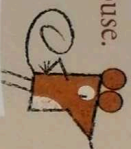


# It's a Book



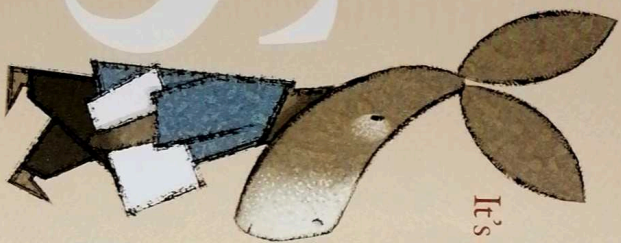
It's a mouse.



LANE SMITH

It's a

It's a jackass.



Book

It's a monkey.



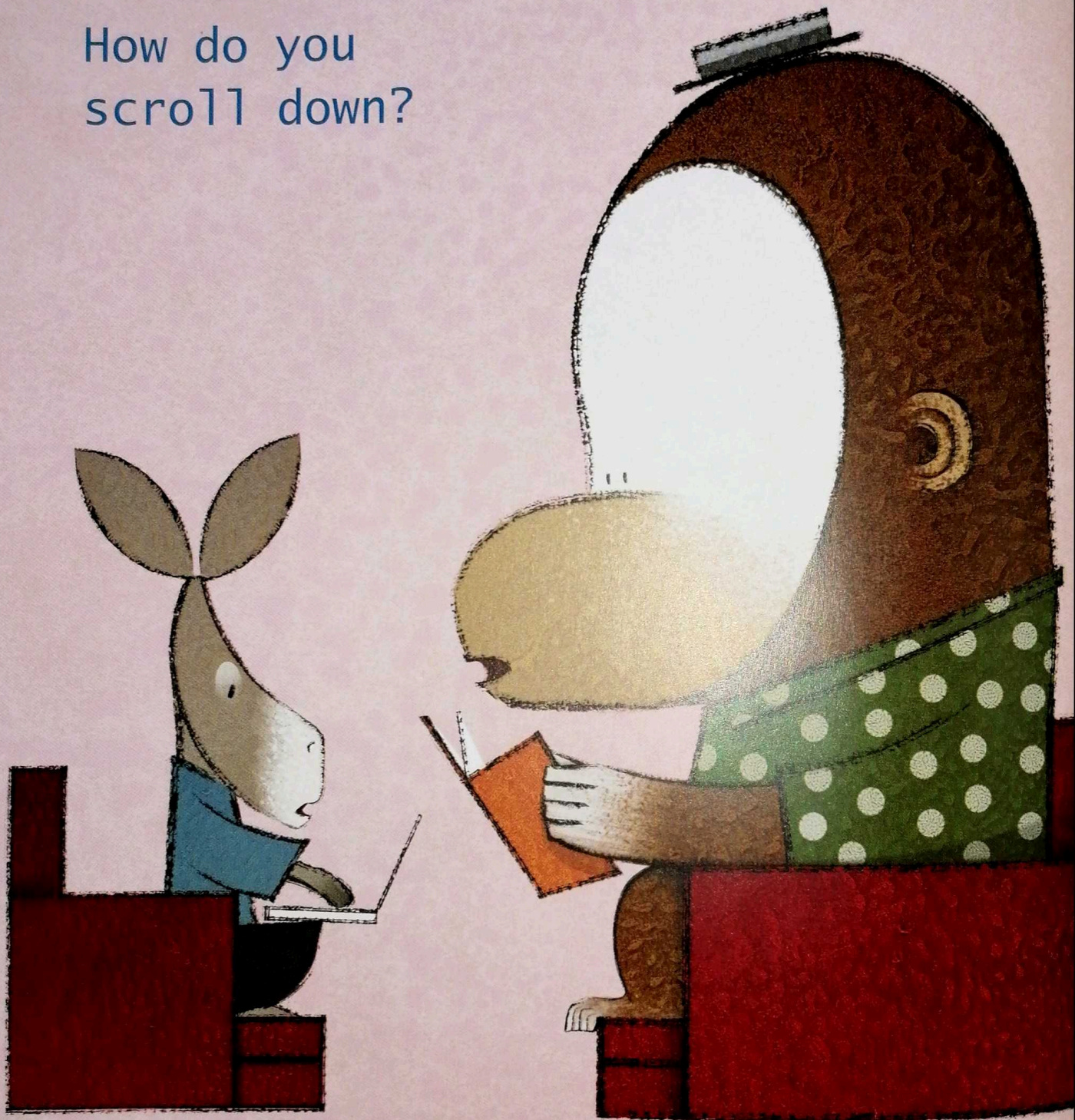
MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS



What do you  
have there?

It's a book.

How do you  
scroll down?



