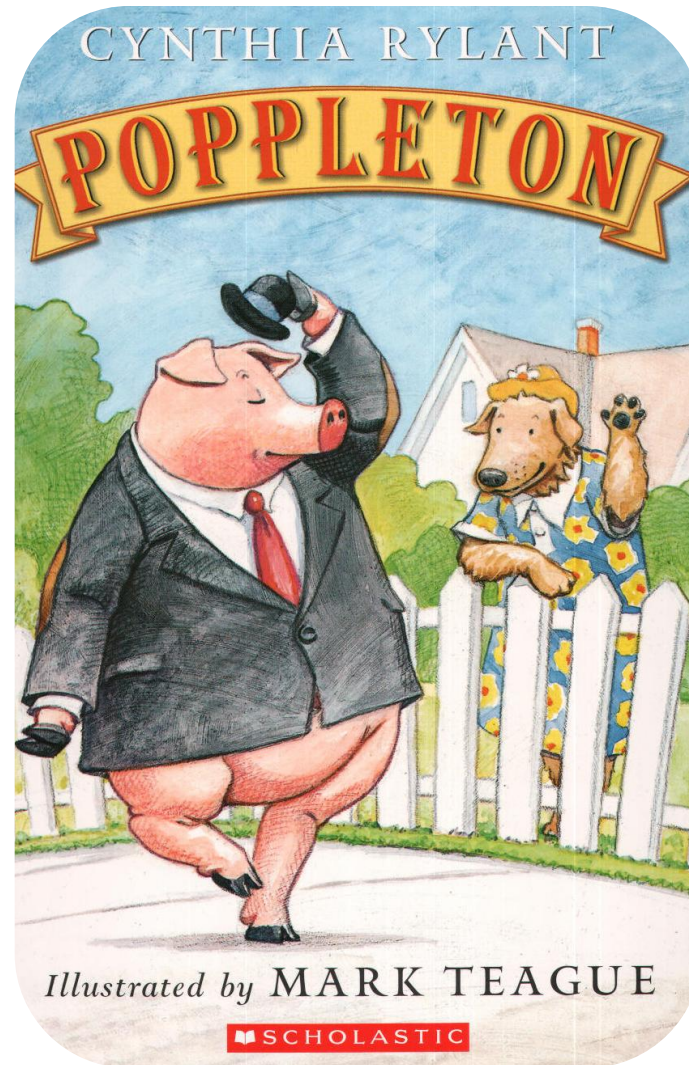
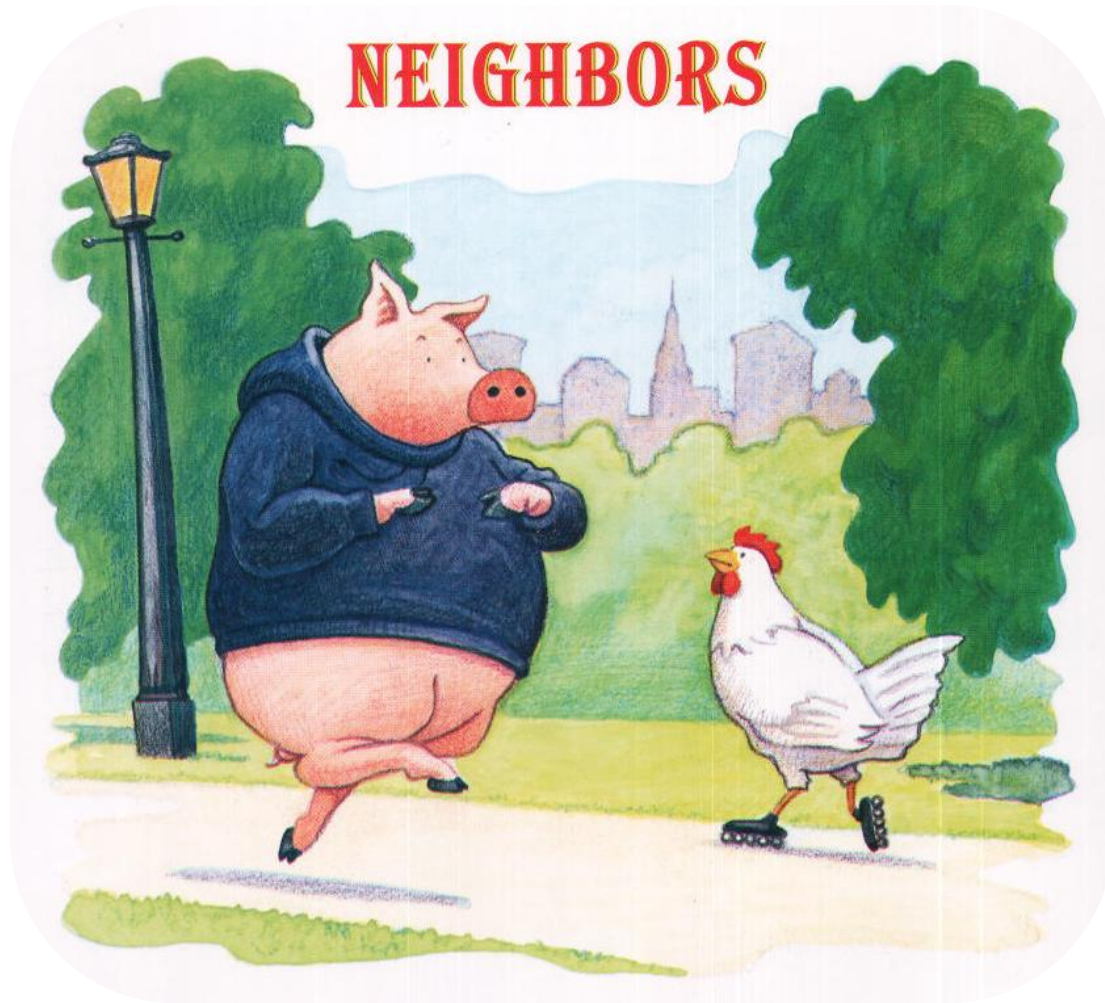


Poppleton:
Book One



By: Cynthia Rylant

Chapter 1: Neighbors



Poppleton used to be a city pig.

