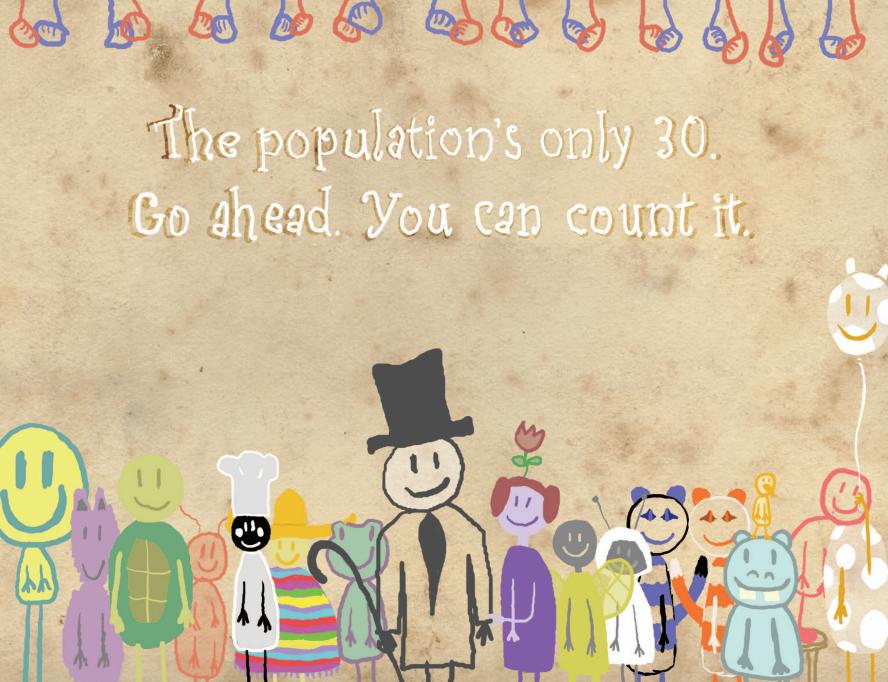
greetings from by Dustin Travis Jenkins For an imaginary town full of people who

help me see the

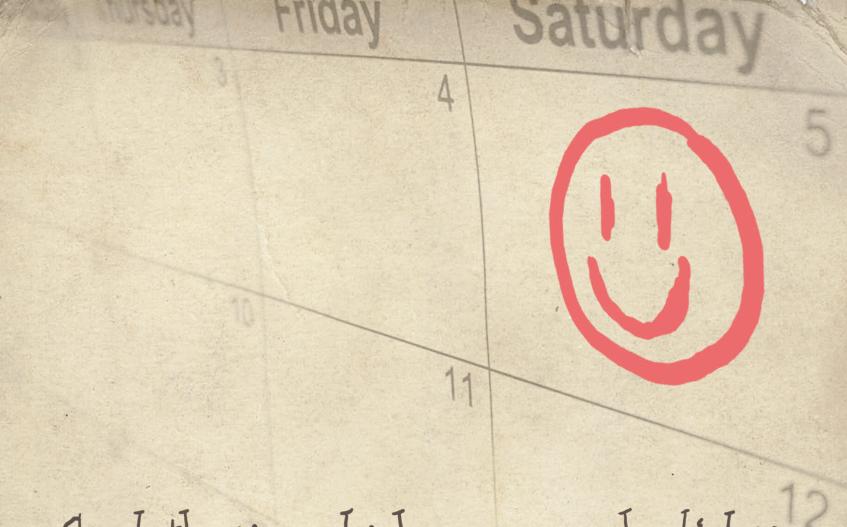
cheerier side of things.

I found this place by accident.
There's nothing great about it.