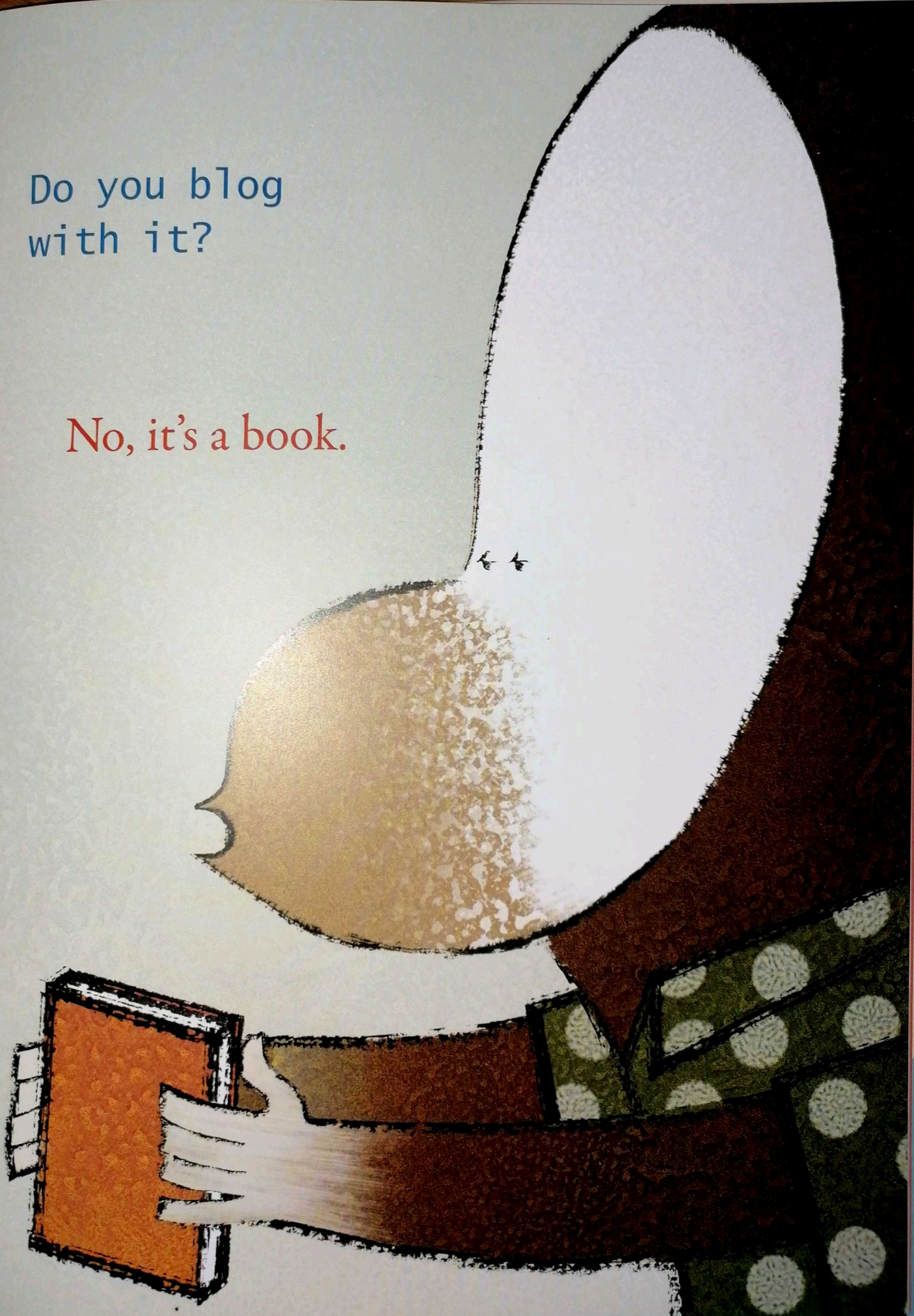
I don't.

I turn the page.