He did city things.

He took taxis.

He jogged in the park.

He went to museums



Then one day Poppleton
got tired of city life.

He moved to a small house
in a small town.



Poppleton's small house
was charming.

It had a little sunroom
where Poppleton took naps.



It had lots and lots of shelves
where Poppleton kept things.

It had a little garden
where Poppleton planted corn.



And it had Cherry Sue.

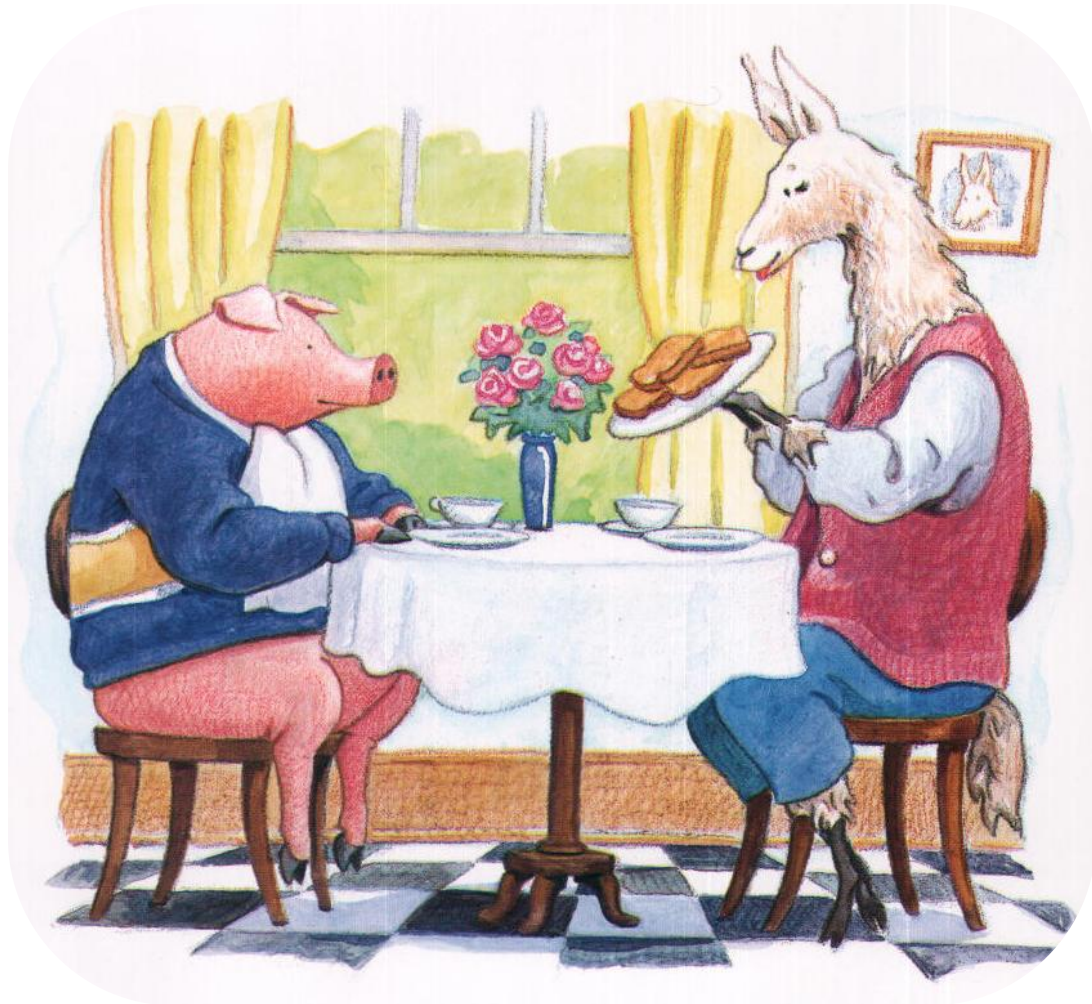
Cherry Sue was Poppleton's new neighbor.



Cherry Sue was very friendly.

In the mornings she called out,
“You-hoo! Poppleton! Would you
like some oatmeal?”

So Poppleton had oatmeal with
Cherry Sue.



In the afternoons she called out,
“Yoo-hoo! Poppleton! Would you
like a toasted cheese?”

So Poppleton had toasted cheese
with Cherry Sue.



At night she called out,
“Yoo-hoo! Poppleton! Would you
like spaghetti?”

So Poppleton had spaghetti with
Cherry Sue.



This went on day after day.

