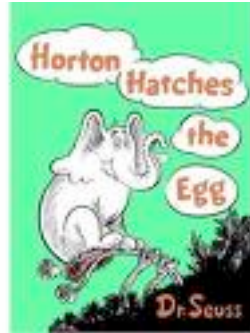


Horton Hatches the Egg
By Dr. Seuss

Sighed Mayzie, a lazy bird hatching an egg:
“I’m tired and I’m bored



And I’ve kinks in my leg
From sitting, just sitting here day after day.
It’s WORK! How I hate it!
I’d much rather play!
I’d take a vacation, fly off for a rest
If I could find someone to stay on my nest!
If I could find someone, I’d fly away free...”
Then, Horton the elephant passed by her tree.
“Hello” called the lazy bird, smiling her best,
“You’ve nothing to do and I DO need my rest.
Would you like to sit on the egg in my nest?”
The elephant laughed.
“Why of all silly things!
I haven’t feathers and I haven’t wings.
ME on your egg? Why that doesn’t make sense...
Your egg is so small, ma’m, and I’m so immense!”
“Tut, tut”, answered Mayzie. “I know you’re not small
But I’m sure you can do it. No trouble at all.
Just sit on it softly. You’re gentle and kind.
Come be a good fellow. I know you won’t mind.”
“I can’t,” said the elephant.
“Pl-e-e-ase,” begged the bird.
“I won’t be gone long, sir. I give you my word.
I’ll hurry right back. Why I’ll never be missed...”
“Very well,” said the elephant, “since you insist...
You want a vacation. Go fly off and take it.
I’ll sit on your egg and I’ll try not to break it.
I’ll stay and be faithful. I mean what I say.”
“Toodle-oo!” sang out Mayzie and fluttered away.

Then Horton the elephant smiled “Now that’s that...”
And he sat, and he sat, and he sat and he sat.
And he sat all that day and he kept the egg warm...

And he sat all that night
Through a terrible storm.
It poured and it lightnined!
It thundered! It rumbled!
“This isn’t much fun,”
The poor elephant grumbled.

But, Mayzie, by this time, was far beyond reach,
Enjoying the sunshine way off in Palm Beach,
And having such fun, such a wonderful rest,
Decided she’d never go back to her nest!

Horton is taken to a traveling circus.....

Then..one day
The circus show happened to reach
A town way down south, not so far from Palm Beach.
And, dawdling along way up high in the sky,
Who, of all people should chance to fly by
But that old good-for-nothing bird, runaway Mayzie!
Still on vacation and still just as lazy.
And she swooped from the clouds
Through an open tent door...
“Good Gracious,” gasped Mayzie,
“I’ve seen you before.”
Poor Horton looked up with his face white as chalk!
He started speak, but before he could talk...
There rang out the nosiest ear-splitting squeaks
From the egg that he’d sat on for fifty-one weeks!
A thumping! A bumping! A wild alive scratching!
“My egg,” shouted Horton. “My egg! Why it’s hatching!
“But its mine!” screamed the bird,when she heard the egg crack.
(The work was all done. Now she wanted it back.)
“It’s my egg!” she sputtered. “You stole it from me!
Get off of my nest and get out of my tree!”

Poor Horton backed down with a sad, heavy heart...
But at that very instant the egg broke apart.
And out of the pieces of red and white shell,
From the egg that he’d sat on so long and so well,
Horton the elephant saw something whiz!
It had ears and a tail and a trunk just like his.