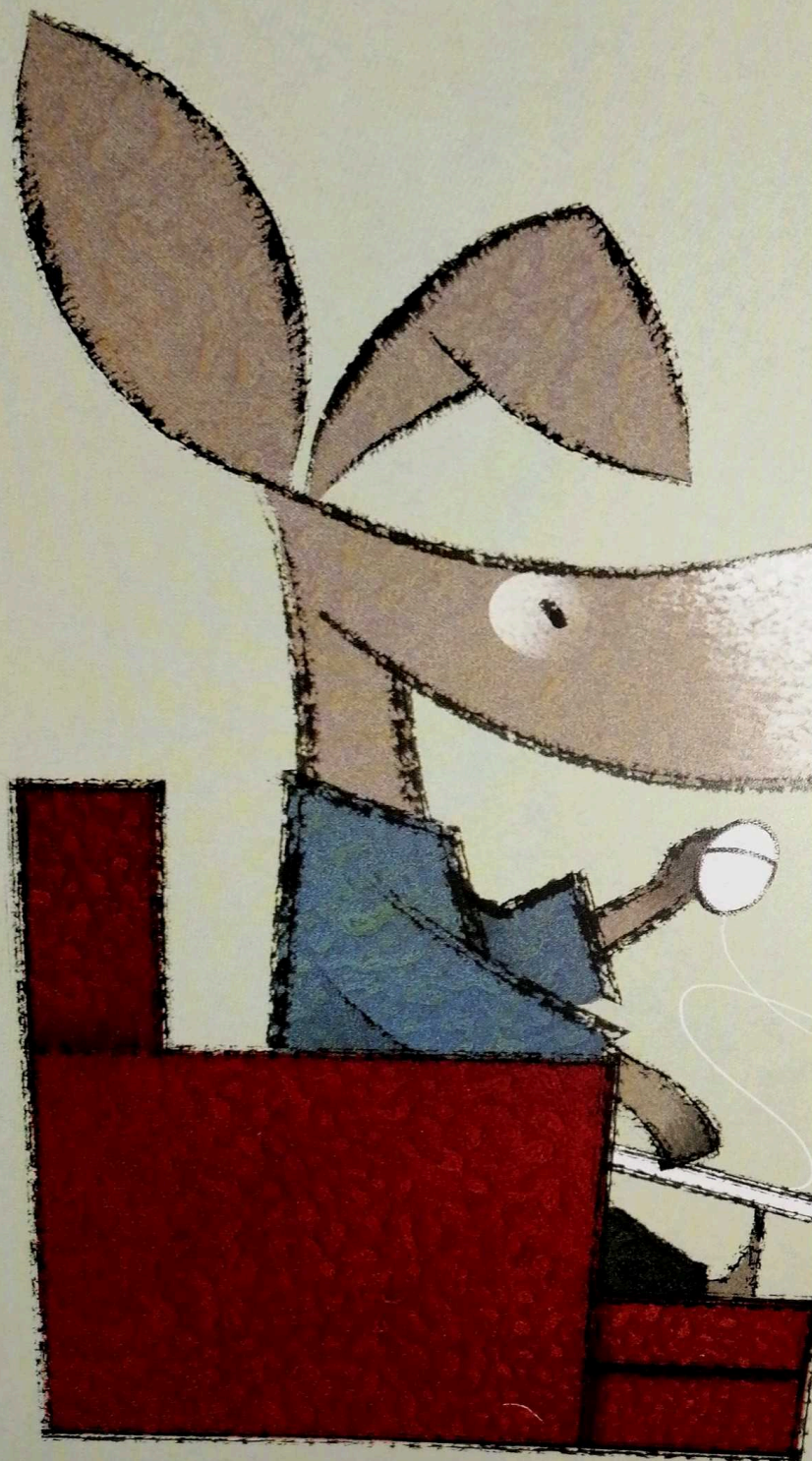
It's a book.

Do you blog  
with it?

No, it's a book.



Where'







Can you  
make the  
characters  
fight?

Nope.  
Book.



Can it text?

No.

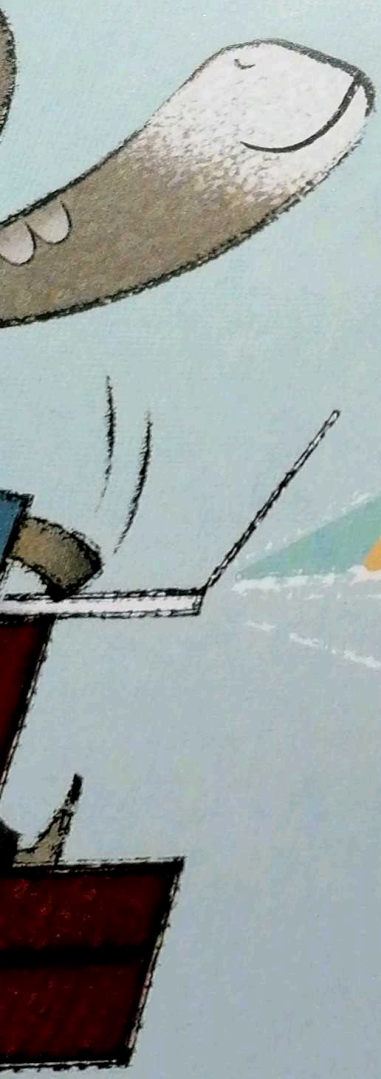
Tweet?

No.

Wi-Fi?

No.

