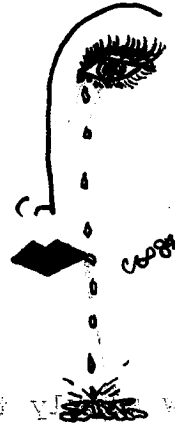
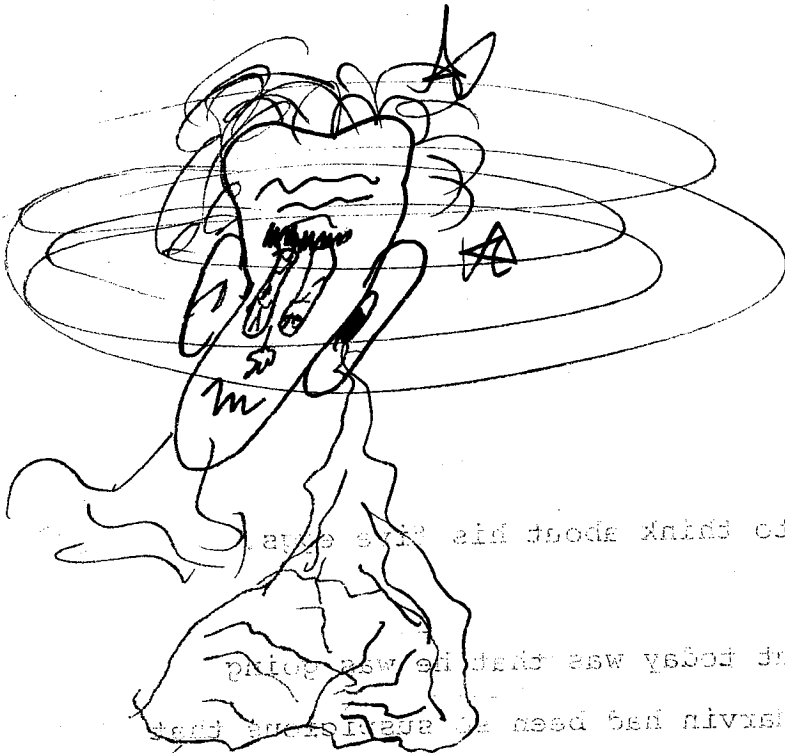


Marvin and the Five Eggs

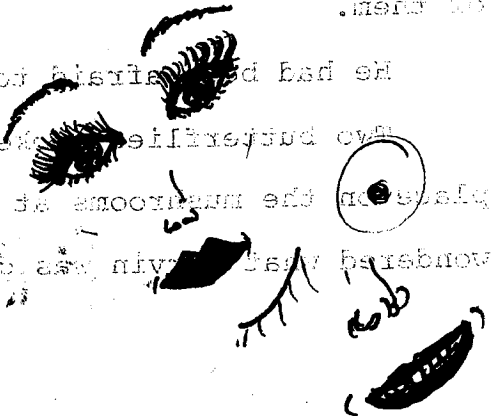
- for Michelle N.F.

Click in this document to return to Daniel Friedman's writing at InspectApedia.com



I can't seem to recall a thing....

Marvin flew to his nest to think about his five eggs. Maybe what was special about today was that he was going to learn an important lesson. Marvin had been a successful parent and had broken all five eggs and had not been able to see even one of them. He had believed in his own good fortune. He had believed that Marvin really had their resting place on the mushroom at the foot of Marvin's tree. They wondered what Marvin was going to do when he saw the sixth egg.



[Handwritten signature]

MARVIN MAGPIE AND THE FIVE EGGS

5301 Lakeside
VA 23451

- 7th page: Firm rules?
- Who to contact?
- Contact > 1 @ a time?
- insist on personal visit?
- must all atleast be couple?
- financial arrangements
- need legal rep?
- copyright procedures

- what types of drawings are typically used for
- water colors
- How many or all needed for various
- Supplemental story board

[Handwritten signature]

ADVENTURES OF MARVIN MAGPIE -- BOOK ONE

[Handwritten signature]

by
D. Friedman, Jr.
Illustrations by
Elaine West - Illustrator

[Handwritten signature]

1st typed draft
2/27/77

For MICHELLE N.F.

Marvin is a yellow-billed magpie who lives on a small peanut farm in Georgia. Marvin does not know that he lives in Georgia, but he knows that the farm is beautiful. The farm is kept clean and the peanuts are kept growing by Farmer Don.

