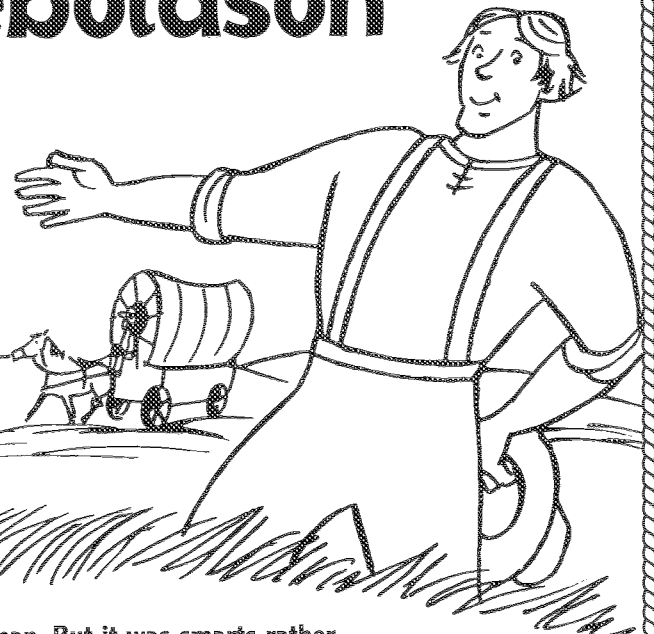




# Febold Feboldson



Febold Feboldson was a giant of a man. But it was smarts rather than size that made this Swedish pioneer a hero of the Great Plains. Febold seemed able to outwit Mother Nature no matter what she threw at him.

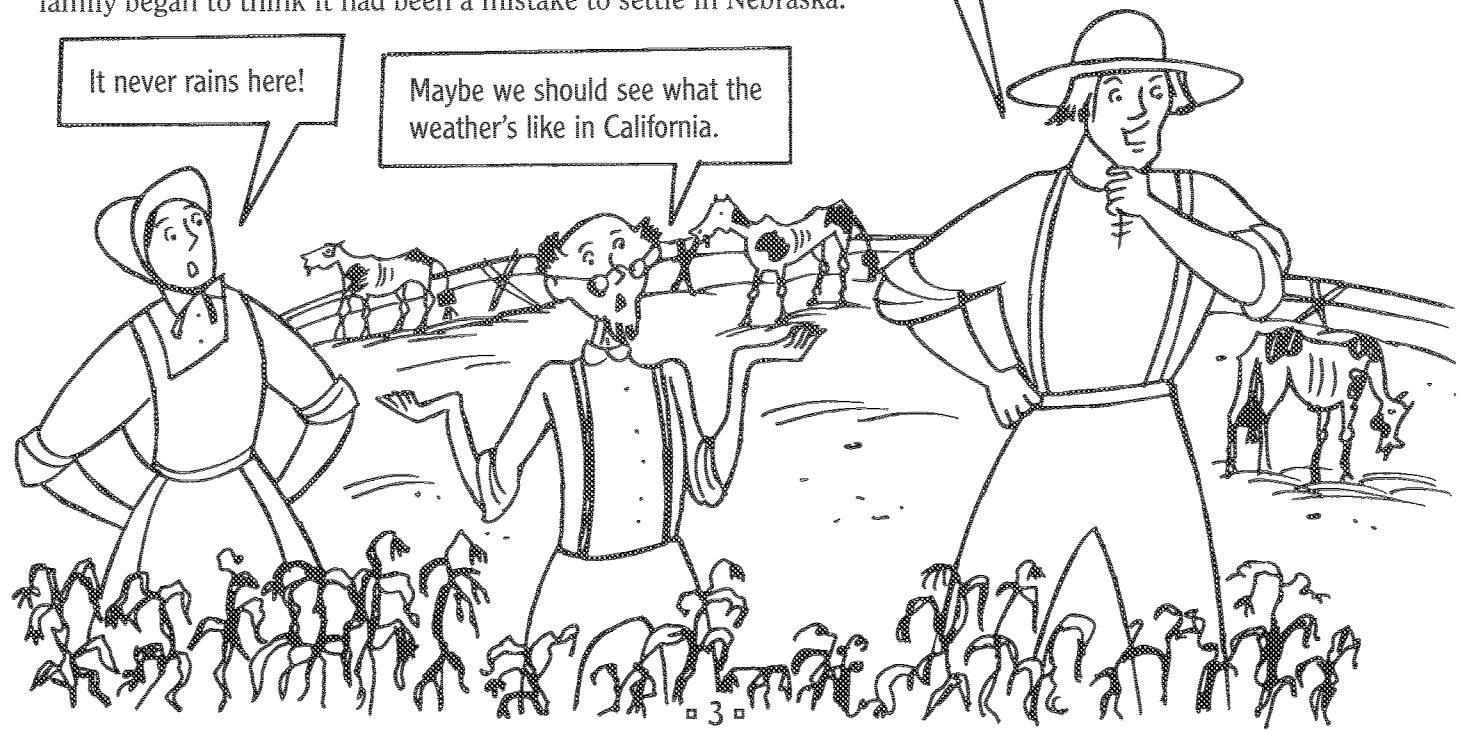
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Then drought set in. There wasn't a drop of rain for weeks. The corn shriveled up and the cows about did the same. Febold had to tie weights to the cows' tails to keep them from blowing away. Febold's family began to think it had been a mistake to settle in Nebraska.