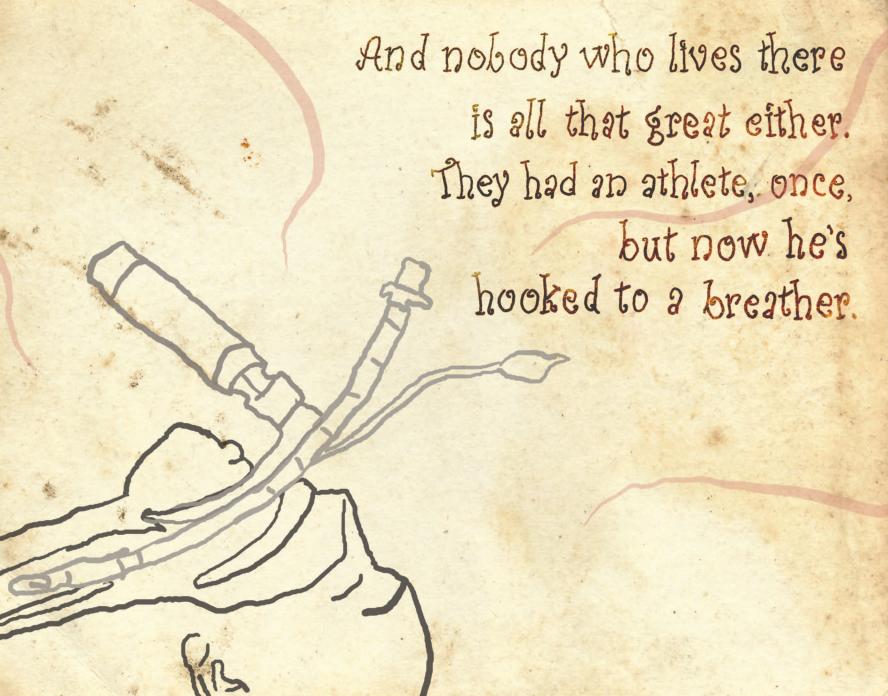




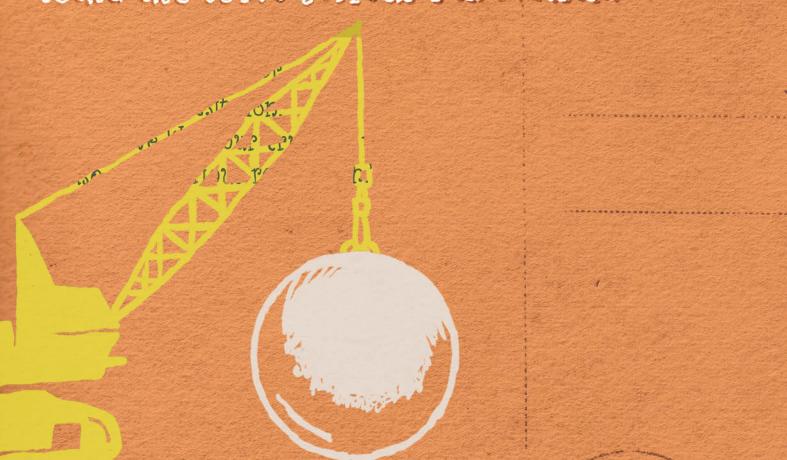


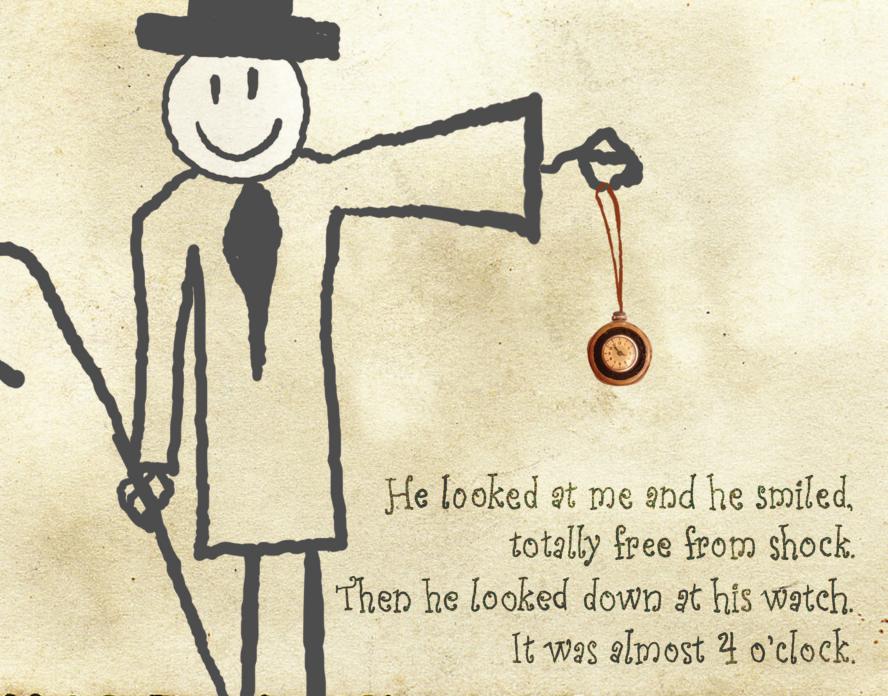
And they only have one holiday, each and every year.

Liver our wallo disting. It only plays one song, "every hour, on the hour, long."



So I went up to the mayor, and said without hesitation, "It looks to me like your crummy town could use some serious renovation."