You might think that Marvin loves peanuts, since he lives on that farm. But what magpies really love to eat is eggs. Farmer Don also raises chickens. Sometimes his hens give him an extra egg or two for Marvin. This always makes Marvin very happy.

Marvin's home is in a tree by a big white fence. The fence is on the side of the green peanut field. Every morning Marvin watches the sun come up to shine on his tree and on the peanuts. Then he stretches his wings and hops to a nearby branch. Using his long tail feathers to keep from falling, Marvin leans way back and he sniffs the morning air.

One morning Marvin woke up just as the big golden sun peeked into his nest. Marvin felt the warm sunshine. He straightened up his feathers and stretched his neck.

Today felt special!

Maybe it was because the sun looked so very big.

Marvin stretched his wings and hopped to a branch near his nest. Marvin sniffed a big magpie sniff. Yes! Today smelled special, and very nice too.

He looked around. Farmer Don was already at work far off at the other end of the peanut field. Marvin's tummy gurgled and he knew that he was hungry.

But today felt special. Marvin wondered if his friend Farmer Don had brought him anything special to eat.

me

"Maybe he left some corn for me to eat," Marvin chirruped to himself, "or maybe some extra peanuts."

An egg was such a special treat that Marvin hardly dared to hope for that.

Now Marvin is a very suspicious magpie. Once when Marvin was visiting the neighbor's corn field (where he was never supposed to go) he was chased by a huge cat whose orange and black and white fur looked simply scary to Marvin. So Marvin never takes any more chances. Before leaving his tree Marvin looked all around.

Marvin has had other scary experiences. Once while he was tasting the grain in the farmers' cooperative ^{storage} tower Marvin was very frightened by little pebbles that fell near him. Now you might not be afraid of pebbles but Marvin was, and the little boy who had thrown them laughed merrily as Marvin flapped frantically up and out of the grain tower.

Marvin made sure the little boy was not in sight today. Everything looked safe. And today felt special. Marvin wondered why.

He flew down to one of the white fenceposts. Today felt special so Marvin wanted something really special for breakfast. He was so very hungry. Marvin looked again for the cat. All he could see were two butterflies tickling the blades of grass beneath themselves as they moved along under the fence. They were taking their breakfast from the morning dew - little tiny droplets of water that the cool night air had left on the red and orange flowers that grew by the fence.

Marvin watched the yellow butterflies. He was suspicious, but he knew that butterflies would not chase him or throw a pebble at him like the cat and the little boy liked to do.

Suddenly Marvin saw something strange in the grass. There under the fence were objects that had not been there the night before. They were white and kind of oval shaped. What do you suppose they were?

Marvin hopped down to the ground for a closer look.

There were white roundish objects, all in a neat row. They were eggs ! Marvin's heart beat fast because he was excited. Marvin loved eggs. He counted them. One, two, three, four, five!

There were five eggs! Marvin had never seen sommany beautiful eggs at once.

Farmer Don loves Marvin but he also knows that magpies are suspicious birds. That morning he had carefully put five eggs in a neat row where he knew Marvin would find them.

The farmer hoped that Marvin would eat all five good extra eggs the hens had given him. "Maybe Marvin Magpie will see how many eggs we have given to him. Maybe then he will learn to trust us and be able to enjoy his good luck." Farmer Don had explained to the hens. They had cackled in happy agreement.

Marvin looked at the eggs very closely. He thought about his good luck. "Here Farmer Don has put five eggs just for me to eat," he thought to himself, "and I am hungrier than I have ever been before. How lucky I am."

Then he looked at the eggs again. But Marvin was a suspicious magpie.

Do you think Marvin started eating those eggs ? Well he didn't. Marvin looked at those eggs very carefully. Farmer Don had never before given him so many eggs at one time.

"This is strange," muttered Marvin. and he made a puzzled face. "Farmer Don has always given me just one or two eggs."

Marvin wondered if today was special because of his good luck.

Then Marvin had an idea. "Farmer~~e~~^s Don must be playing a joke on me." he thought. Marvin's puzzled face changed to show a frown. "One of these eggs must be spoiled and this is a trick to get me to taste a spoiled egg! "

Maybe that was ~~w~~hy today felt special.