It never rains here!

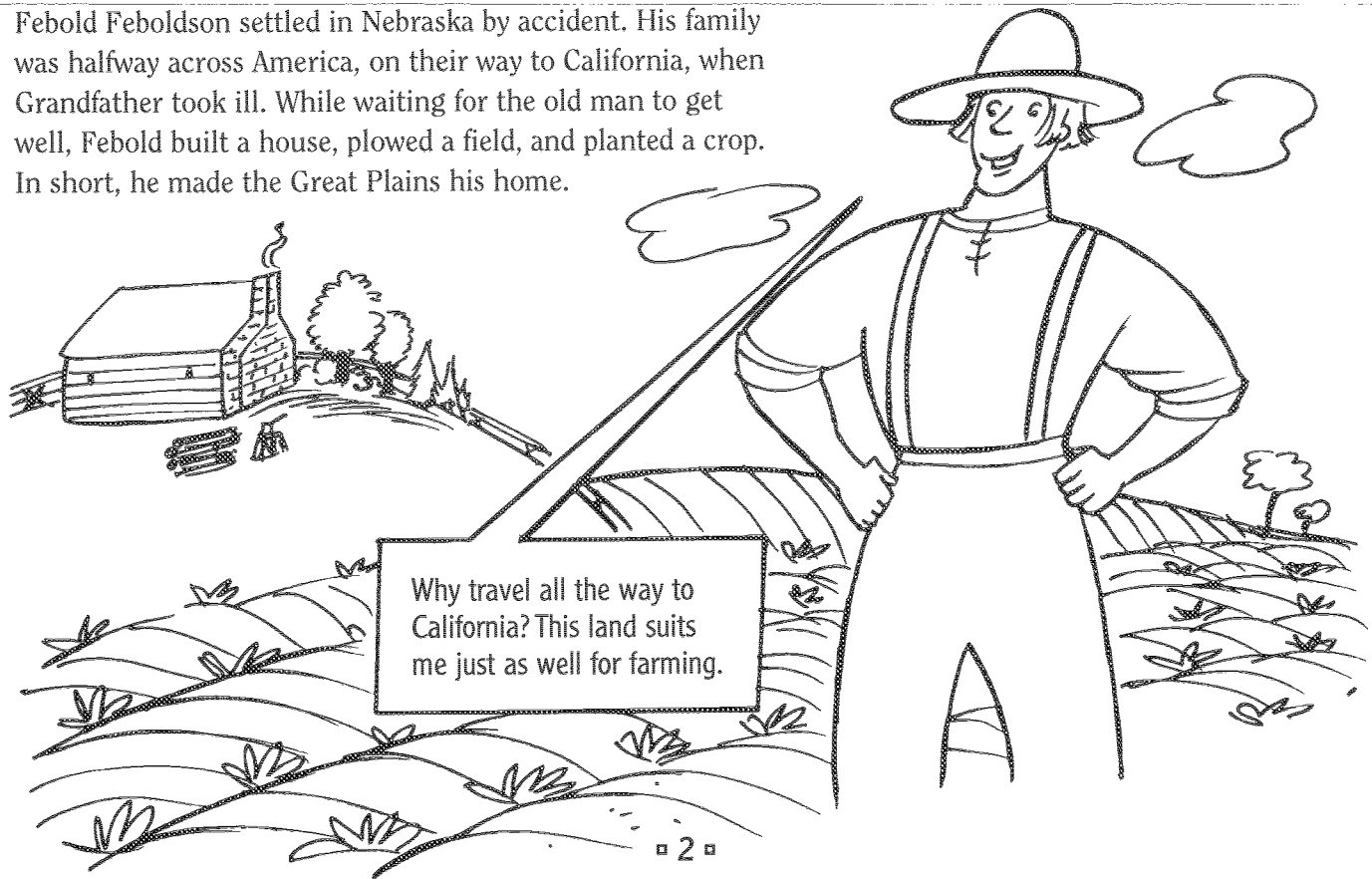
Maybe we should see what the weather's like in California.

No, wait. Let me think on this.