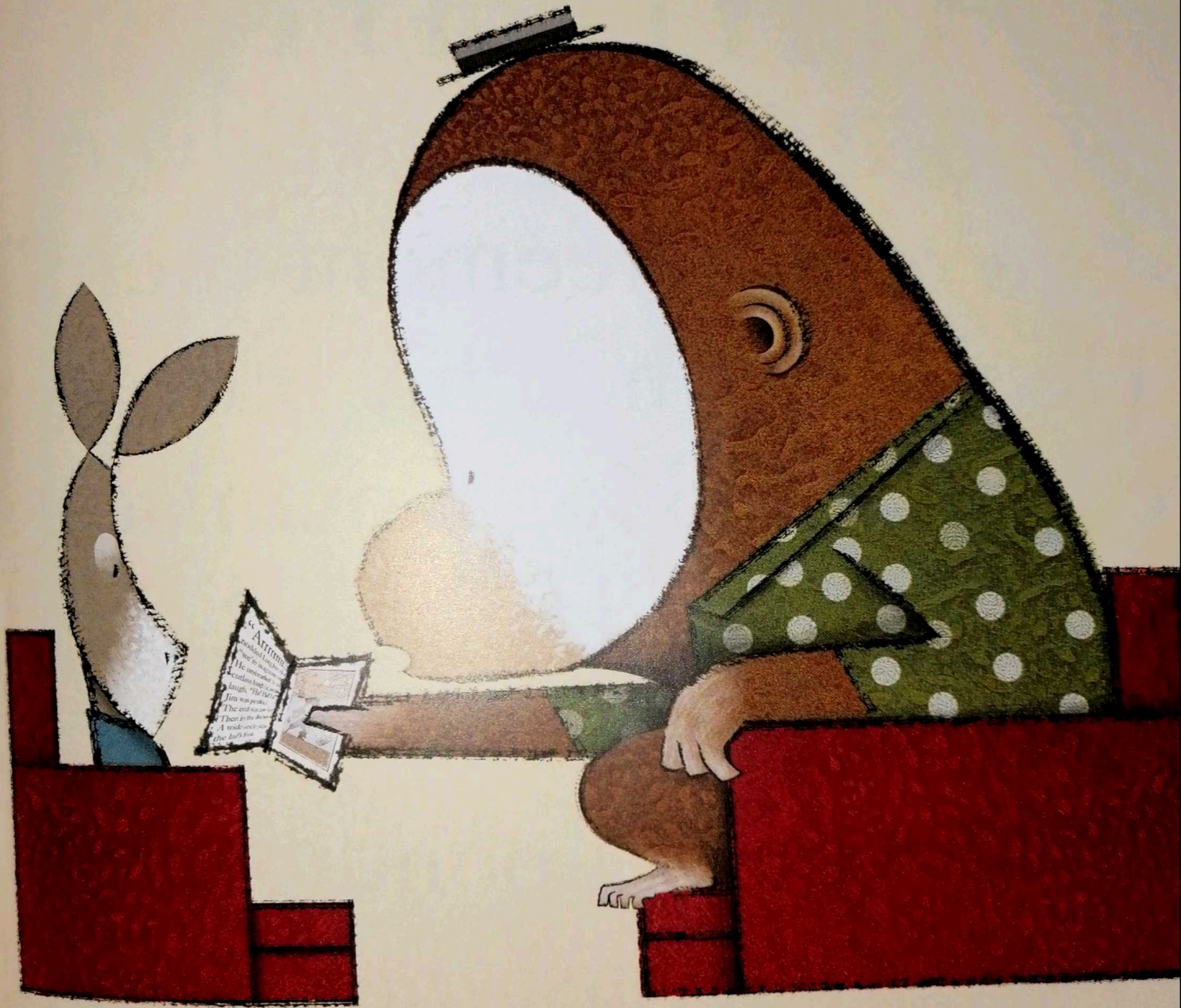
Can it do this?



No . . . .

it's a book.





Look.

“Arrrrrrrrrr,”

nodded Long John Silver,

“we’re in agreement then?”

He unsheathed his broad cutlass laughing a maniacal laugh, “Ha! Ha! Ha!”

Jim was petrified.

The end was upon him.

Then in the distance, a ship

A wide smile played across the lad’s face.



...  
...?  
...?"

al

ip!

S

Too many letters.

I'll fix it.



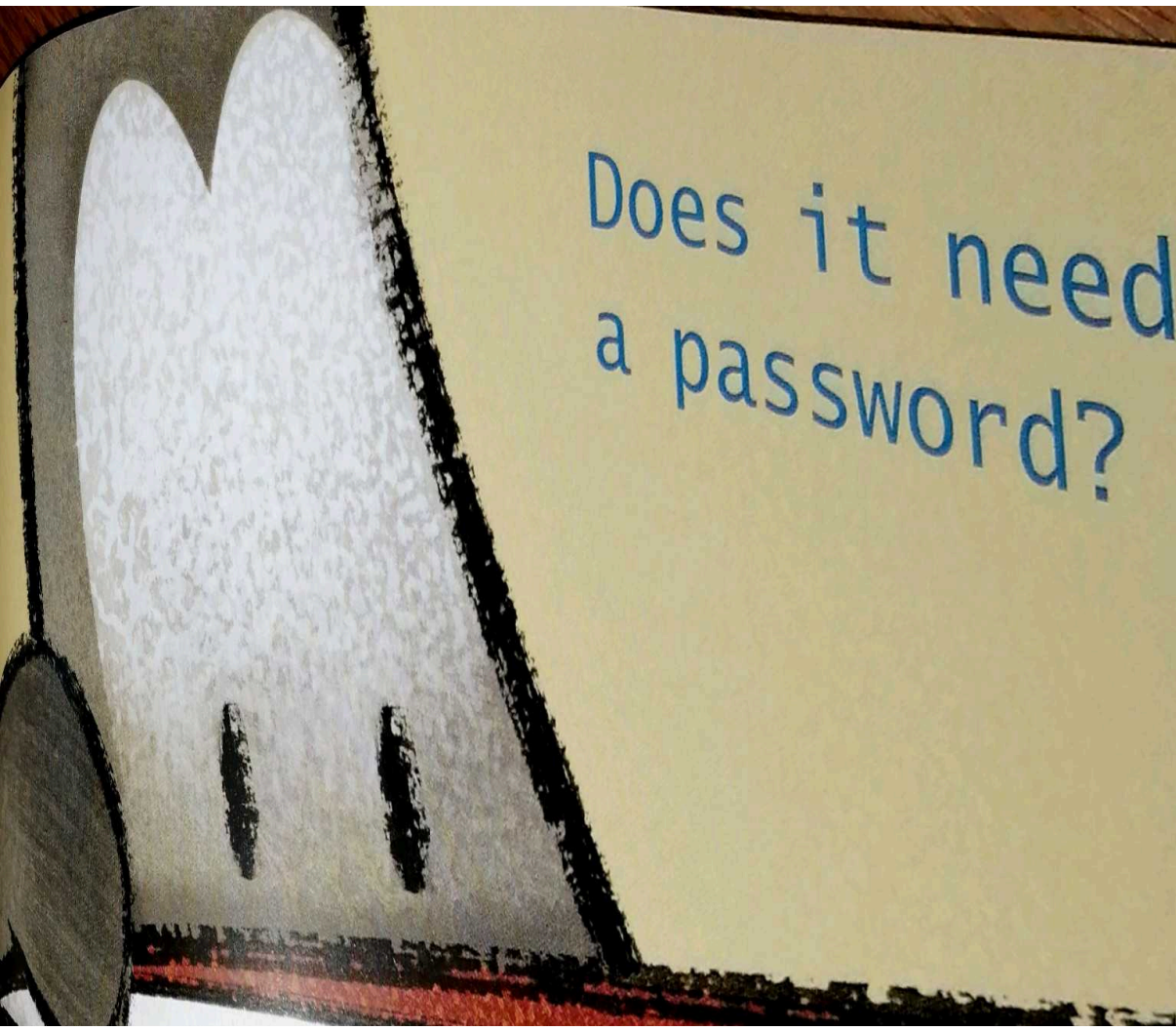
? 7o7!  
)



