

## To Don and Maxine Neuschwander, with love—C. N.

## To my wonderful grandson, Tomasz Modlinski Geehan, who is at the beginning of his circle of life—W. G.

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Summary: When Sir Cumference and his wife Lady Di of Ameter host a massive surprise birthday party for the king, they must figure out a way to quickly count all the guests who are in attendance.

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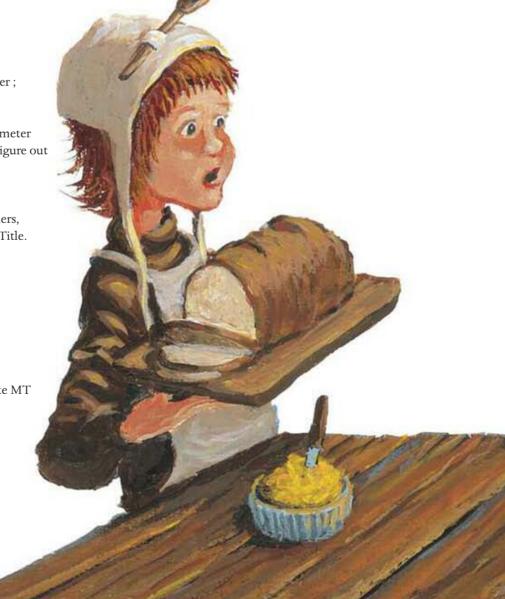
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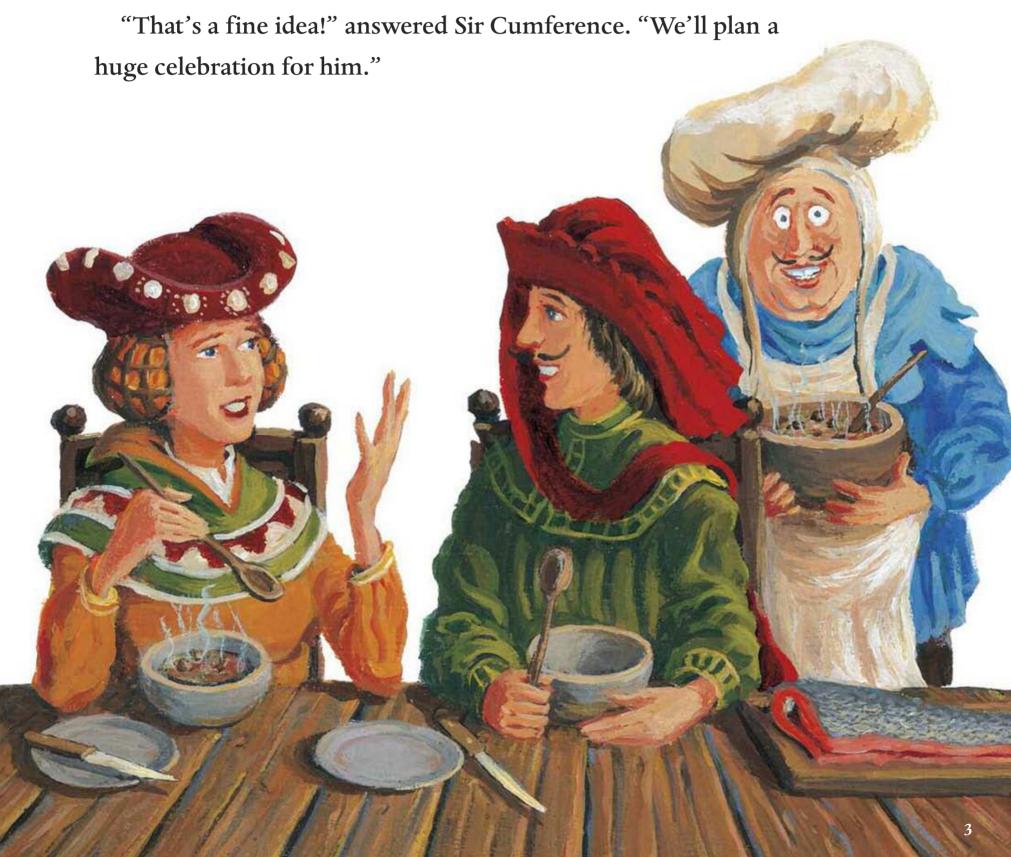
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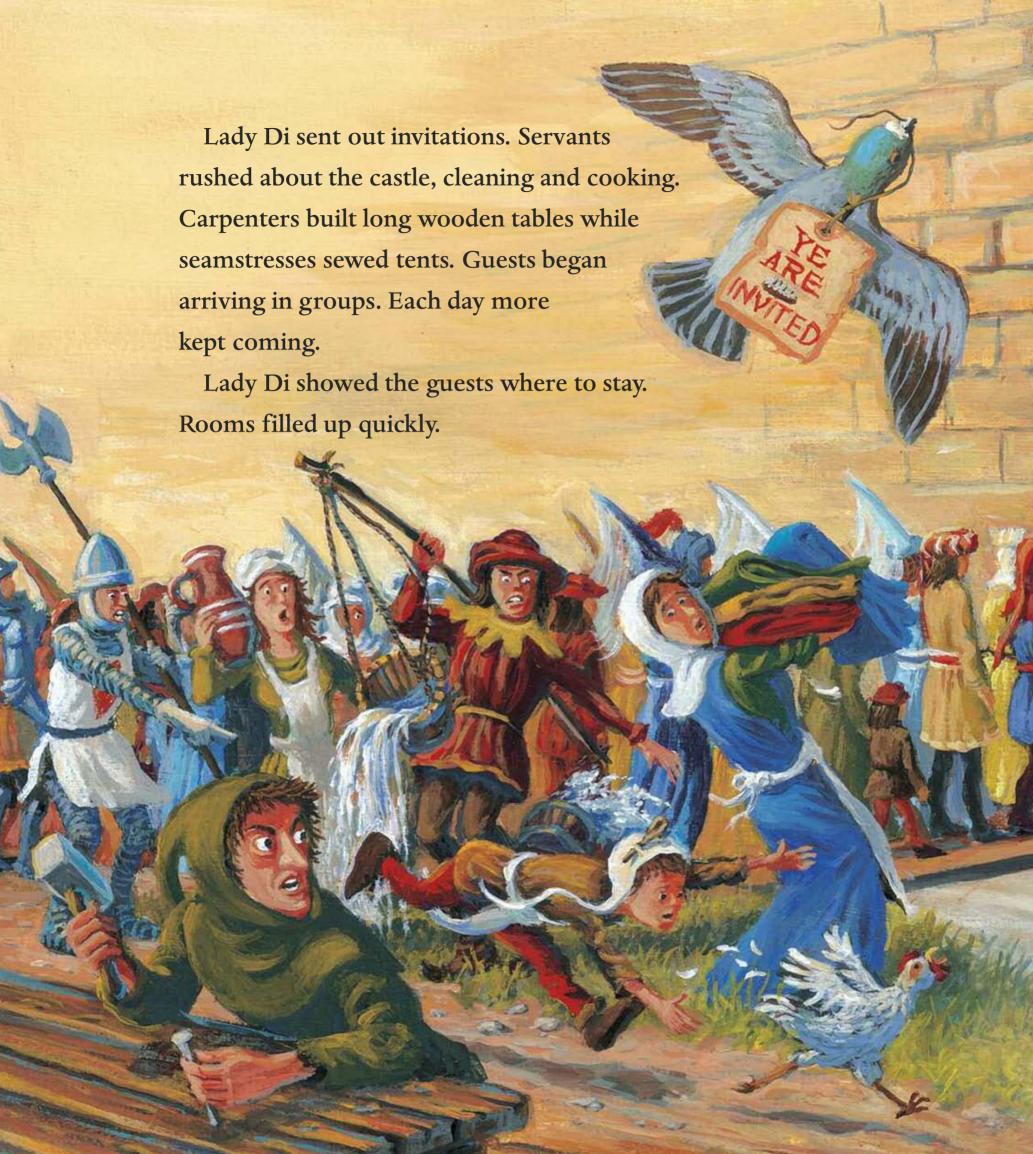