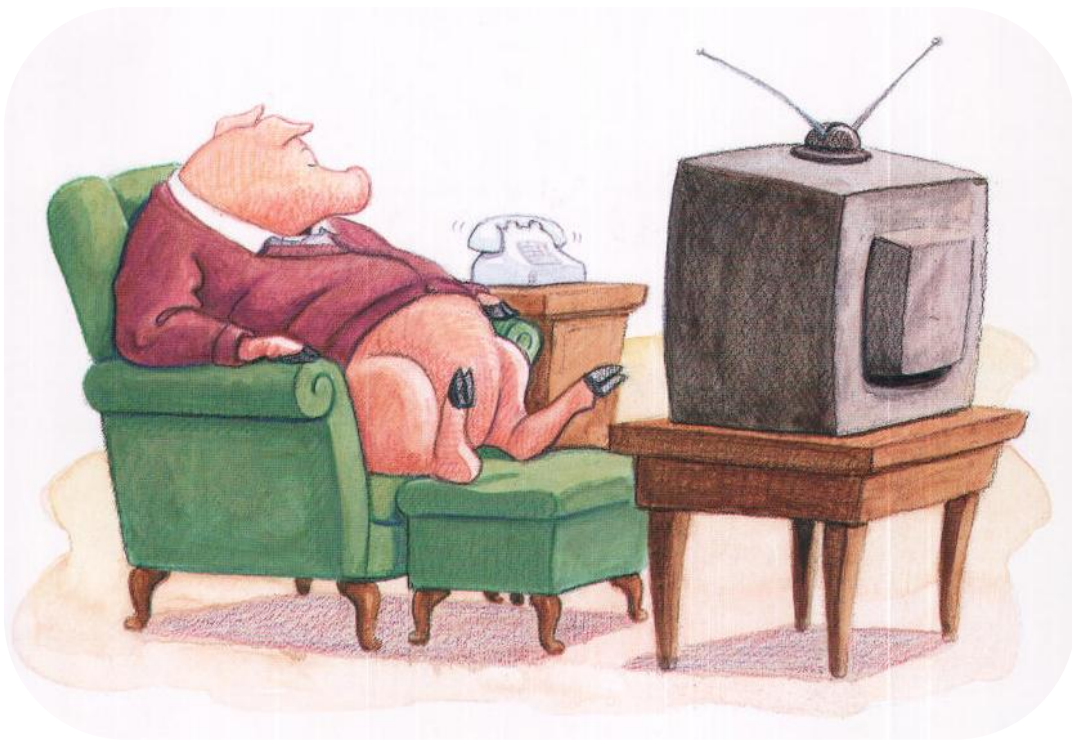
At first it was fun.

But not for long.



Some mornings Poppleton did not
want oatmeal.

He wanted sleep.



Some afternoons Poppleton did not want toasted cheese.

He wanted TV.

Some nights Poppleton did not want spaghetti.

He wanted to practice playing his harmonica.

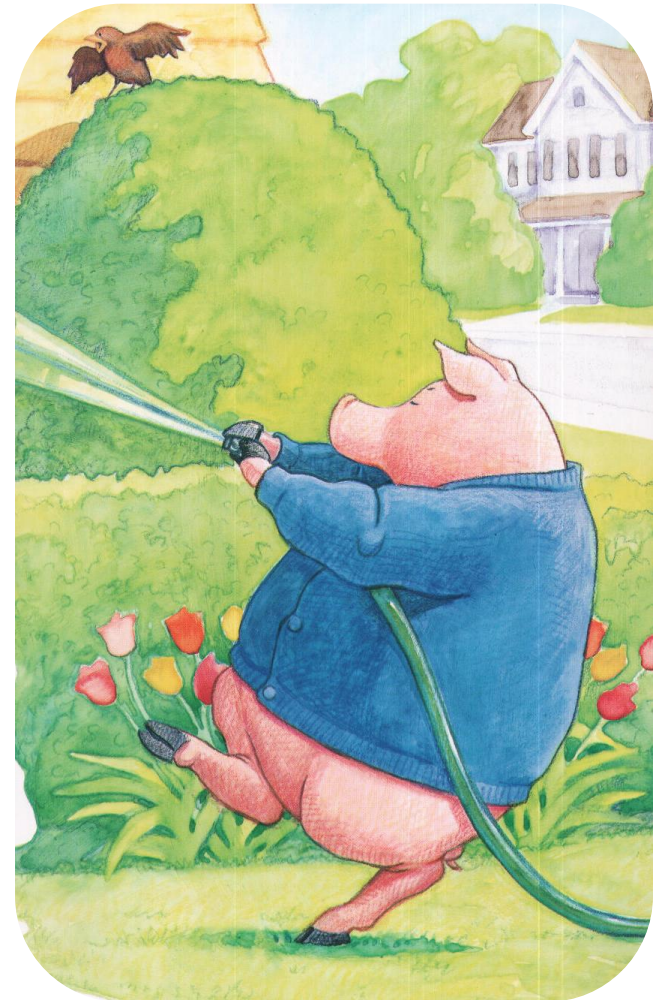
But Cherry Sue kept calling,
“Yoo-hoo! Poppleton!”



One day when he was watering his lawn, Poppleton couldn't take it anymore.

When Cherry Sue stuck her head out the window and yelled "Yoo-hoo!" Poppleton soaked her with the hose.

"Poppleton!" cried Cherry Sue, dripping.

