

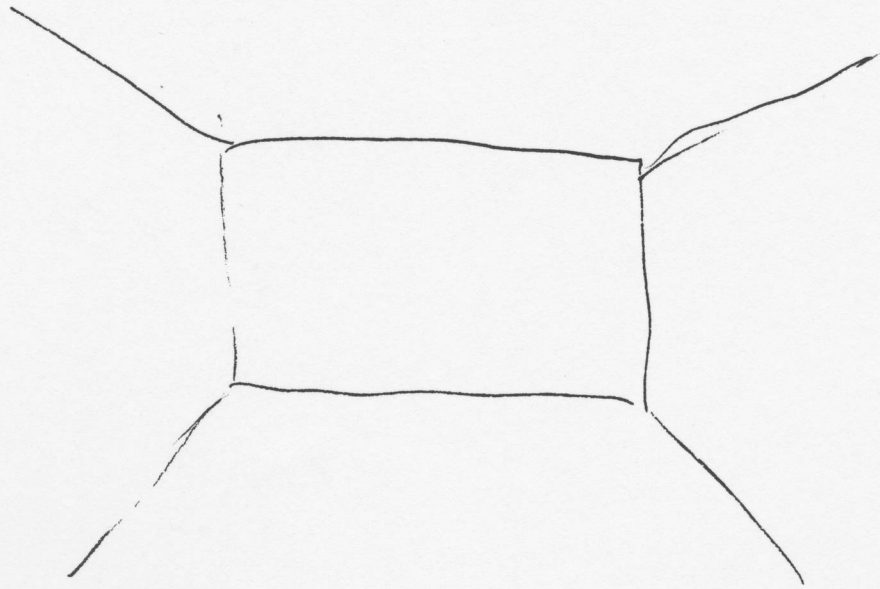
THE MUSEUM



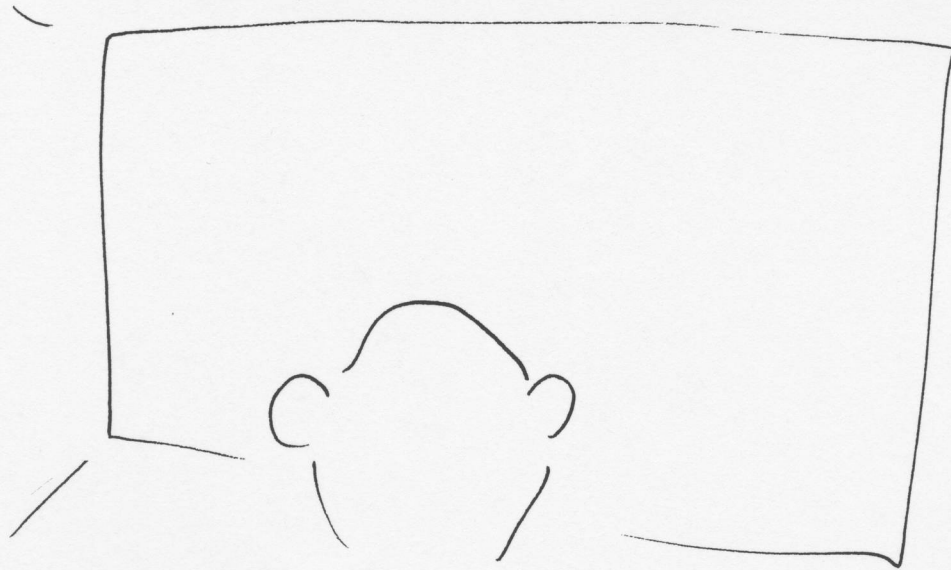
MONKEY



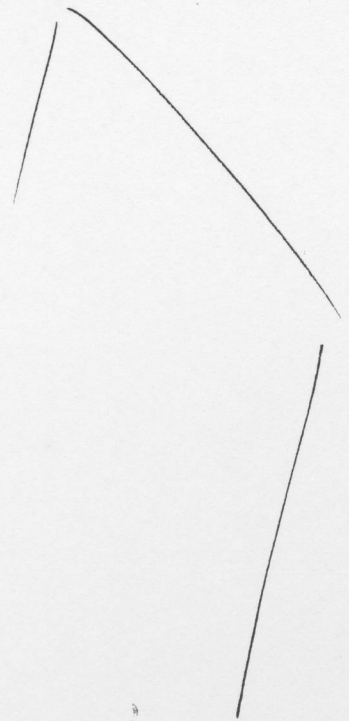
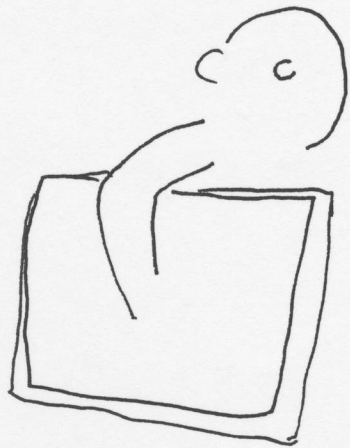
Once upon a time there was a museum monkey. That is, once upon a time there was a monkey who opened a museum.



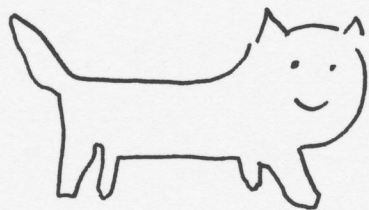
It was a large warehouse with four walls, a ceiling, a floor and a pair of double doors.



