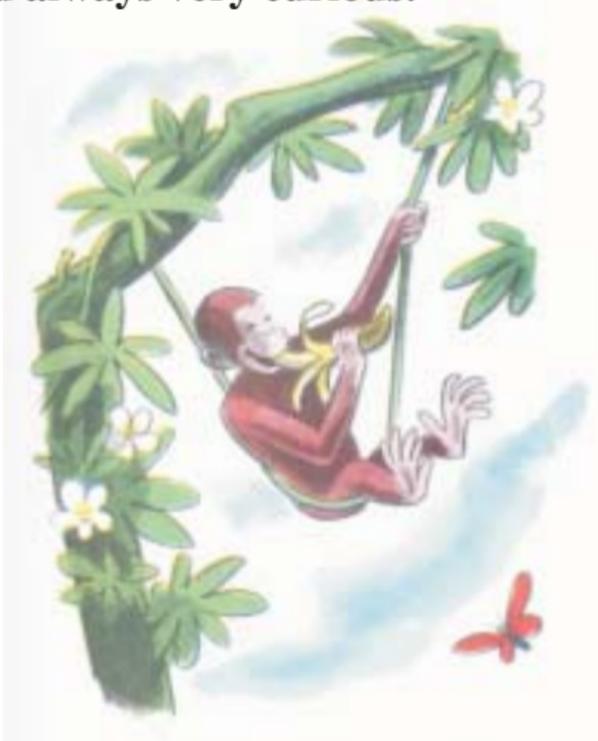


**This is George.
He lived in the Bush.
He was a good-for-little monkeybrain
and always very curious.**

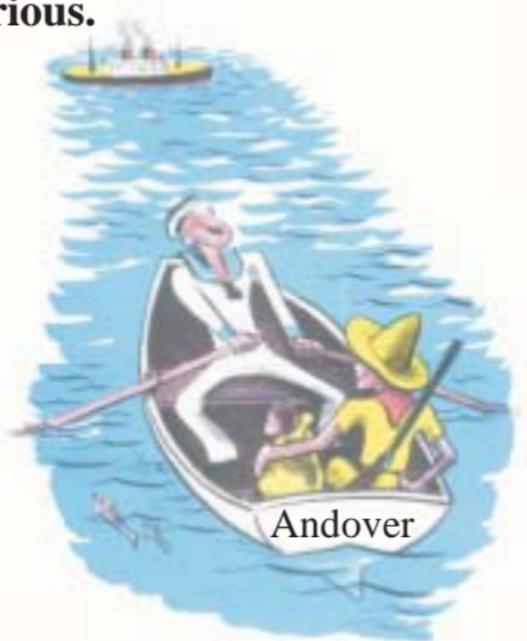


**One day George saw a man.
He had on a large yellow dunce cap.
The man saw George too.
“What a nice-for-little monkeybrain,”
he thought.
“I would like to take him home with
me and get him into my old
schools as a legacy student.
Wouldn’t be prudent, but what
fun!”**

**He put his cap on George’s head.
George couldn’t see.**



The man picked George up quickly and paid his old elite academy for George's passage to his old Ivy-covered university. George was sad, but he was still a little curious.



George sat on a little stool and the man said, "George, I am going to take you to a Biz School in a big city. You will like it there.



And curiously, you will like to shut out those without your God-given luxuries and hard-earned merit. Affirmative?

Now run along and play, but don't get into trouble." George promised to be good. But it is easy for little monkeybrains to forget.

As a Deke he found some Skulls and Bones.

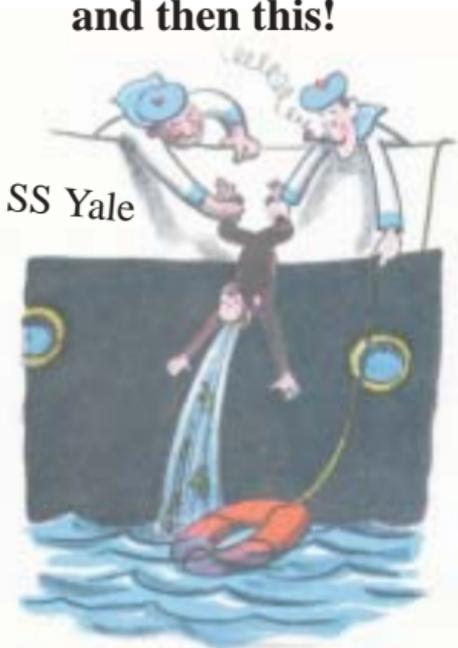
He was very curious.

He HAD to try whatever looked easy.

But—oh, what happened!

First this—

and then this!