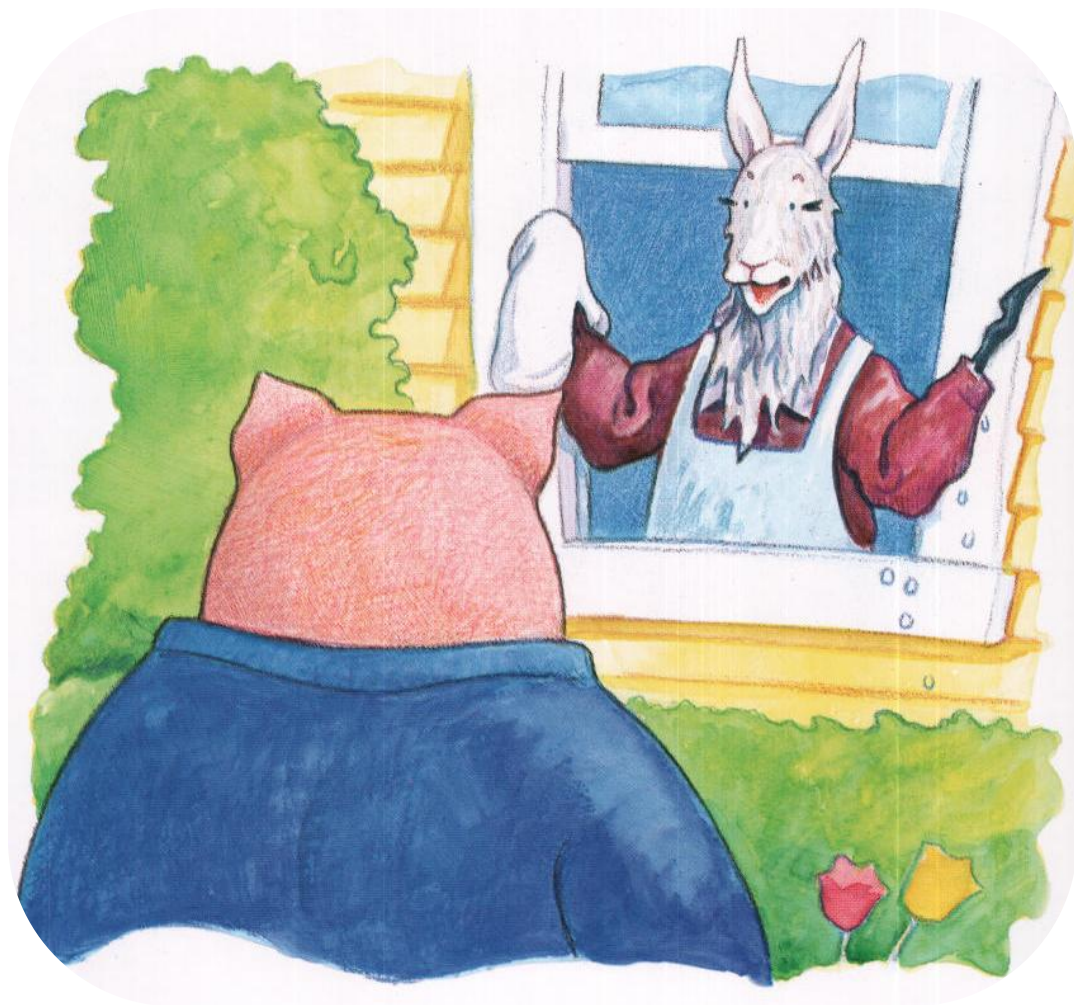




Poppleton felt awful.

He ran to get a towel for
Cherry Sue.

“I’ m sorry, Cherry Sue,”
said Poppleton. “I just so
sick of toasted cheese and
spaghetti and oatmeal.
Sometimes I just like to be
alone.”



“You too?” said Cherry Sue.

“I kept inviting you over because I didn’t know how to *stop* inviting you over,” she said. “I thought it might hurt your feelings.”



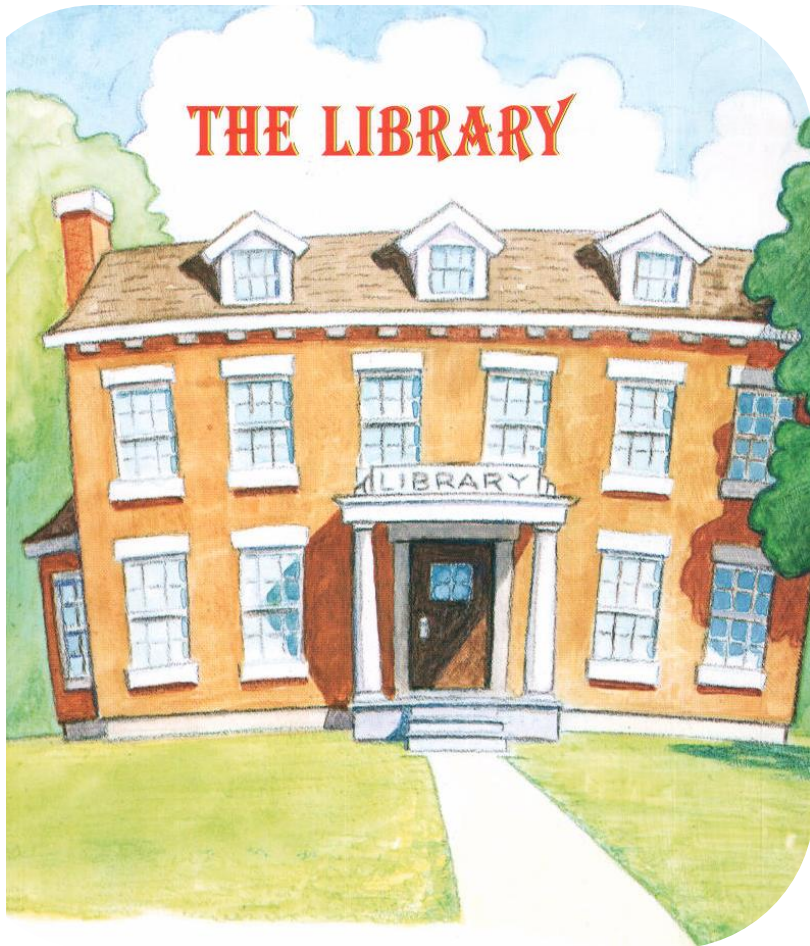
Then Poppleton soaked
himself with the hose.