After staring at the far wall for a long while, the Museum Monkey decided to hang a painting.

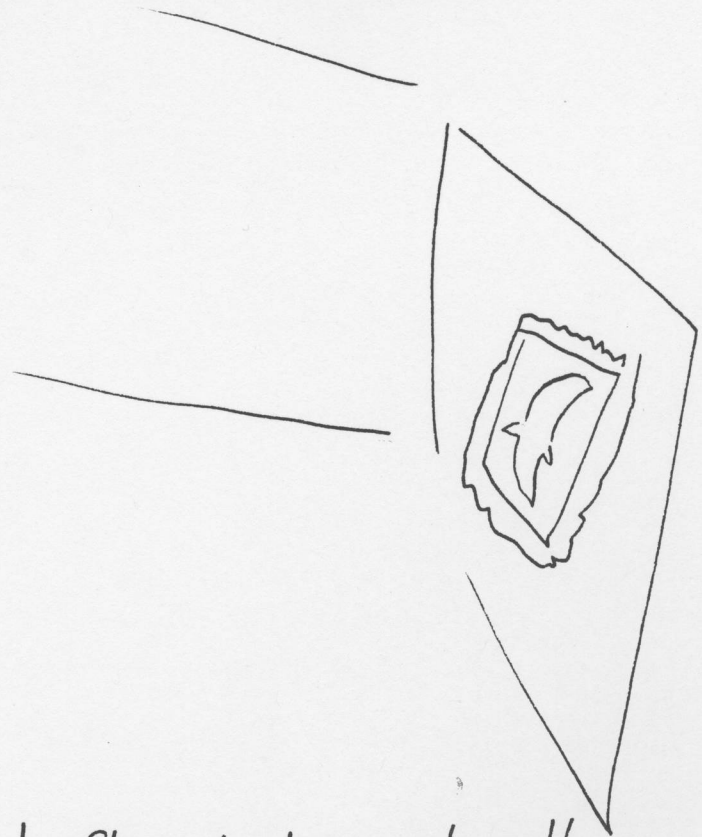
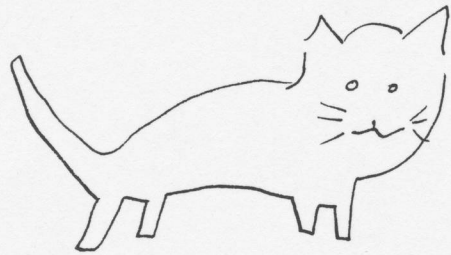


she went outside and brought in a painting of a banana. Perfect!, she thought to herself, and stepped back from the wall to admire the museum's very first work of art.

