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WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE



STORY AND PICTURES BY MAURICE SENDAK

**Winner of the Caldecott Medal
for the Most Distinguished Picture Book of the Year**





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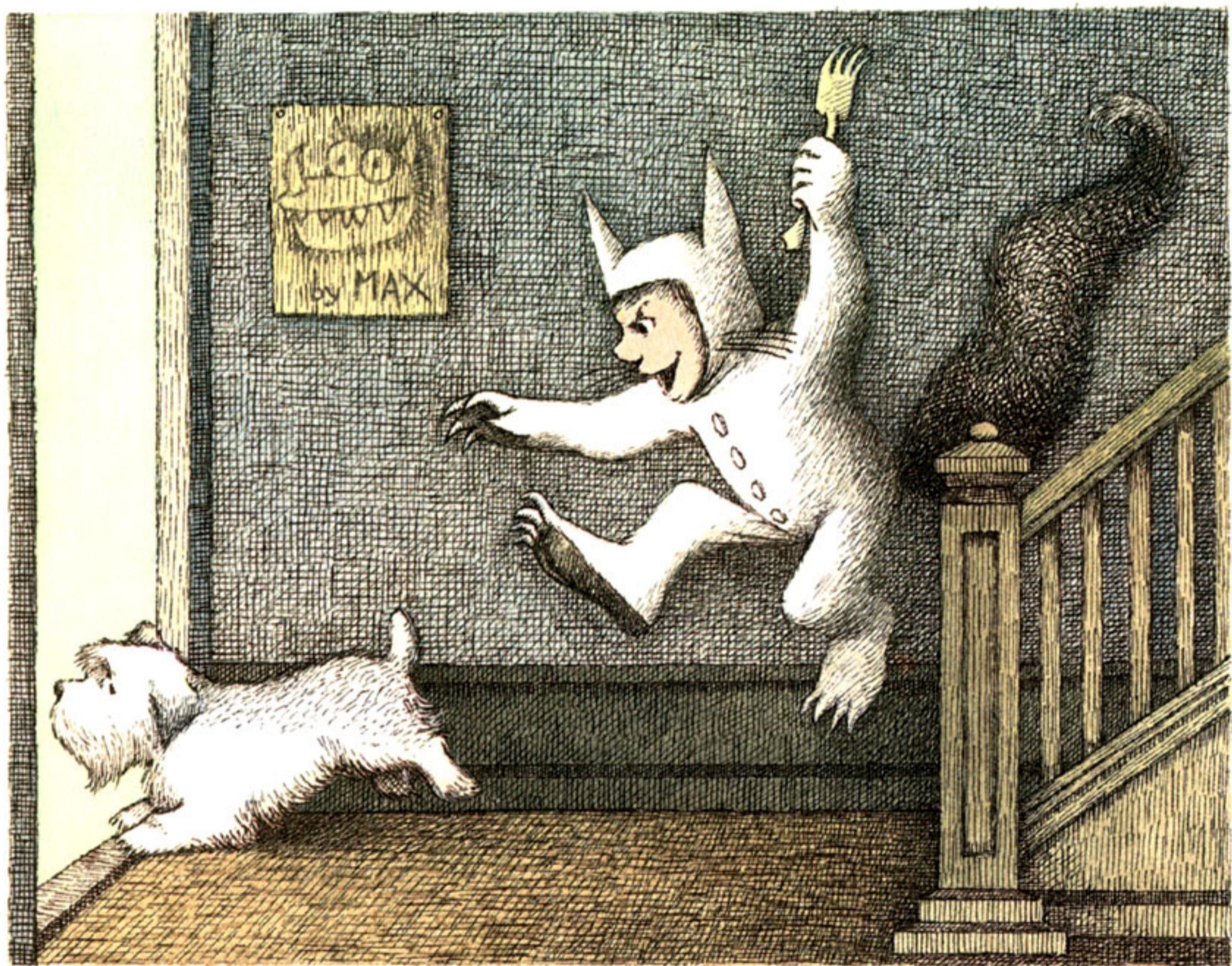
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The night Max wore his wolf suit and made mischief of one kind



