

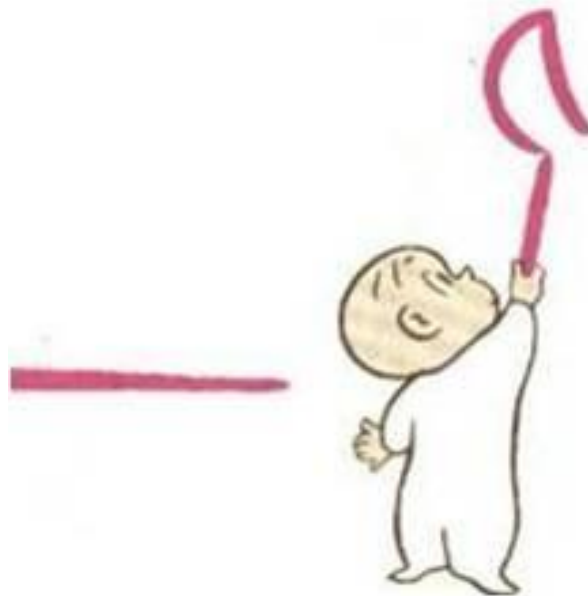
Harold and the Purple Crayon



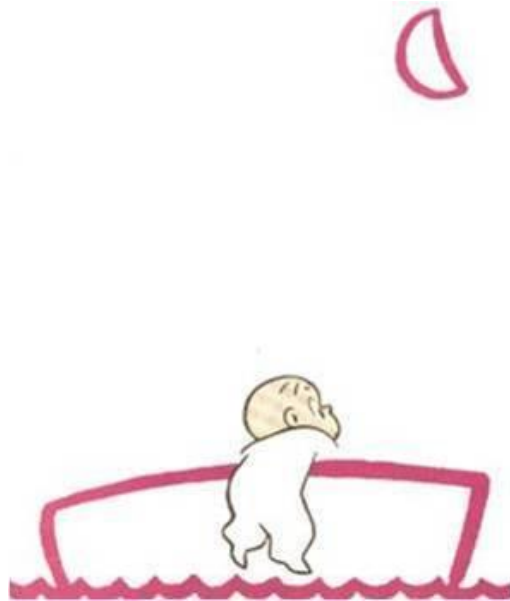
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Harold and the Purple Crayon

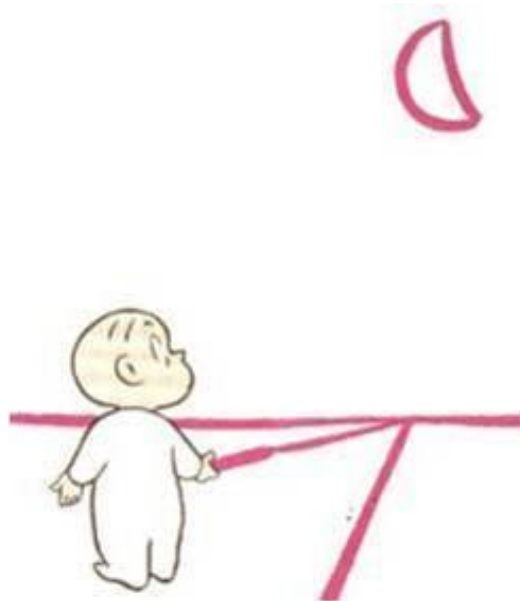




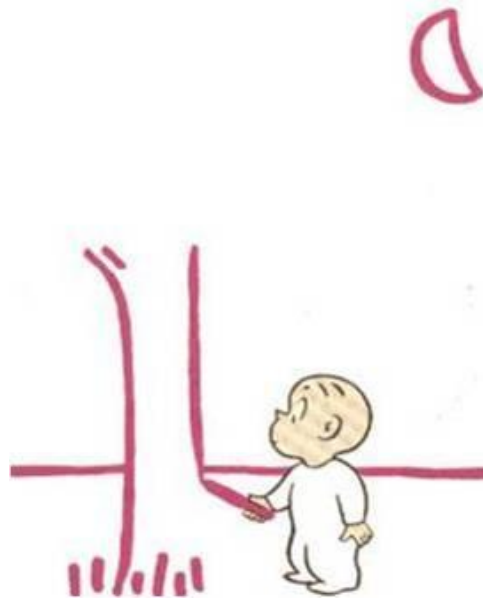
There wasn't any moon, and Harold needed a moon for a walk in the moonlight.



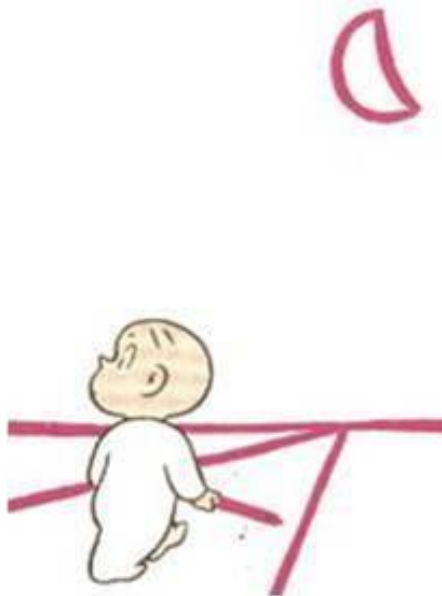
And in no time he was climbing aboard_ a trim little boat.



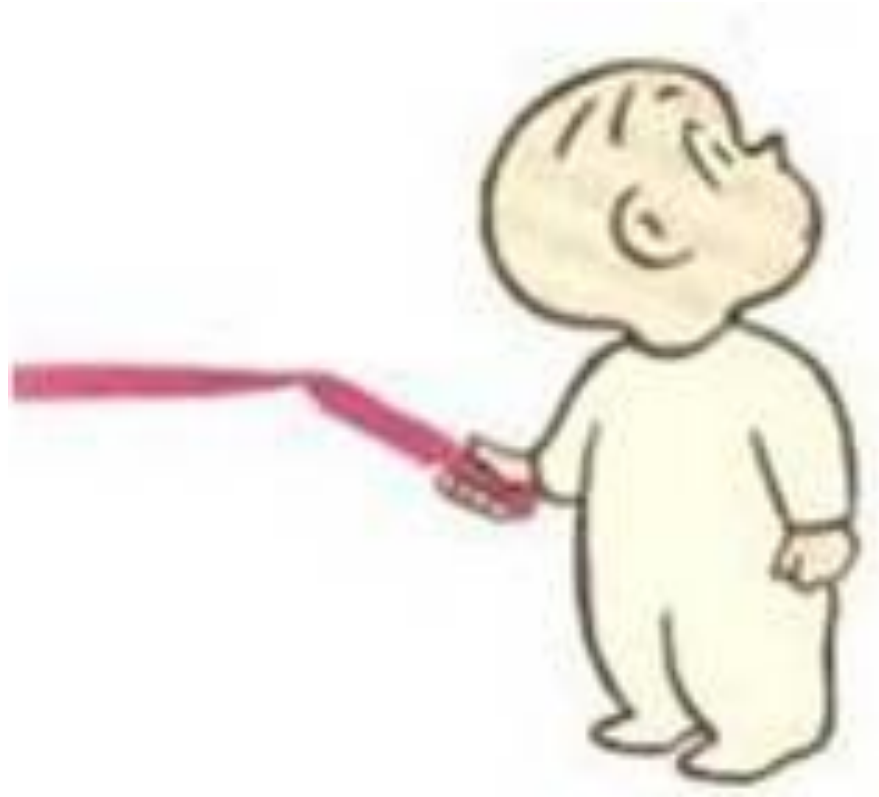
**He made a long straight path
so he wouldn't get lost**