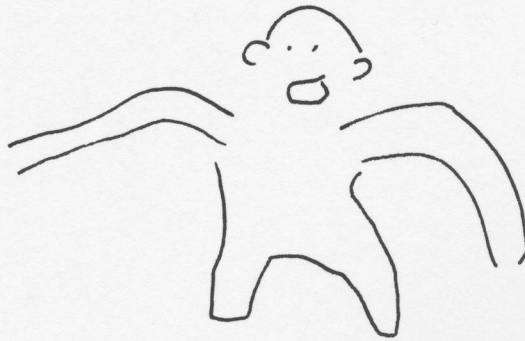


MUSEUM

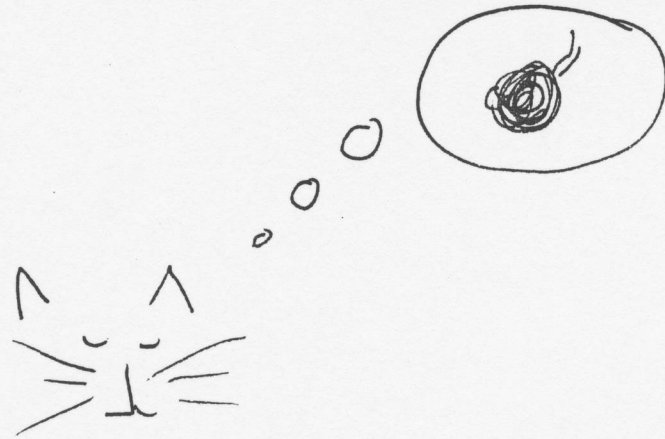
On the street, a cat walked by and thought it might be fun to have a look inside.



The cat came through the entrance and after checking each wall said, "Excuse me, but why is there only one painting?"



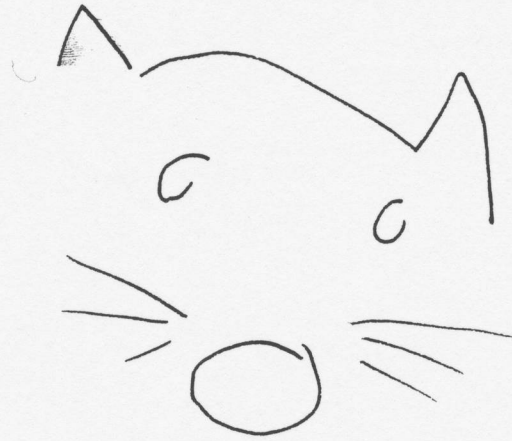
The Museum Monkey replied, "Well, this is my museum. Everybody likes ^{bananas} ~~monkeys~~, or at least paintings of bananas because not every animal eats bananas."