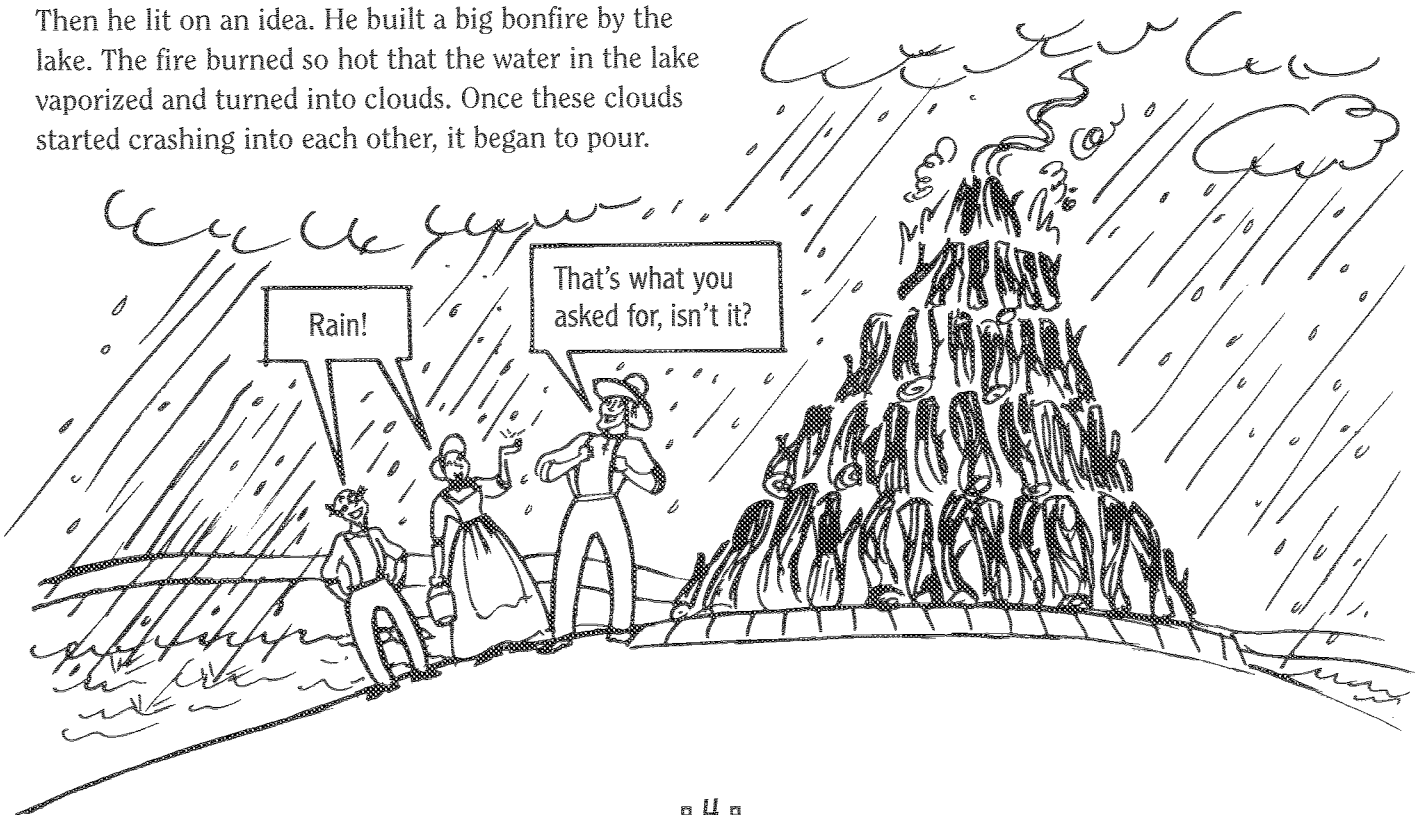


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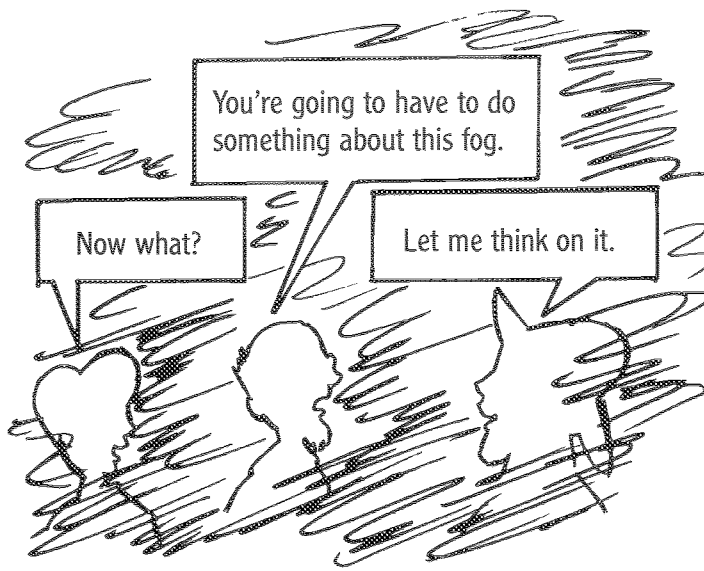
Febold Feboldson settled in Nebraska by accident. His family was halfway across America, on their way to California, when Grandfather took ill. While waiting for the old man to get well, Febold built a house, plowed a field, and planted a crop. In short, he made the Great Plains his home.



Febold thought and thought about how to make rain. Then he lit on an idea. He built a big bonfire by the lake. The fire burned so hot that the water in the lake vaporized and turned into clouds. Once these clouds started crashing into each other, it began to pour.



Febold's family didn't have long to celebrate the change in the weather. That's because the ground was so hot after the drought that none of the rain hit the ground. It just turned to steam. Soon the Great Plains was covered with the greatest fog the area has ever known.



You're going to have to do something about this fog.

Now what?

Let me think on it.

