

Poppleton In Spring

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Spring Cleaning "It's time for spring cleaning," said Poppleton one morning. He looked around his house. He had so many things. Things and things. There was a box of unmatched socks. There were jars of old buttons. One whole shelf was full of rocks. Poppleton liked his things so much. But he knew he had to clean. "I'll take some things to Cherry Sue," he said. "Then I'll have more room." Poppleton went over to Cherry Sue's with an armload of things. "Goodness!" said Cherry Sue at the door. "Would you like some things?" asked Poppleton. Cherry Sue really did not want some things. She was trying to spring clean. But she couldn't hurt Poppleton's feelings. "Of course," said Cherry Sue. "We'll put them in my attic." Poppleton followed

Cherry Sue into her attic. He dumped all of his things into a corner. "I'll sure miss those things," said Poppleton. "I'll take good care of them," promised Cherry Sue. "Wow!" said Poppleton. "Look at all that yarn!" "Yes," said Cherry Sue. "I don't knit so it just sits there." "May I have it?" asked Poppleton. "Of course," said Cherry Sue. "And look at those thumbtacks!" said Poppleton. "I never use them," said Cherry Sue. "May I have them?" asked Poppleton. "Of course," said Cherry Sue. "Hey, a box of shoelaces!" said Poppleton. Poppleton saw so many wonderful things in Cherry Sue's attic. And she was so nice. She gave him nearly everything! Soon Poppleton's house was overflowing with things and Cherry Sue's was clean as a whistle. Except for a small pile of things in a corner of the attic. Poppleton and Cherry Sue had lemonade in the sun when they were done. "Don't you love spring cleaning?" asked Poppleton. "I love it!" said Cherry

Sue. They Bicycle Poppleton decided to buy a bicycle. "It will be good excercise," Poppleton said. "I'll get everywhere faster," he said. "And I'll get to choose a favorite color!" That was the best part. Poppleton went to see his friend Marsha at the bicycle store. "I would like to buy a bicycle," he told Marsha. "Sure," said Marsha. "What kind do you want?" "Just a bicycle," said Poppleton. "Something for excercise. Something to get everywher faster." "Ves," said Marsha. "But what kind?" She took Poppleton into a big room. Ther must have been a hundred bicycles in that room. And they were all different. Marsha showed Poppleton bicycles until he thought he would faint. Finally, he pointed weakly. "That one," he croaked. "Great," said Marsha. "What color?" "Red," croaked Poppleton. "What kind of red?" asked Marsha. "Red red," croaked Poppleton. "We have fifteen different kinds of red," said Marsha. "Let me show you."

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!" screamed Poppleton. He ran out of the bicycle store. He ran all the way home. He got there very fast. Poppleton changed his mind about getting a bicycle. He decided he would just walk. And anyway, Poppleton was sure now that if he ever needed to get anywhere faster---- he'd just RUN!

The Tent In spring Poppleton decided to sleep outside in a tent. His friends thought he was silly. "Why sleep outside when you've got a house?" asked Hudson. "Won't you get chilly?" asked Chery Sue. "You'll catch pneumonia," said Gus, the mail carrier. But Poppleton didn't listen to any of them. He carried all of his quilts out to the tent. He had a flashlight and a pillow and some good books. And long after everyone else was asleep, Poppleton was still up. Sometimes he was reading. Sometimes he was thinking. And sometimes he was just paying attention. Poppleton loved spring at night. In the morning, he went back into his house. He

had a cup of cocoa and some buttered toast. Then he went to find Cherry Sue. He showed her the new flower that had opened up while she was sleeping and while he was paying attention. Then Poppleton went back inside, and closed his blinds, and slept in his bed all day. "That silly Poppleton," said everyone who passed. Everyone except Cherry Sue.