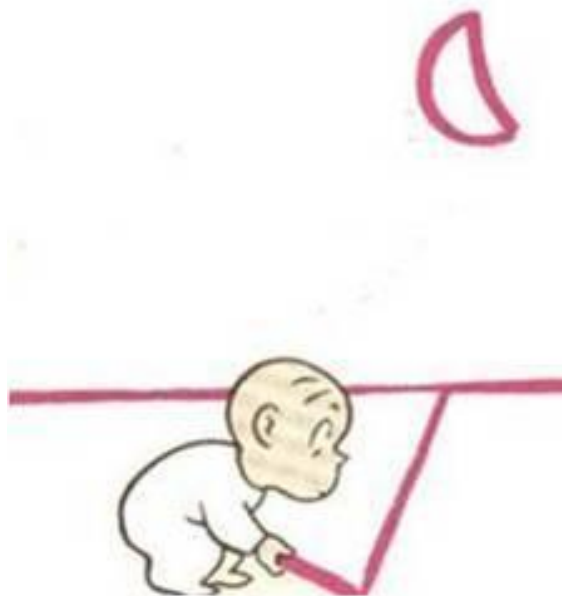
**He didn't want to get lost in the woods.
So he made a very small forest,
with just one tree in it.**

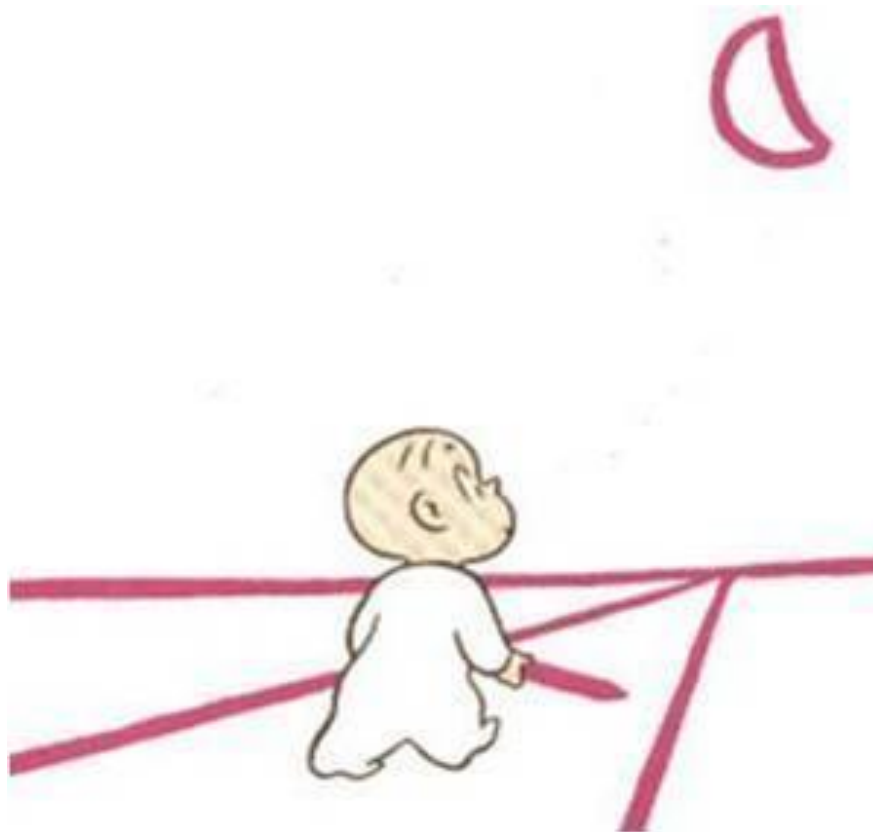


**But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere
on the long straight path.**

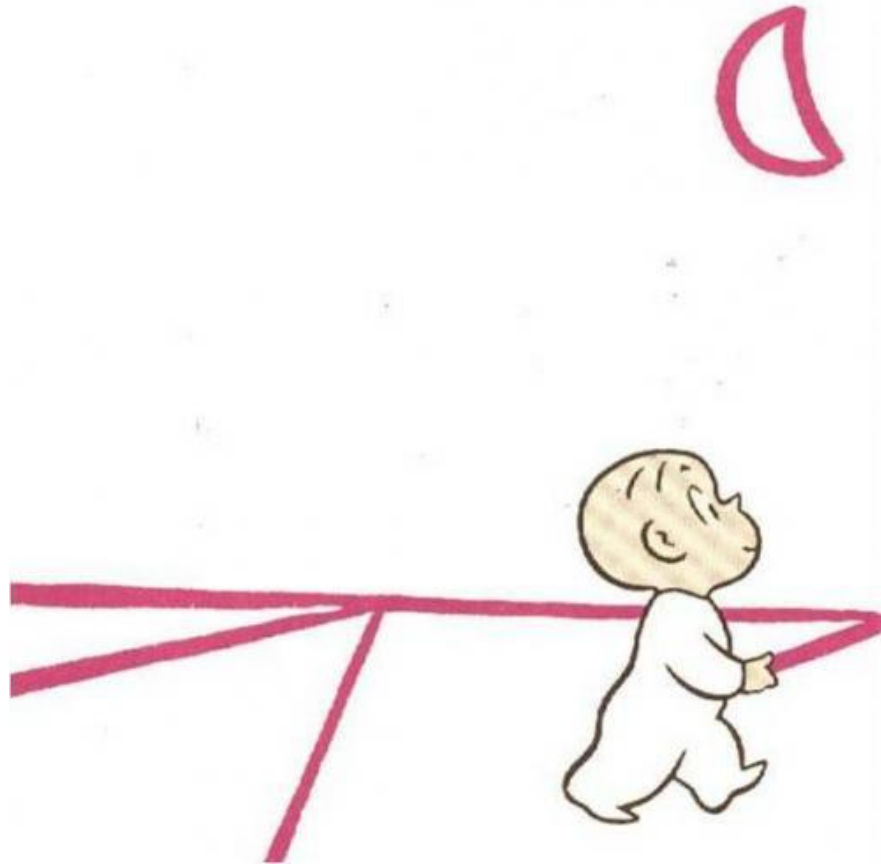


**One evening, after thinking it over
for some time, Harold decided to go
for a walk in the moonlight**

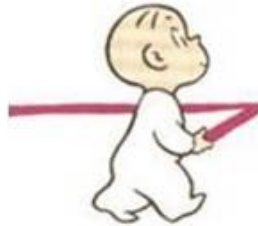




**And he set off on his walk,
taking his big purple crayon with him.**



**So he left the path for a short cut across a field.
And the moon went with him.**



**The short cut led right to where Harold thought
a forest ought to be.**





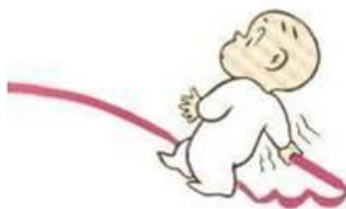
**The apples would be very tasty, Harold thought,
when they got red.**