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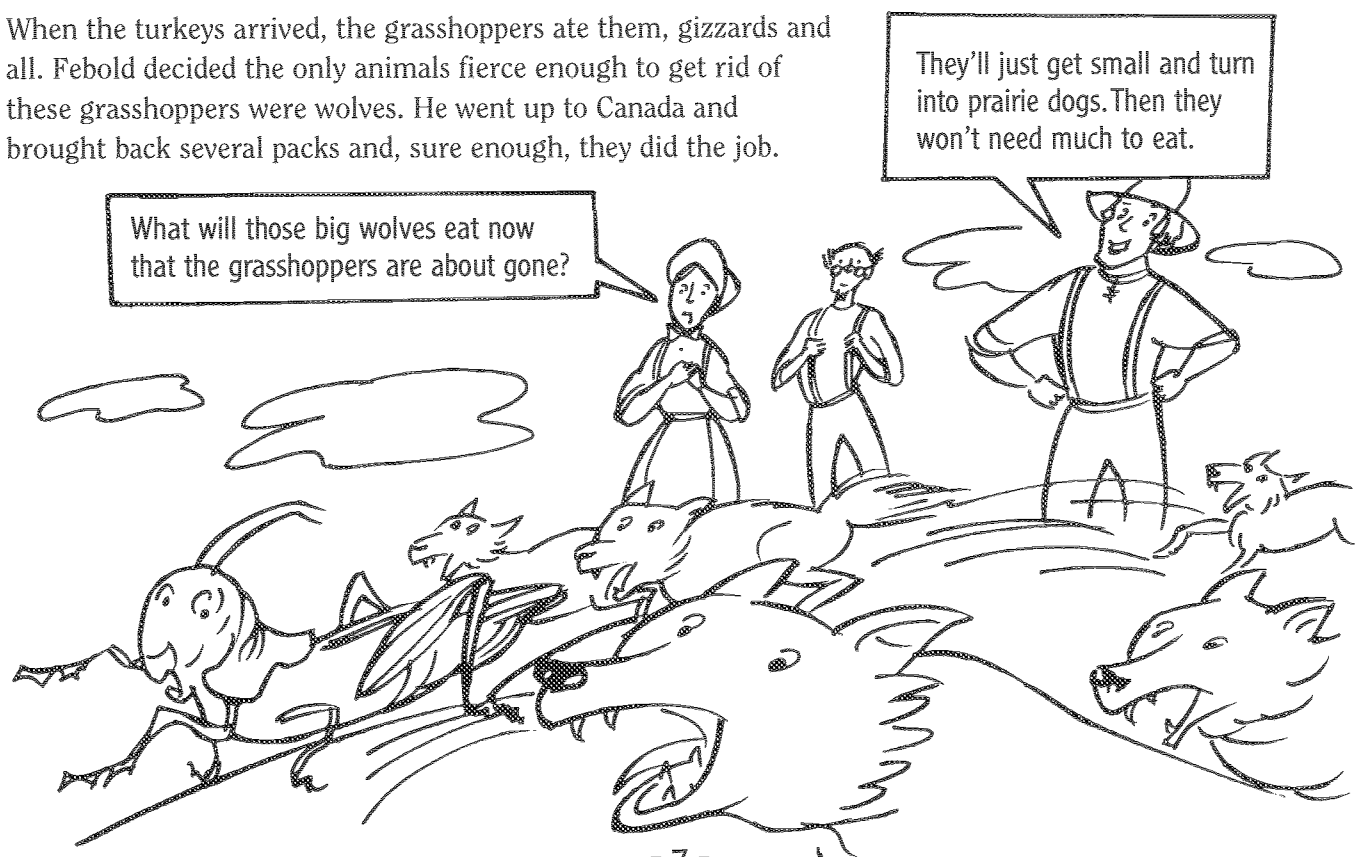
Febold thought and thought about how to get rid of the fog. Then he lit on an idea. He parted the fog with his hands to find his way to the barn. Once there, he grabbed his giant pair of clippers and began slicing the fog into long strips.



What do you plan to do with all that fog?

Why, I'll just bury it by the side of the road.

When the turkeys arrived, the grasshoppers ate them, gizzards and all. Febold decided the only animals fierce enough to get rid of these grasshoppers were wolves. He went up to Canada and brought back several packs and, sure enough, they did the job.

