

# Back Cover

3.

"Yes, it's for you", answered Kyle, as he pulled the box out and handed it to Stacy. She was so excited that she didn't even notice the weight of his stare as he waited for her reaction. His face fell as he saw the look of dashed excitement on her face. "You don't like it?"

"No, no, don't get me wrong. The stone is gorgeous. But the band ... it's nice, but I was really dreaming of a setting that's as perfect as the stone," said Sarah wistfully, and Bob's heart fell.

"Damn it. I swore I found the right one this time."

"I'm sorry, honey. Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?"

"No, there's nothing you can do to make me feel all right. I feel terrible. Oh well, maybe we'll find something better tomorrow."

"Do we have to wait? I really want to go now!" Stacy ran out the door.

"Hold on, I'm coming!" Kyle ran out in the rain after her. Under the falling water, he found himself wet.

They ran down the street, to the jewelry store on the corner. Or at least, what used to be the jewelry store on the corner. All that remained was a shuttered building.

"They're out of business?" pouted Stacy.

"Yep. Now it's a monkey shop."

"What? How did that happen?"

"Well, it was your family's competing store that drove them out of business ... pretty ironic, huh?"

"Yes, I guess it is. Ooh, but I have always wanted a monkey ..."

# Front Cover

Track	Song	Artist	Length
25	Ironie	Alanis Morissette	0:65
5	Particle Man	They Might Be Giants	0:80
19	Is It For Me	Toad the Wet Sprocket	0:80
14	Give a Little Bit	Goo Goo Dolls	0:76
15	Say It Right	Nelly Furtado	0:89
13	Do You Sleep	Lisa Loeb	0:84
9	Girlfriend	Avril Lavigne	0:69
19	If I Had a Million Dollars	Barenaked Ladies	0:82
19	Interstate Love Song	Stone Temple Pilots	0:78
9	Defying Gravity	Idina Menzel and Kristin Chenoweth	0:65
14	Crazy For You	Madonna	0:82
7	How Far We've Come	Matchbox Twenty	0:89

**CD400**

4-Panel Jewel Box Insert  
Adobe InDesign  
01/23/08 jgs

prod master:  
sales order:  
acct mgr:  
artist:  
bus. rel.:  
contact:  
ofa date:

## LEGEND

BLEED  
SAFETY  
TRIMLINE  
FOLD

C  
M  
Y  
K



1.

Steve poked at the thermostat yet again, wishing that this time he'd find the perfect temperature setting. Despite the fact that it was winter, it was oddly warm, he complained to Jill. "Isn't that ..."

"No, it's not ironic," she sighed, "merely unfortunate. I do know how I can make you feel all right, though."

"Oh?"

"Yes. I'm going for a nice jog out in the snow. Are you going to come?"

"No. It's freezing out there. You can't be serious ..."

Jill opened the door and looked at the flurries of snow. "You're right. That's not for me. I don't really want to go out there. Actually, it looks like I might be stuck here a while," she sighed.

"Hmm. Well, feel free to ..."

"No, I don't need to feel at home, Steve."

2.

"Yes, I'm coming," answered Carol, following Paul as he rushed out the door. "But you still owe me an answer."

"Yes, I can tell you what's so special about you, but we've been down that road before and it never makes you feel better," sighed Paul. "But ... I do know how to make you feel all right ... do you want a pet monkey?"

"Of course! Who wouldn't want a monkey?"

"That seems all well and good as long as it's happy, but what happens when it cries? Bet it's less fun then ..."

"Are you kidding me? Why would it cry?" Carol asserted, until one day she actually got a pet monkey and proceeded to watch it start bawling. "OK, I guess it does cry," she admitted.

"All the damn time. Seems like it never shuts up! Don't you wish you had a dial that you could use to control its crying?"

"No, maybe there'd be a perfect setting, but I don't wish for that. It'd be no fun."

"Hm. OK. Well, maybe it just feels dirty. Give it a bath?"

"Yes, but if I put it under water, then it ends up wet, and I know it doesn't like to be wet ..." Carol shuddered as she remembered what happened when she took it out in the rain.

"Maybe it just misses its cage and needs to go back to its cage where it feels at home."

"No, I don't need to feel at home, it stinks in there," thought the monkey. "What I really want is to go ... back to the jungle, away from here." But lacking actual speech, all it could do was glare. And a mighty glare it was – Carol felt the weight of its stare, but didn't understand, and then it was too late. With that, Carol put the monkey back in its cage.

Ironically, she and Paul never noticed the big cage the giant monkey was keeping them in as pets.

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