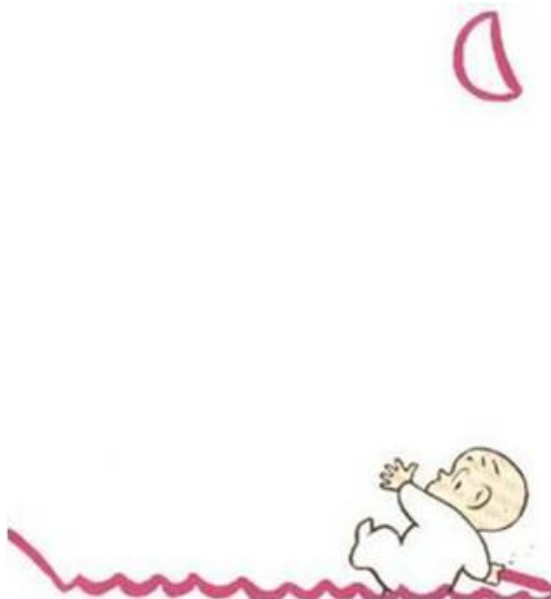


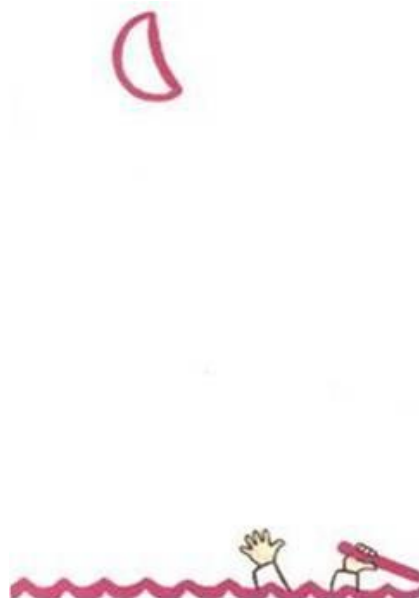
**So he put a frightening dragon under the tree
to guard the apples.**