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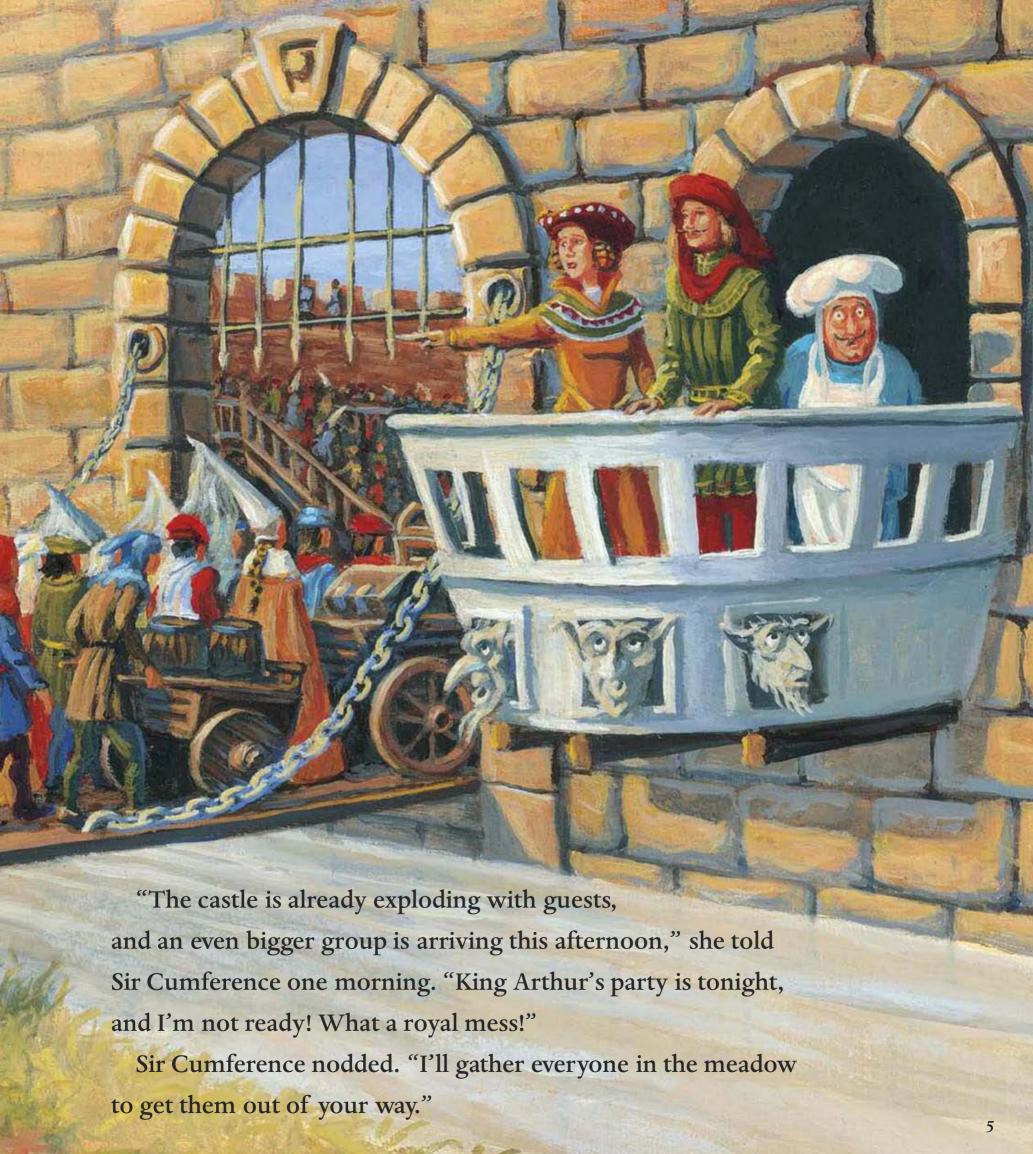
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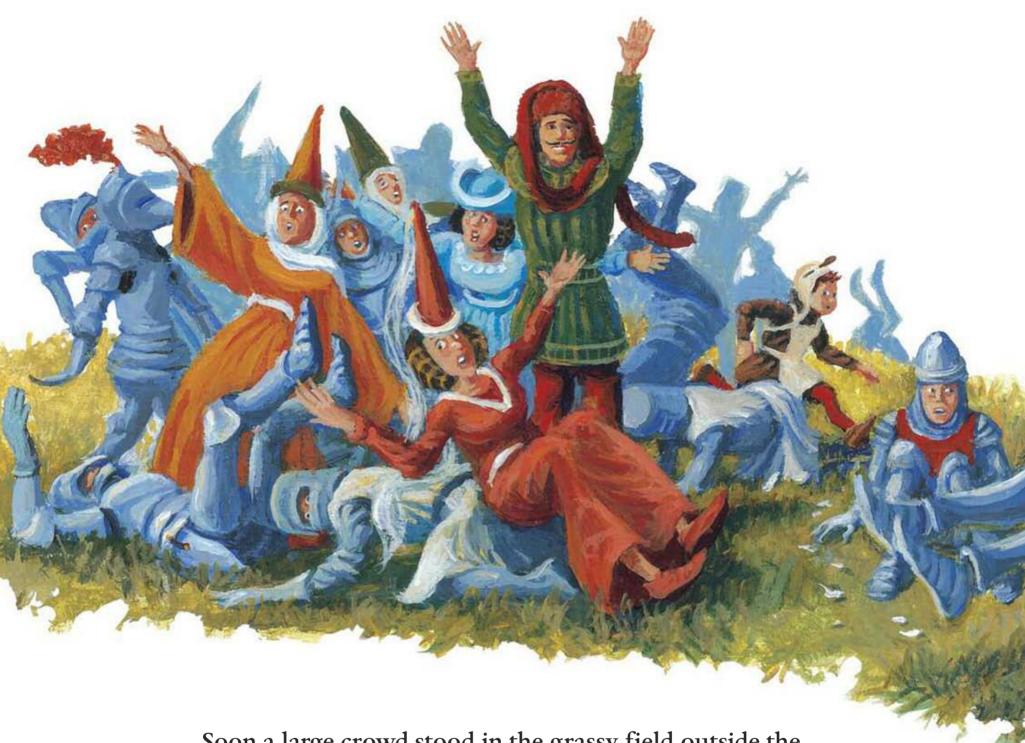


