

cabbage will be raised in the name of the kingdom, and that the kingdom will distribute the cabbage back to the towns and villages. For the past several years, the petitions that the Smirfs sent to the great council went unanswered, but they understood, because of the great cabbage shortage, no one else got any cabbage either. So they remained silent with their desires. But this year, it is generally agreed that there has been a great cabbage crop. In fact, hardly a day goes by that someone doesn't predict more cabbage than expected. And this year as the Smirfs looked around their towns and villages, they found that many sacrifices were made because of the past cabbage shortage. They found their public gathering places in disrepair and in need of maintenance. Their water did not taste as sweet, and in some cases, new Smirfage treatment plants would have to be built. They held Smirf town meetings, and heard the desires to build centers where Smirfs can gather to be happy, and to attract visitors from other lands. They found hundreds of little projects requiring bricks, and the mud to place those bricks. But, alas, they have no cabbage. Again they petitioned the great council, and asked for the cabbage to do these things which must be done. They asked for the return of some of the cabbage which rises like smoke on the Plains, is blown to the east, and never seen again. And, lo and behold, many members of the great council heard them and agreed to help, and in so doing, became like Smirfs themselves. They signed on with joy in their hearts. The Smirf's petition was referred to the great Cabbage Committee, and on the day the citizens may be heard, Smirfs sent their representatives from all parts of the kingdom to voice their support. They came from the great cities in the east, from the "Weiing" country in the west, from where the corn grows tall in the south, and from the land of the Lambs in the north. They were joined by worker Smirfs, Chamber Smirfs, and even the tight-fisted banker Smirfs. Not one word of dissent, not one word of dissent was heard, and the brave little hearts of the Smirfs were filled with hope. But now, one full moon has passed and Smirfs wonder: Where is our petition? Will there not be any cabbage for us? What should we tell them? As most of you know, the Cabbage Committee, which meets in darkness below this great hall, the Cabbage Committee, which decides who gets the cabbage that is collected throughout the kingdom still has it. That's where the Smirf's petition is. Rumor has it that there are even a couple of Smirfs on the Cabbage Committee, maybe even a couple of closet-Smirfs, but, alas, there are also the Grinches. The Cabbage Committee has not reached a decision on the Smirf's petition, and the Smirfs on the committee