**George did nothing but sit on his books.
But after a good meal
and a good pipe**



**George
felt
very
tired.
Curiously,
this**



**taught George to dislike naughty
people who use pipes made of
glass.**

**He fell asleep at once, and dreamed of
shutting them in a prison.**

**At least those without his God-given
luxuries and hard-earned merit.**

**While George was sleeping,
DING-A-LING-A-LING!
SOMEONE HAD SET OFF A FIRE
ALARM!**

**The fire fighters looked for the signal
on the big map that showed
where the flare-up was.**

**They didn't know it was DEMO-
CRATIC AND LIBERATING.
They thought it was a real fire.**



**HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!
The fighters jumped on to their
fighting engines.**

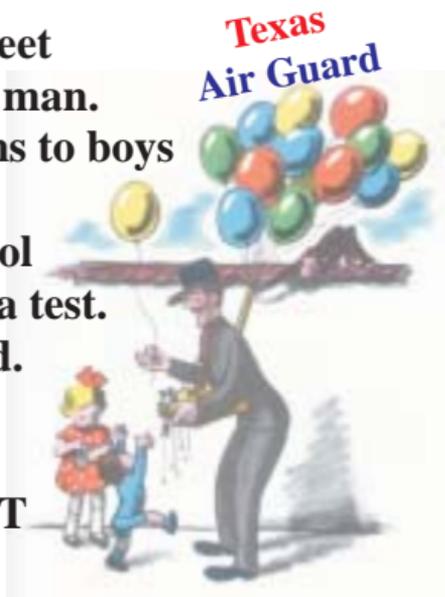
**Ding-dong-ding-dong.
Everyone into the fray!
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!**

**The fighters rushed into George's
house.**

**"Oh, draft him, draft him," they cried.
George tried to dodge away.
He was curious about how he could fly
so the fighters couldn't catch him.**



Down in the street
stood a balloon man.
He gave balloons to boys
if they did very
well in school
and could pass a test.
George watched.
He was curious
again.
He felt he **MUST**
have
a bright red balloon.
He reached over and
tried to help himself, but—
he got the lowest possible test score.
How could he get away from the
fighters?



George didn't know what to do,
and then he heard someone call,
"GEORGE!"
he looked and saw his friend,
the man with the big yellow cap!

George was very happy.
The man was happy too.
The man with the big yellow cap
put him under
his arm.
Then he paid
the balloon
man
for all the
balloons.



**In an instant
the wind whisked them all away
and, with them, went George,
holding tight with both hands.**

**Up, up he sailed, higher and higher.
He saw the fighters burning villages to
save them.**

**The burning huts looked like toy
burning huts
and the burning people like burning
dolls.**

**George was frightened.
He held on very tight.**



Curiously, seeing the carnage from this safe distance made George want to use the fighters against people he disliked.

At least if they were without his God-given luxuries and hard-earned merit.

And at least if they didn't have their own fighters.

Especially if they had anything to do with those naughty glass pipes.

At first the wind blew in great gusts. Then it quieted.

Finally it stopped blowing altogether. George was very tired.

Down, down he went—bump,

and he hid among the bushes for a whole year.

Everyone was surprised.

“WHERE IS GEORGE?”

The fighters looked and looked until at last the fighting was over.

George was free!

He remembered that the man in the yellow cap

had told him to go to Biz School.

He tried to get into one near his house, but they didn't let him in.

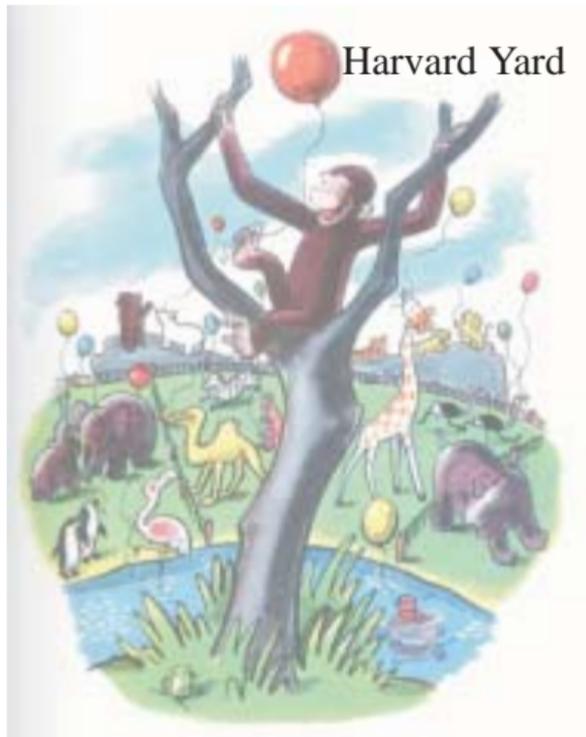
He had not learned nearly enough in school.