So . . .

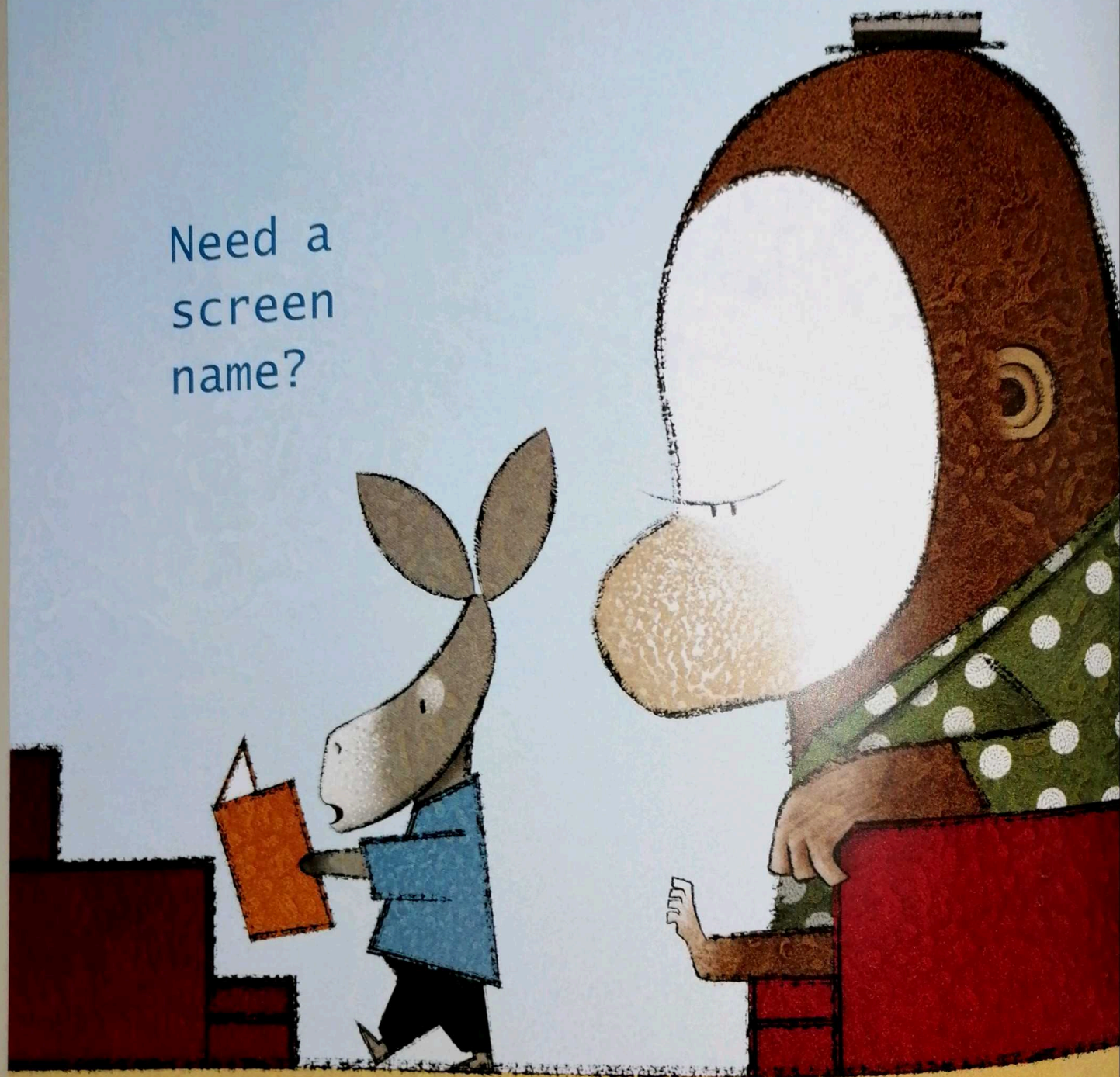


what else can this book do?



