The Marvelous MERRY-GO-ROUND

A LITTLE GOLDEN BOOK

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THE LITTLE GOLDEN BOOKS ARE PREPARED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

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THIS IS AN ORIGINAL STORY, WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED ESPECIALLY FOR GOLDEN BOOKS

To Tommy and Alan

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THERE was once a little boy named Tommy Alan, who loved to ride on merry-go-rounds.

He even made himself a song about them, and he sang it every day. This was his song:

"Someday I'll get me a merry-go-round
With a musical middle machine
And a beautiful canopy over the top
That is patterned in purple and green.
I'll be the man with the flashing white smile
And the shirtsleeves rolled up and no tie.

I will jump off and on as the platform goes round
And the animals all hurry by.

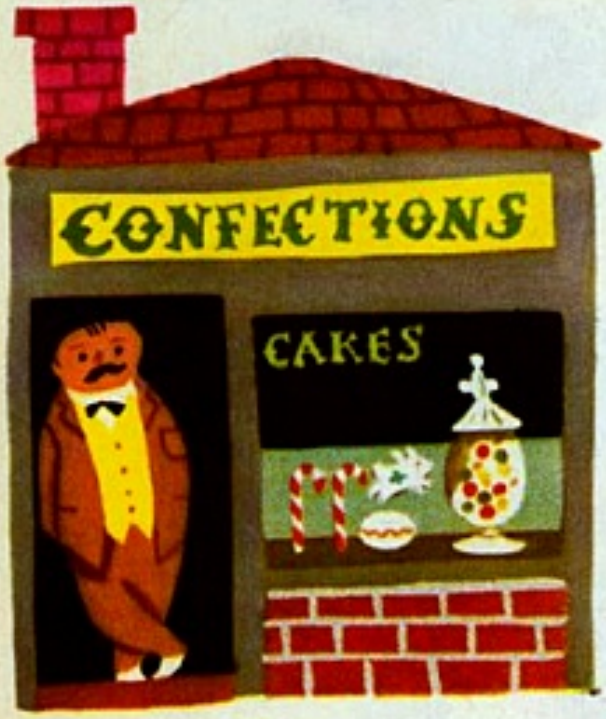
What a surprise for the children who come,
For they'll find when they finally arrive,
Instead of wood horses some gay kangaroos
And camels and llamas and zebras and moose,
And of course they will all be alive.
Yes, of course they will all be alive."

Whenever grownups asked, "And what are *you* going to be when you grow up?" the other children would say "a fireman" or "policeman" or "streetcar conductor." But not Tommy.

"I'm going to have me a merry-go-round," Tommy always said.

"And what's more," he added, half to himself, "the animals will all be alive."

Now through the years Tommy Alan stuck to his merry-go-round. All the other children switched from wanting to be firemen and policemen to

