

# *The Tale of Bump*

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Once upon a time there was a Bump. He was a sad bump. He wandered from town to town, house to house and person to person. But Bump never found what he was looking for—not even by chance.

“Oh, what is the use of life if I don’t have an accident?” sighed Bump, sitting forlornly on a log. “I have searched high and low for years and years and I still haven’t found an accident.”

Finally he picked himself up and went on down the road.

Bump came to an inn and went inside to spend the night. The inn was old and the doorways low. A tall guest came out of the dining room and banged his head on the doorjamb.

“Thud!” went the wood.

“Ouch!” said the man.

“At last!” cried Bump happily, and leaped upon the man’s head.