Now when a magpie wants to eat an egg do you suppose he scrambles it in a frying pan ? Of course not. Magpies do not have stoves and frying pans.

To eat an egg a magpie must carefully peck a small hole in the top. Then he or she sucks the raw egg from its shell. But if the egg has become spoiled the magpie gets a beakful of terrible taste and makes an awful face. You know the awful face you make when you taste something terrible.

A magpie can break the egg open to look at it and smell it to see if it has spoiled. But when the shell is all broken the egg runs out onto the ground and there is nothing left to eat. ¶ Marvin wondered what to do. He made his most curious look at his five eggs and he puffed up his feathers while he thought.

The more he thought about the eggs the more suspicious Marvin became. "It's a trick." he decided. "One egg must be bad. But which one is it ?"

Marvin had heard about the terrible taste of spoiled eggs and he did not want to taste one himself. He decided to ask his friends what they thought about this luck that seemed too good to be true.

Marvin smoothed his feathers and flew to the barnyard. He heard a happy grunting sound. It was Arleen the pig. She was much older than Marvin and much wiser too. Marvin told Arleen about the five eggs. "One of them must be bad. I'm suspicious. I think it's a trick." he concluded. "What should I do?"

"Farmer ~~Don~~ is your friend." Arleen answered. "You should stop worrying and enjoy your good fortune. Eat the eggs, Marvin."

Marvin thanked her politely as he could and he flew back to his fence.

He looked at the first egg. It looked okay. But Marvin decided to break it. "If this one is bad," he reasoned to himself, "then it won't matter that I broke it open, and I'll have four more good eggs to eat."

Marvin broke the first egg with his beak. The egg spilled out onto the bright green grass and quickly disappeared. Marvin sniffed his magpie sniff. "Well, that egg was fine."

His tummy growled to complain that it was still so very hungry and Marvin wished he ~~had~~^{had} pecked a tiny hole and eaten the first egg.

Marvin found the milk cow and he asked her what he should do next. Her name was ~~Trudy~~. Trudy was not as excited as Marvin was, ~~since~~ ^{because} cows do not like to eat eggs.

Trudy ^{blushed} flicked a fly off of her back with her long tail. "I'm sure you can eat the four eggs you have left, " she said, "but wouldn't you rather have some of my hay this morning?"

"This is a special day," Marvin explained, " and I need something more special than hay to eat."

Marvin looked at the second egg when he returned to his fence. It looked okay. Then he smelled it. It smelled fine too. "But there must be a trick," he thought.

He broke the second egg and watched as the yellow yolk all ran into the grass. That egg was a good one just like the first one had been.

Marvin sighed and his tummy gurgled in disappointment.

Marvin saw Ajax, the plow horse. "Ajax," he wailed, "what can I do with the three eggs I have left? I'm so suspicious that Farmer Don is playing a trick on me."

Ajax whinnied a laugh and would not even answer the magpie.

Marvin went back to his fence and looked suspiciously at the third egg. It smelled fine. It looked fine. Marvin turned his head to one side and leaned down to listen carefully. But he didn't hear anything. That made Marvin suspicious.

The foolish magpie broke the third egg too. The egg white glistened in the morning sun and together with the yolk it ran into the grass. That egg had been a very good one and Marvin's tummy reminded him with an angry growl that he had not yet eaten anything.

Marvin ^{found} ~~saw~~ Angel the goat near her favourite leaf pile.
"Oh Angel," he cried, "I've already broken three eggs as I
tried to find the bad one that I'm sure is there!"

Angel looked up from her leaves and chewed slowly.
When she had swallowed she said "You're so foolish Marvin.
There is no trick. Eat your last two eggs and enjoy your
good fortune."

Marvin began to wonder why today seemed so special.
"So far my luck has been terrible." he thought.

There were only two eggs left. Marvin looked at one of them. He sniffed it. He listened to it. But he was still suspicious. The ground around the eggs was getting pretty soggy from all of the spilled eggs. But Marvin decided to guess.

This was probably the bad egg, since there were only two left. He broke it open. As the perfectly good egg spilled in the grass Marvin began to cry. He was so hungry and this egg had been such a good one.

Now the other animals were watching him.

Farmer Don was still working in the peanut field, and he was thinking about Marvin enjoying the special treat, the five eggs.