Does it need  
a password?

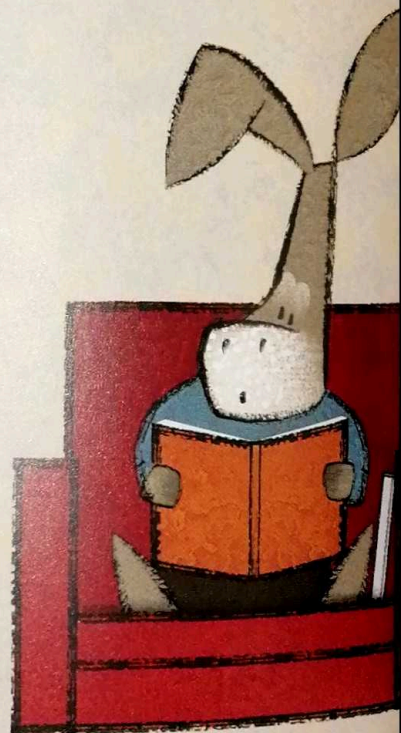
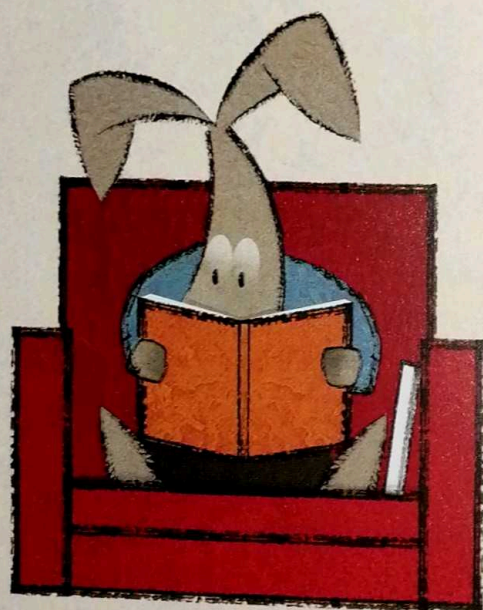
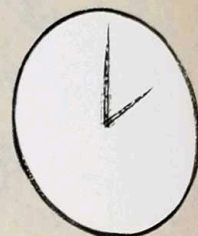
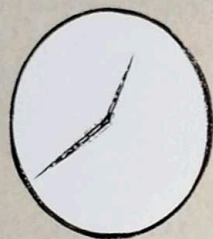
Need a  
screen  
name?

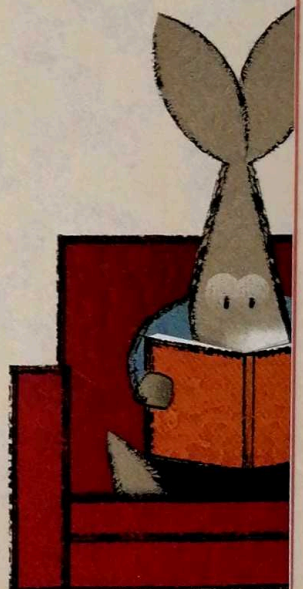
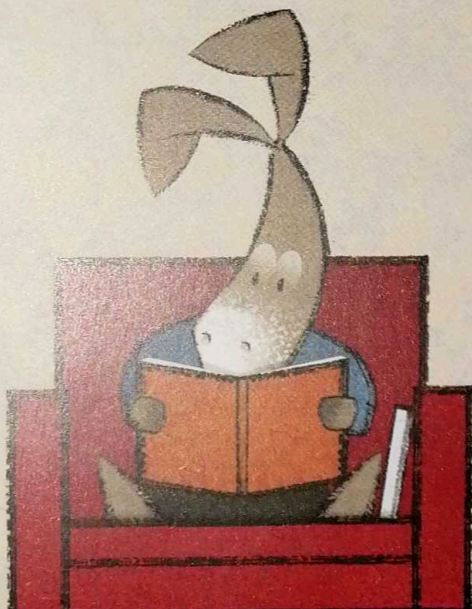
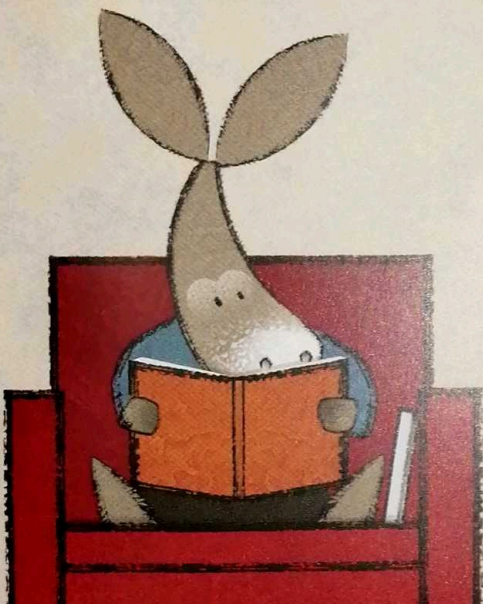
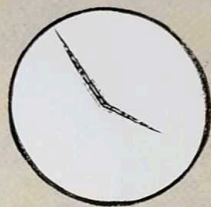
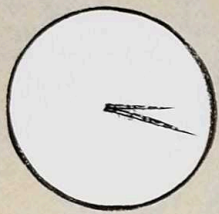


