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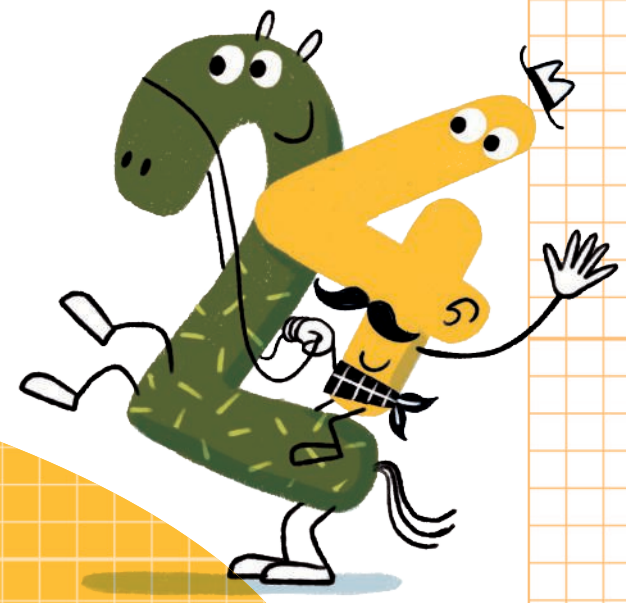
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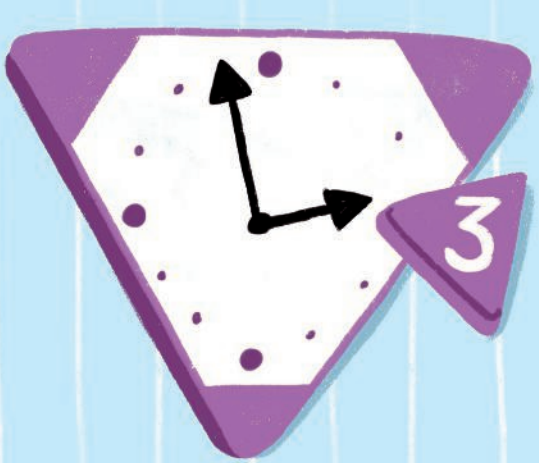
THE DIGITS by TONY BRADMAN + SR. SÁNCHEZ

DOUBLE THE FUN

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THREE was very excited.
YIPPEE!
IT'S MY BIRTHDAY
AND I'M HAVING A PARTY.

The other Digits were coming to the apartment at three o'clock.
There would be music and games and dancing.





'It's going to be the
BEST PARTY EVER!'
said Three.
'I hope so, anyway . . .'



Everyone turned up on time, and they all brought presents.
Five had even baked a birthday cake for Three.



'WOW, THANKS!' said Three.

'Sit down, everyone.'

After a lot of SHUFFLING AROUND...





. . . *almost* everyone was seated on the three stools.

'Hey, budge up, Nine,' said Eight.

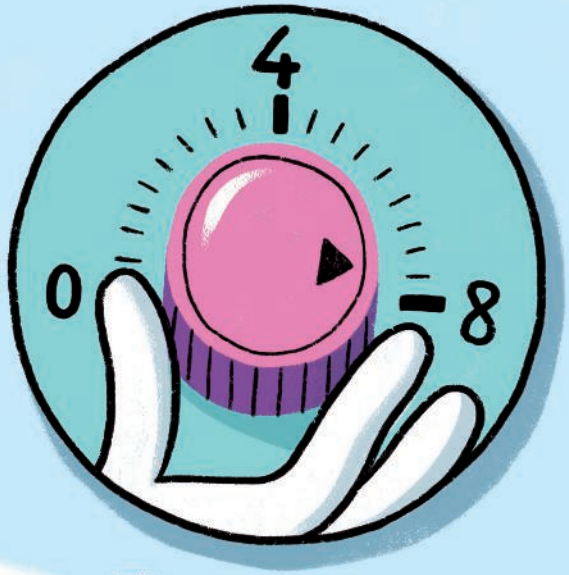
'This is a TIGHT SQUEEZE!'

'Your apartment is a bit small for all of us, Three,' said Ten.

‘Right, let’s get this party started!’ said Three, ignoring them. ‘How about some music?’

Three put on the music.

‘Hey, I can hardly hear it!’ said Eight, and turned it up.





EVERYONE DANCED . . .

. . . but now it was so **LOUD** they could hardly hear each other speak!



'Hang on,' said Four. 'It only needs to be **HALF** that loud! I'll turn it down . . .'

‘OK, that’s enough dancing!’
Three yelled at last. ‘It’s time for my cake!’

‘HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!’ everyone sang.



Three made them sing it THREE TIMES!