They laughed and
laughed.

Poppleton and Cherry
Sue were best friends
from then on.

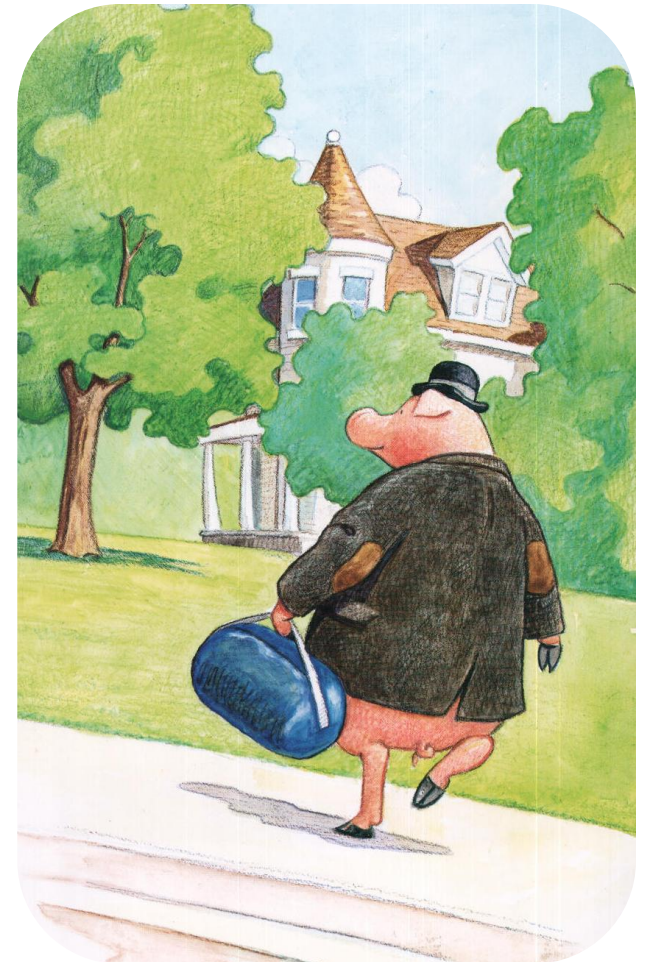


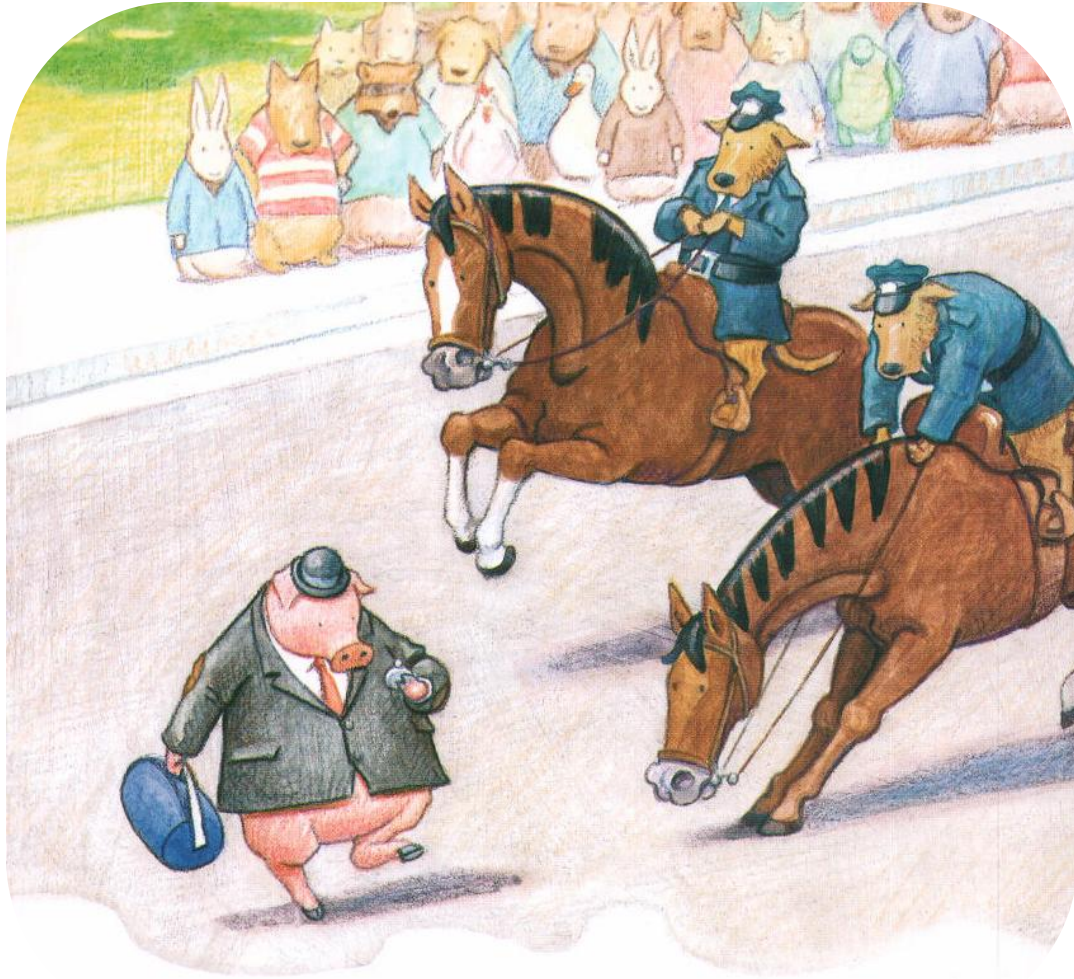
Chapter 2: The Library



Poppleton went to
the library every
Monday.

Monday was *always*
Poppleton's library
day.





If Cherry Sue invited him to tea on Monday, Poppleton would say, "Sorry. Library day."



If there was a wonderful parade in town on Monday, Poppleton would say, "Too bad. Library day."