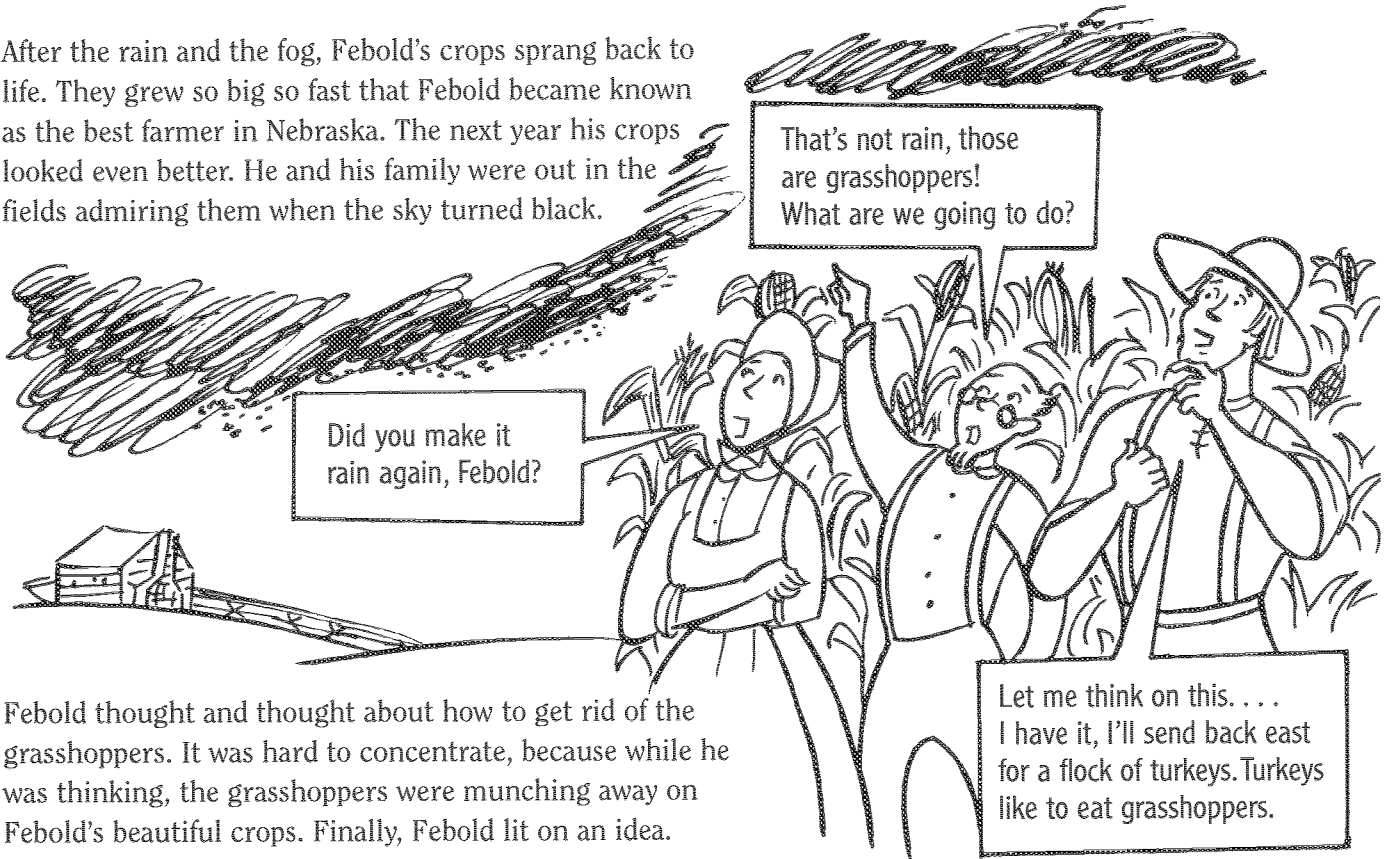


What will those big wolves eat now that the grasshoppers are about gone?

They'll just get small and turn into prairie dogs. Then they won't need much to eat.

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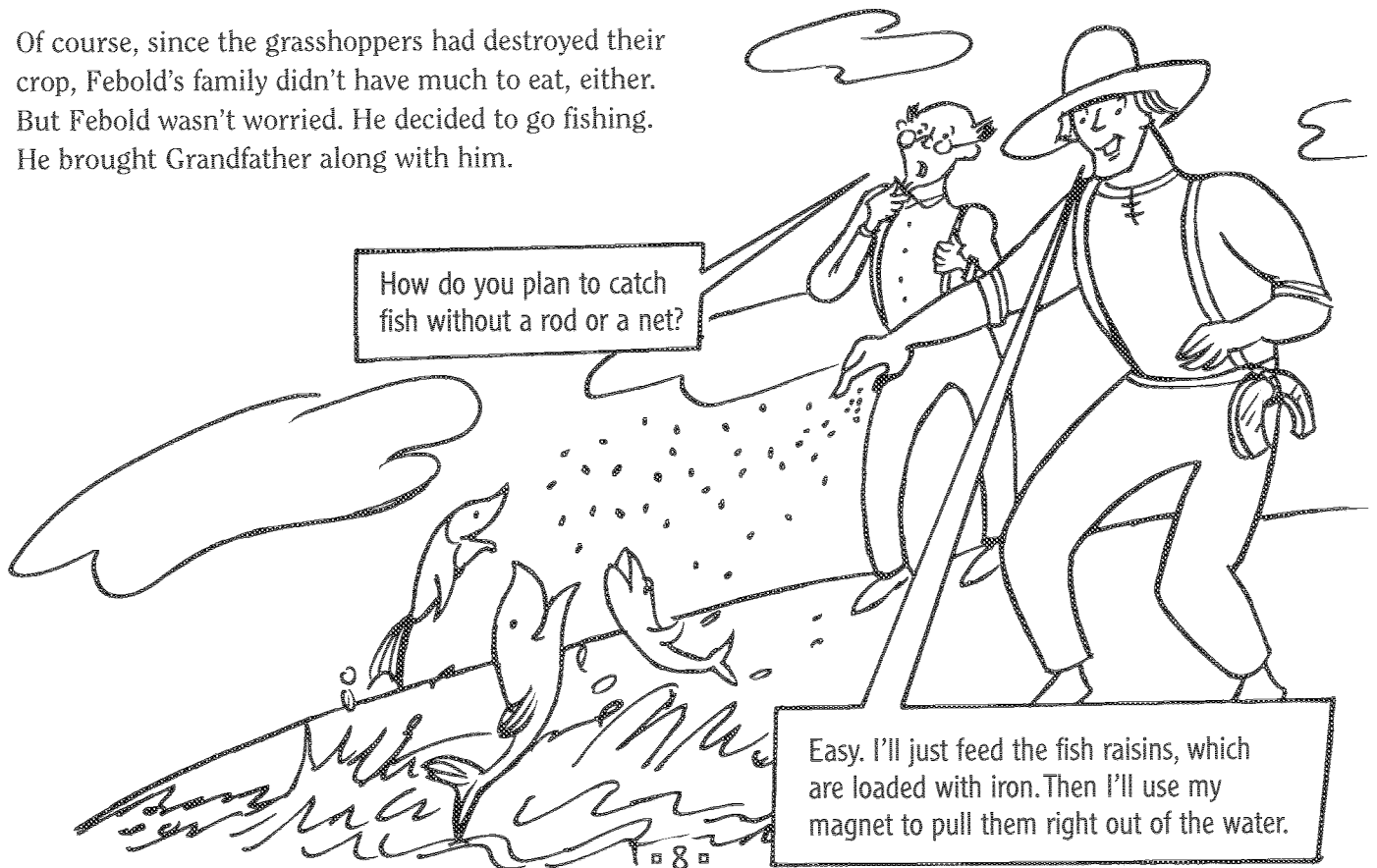
After the rain and the fog, Febold's crops sprang back to life. They grew so big so fast that Febold became known as the best farmer in Nebraska. The next year his crops looked even better. He and his family were out in the fields admiring them when the sky turned black.