But he had learned that the man in the yellow cap

could always help him!

And at last, away they went

**to BIZ SCHOOL!
What a nice place
for George to live it up!**



Next Adventure ...

Curious George Takes a Job

This is George.

He lived it up in Biz School.

**He was a good-for-little monkeybrain
and always very curious.**

**He wanted to find out what was going
on outside of Biz School.**

**He did not like to work, at Biz or at
School, but he did like to play and
made many buddies there.**



**One day, George got
hold of the key to escape
from both Biz and School.**

**His friend, the elephant,
would try to find him a
nice cozy spot in the State Capitol,
where monkeybrains get to make up
rules for everybody else and don't even
have to follow them.**

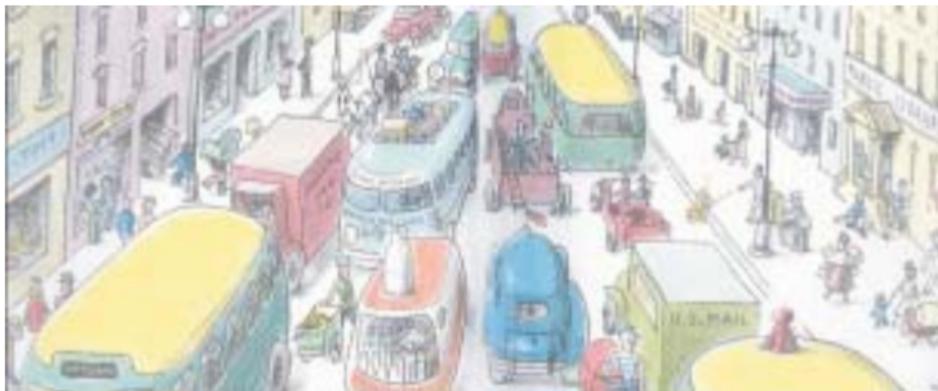
**George wanted
to make rules
against glass-pipe
users or against
people without his
God-given luxuries
and hard-earned
merits.**



Once in the street George felt a little scared. That was a long time ago when the people were allowed to choose who would make their rules. The people from the big city liked a donkey who had not done so poorly as George in School.

What should he do? Maybe he could find his friend, the man with the yellow hat, who had brought him up from the Bush. Only George did not know where he lived, since the man was director of a spy agency.

So George played a trick on the people.



Right in the center of the town there are precious extinct dinosaurs buried under the ground. George pretended to have a Biz that hunted for the buried dinosaurs, but George did not know where to look first. Even though he didn't look underground, after a while George got tired and a little dizzy.

He also pretended that he had been an active fighter after the big fire alarm.

George also promised to be a good, rule maker, but little monkeybrains sometimes forget ...

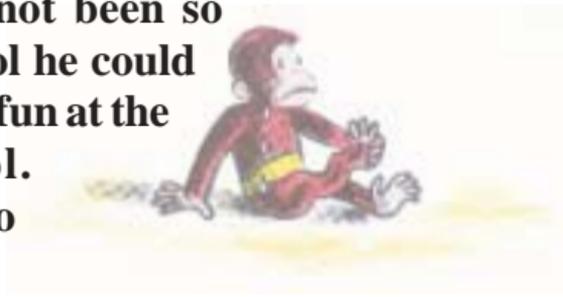
Here was his chance.

In a moment he would be safe from Biz and School!

Poor little George! He had forgotten that the people were hard to please ... not like the soft touch of the Bush.

Too bad! The people chose the donkey and George would have to work after all. He was very unhappy.

And it had all started out so nicely! If only he had not been so curious in School he could have had a lot of fun at the State Capitol. Now it was too late...



But next morning George's friend, the man with the big yellow cap, was buying his newspaper. Suddenly he got very excited. "This is George!" he shouted when he saw the picture on the front page. Quickly he read the whole story and then ran to a telephone booth to ring some rich people.





“I am George’s friend,” he said to the rich people who answered the telephone. “Please take good care of him so that he will get rich quickly. I am soon going to

become the Chief Commander of the fighters, so what I say goes. Don’t let him get into any more mischief.”

The rich people wanted to be friends with the man in the yellow cap. So they lent George a lot of money so he could get help hunting for buried dinosaurs.

One day George looked in a large building. It was the Museum. George did not know what a Museum was. He was curious.

In one room George saw something so enormous it took his breath away. It was a dinosaur. He looked at the dinosaur and then at the baby dinosaur.