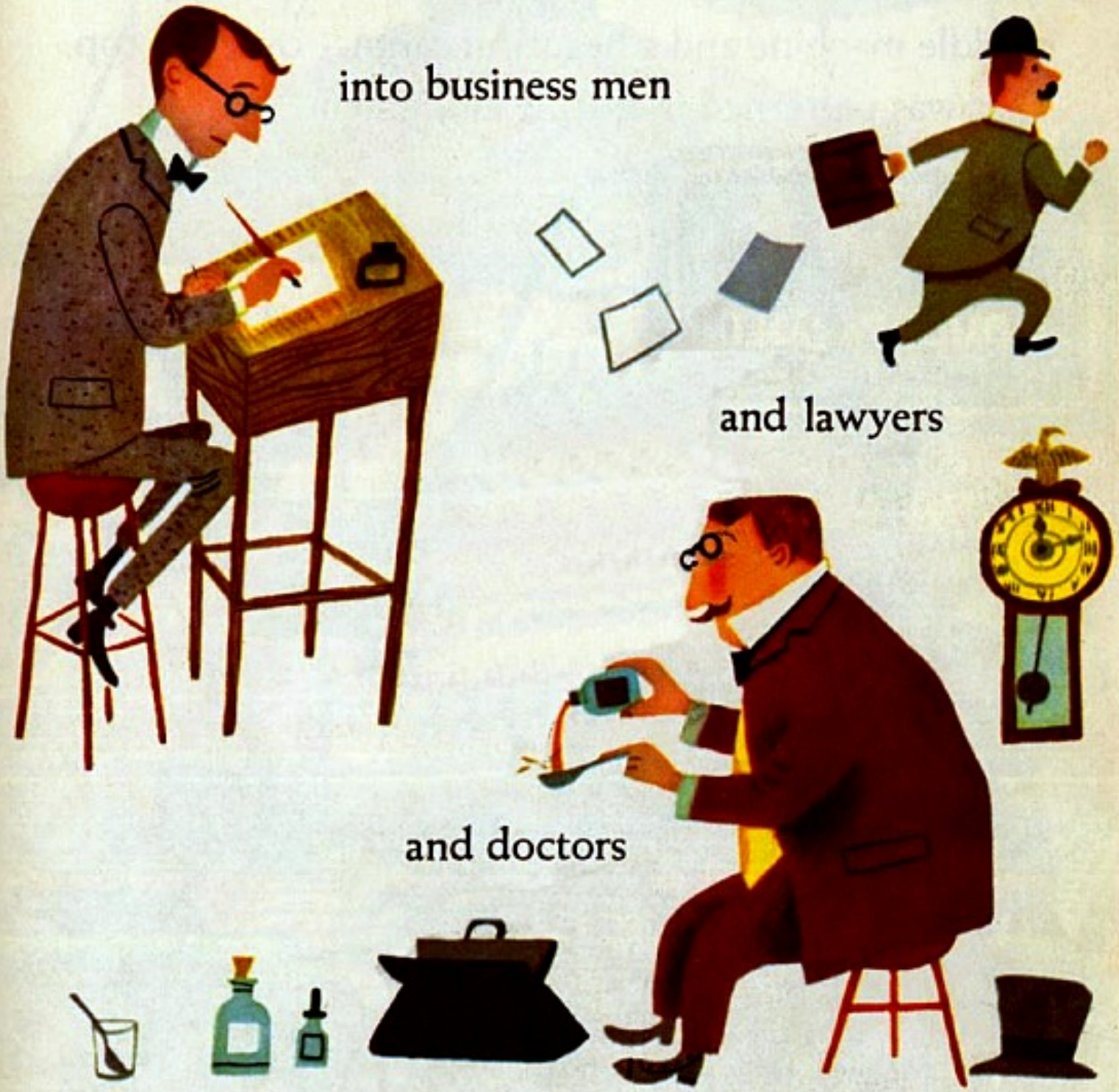


candy store owners

