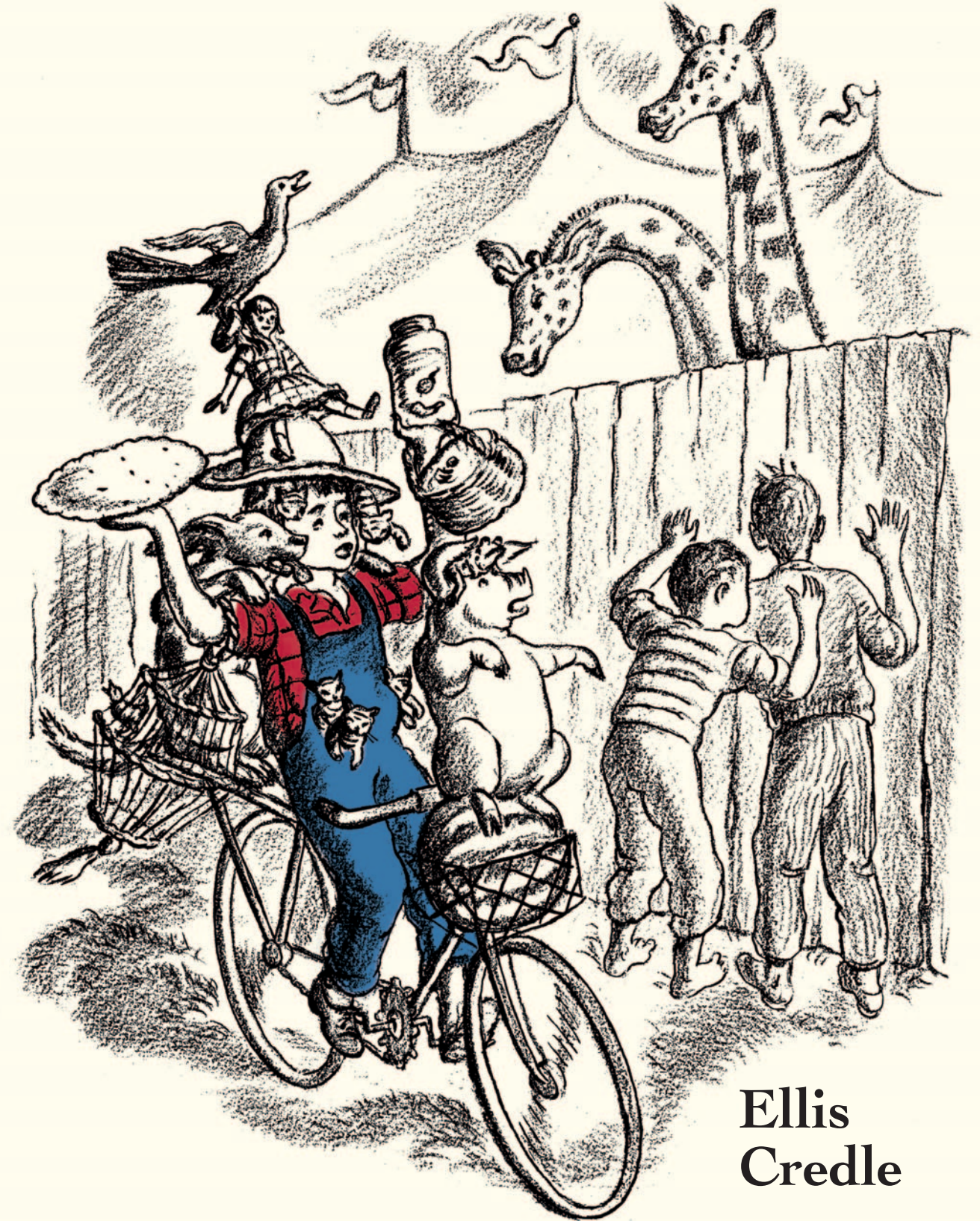


ANDY and the CIRCUS



Ellis
Credle

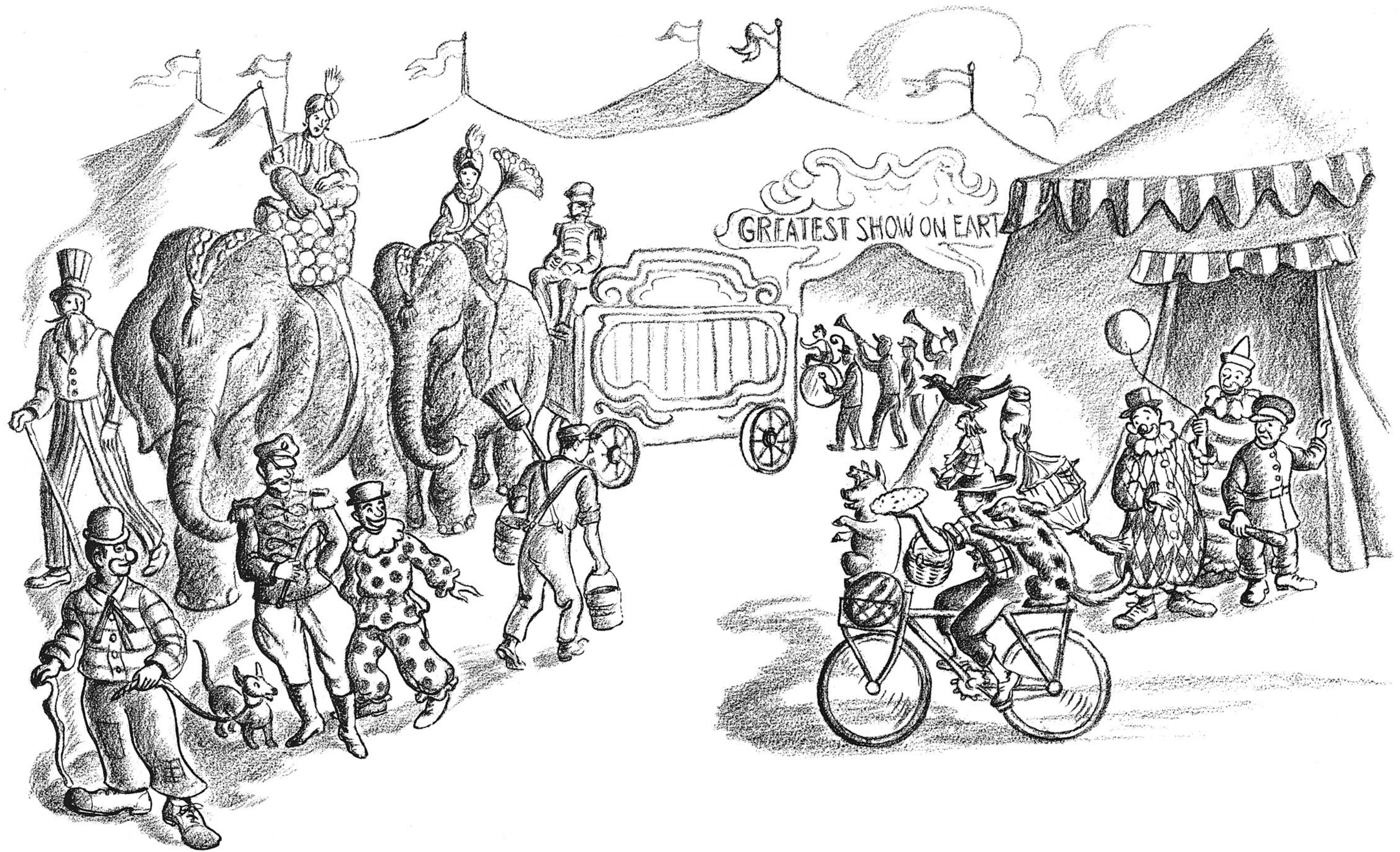
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ANDY and the CIRCUS

Purple House



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ANDY
and the
CIRCUS

Written and Illustrated by
Ellis Credle

Purple House Press Kentucky

*For Michael
who rode the bike.*



Andy and the Circus

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Summary: Andy starts out on his bicycle looking for a job at
the circus but runs into complications along the way.