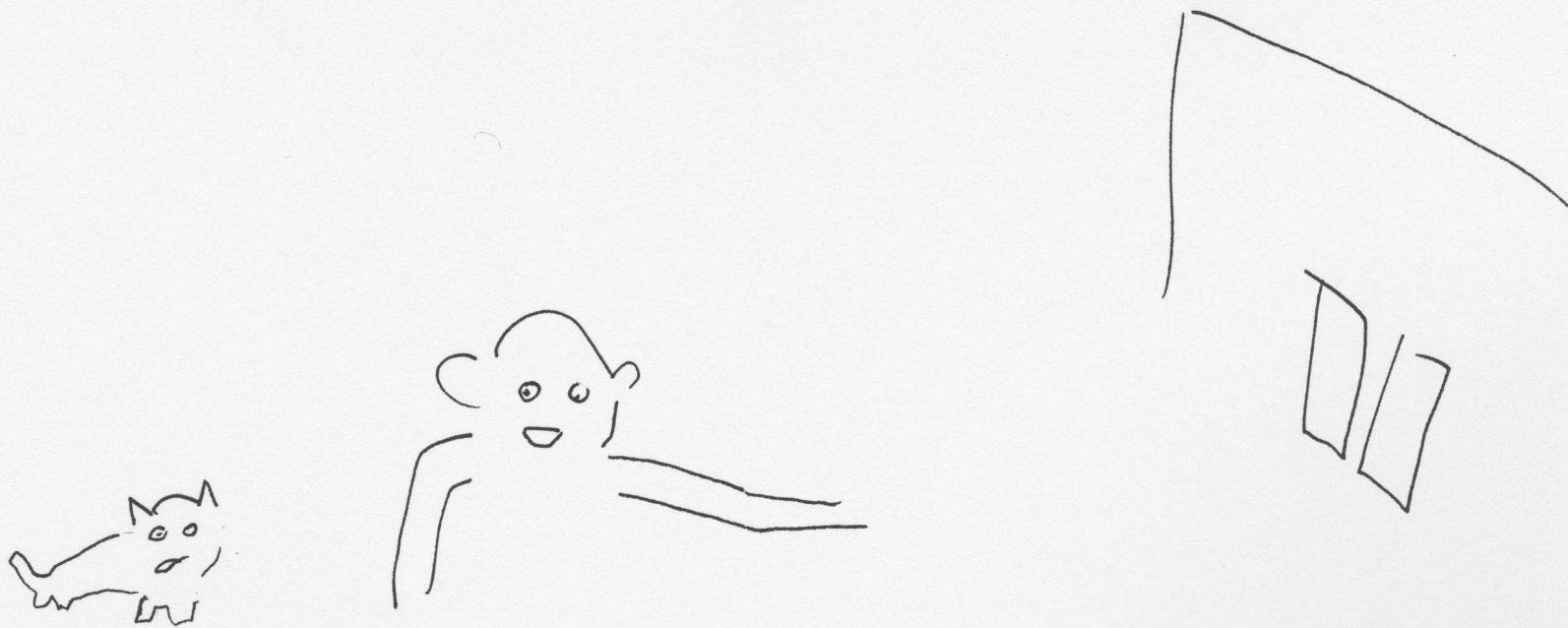
The cat, who was an alley cat, asked why the museum didn't have a painting of a ball of yarn.



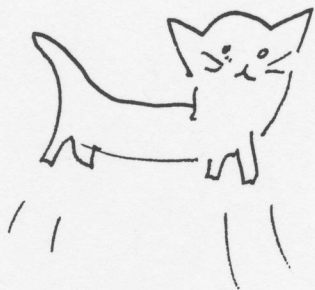
"Yarn!" The Museum Monkey's laughter echoed loudly. The cat carefully chose what to say next.



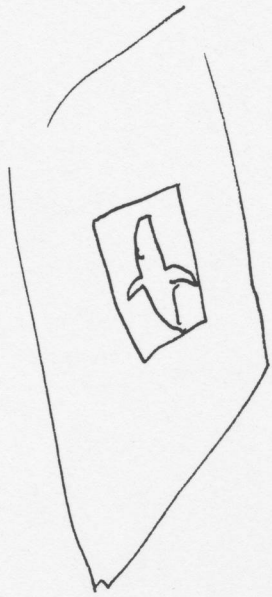
"Yes, yarn. Plenty of cats and kittens like to play with yarn."



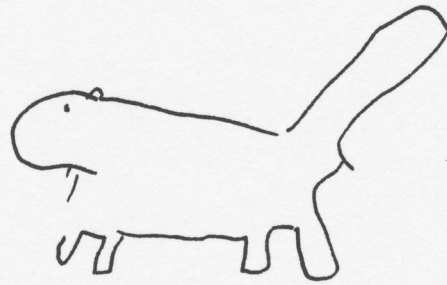
With a grand gesture, the monkey pointed to the double doors.



"If you don't like my museum, you are welcome to leave."