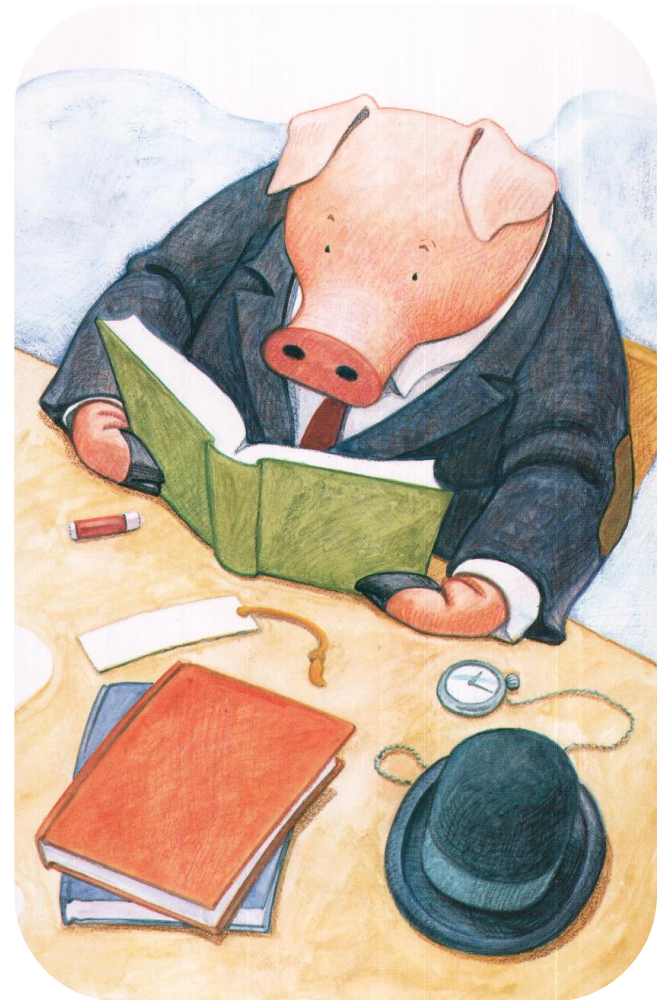
Poppleton took library day very seriously.



At the library Poppleton always got a table all to himself.

He spread out each of his things on the table: his eyeglasses, his tissues, his lip balm, his pocket watch, his book marker, and his duffel.

Then he began to read.





Poppleton liked adventure stories.

He buried his head in an adventure book every Monday and left it there all day long.