Marvin saw Sitar, Farmer Don's old hound dog eyeing the last egg. Now Sitar liked to eat eggs too, and he considered himself an expert on eggs.

"Sitar," Marvin moaned, "I broke ~~the first~~ four ^{perfectly good} eggs because I was suspicious that one of them was bad. Surely ~~the~~ ^{this} last one must be ~~the~~ bad ~~one~~."

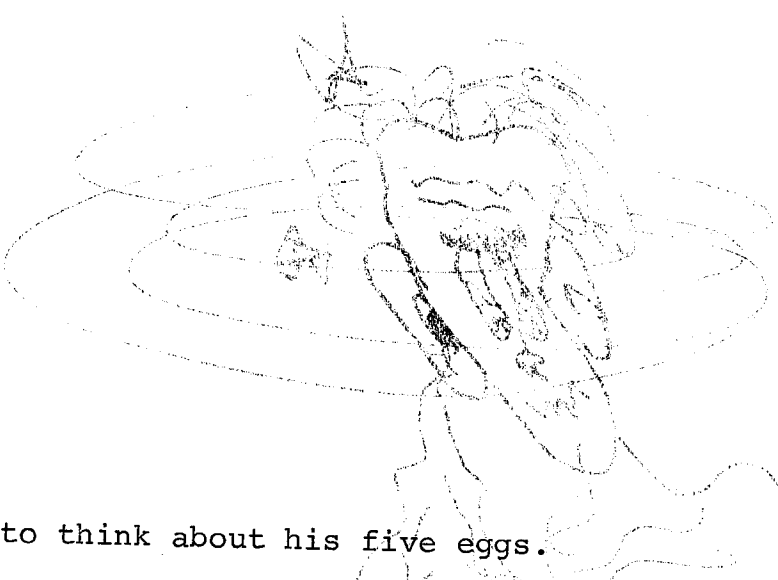


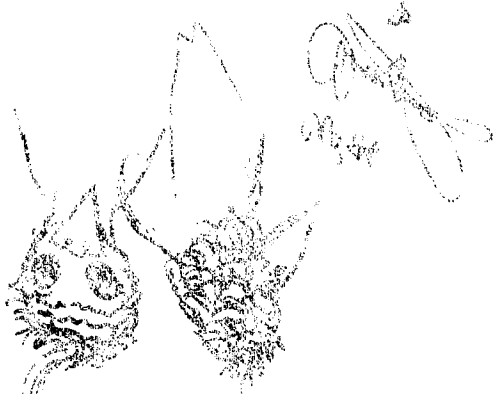
Sitar sniffed the last egg and he rolled it a little with his paw. "Farmer Don has never given me a bad egg." said Sitar. "You should go ahead and eat ~~that~~ last one. But if you don't want it...."

"Never ! " Marvin interrupted.

Marvin knew what he had to do. He was sure that this was all a terrible joke. And since all the other eggs had been good ones, this last egg had to be the bad one. It just had to be.

Marvin was very logical. So he broke open the last egg. As it spilled onto the grass Marvin knew he had won. He knew that this had to be the bad egg and he tasted not a drop of it. Then he looked and sniffed the shell. This had been the most delicious egg of all, not a bad one.

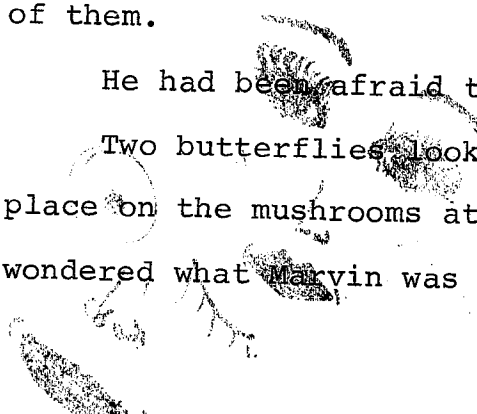
It was too late. Marvin was hungrier than ever and the ground was soggy than ever from spilled eggs.



Marvin flew slowly to his nest to think about his five eggs.

Maybe what was special about today was that he was going to learn an important lesson. Marvin had been so suspicious that he had broken all five eggs and had not been able to eat even one of them.

He had been afraid to believe in his own good fortune.



Two butterflies looked at Marvin sadly from their resting place on the mushrooms at the foot of Marvin's tree. They wondered what Marvin was going to do when he saw the sixth egg.