airplane pilots

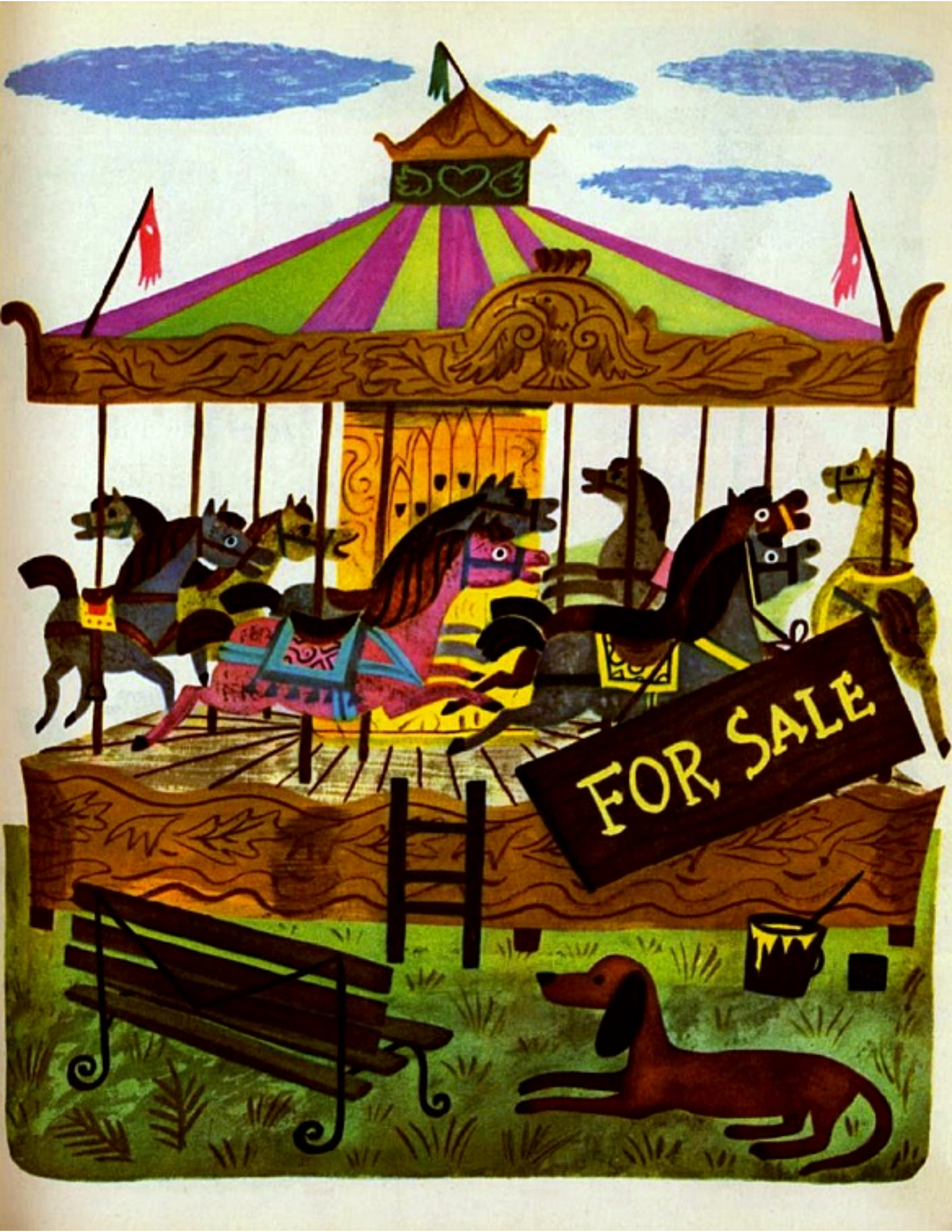
and cowboys.