The last time we saw the king, he seemed a bit gloomy," said Lady Di of Ameter to her husband, Sir Cumference, one evening. "His birthday is soon. Let's give him a surprise party here at our castle to cheer him up. We could invite people from the entire countryside."









Soon a large crowd stood in the grassy field outside the castle walls.

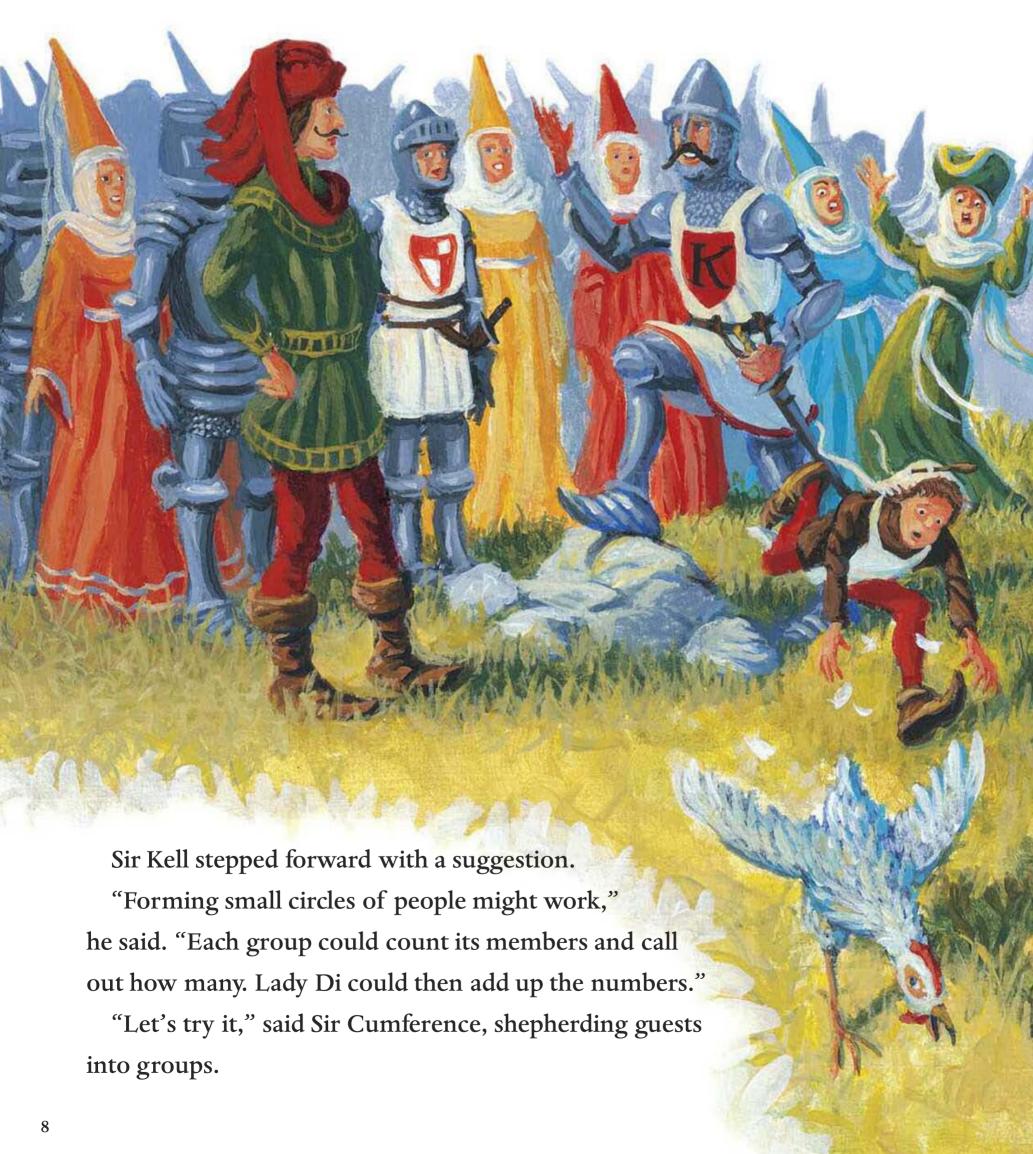
"The king will arrive in a few hours," began Sir Cumference.
"Let's practice a Royal March of Greeting. Would everyone step smartly toward the center of the meadow?"