No.



It's a book.



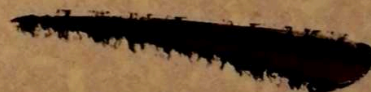
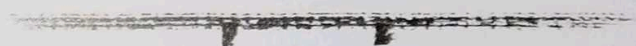


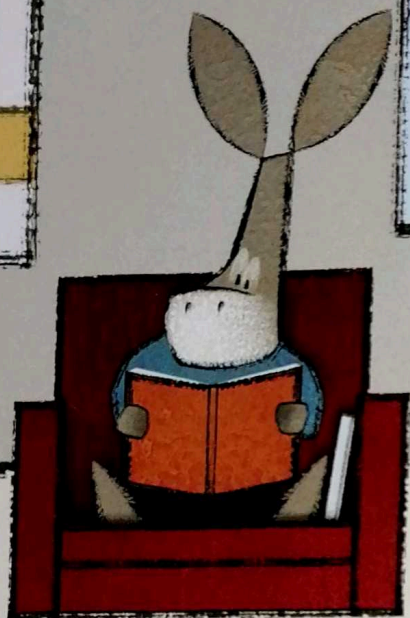
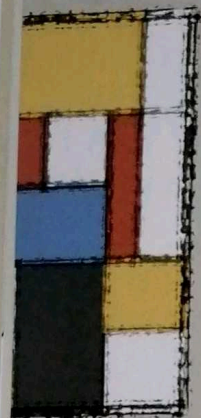


