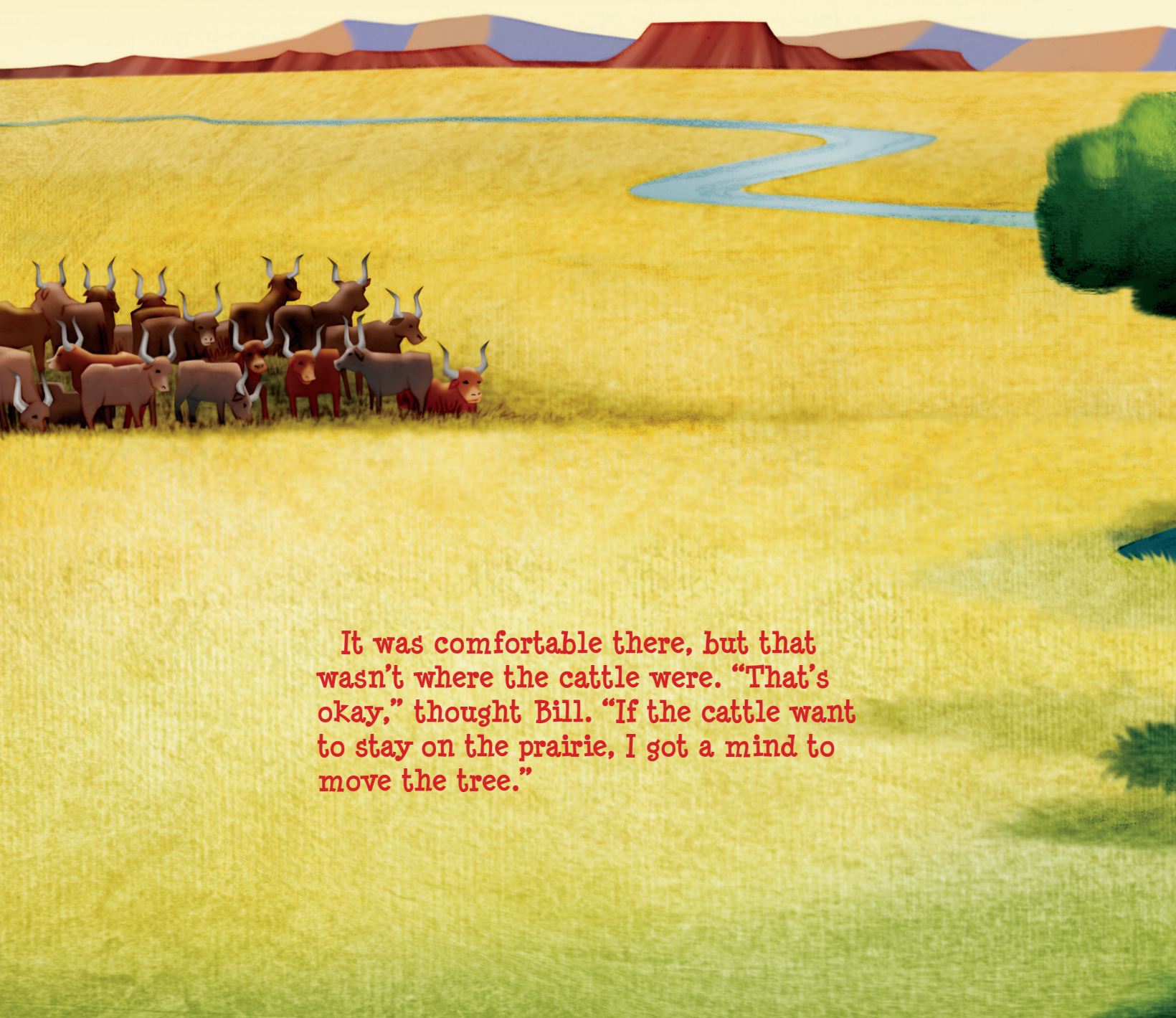


One day, Pecos Bill was working a herd near the Rio Grande, and the sun was hot enough to fry bacon on a boulder. Looking around, he saw that it was nice and shady under the cottonwood trees by the river, so he rode over to cool off under one.