And as time went by a lot of them grew up to find that they had turned



instead of what they really had wanted to be.

But not Tommy Alan. The very morning Tommy was grown up, he went out and bought a merry-go-round. Yes, sir, a merry-go-round with a musical middle machine and a beautiful canopy over the top that was patterned in purple and green.


FOR SALE

But even that was not enough for Tommy.

"None of these wooden animals for me," said Tommy. "On my merry-go-round they must all be alive. Yes, of *course* they will all be alive!"

So Tommy Alan went down to the zoo, and he bought all the beasts he would need.

ZOO

"Now," said Tommy Alan, when he had shown them all to their places on the merry-go-round, "this is something like it!"

And as he turned the switch to start the machine, Tommy was cheerily whistling his old tune.

"What a surprise it will be for the children who come—" Tommy whistled.

The surprise, alas, was for Tommy! The children were delighted with the merry-go-round.

But when children go someplace, grownups, you know, almost always insist upon being taken along.

And the grownups were horrified.

For the giraffe could not resist nibbling at the fruit and flowers on the ladies' hats—though he found the flavor very disappointing.

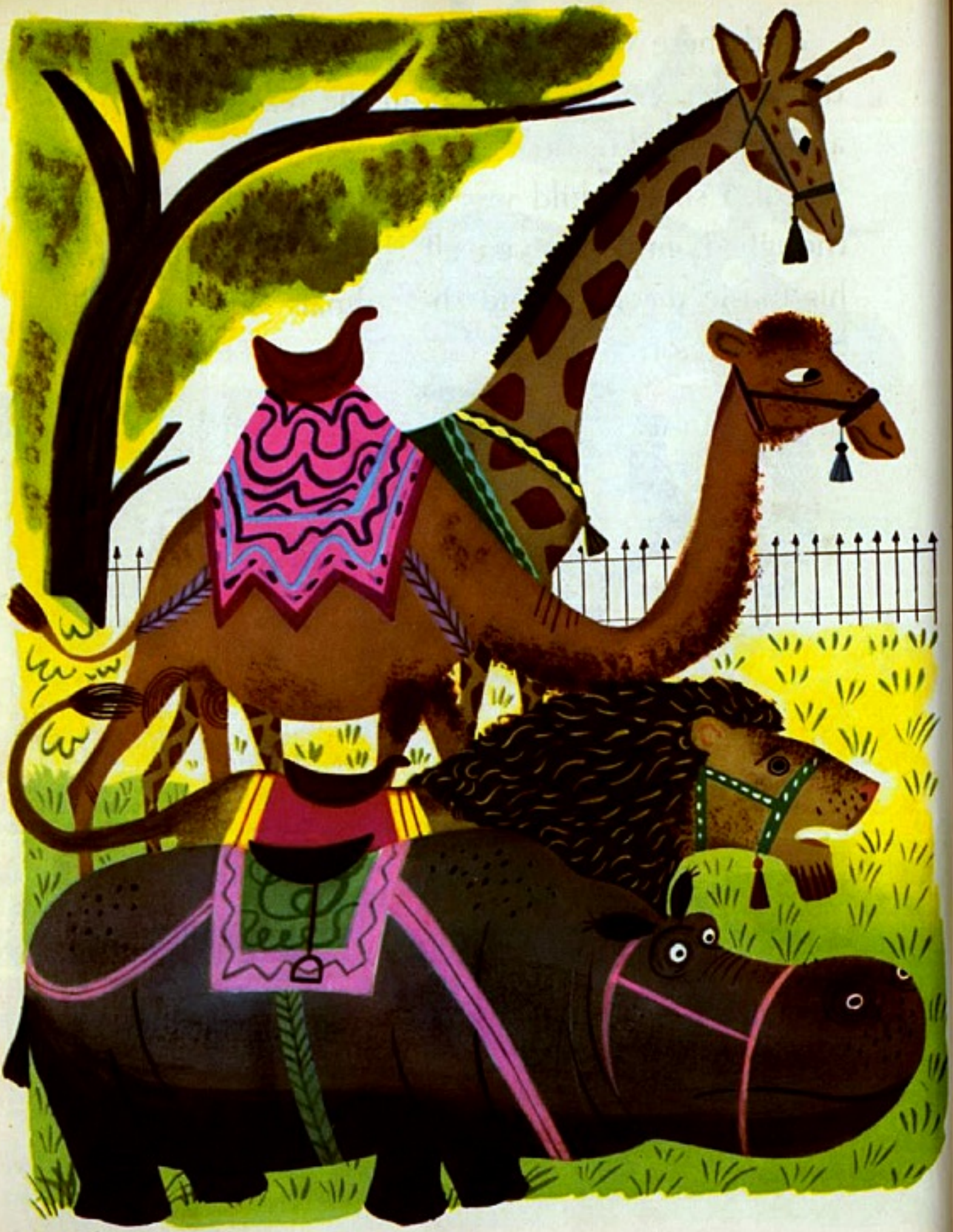
And the camel grinned an evil grin—as only a camel can!—whenever a grownup came near.

Then when the moose gave a great moose bellow, just by way of welcome, that was the finish!