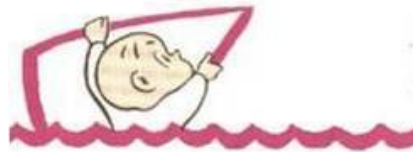


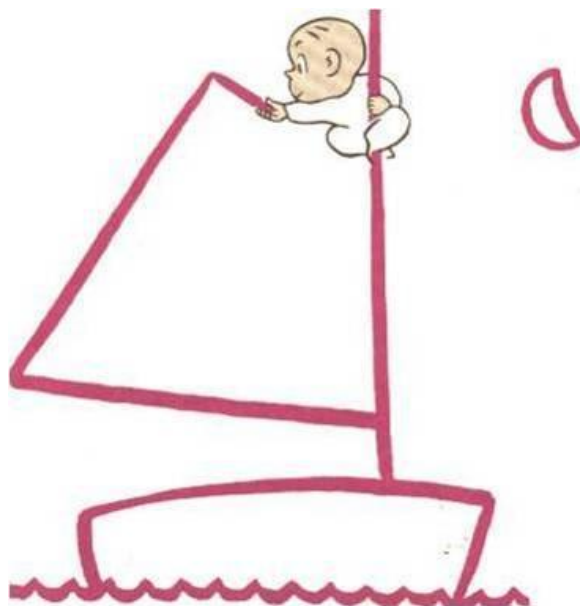


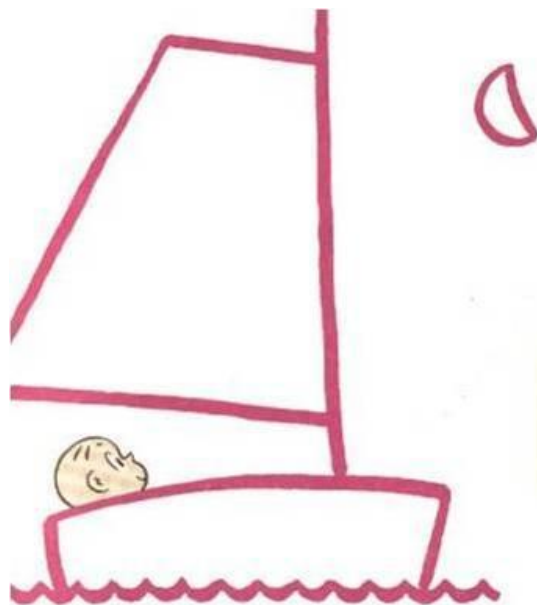


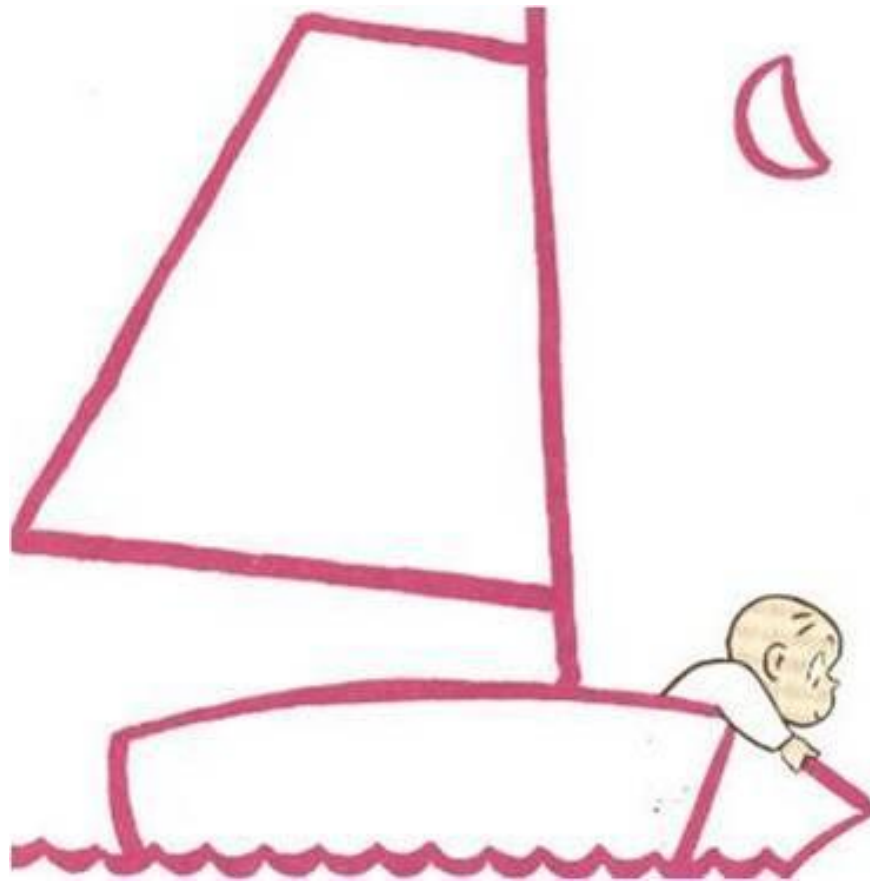




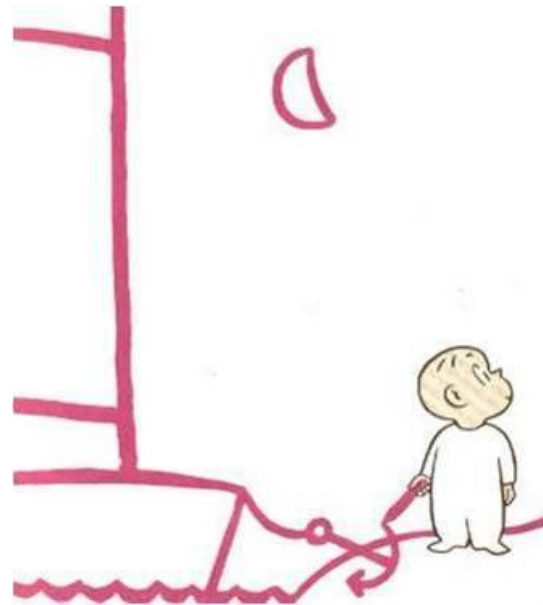








**After he had sailed long enough,
Harold made land without much trouble.**



**He stepped ashore on the beach,
wondering where he was.**



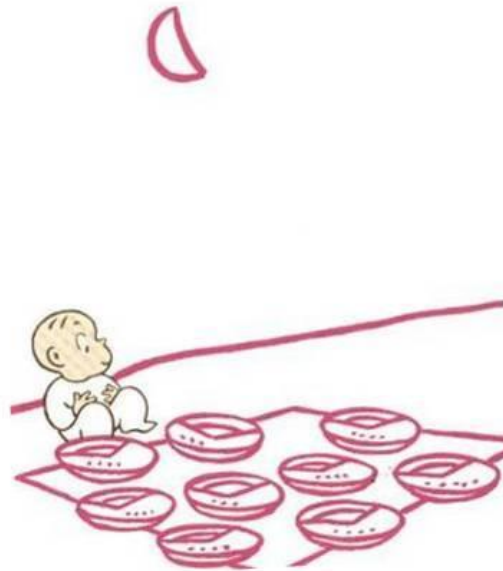
**The sandy beach reminded Harold of picnics.
And the thought of picnics made him hungry.**



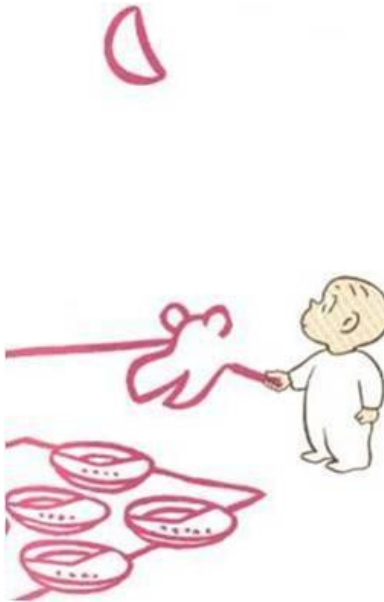




**But there were all nine kinds of pie
that Harold liked best.**



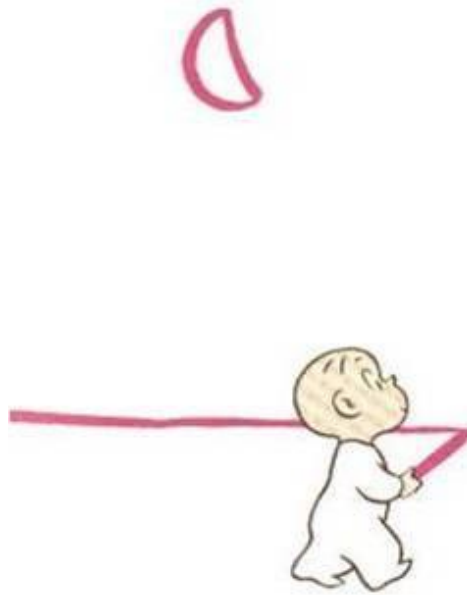
**When Harold finished his picnic
there was quite a lot left.**



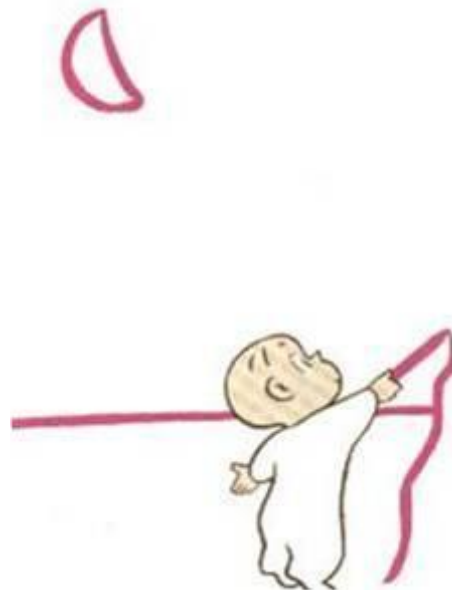
**He hated to see so much delicious pie
go to waste.**