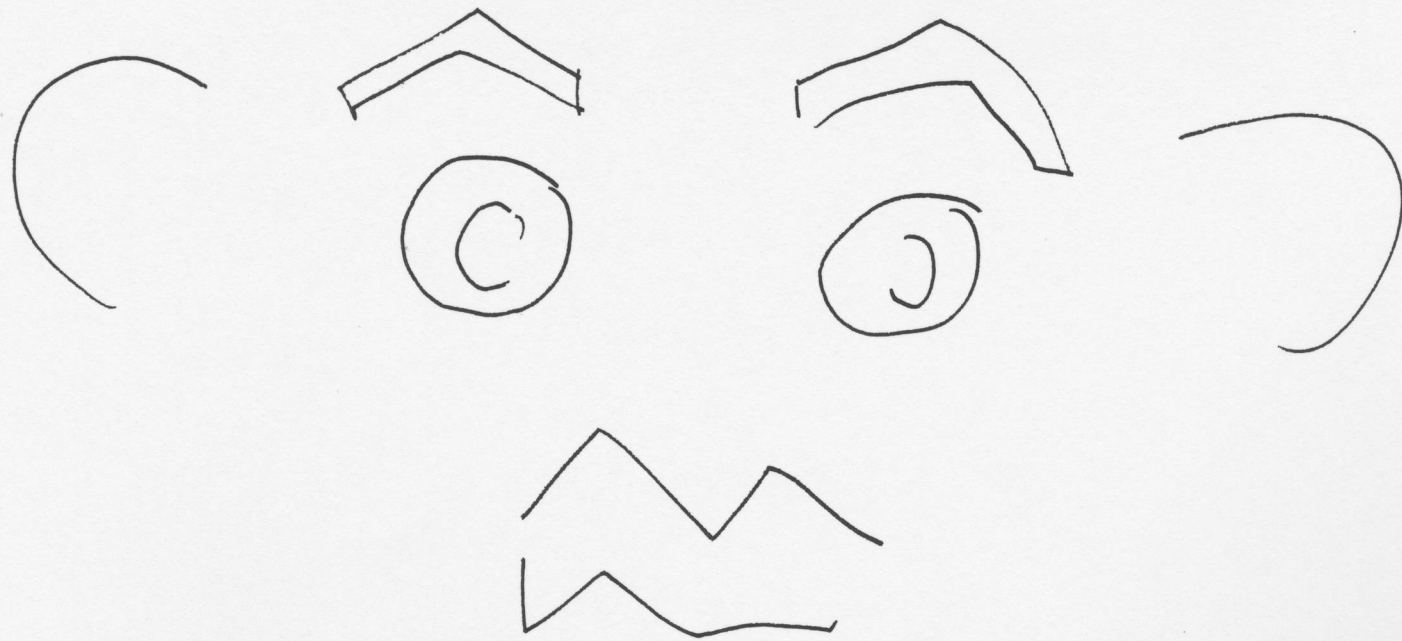
The cat left and the Museum Monkey admired the banana painting again.



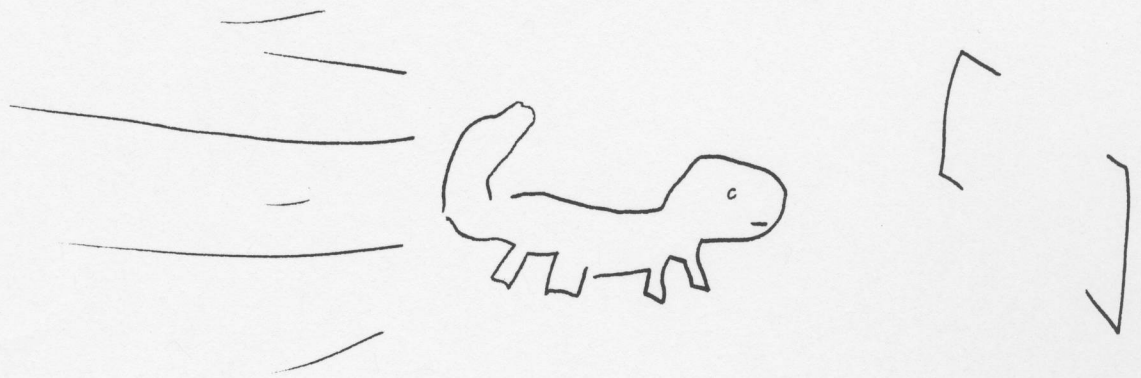
She was about to sit down when a squirrel scampered in.