and another



**his mother called him “WILD THING!”
and Max said “I’LL EAT YOU UP!”
so he was sent to bed without eating anything.**

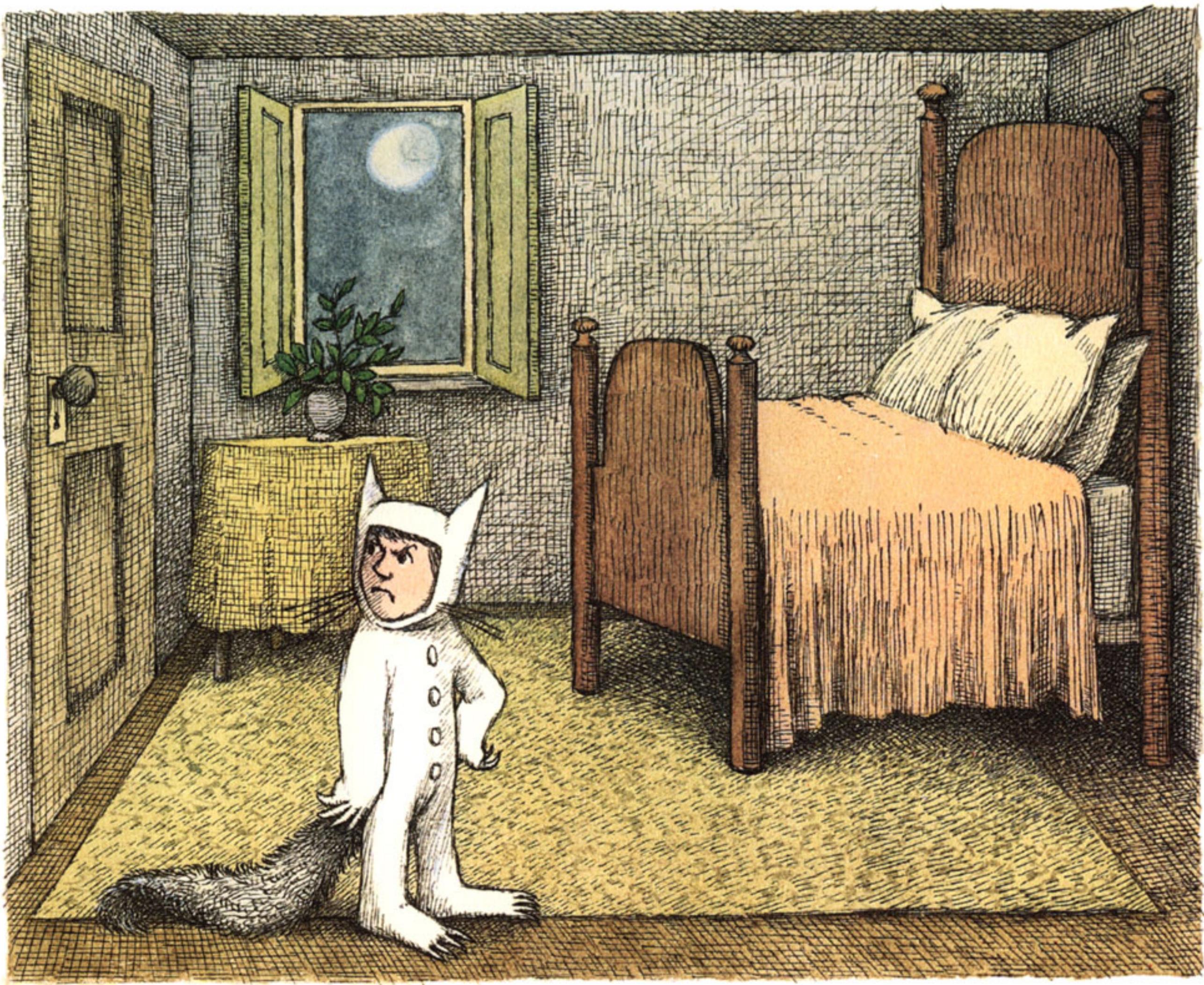


Illustration by
Helen Oxenbury

That very night in Max's room a forest grew



and grew—



**and grew until his ceiling hung with vines
and the walls became the world all around**



and an ocean tumbled by with a private boat for Max
and he sailed off through night and day



and in and out of weeks
and almost over a year
to where the wild things are.





**And when he came to the place where the wild things are
they roared their terrible roars and gnashed their terrible teeth**

and rolled their terrible eyes and showed their terrible claws



till Max said "BE STILL!"
and tamed them with the magic trick



of staring into all their yellow eyes without blinking once
and they were frightened and called him the most wild thing of all



and made him king of all wild things.

"And now," cried Max, "let the wild rumpus start!"









“Now stop!” Max said and sent the wild things off to bed without their supper. And Max the king of all wild things was lonely and wanted to be where someone loved him best of all.



Then all around from far away across the world he smelled good things to eat so he gave up being king of where the wild things are.



But the wild things cried, "Oh please don't go—
we'll eat you up—we love you so!"
And Max said, "No!"



The wild things roared their terrible roars and gnashed their terrible teeth
and rolled their terrible eyes and showed their terrible claws
but Max stepped into his private boat and waved good-bye

**and sailed back over a year
and in and out of weeks
and through a day**



**and into the night of his very own room
where he found his supper waiting for him**



and it was still hot.





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