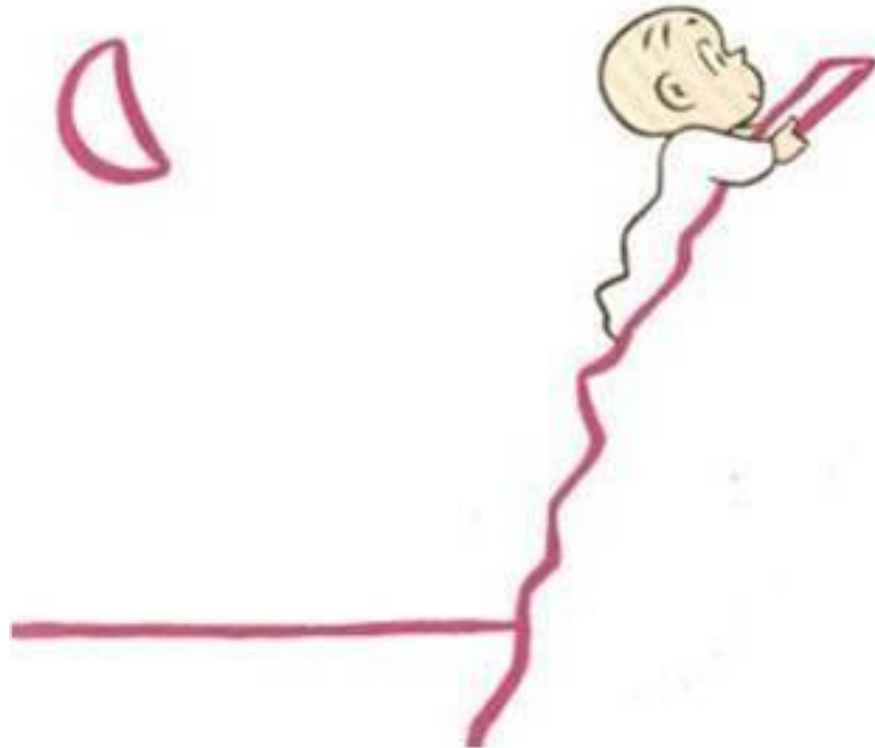
**So Harold left a very hungry moose
and a deserving porcupine to finish it up.**



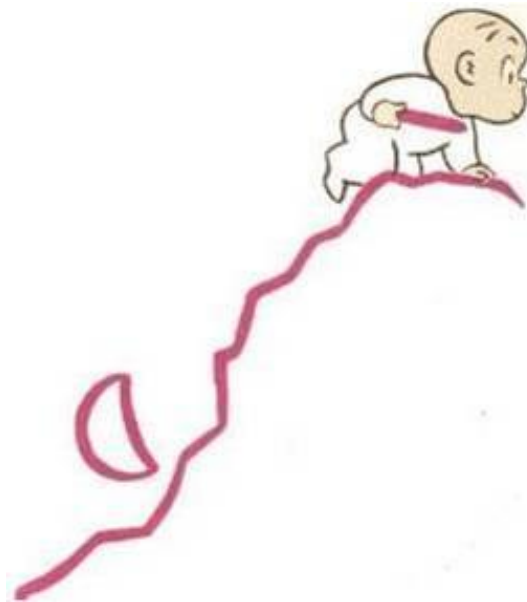
**And, off he went, looking for a hill to climb,
to see where he was.**



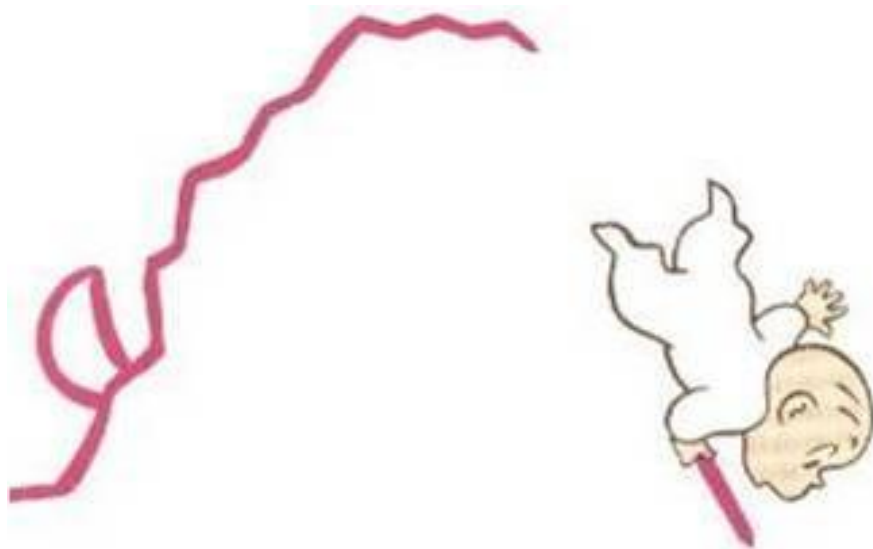
Harold knew that the higher up he went the farther he could see. So he decided to make the hill into a mountain.



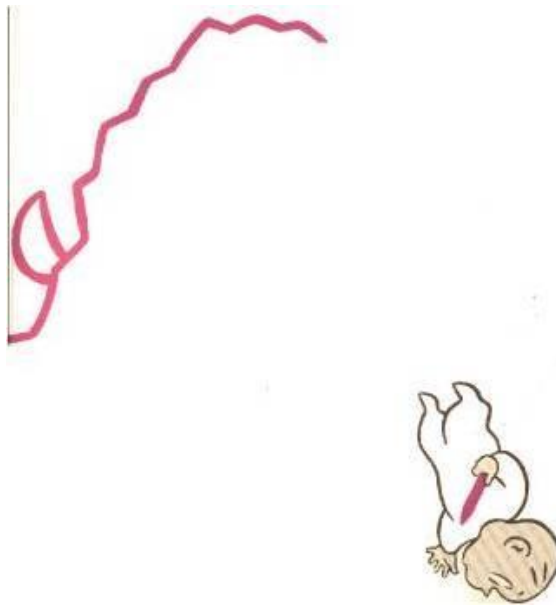
**If he went high enough, he thought,
he could see the window of his bedroom.**



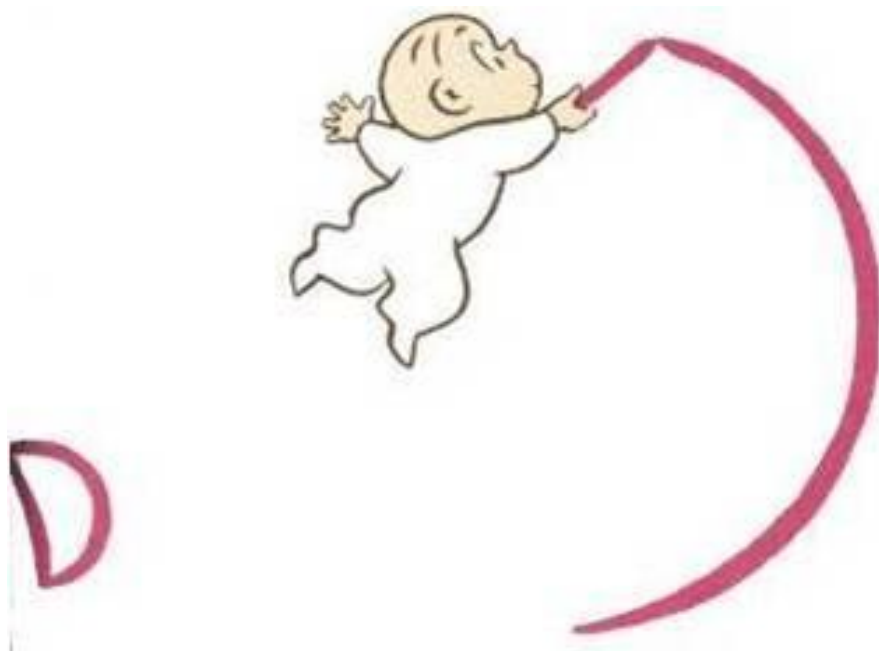
**He hoped he could see his bedroom window
from the top of the mountain.**