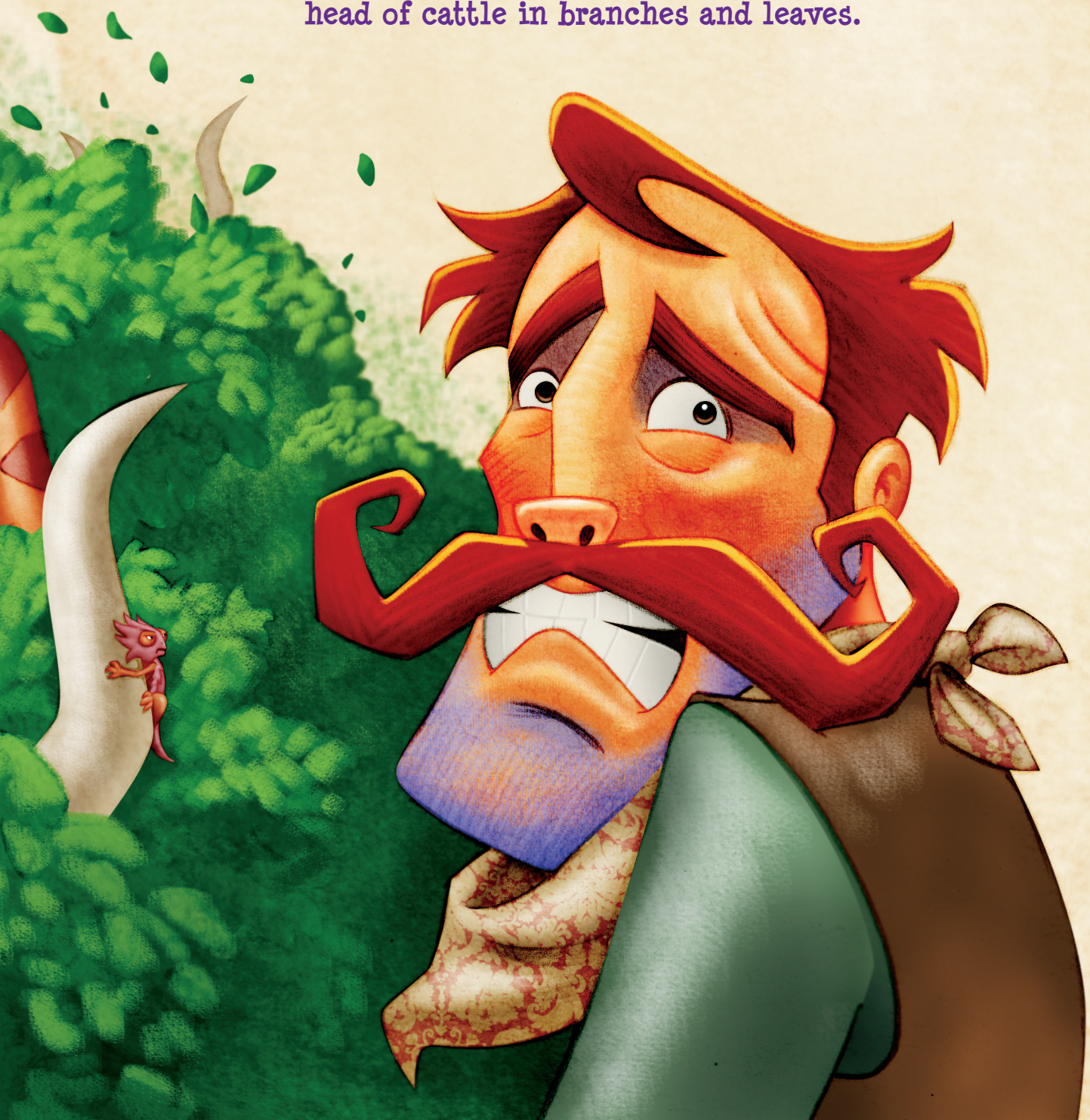


It was comfortable there, but that wasn't where the cattle were. "That's okay," thought Bill. "If the cattle want to stay on the prairie, I got a mind to move the tree."





He tied his rattlesnake rope around the biggest cottonwood on the river and said *giddyup* to his horse. Now, no ordinary horse could move a tree like that, but Bill didn't have an ordinary horse. He had Lightning, a horse that packed more wallop than a prairie thunderstorm. The black stallion pulled and pulled, and the roots—*pop!*—jumped right out of the ground. But the tree fell—*fwump*—burying twenty head of cattle in branches and leaves.





Pecos Bill had to spend the rest of that day digging those cows out.

But Bill wasn't one to give up after just one try.

"Well, if I can't move the whole dang tree, maybe I can move the shady part," he thought.





For a while it worked fine.  
The trouble started when Bill got to  
town and tried to walk into a hotel.  
He opened the door and—*bam!*—fell  
right on his rear end.