At first George was scared, but then he noticed that they did not move. They



were not alive, they were stuffed animals, put into the Museum so that everybody could get a good look at them.

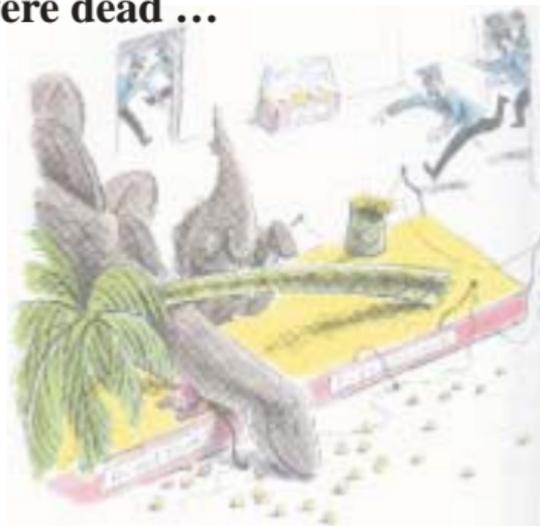
He climbed up the dinosaur's neck and started to pull the palm tree full of nuts, but the nuts would not come off (George did not know they were not real either). he pulled harder and harder, the tree began to sway ...



CRASH! Down came the tree on the dinosaur's head, down came the dinosaur, and down came George!

George had to pay for the damage, and that took all the money the rich people had lent him.

He felt so ashamed he almost wished he were dead ...





Suddenly the door opened.

“G e o r g e !” somebody shouted. It was his friend, the man with the yellow cap! “It seems you got yourself into a lot of trouble today,” he

said. “But maybe this letter here will get you out of it. It’s from Mr. Richman; he doesn’t care about the money; he only wants to be our friend now that I’ve become second in line to be the Chief. He offers you a million dollars and he only asks for one tenth of your worthless stuffed-dinosaur-hunting Biz in return!”

Now George was rich and his friend would soon be Chief, so next time the people were sure to choose him to go to the State Capitol.

George did not want to hunt for dinosaurs any more. He still wanted to play games and make rules instead of working.

“Eight rich rangers are trying to get a new baseball stadium today, George,” said his friend.

“Why don’t we go and cheer them on?”



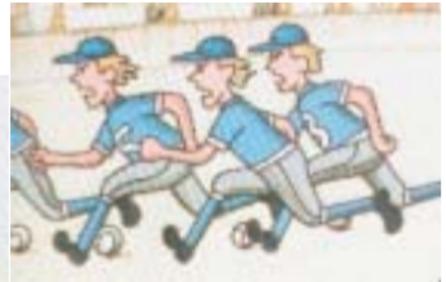
There were lots of people living in homes where the rangers wanted to build their new ball park. The rangers needed an umpire from the State Capitol to get these people out. George was curious. Could he play too? He told the rangers of his friends in the State Capitol and how he would get there soon. All he wanted in return was to become the ninth ranger and to manage the team.



Monkeybrains do not make good managers. George even fired a black player named Sammy who was great at hitting home runs.

“Somebody get that monkeybrain!”

The players ran after George. He ran into the State Capitol and found an umpire.



**“PLAY
HARDBALL!”**
shouted the umpire to
the rangers.
“YOU’RE OUT!”
shouted the umpire to
the people who had
homes where the
rangers wanted their
new stadium.



**Then he made everyone
in the city give money to
the rangers to build the
new stadium, whether or
not they were fans.**

**Curiously, this taught George that the
rangers would not have become rich,
and the shiny new stadium would not
have been built, if the money had been
wasted on welfare, for poor children
or homeless hobos.**

**Later, when he sold
his one-ninth share of the team,
they gave George a big gold lonestar.**



Next Adventure ...

Spurious George and the Big White House



This is George.

He wants to live in the White House of the Fighter Chief, just as the man with the yellow cap had done.

George is a little monkeybrain, and all monkeybrains are spurious.

But no monkeybrain is as spurious as George.

That is why his name is Spurious George.

Only rule makers and fighters get chosen to be Chief. But long ago George had flown balloons and gone into hiding for a year to escape being a fighter. And the people had chosen a donkey instead of him when he tried to become a rule maker.

But now that he had been given a big gold lonestar for managing the baseball team, the people chose him to replace the donkey who was Manager at the State Capitol.

George promised to be a good Manager. But it is easy for little monkeybrains to forget.

A Manager has to make rules for people and decide how to spend the money they pitch in for everyone's good. George learned that this was hard work after all.

He was unhappy.