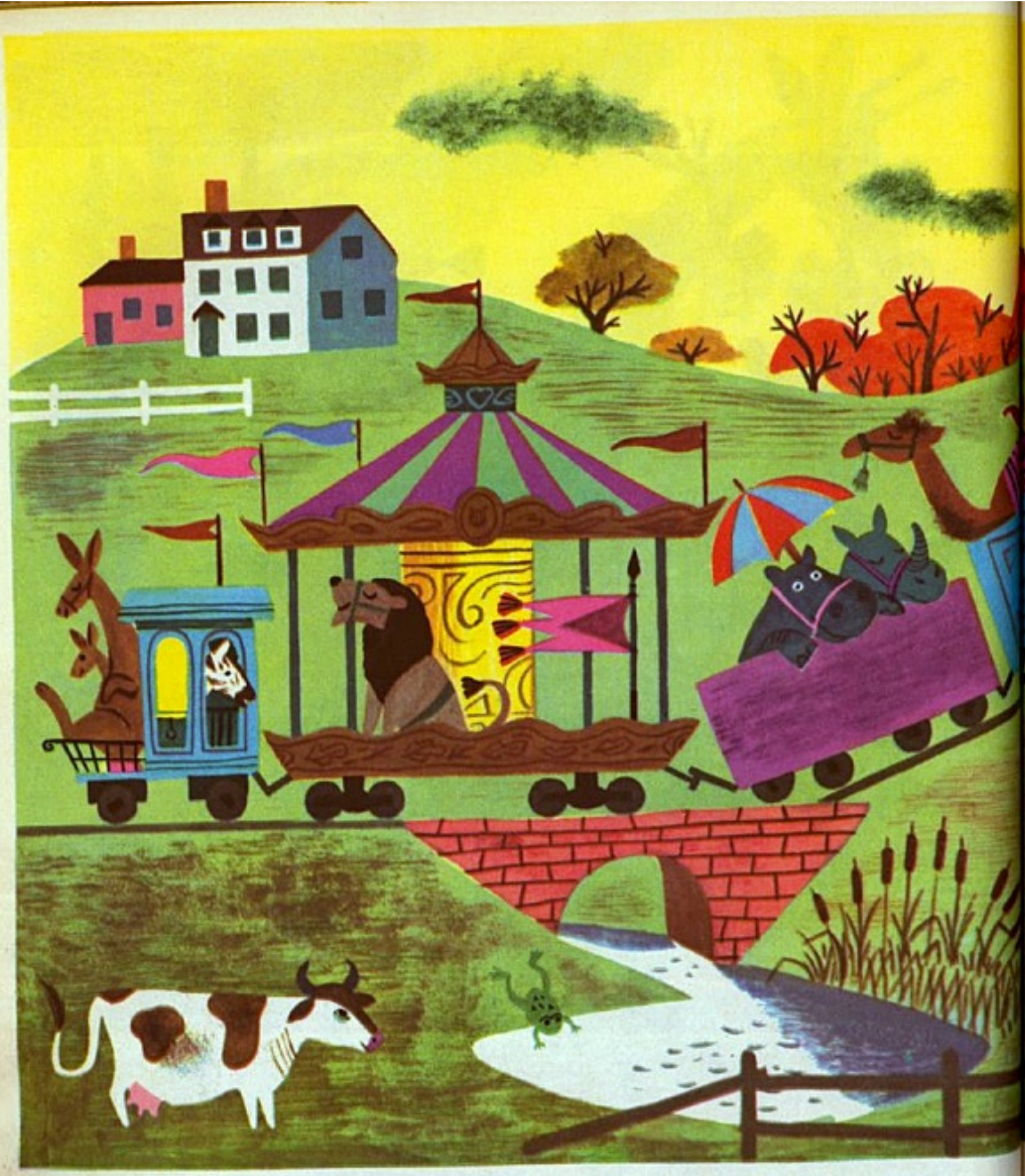
With little screams, squawks and cries, the grown-ups whisked all those children away.

And there was Tommy Alan with his very wonderful merry-go-round and all the real live animals, and not a soul to ride.

Not a single child was permitted to come back, though Tommy played all the prettiest tunes on his music machine, and the animals were on their best behavior.



"Oh, me!" sighed Tommy gloomily, as he sat with his head in his hands. "This is no fun at all."



"We will move to another town," said Tommy at last, looking firm. "We will try again!"

So away they went, and morning found Tommy and his merry-go-round in the next town.

The animals had just taken their places when the children began to arrive, with their grownups, of course, close behind.

"Now we must be on our best behavior," Tommy whispered to his animals.

So they all tucked back their ears and put on their widest smiles. And all went well until—

