

## ALEXANDER

## BY HAROLD LITTLEDALE • ILLUSTRATED BY TOM VROMAN





Purple House Press Kentucky



It was bedtime. Chris and his father sat side by side on Chris's bed.

"Alexander was a pretty bad horse today," Chris said.

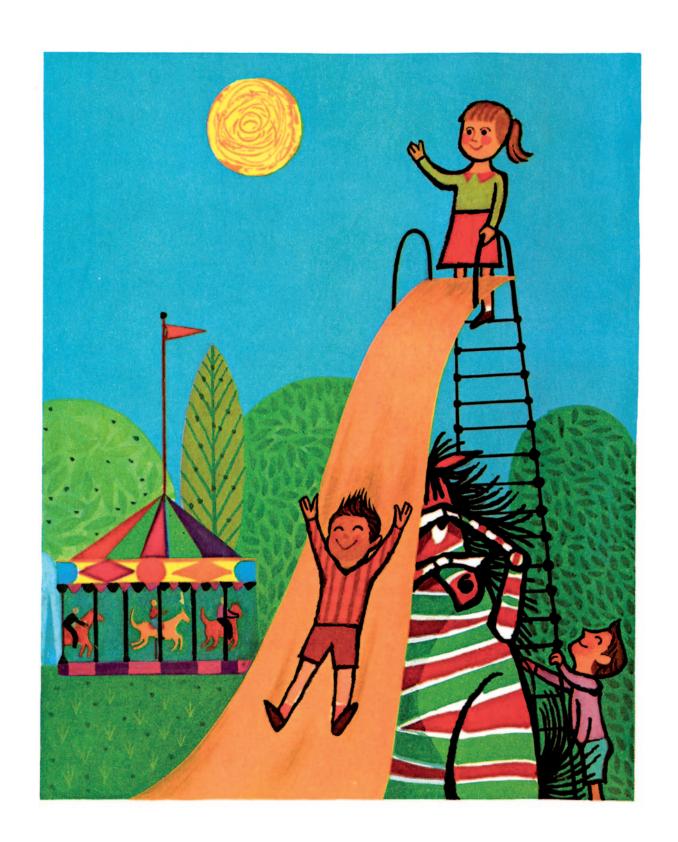
"Alexander, the red horse with green stripes?" Chris nodded.

"What happened?" Chris's father asked.



"He wouldn't eat his cereal," Chris said. "He wouldn't sit up at the table and he spilled his milk. He made a terrible fuss."

"That's too bad," said Chris's father.



"When we went to the park Alexander wouldn't play with the others. He got scared and ran and hid behind the slide. Mommy said she was surprised at a big grown-up horse acting like that."

"I'll bet you were, too," Chris's father said.

"Well, sort of," said Chris.

"What else happened?" Chris's father asked.

"Well, we went to the grocery store. And Alexander swished his tail and knocked over a jar of peaches by accident—and broke it."

"I guess it's pretty hard for a horse in a grocery store," Chris's father said.

"He'd better be more careful," Chris said, "or we won't be able to take him shopping with us any more."



"That wouldn't be much fun," his father said.

