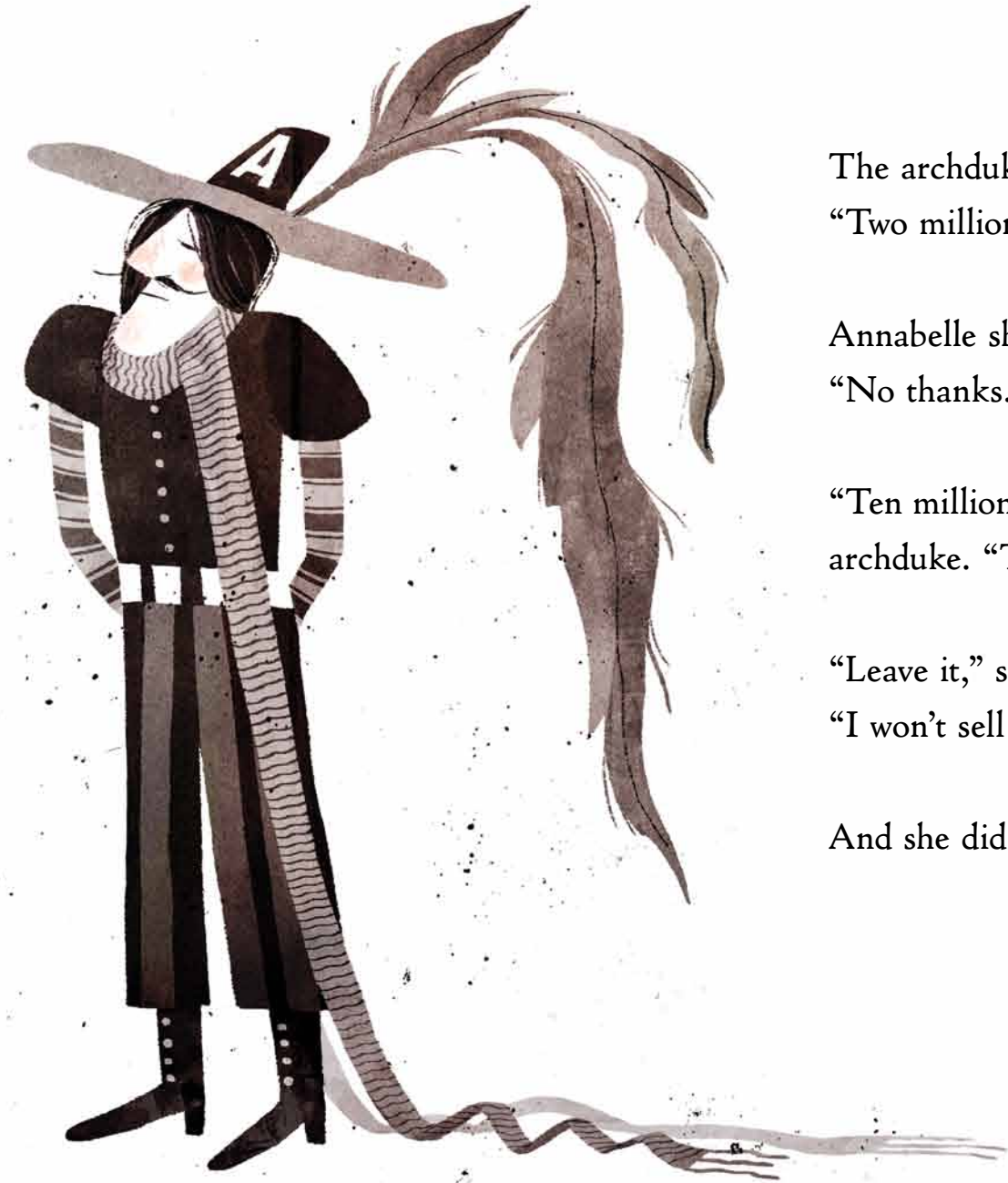


“Little girl,” said the archduke, “I would like to buy that miraculous box of yarn. And I am willing to offer you one million dollars.”

“No, thank you,” said Annabelle, who was knitting a sweater for a pickup truck.



The archduke’s mustache twitched.  
“Two million,” he said.

Annabelle shook her head.  
“No thanks.”

“Ten million!” shouted the archduke. “Take it or leave it!”

“Leave it,” said Annabelle.  
“I won’t sell the yarn.”

And she didn’t.