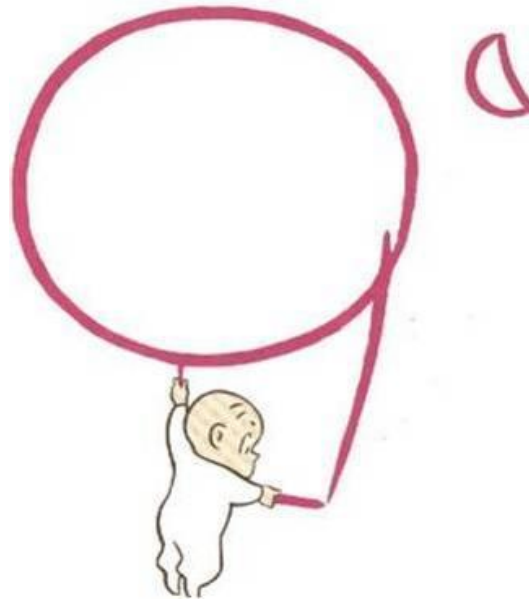


**But as he looked down over the other side
he slipped**



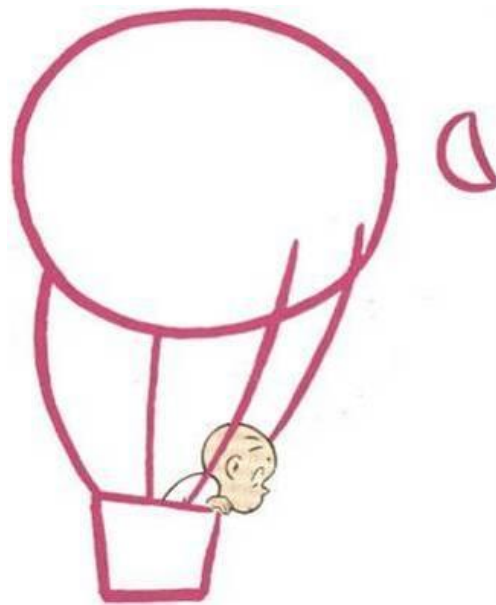
**And there wasn't any other side of the mountain.
He was falling, in thin air.**







**And he made a basket under the balloon
big enough to stand in.**



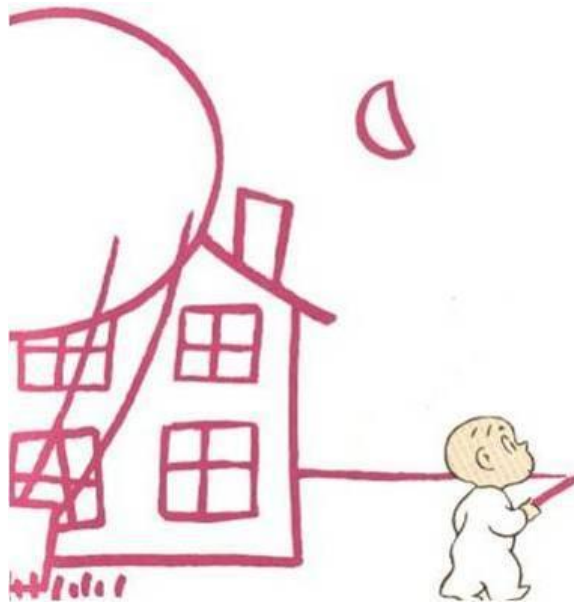
**He had a fine view from the balloon
but he couldn't see his window.
He couldn't even see a house.**

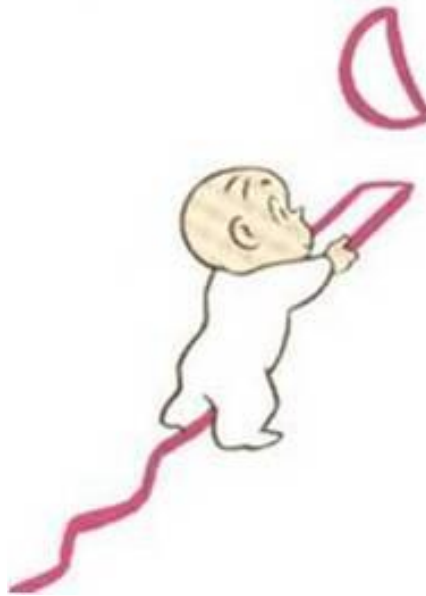




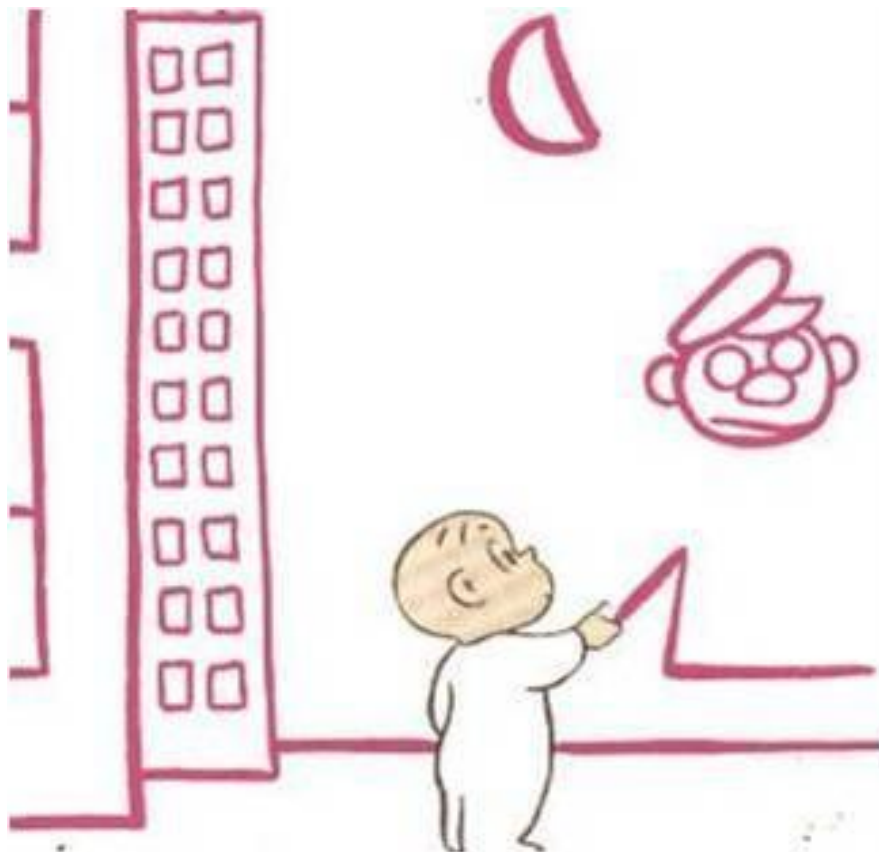
**And he landed the balloon on the grass
in the front yard.**