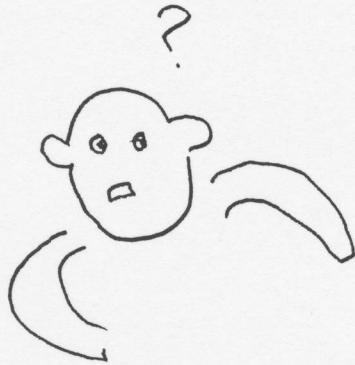
"I declare, that is a lovely banana. But you have so many walls and just one painting. I know an artist who painted a picture of an acorn. Why not —"



"Acorn! What do you think this is, a forest? This is a museum!"



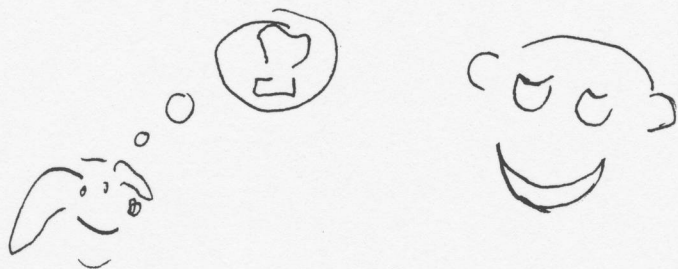
The squirrel raced back through the doors as quickly as her squirrel legs could carry her. She was sad that the Museum Monkey wanted banana art and nothing else.



Monkeys can only look at bananas for so long before they get hungry.
The Museum Monkey was about to lock the doors and step out for a lunch break when she heard a dog barking.



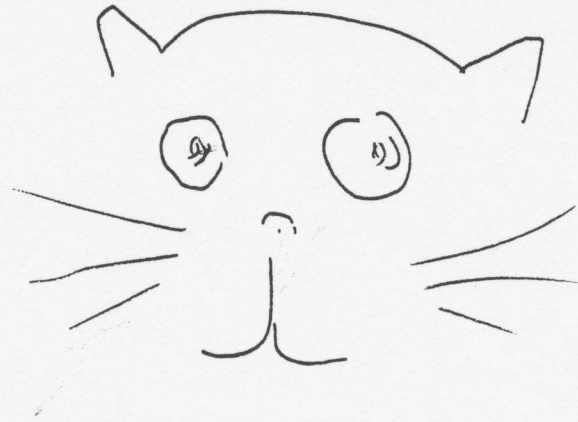
Sure enough, a dog walked in and stared at the banana painting for a few minutes. The Museum Monkey waited patiently. "That banana is a masterpiece," said the dog.



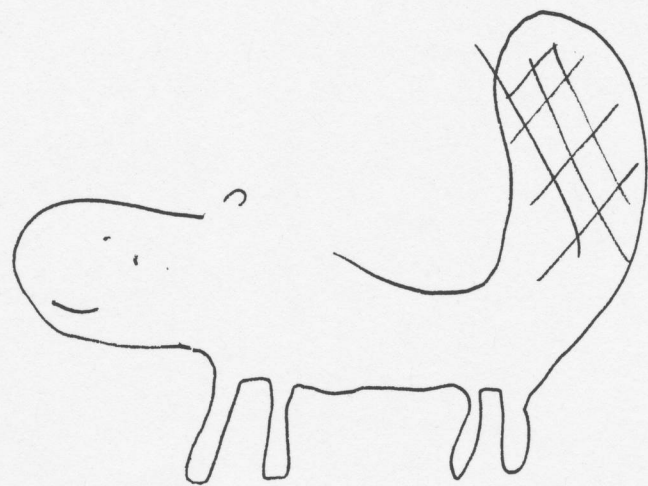
"Thank you," said the Museum Monkey, honored that another animal recognized her talent as a curator. The dog continued.
"A masterpiece, indeed. But do you know what would complement it nicely? A sculpture of a squeaky toy in the middle of the room."