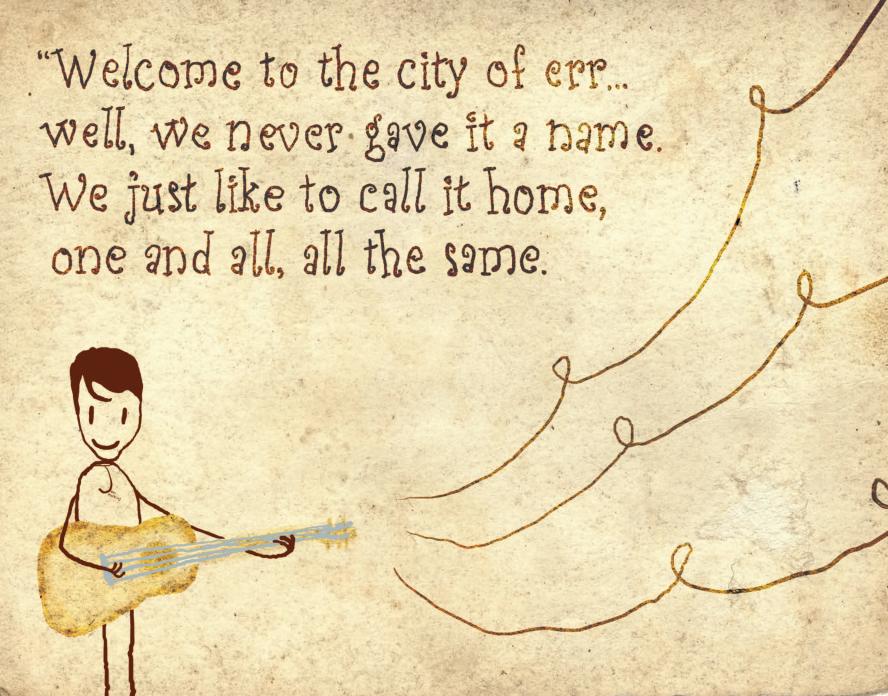


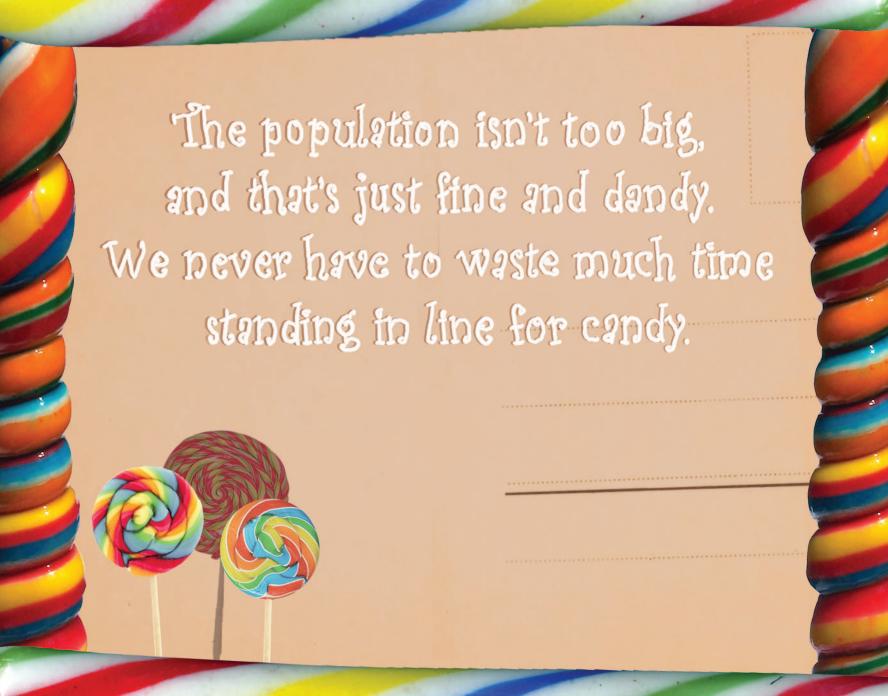


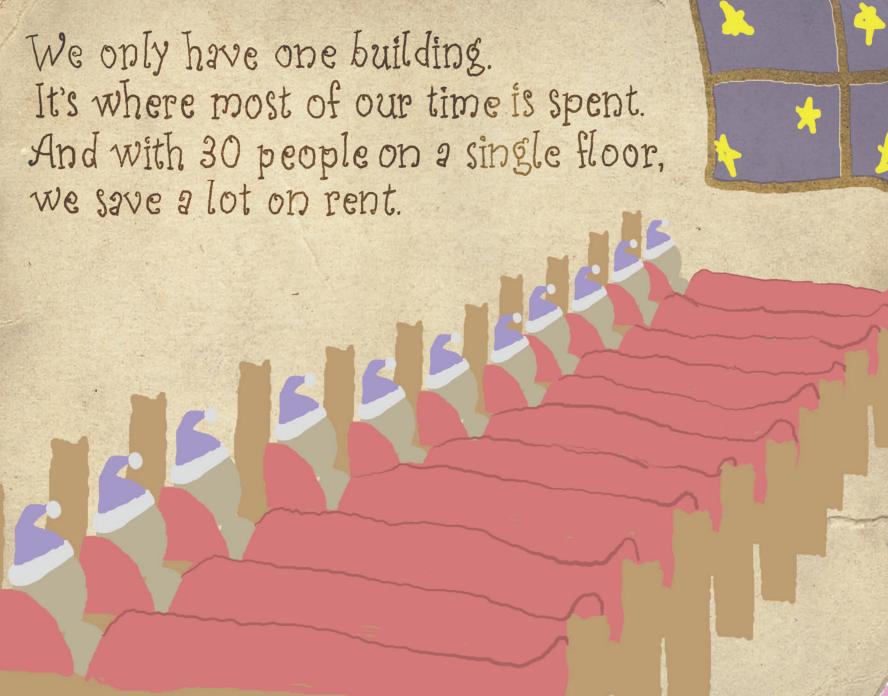
A voice came on the radio saying, "Our song is about to begin. If you haven't yet heard it, shut your ears tight, or you may never leave

Everybody in town cleared their throats at once, and the clock chimed its hourly DING!
They joined arm in arm, music came on, and they all started to sing.











And it's true we have no athletes, and we never really compete.

But that's okay by us.

We don't miss the defeat.



This is how it is,
if you will or if you won't:
Everything we have, you see,
comes from everything we don't."





The End.

Thanks to Jon Hoskins for recording the town anthem.



WWW.byonthemoon.com @ 2008

Listen to our town song at

www. Hogon the moon, com/song. mp3

courtesy of our very own

Jon Hoskins. - ATJ