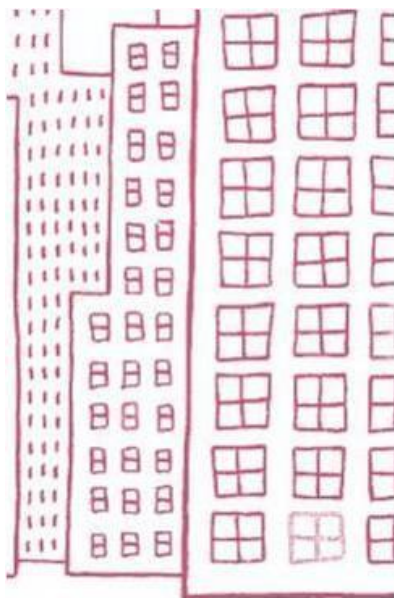


**He was tired and he felt he ought to
be getting to bed.**



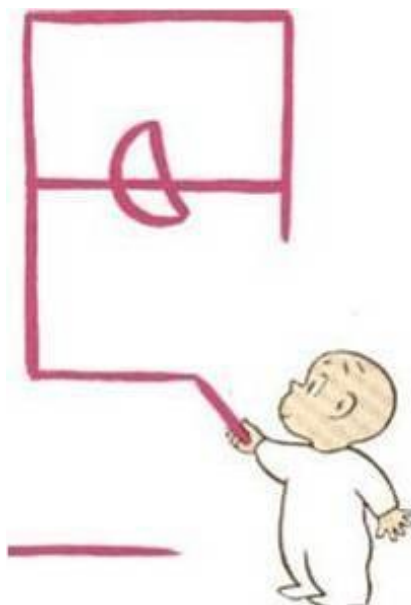


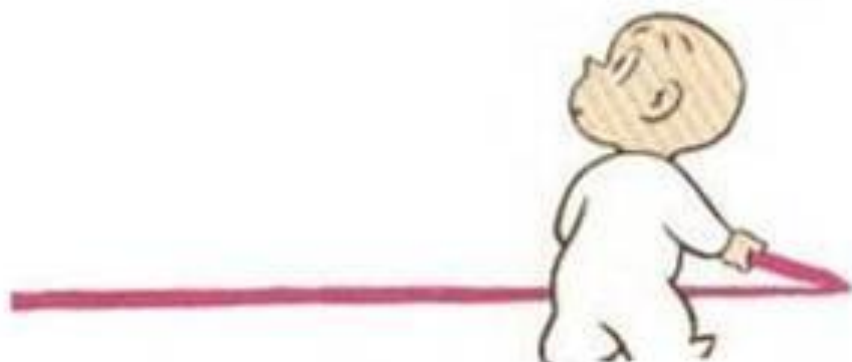
**The policeman pointed the way
Harold was going anyway. But Harold thanked him.**