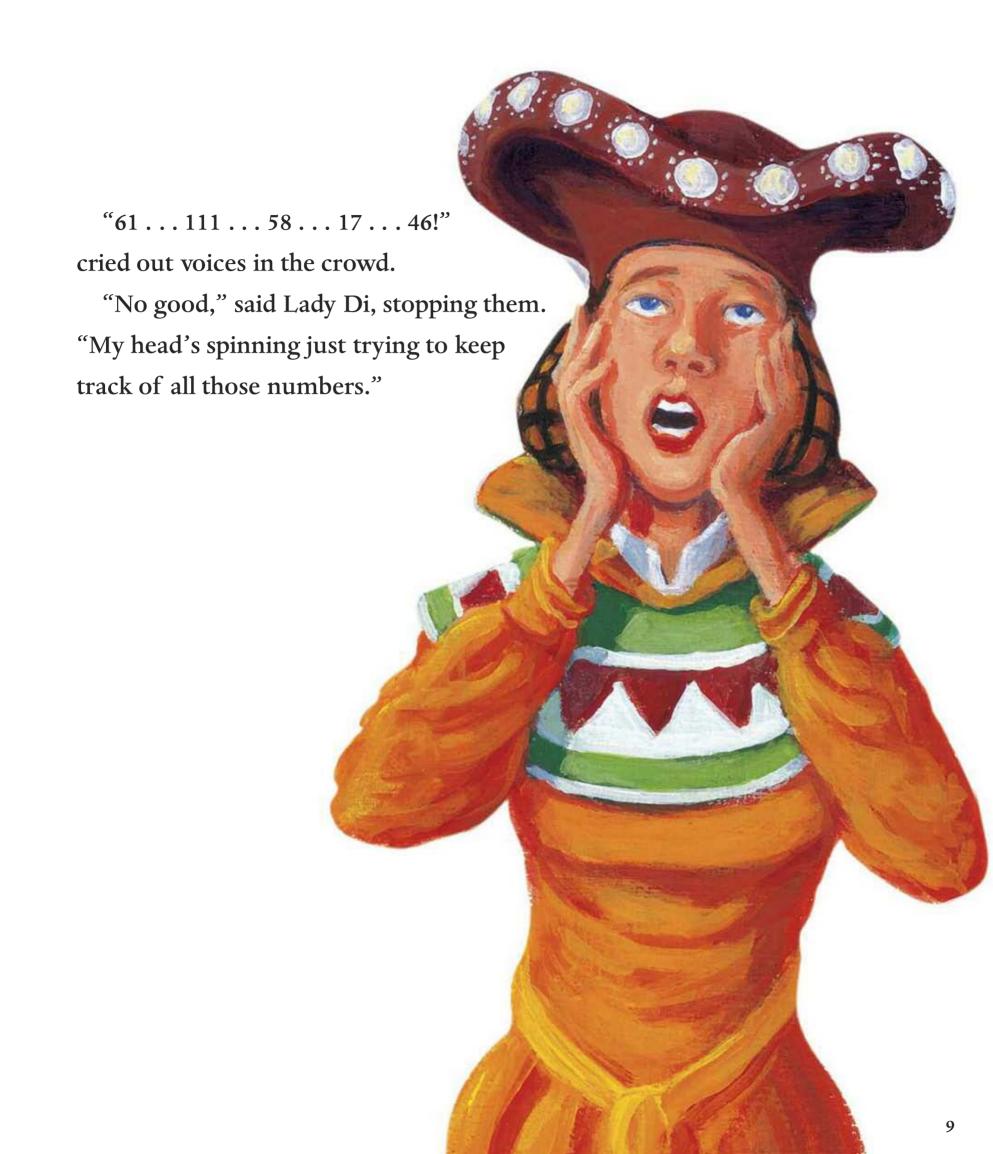
Pandemonium broke out. Knees marching high knocked into arms swinging wide. The Knights of the Round Table crashed into each other, falling into metallic heaps.

Lady Di appeared in the middle of this confusion. "I need to know how many guests will be here for lunch, and then how many for dinner," she called to her husband over the clatter.

Sir Cumference waved his arms. "Attention!" he bellowed. "We need to know how many of you are here." But everyone kept milling around. Counting the crowd seemed like an impossible job.







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