"This is a museum for paintings of bananas!" cried the Museum Monkey. Then, the cat and ^{the} squirrel marched in.



"Think of how delighted ~~at~~ the guests in your museum will be if you include art that is not just your own favorite," Alley Cat said.



"And there are enough walls in this museum that you can have a lot more paintings," the squirrel added.

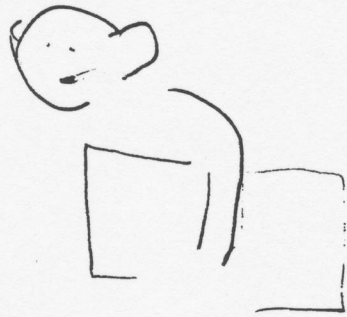


The dog said, "You can have sculptures and mobiles. Photographs, films and statues. Collages, mosaics and dioramas. There are so many types of art, and so many things that art can be about."



I do like dioramas, the monkey thought. Maybe rounding out the museum's collection wasn't such a bad idea.

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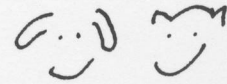
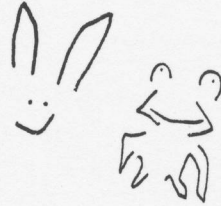
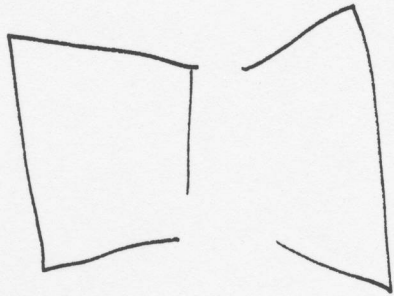


The monkey, the cat, the squirrel and the dog called
all the other animals they knew, and before long the
museum was ~~filled~~ full of every type ~~imaginable~~ of art
imaginable.

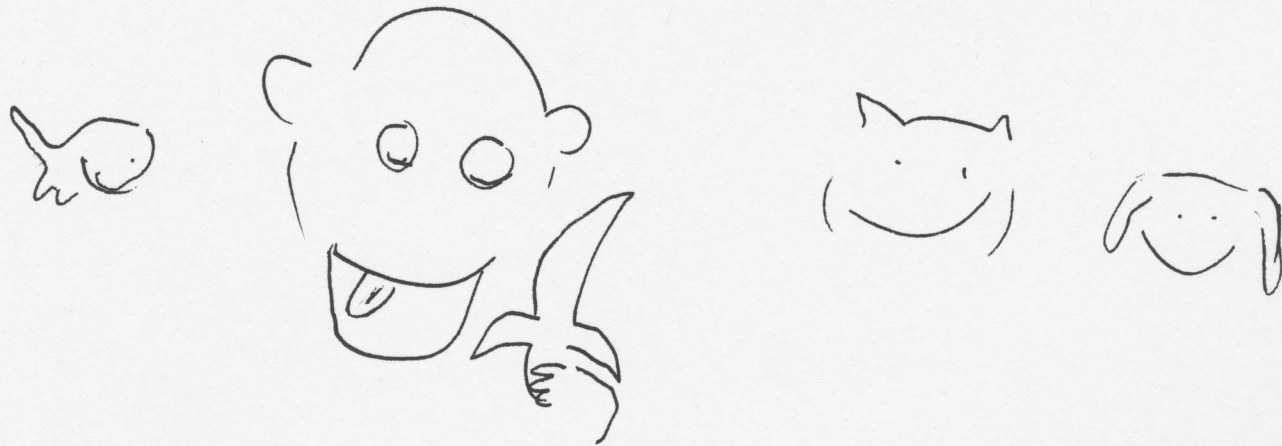


Dandelions, apples and sunsets covered the walls. A mobile made of silly clouds hung from the ceiling, and in the middle of the room there was a sculpture of a squeaky toy.

MUSEUM



The Museum Monkey was glad that she could share ~~her~~ the space in her museum, and that she could make it a place where animals could come in and be happy.



To celebrate, she took out a banana and peeled it.
It was the best banana she ever ate.



THE END