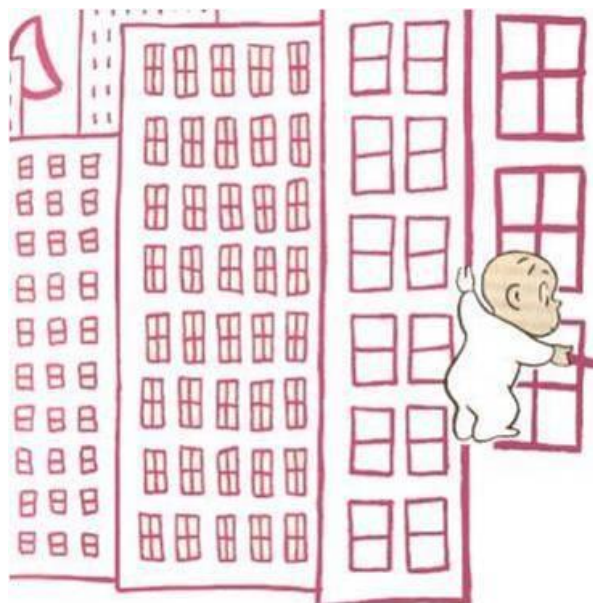


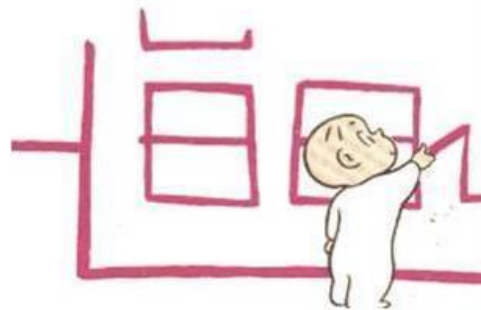


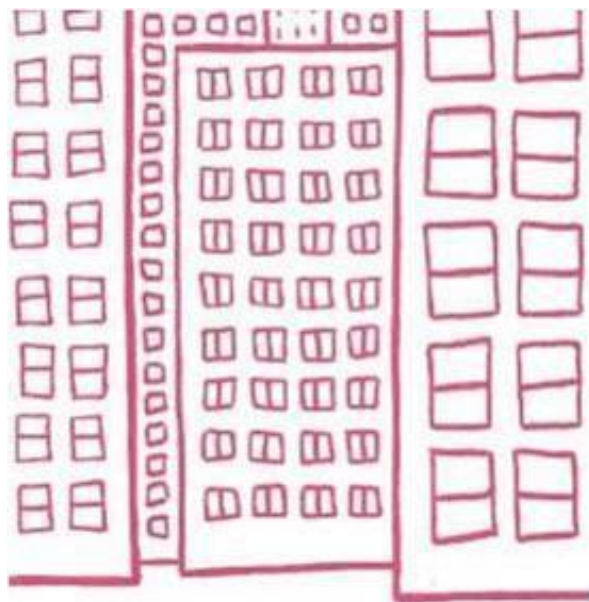


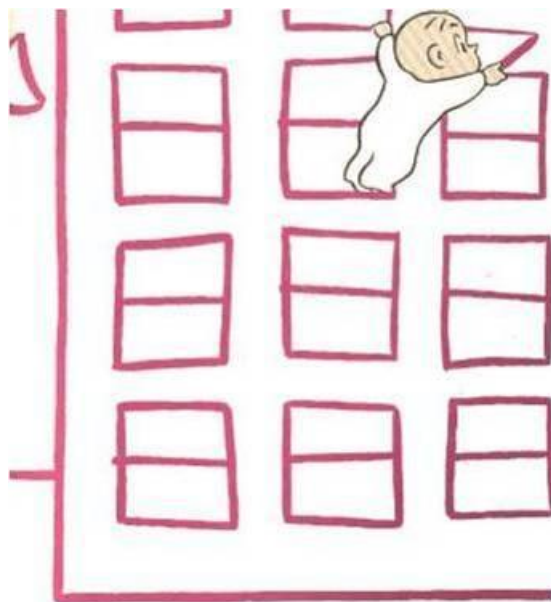


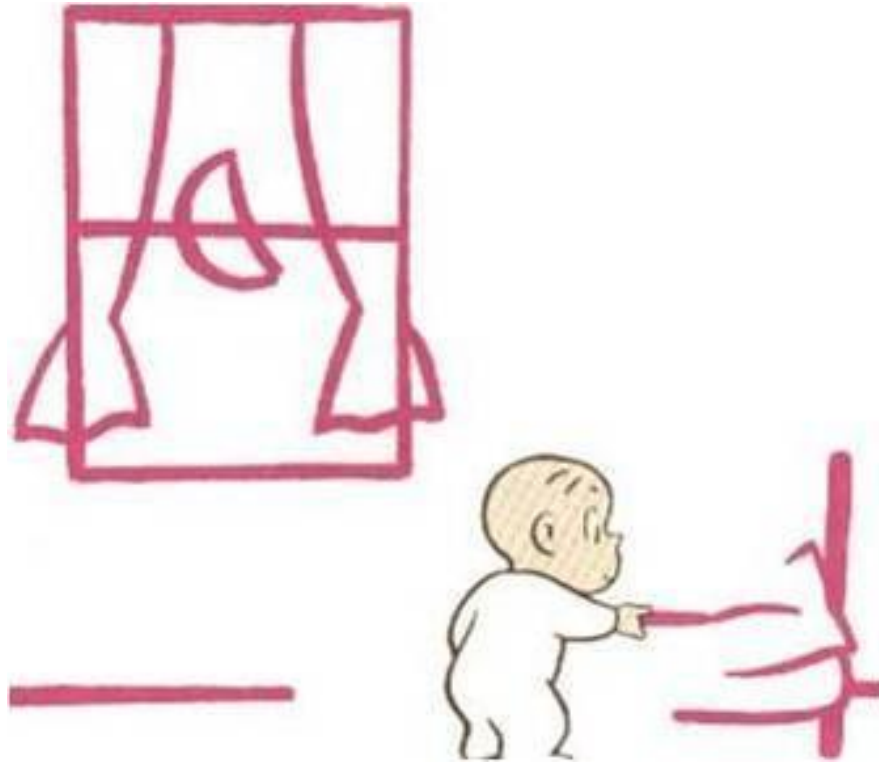
**And he walked along with the moon,
wishing he was in his room and in bed.**

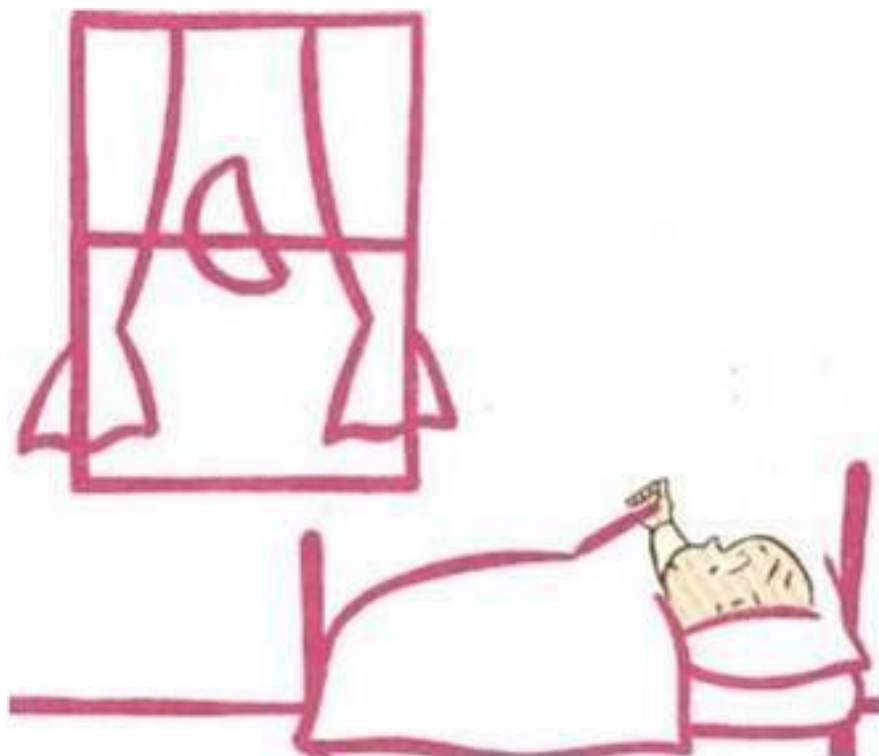


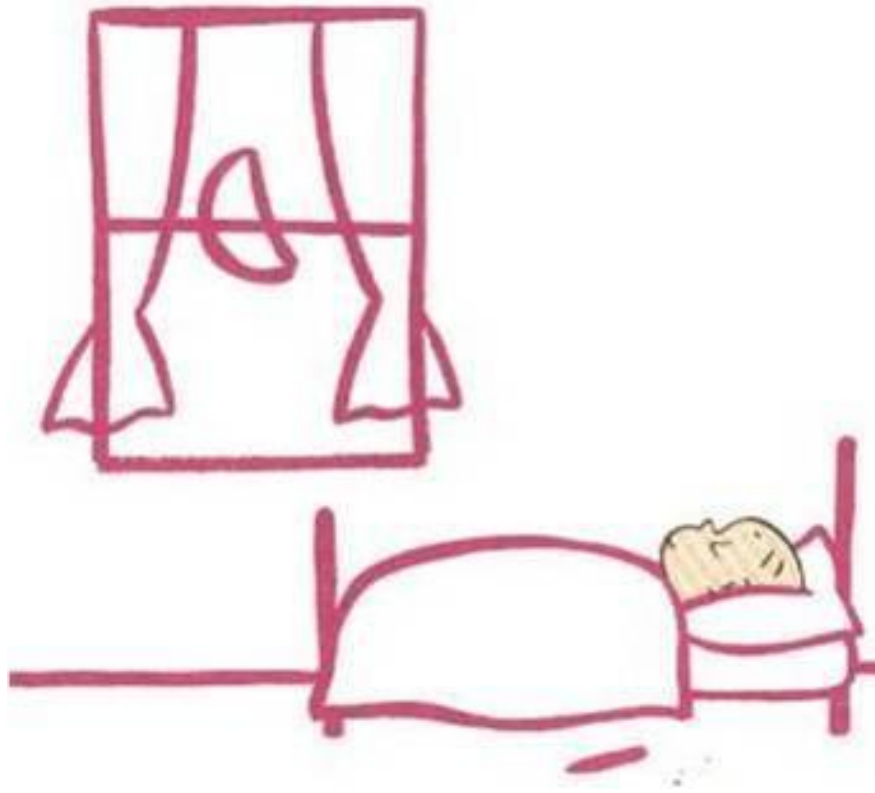












**The purple crayon dropped on the floor.
And Harold dropped off to sleep.**