Instead of working he liked to spend hours each day playing on the jungle gym and taking naps and playing with his electrical toys.

So he tried to make as few rules as possible, and he tried to give away as much money as possible instead of spending it for everyone's good.



George was grateful to his rich friends. He especially liked to give away money to them. And he especially disliked making rules for them.

He liked to let them make their own pretend rules that they could break if they liked.

So he didn't care when his friends dumped poisonous garbage in everyone's water and air.



The garbage made more people need to go to the hospital. But George disliked making rules for his rich friends who ran hospitals, too.

So he didn't care when they refused to take care of the sick people who weren't rich.



When people from far away heard about this, they sent George medicine just for poor children. But George thought that if he pretended the children weren't sick, then people would forget about the poison and choose him to be Chief.

So he hid the medicine from the sick girls and boys.



George was also happy for his God-given luxuries. He wanted to thank God.

There were some schools where the children were taught about nature and society but not about God. George decided to take money away from those schools and give it to people who would start new schools to teach about God.



But he did not make enough rules for these new schools, and the children who went to them did not learn very much about nature and society. Also the poor children at the schools he took money away from had fewer teachers to teach them about nature and society.

George also wanted to make sure everyone had as much hard-earned merit as himself, so he tried to keep the elite universities from affirming the children from the poorest or worst schools.



The only rules George really liked to make were against poor people who use glass pipes. He made rules to send them to prison.

Sometimes because they were in prison their kids would be very poor and would not learn how to stay out of trouble.

When poor kids got into trouble, George would sometimes try to guess whether they were guilty and order a penalty of death.



He was too busy from gym and naps and toys to listen to their excuses for more than about fifteen minutes. And though each person who got in trouble had someone to help defend them, sometimes these people would take naps and George did not want to wake them.



So even though George had been Manager for a very short time, many people were unhappy with him and did not want him to be Chief. But George decided to play another trick on the people.



He pretended that the pipe rules and the death penalties made everyone safer. He pretended that the new schools made children smarter. He pretended that he had cleaned up the air and water. And he pretended that he did all this without spending the people's money.

And on top of that, he kept pretending that he had learned about the world in school, that he had not dodged fighting, that he had been a good buried-dinosaur hunter, and that his gold lonestar had nothing to do with taking people's homes and money for his baseball stadium.

There were two others who wanted to be Chief instead of George.

One was a donkey in prison stripes who was very mean and who had the same rich friends as George.

The other was a man who was very nice and smart but who was strangely colored green. George and the mean striped donkey kept most people from meeting the green man, who did not have their God-given luxuries and rich friends.



Here was his chance. In a moment he would be Chief!

Poor little George! The people preferred the striped donkey. He was very unhappy.

But George's brother, who was also a Manager in another State Capitol, had made a rule that kept many people from voting if they were poor and black and if they liked donkeys.



When their votes were discounted, nobody was sure whether George or the striped donkey had won!

The striped donkey was too mean to fight George's brother on behalf of the poor and black people who had supported him. So George and the donkey were tied and the decision went to the Supreme Tie Breaker ...

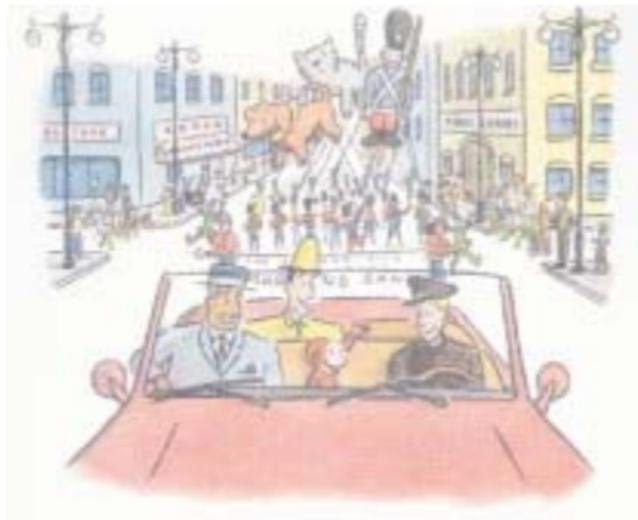


who had been chosen by the man in the yellow cap!

Spurious George would finally get to live in the Big White House!

"I'm proud of you, George," said the man with the yellow cap. "I guess the whole world is proud of you today."

It was the happiest day in George's life.



T H E E N D

**Apologies and Thanks to
Margret & H.A. Rey,
Parents of
Curious George the First**

For more on George W, see:

*Shrub: The Short But Happy
Political Life of George Bush*
by Molly Ivins

Is Our Children Learning?
by Paul Begala

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