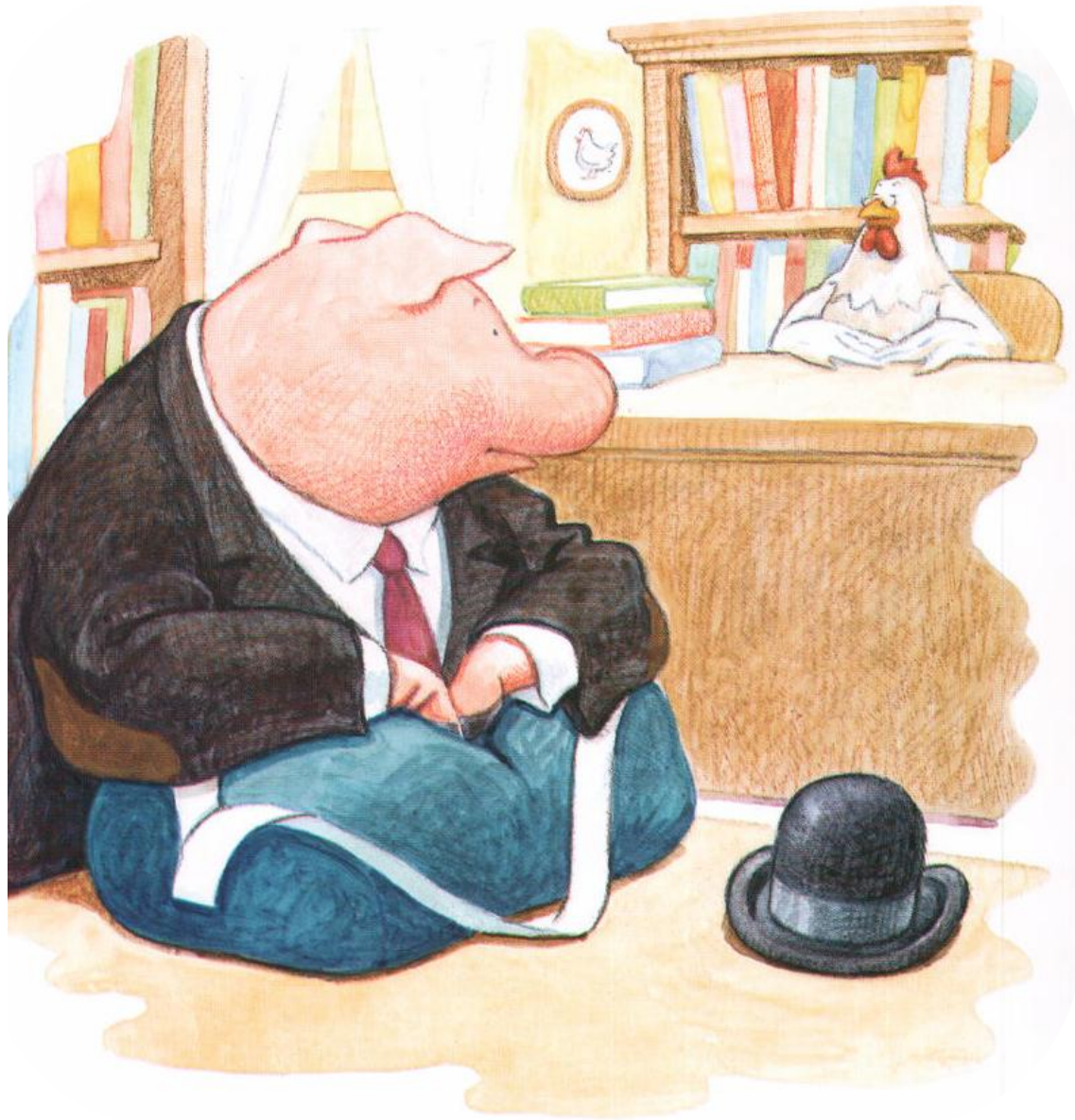
Sometimes he needed
a tissue for a sad part.

Sometimes he needed
lip balm for a dry part.



Sometimes he needed
his pocket watch for
a slow part.

But he loved his
adventure.



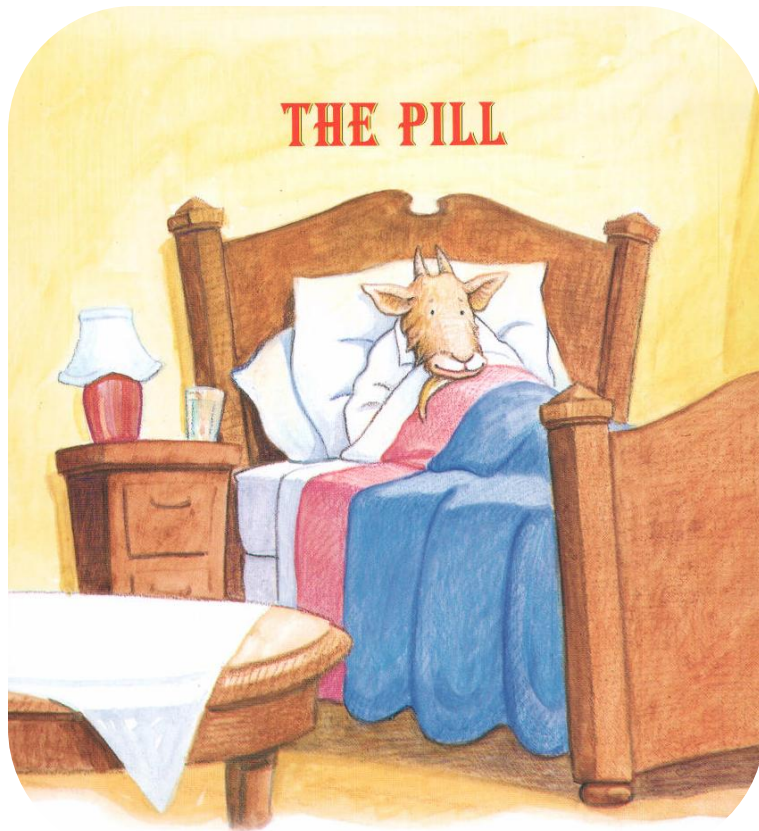
At the end of the day,
Poppleton finished the story.
He thanked the librarian and
packed up his things in his
duffel.



Then he slowly walked home, all dreamy from so much adventure.

Monday was Poppleton's favorite day of all.

Chapter 3: The Pill



Poppleton's friend
Fillmore was sick in
bed.

Poppleton brought
Fillmore some
chicken soup.





“I feel terrible, Poppleton,”
said Fillmore.

“Have a bowl of soup,” said
Poppleton.



“First I have to take my pill,”
said Fillmore.

“Where is it?” asked Poppleton.

“Over there on the table,” said
Fillmore.



Poppleton brought Fillmore his pill.