Febold thought and thought about how to get rid of the grasshoppers. It was hard to concentrate, because while he was thinking, the grasshoppers were munching away on Febold's beautiful crops. Finally, Febold lit on an idea.

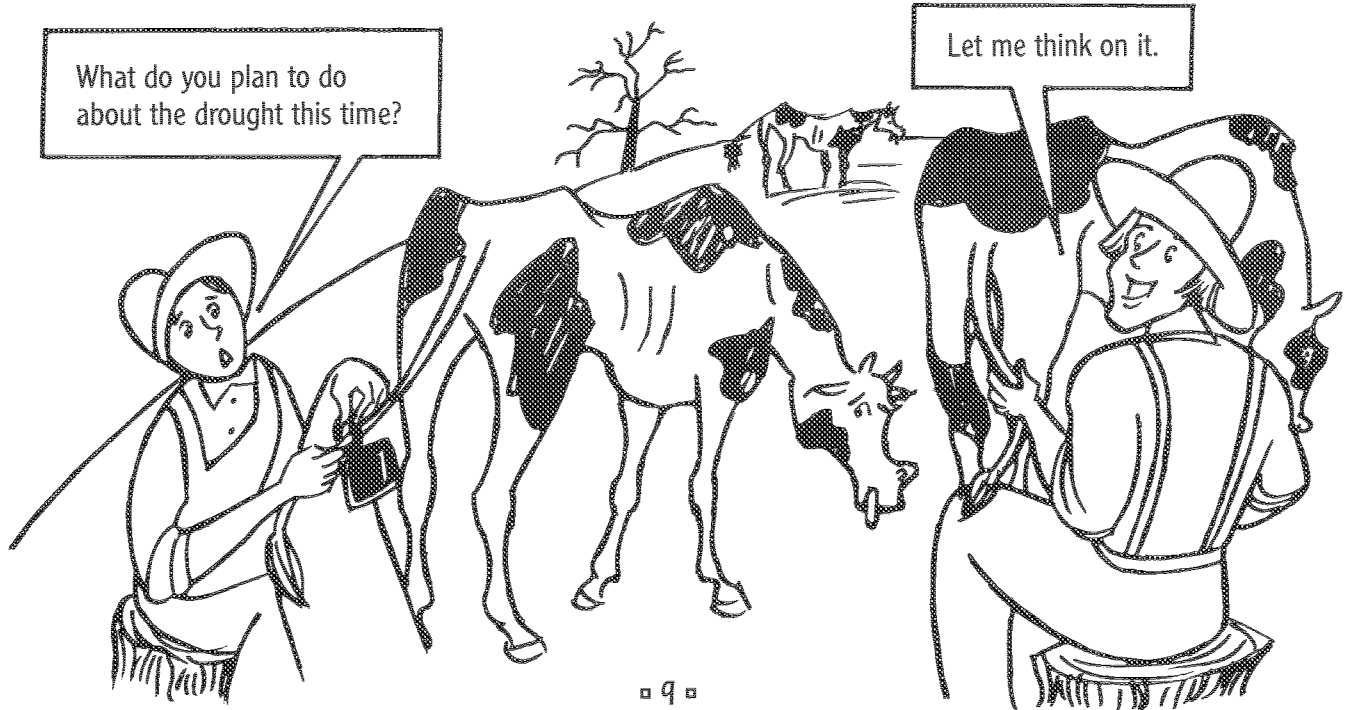
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Of course, since the grasshoppers had destroyed their crop, Febold's family didn't have much to eat, either. But Febold wasn't worried. He decided to go fishing. He brought Grandfather along with him.

