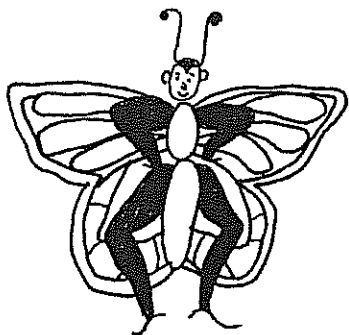


Mike The Monarch

Goes Out On A Limb



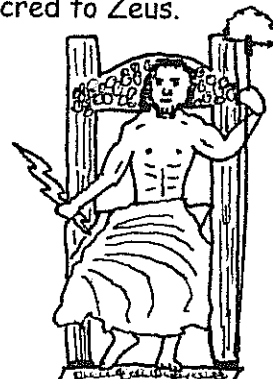
Hey everyone, meet my friend, Mr. Oak!



Be-leaf me, I've got a long and proud history.



Ancient Greeks held the oak sacred to Zeus.



By Jove!



The Declaration of Independence was written with oak gall ink.

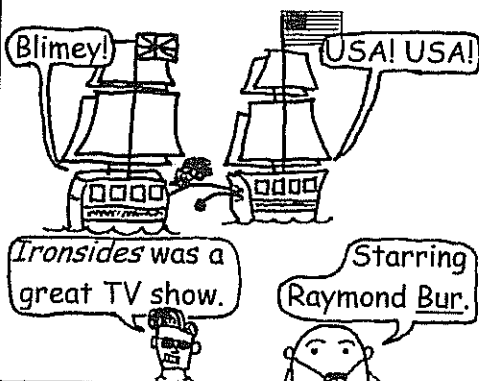
Your Majesty, this galls me!



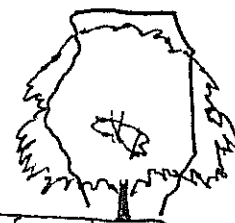
Who's this John Hancock?



The U.S.S. Constitution, known as "Old Ironsides," was made of oak.



The White Oak is our state tree.



Many of our towns are named for oaks.

Like Bur-Oak-Field?



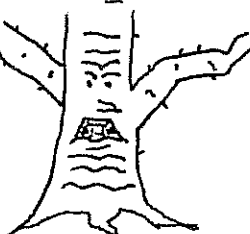
But there are threats to oaks; oaks are slow-growing and suffer from disease, drought and deer—the three D's.



3Ds? Cool!



They face loss of habitat and alien invaders like Baron Buckthorn.

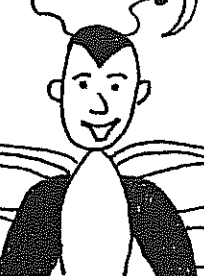


I tink veneer a crisis!

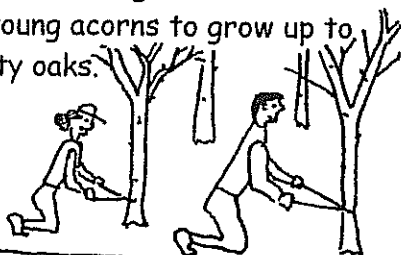


Mike, what can we do to protect our mighty oaks?

Well, duh!



We are clearing acres of habitat for young acorns to grow up to mighty oaks.



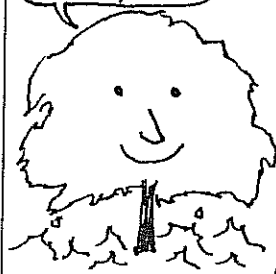
I root for volunteers!

What a-corn-y joke!



Volunteers, led by combustion expert Tara del Fuego, have returned fire to the landscape.

Thanks, Tara!



Don't be a sap! Branch out and save our oaks!