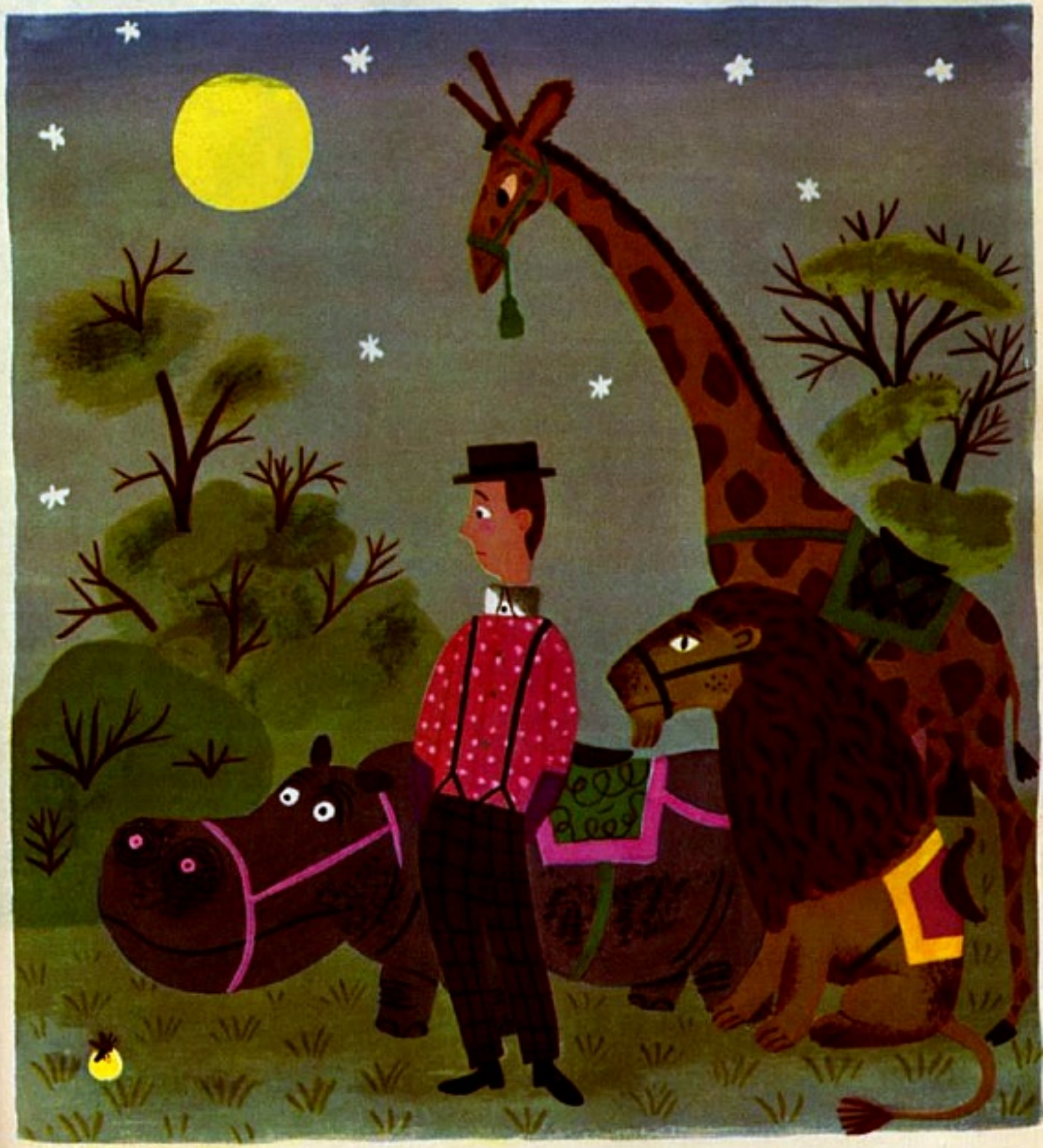
"My," said one lady to the lady beside her, "the coat on this zebra looks so real, you would almost think it was alive, wouldn't you?" And she pinched the zebra.

Well, he jumped, naturally enough, and gave a startled whinny, and the camel bared his yellow teeth and made an ugly sound. And the hippopotamus grunted a grunt that came right up from his toes.

That was the finish again. Quick as scat, off went those grownups, hustling the children before them.

And Tommy and his animals were left alone again.

Not a child came back for a single ride, though Tommy and the animals waited all day.



So that night they moved to the *next* town.

"This is our last chance," said Tommy. "We'll make the grownups think you are wooden animals."

"Oh, the children will still know you are real," Tommy promised them.

But the animals could not help wondering.

The animals looked sad as Tommy gave them all a coat of shiny wood-type paint.

They did not have long to worry, though, for the shiny paint was no more than dry when along came

the children, bringing their grownups behind them.

"What a charming merry-go-round," said all the grownups, as they lifted their smallest children onto the hippopotamus's lovely wide back. "What interesting wooden animals. How very unusual," they said. "Isn't it quaint?"

The animals all stood like chunks of wood. But the children understood at once.

"They're alive!" they whispered under cover of the tinkling tunes from Tommy Alan's music machine. "How wonderful!"

And they fondly patted the animals' heads, and spoke to them as they rode. The animals flickered their ears ever so softly, to show that they had heard, and they smiled with their big, round eyes.

The grownups never guessed, though, so now Tommy Alan's troubles were ended.

Each day more children come to ride on his wonderful merry-go-round, as Tommy and his animals move from city to village to town.

And the grownups look at the animals and say, "How charming! How quaint!"

But the children know—yes, of course they do—
the children know they're alive!