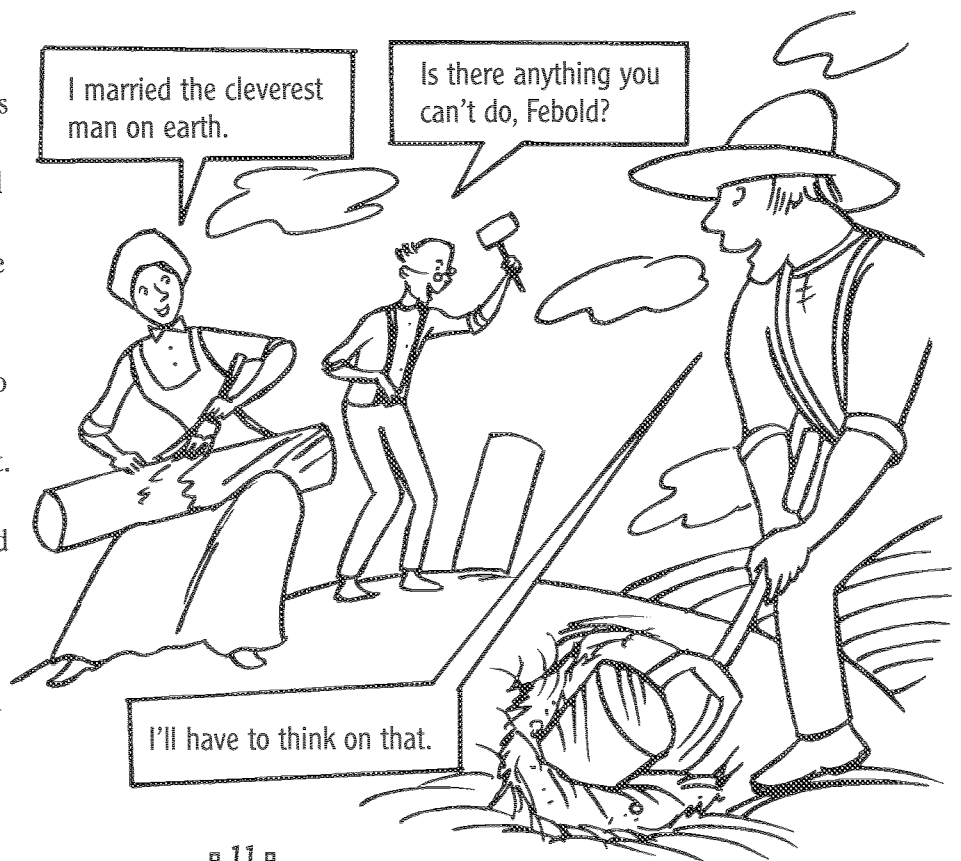


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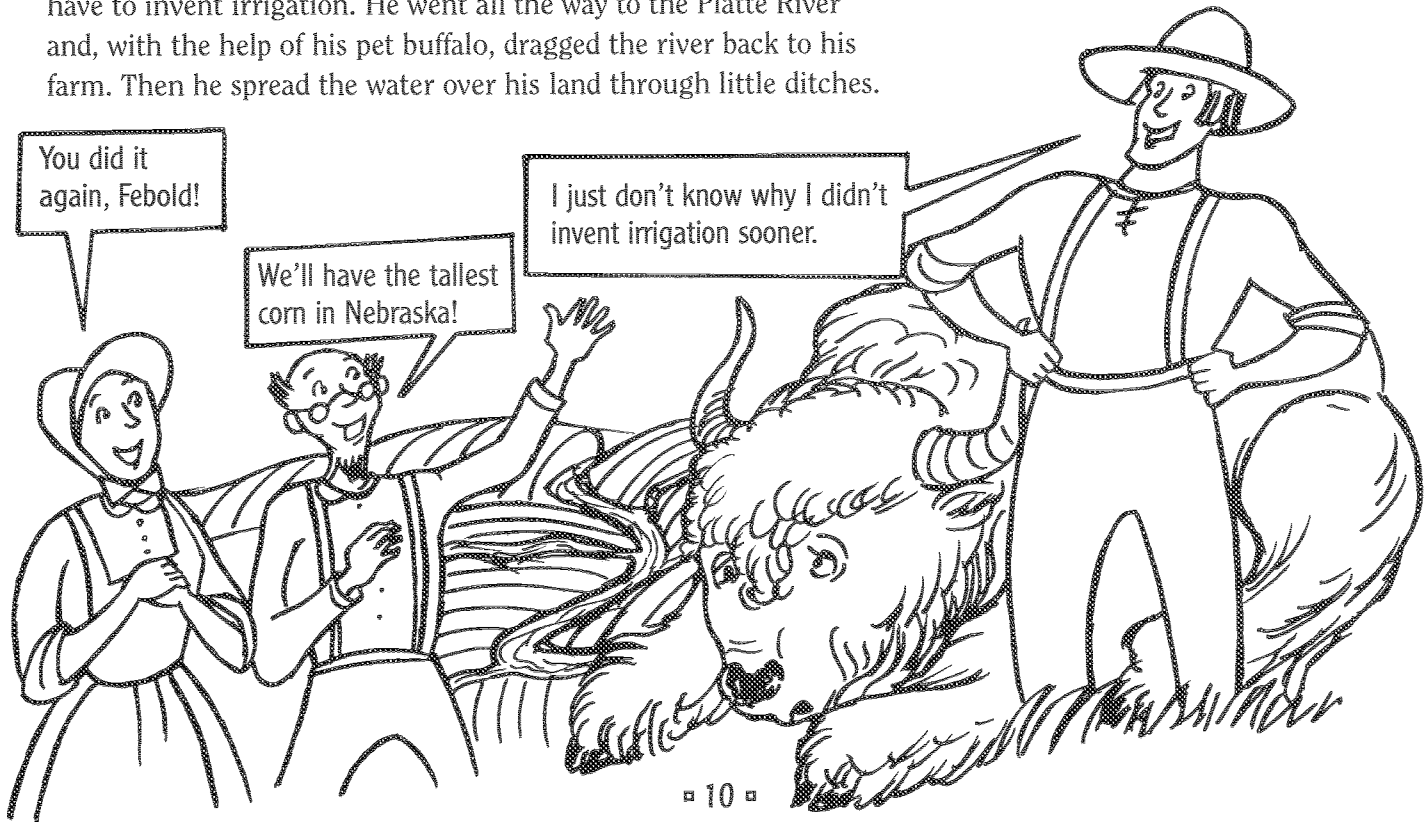
The next year there was another drought, even worse than the first. Febold didn't want to make it rain again because the sides of the road were already pretty muddy from where he'd buried the fog last time. But he had to do something.