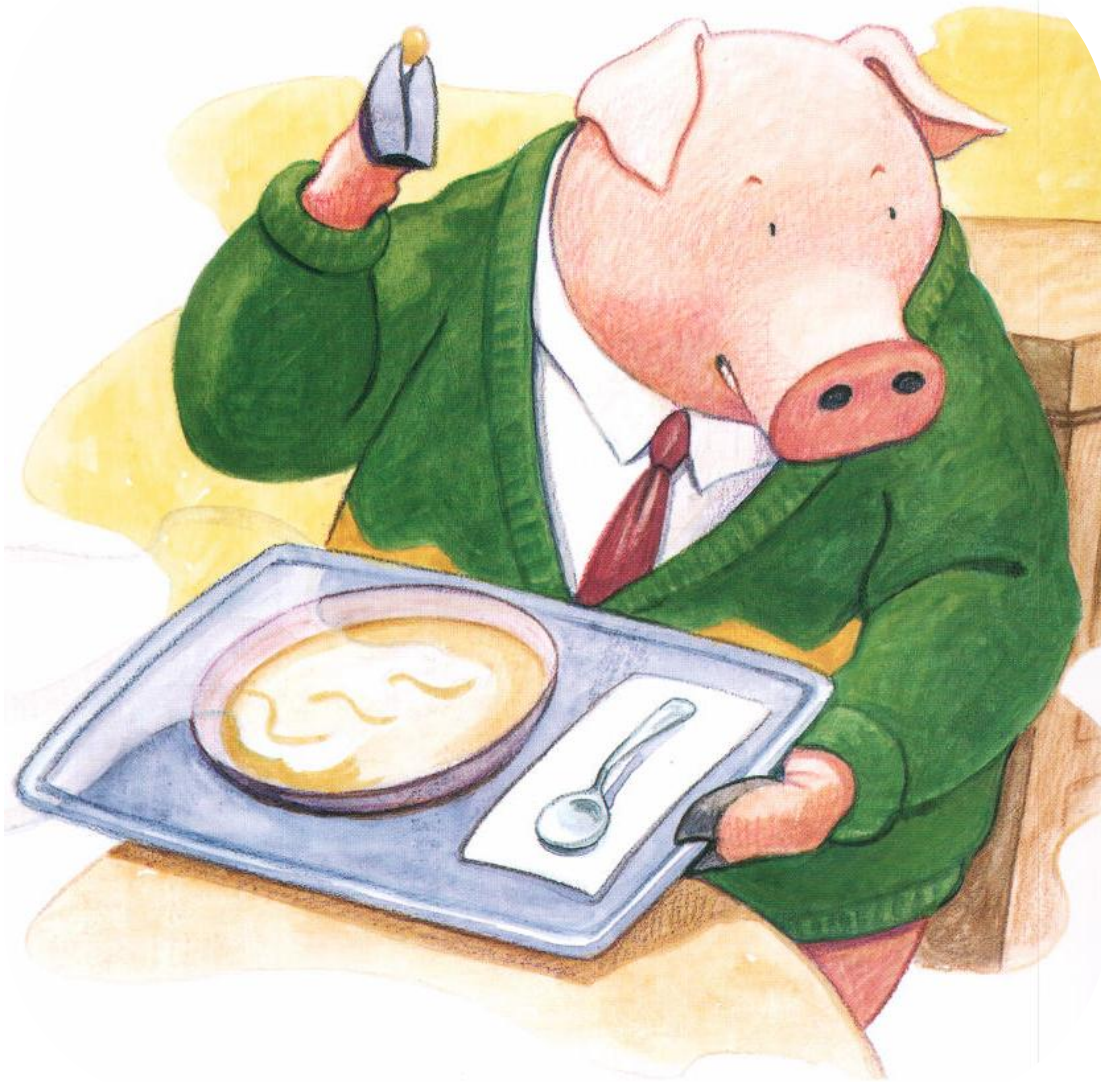
“I can’t take it like that,” said Fillmore.

“You have to hide it.”



“Hide it?” asked Poppleton.

“You have to hide it in my food,”
said Fillmore.



“I’ll put it in the soup,” said Poppleton.

“No, it has to be in something sweet,” said Fillmore.

“Sweet?” asked Poppleton.



“Sweet and soft,” said Fillmore.

“Sweet and soft?” asked Poppleton.

“Sweet and soft with raspberry filling,” said Fillmore.



“Sweet and soft with raspberry filling?” asked Poppleton.

“And chocolate on top,” said Fillmore.

“Chocolate on... Fillmore, are you talking about Cherry Sue’s Heavenly Cake?” asked Poppleton.

Fillmore smiled.



Poppleton went away.

Soon he came back with Cherry Sue's Heavenly Cake.

"Now I can hide your pill," said Poppleton.



“Don’t tell me which piece of cake it’s in,” said Fillmore.

Poppleton sliced the cake into ten pieces.

He hid Fillmore’s pill in one of them.



Fillmore had the first piece.

“Yum,” said Fillmore.

“Did I take my pill?”

Poppleton shook his head.



Fillmore had another piece.

“Yum, said Fillmore.

“Did I take it?”

Poppleton shook his head.



Fillmore ate piece after piece
after piece.

“Did I take it?”

Poppleton kept shaking his
head.

Finally there was only one piece
of cake left.

“Thank goodness,” said
Poppleton.



Fillmore looked at the piece of cake.

“I can’t eat that one,” he said,
“It has the pill.”



“WELL, WHAT CAN YOU EAT?” shouted Poppleton.

“Something lemony,” said Fillmore. “With coconut.”

“I feel sick,” said Poppleton. “Move over.”



Poppleton and Fillmore
were sick in bed for
three days.

They took *lots* of pills.

It took twenty-seven
cakes to get them down.