*Are you going  
to give my  
book back?*

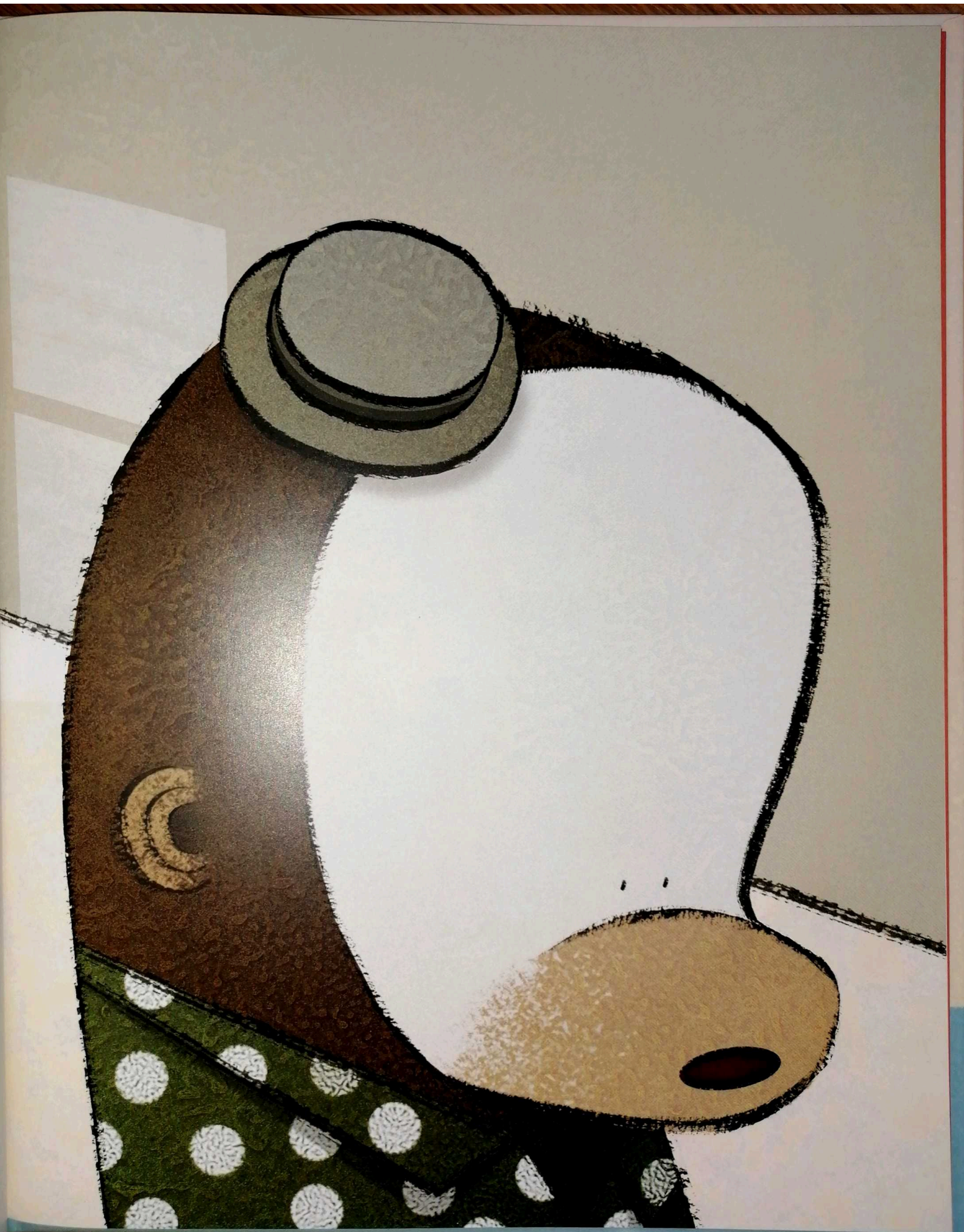
*No.*

Fine . . .



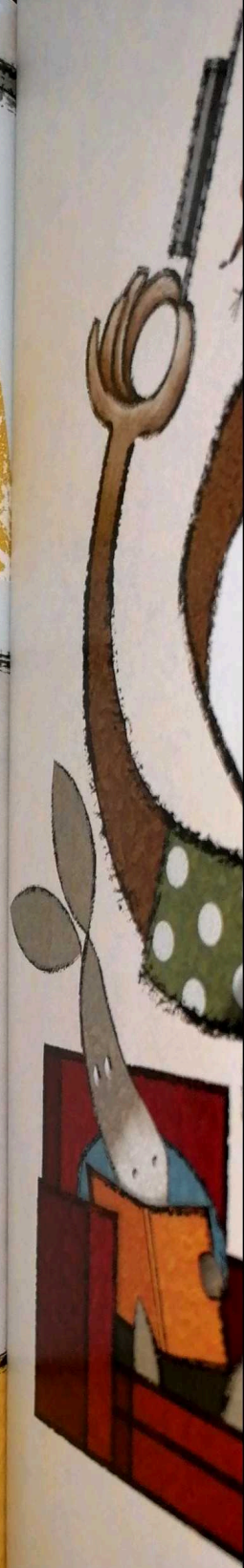


I'm going to the library.



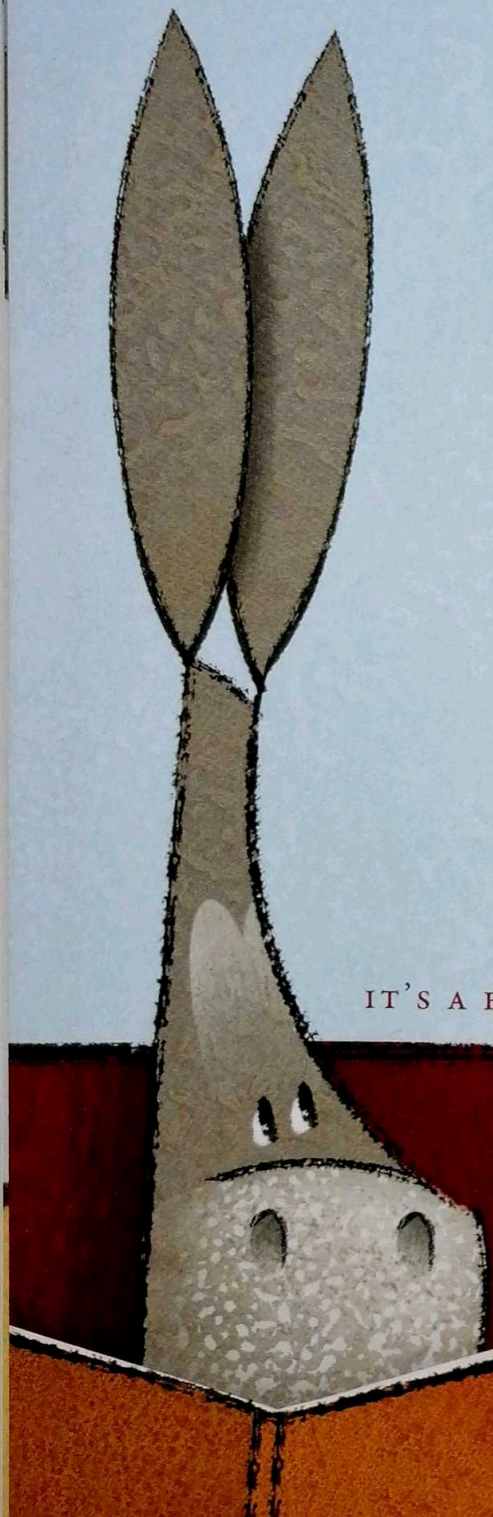


Don't worry, I'll charge  
it up when I'm done!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO . . .





IT'S A BOOK, JACKASS.