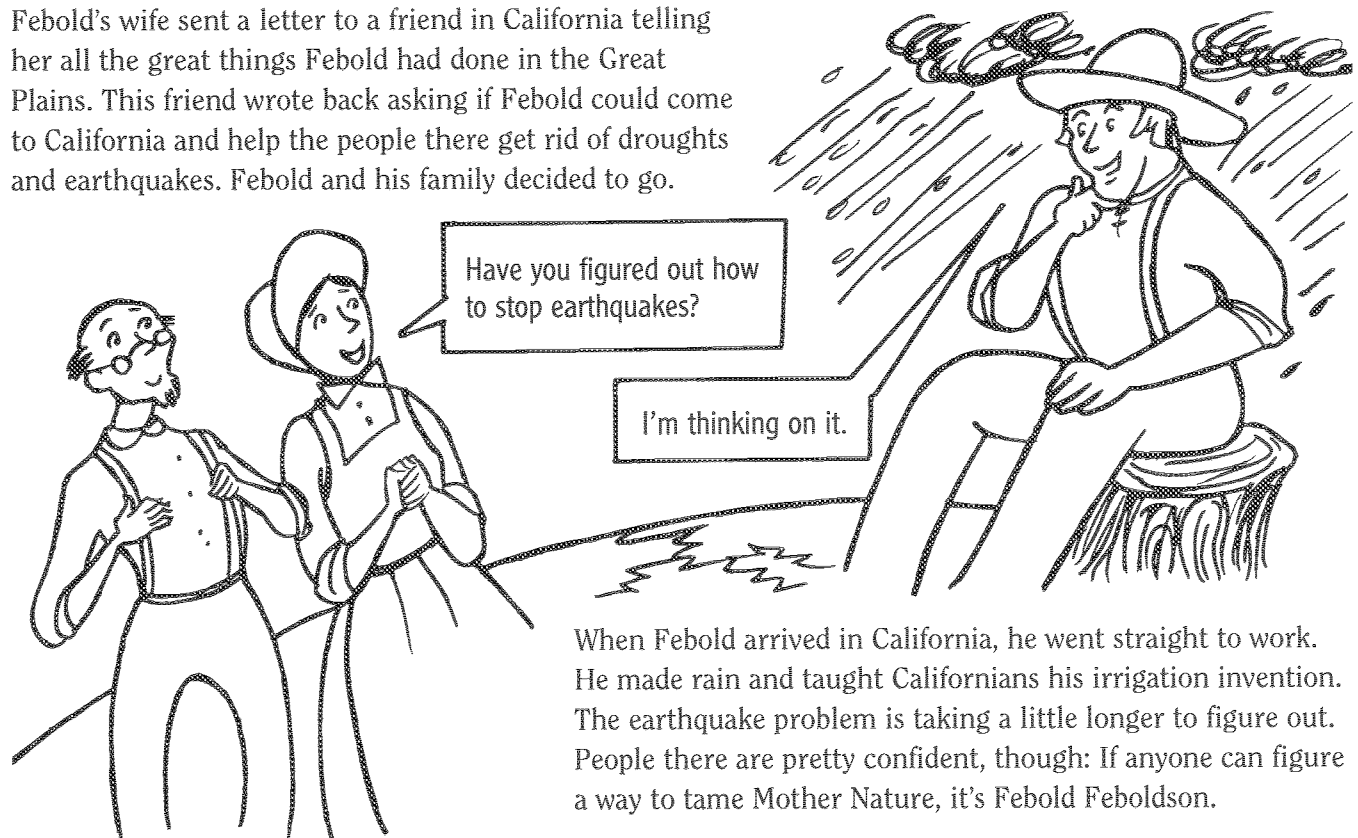
Febold did more than take care of droughts, fog, and grasshoppers. Why, he even caught a few cyclones and sent them back where they came from. Febold did such a good job outwitting Mother Nature that more and more people came to live on the Great Plains. Now that they had neighbors, they needed fences. But there was no wood or stones to build with. Febold set to thinking again. Febold thought and thought. Then he lit on an idea. He dug a bunch of holes in the ground, filled them with water, and let them freeze all winter. He dug the ice poles up in the spring and varnished them. Then he put them partway back in the ground and strung them with barbed wire.



Febold thought and thought. Then he lit on an idea. He would have to invent irrigation. He went all the way to the Platte River and, with the help of his pet buffalo, dragged the river back to his farm. Then he spread the water over his land through little ditches.



Febold's wife sent a letter to a friend in California telling her all the great things Febold had done in the Great Plains. This friend wrote back asking if Febold could come to California and help the people there get rid of droughts and earthquakes. Febold and his family decided to go.



When Febold arrived in California, he went straight to work. He made rain and taught Californians his irrigation invention. The earthquake problem is taking a little longer to figure out. People there are pretty confident, though: If anyone can figure a way to tame Mother Nature, it's Febold Feboldson.