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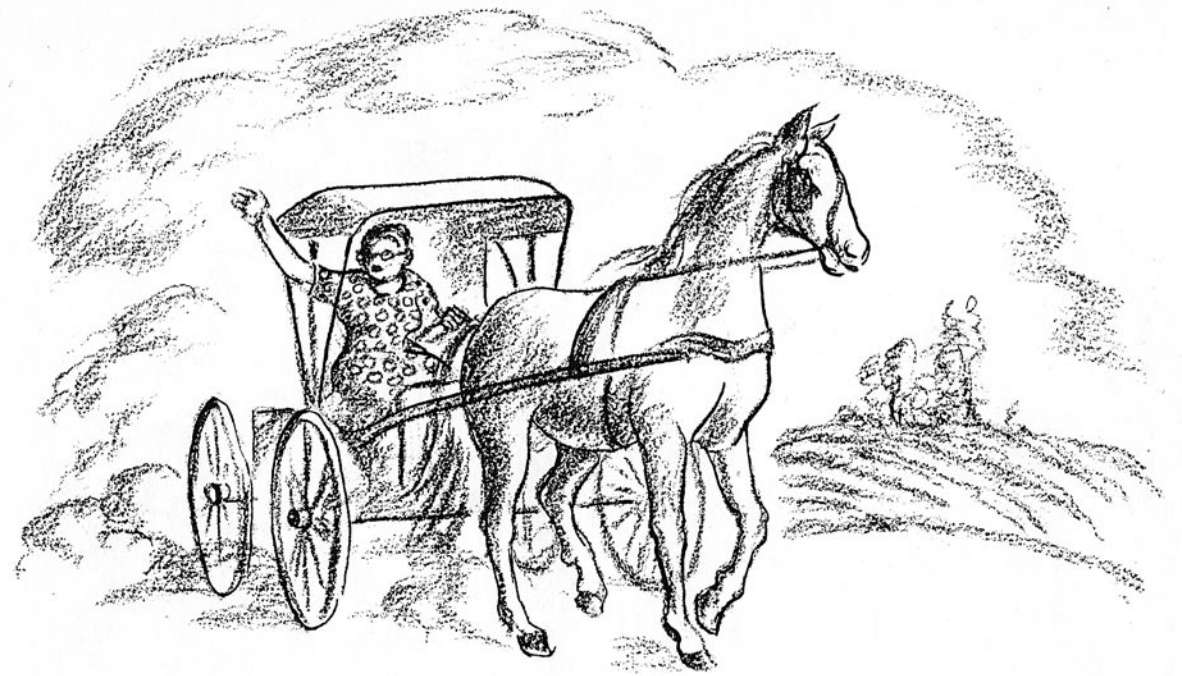
It was a hot afternoon. Andy had been to town to do some errands. He had a block of ice for his mother's old ice chest and a heavy iron point for his father's plow. In his pocket was a little bag of horehound candy for Grandpa. He was pedaling home, pushing hard, when he came upon a circus poster. Andy braked his bike and stood looking.

Oh, what a picture! Up high, men and women were flying from swing to swing. Monkeys pedaled bicycles on a high wire. And the clowns, oh, the clowns! Everywhere there were clowns doing funny tricks.

"Oh, what fun to be a clown," Andy thought. "To be in the circus doing funny tricks! What fun to sleep on a train, wake up in a new town every morning, to be a clown in the big show!" He could have stayed all day looking, but the ice was melting. He had to shove on.

Along the road was Joe's house, and there was Joe running down the walk. He was holding a big basket.

"Wait a minute, Andy," Joe cried. "I want to show you what I've got!" He held out the basket.



Andy stopped. He leaned over and peered. The basket was full of kittens. "My, they sure are cute, Joe." Andy hung over the kittens. "I wish I had one. Couldn't you give me just one, Joe?"

"No sirree, Andy. I want every single one. Boy, am I lucky!"

"Hi, boys!" Aunt Minnie drove up in her buggy. "Are you going to the big circus tomorrow?"

"Sure am!" Joe called. "Pa's going to take me. We've got money for a front-row seat. You going, Andy?"

"Dunno yet," Andy put his hands into his jeans. Not a penny in his pocket. There wasn't much money in his house. He shuffled his feet and whistled a little tune.

"Better scratch up some cash and go, Andy," Aunt Minnie called as she drove away. "It's going to be a humdinger!"

"Well, maybe I can." Andy waved good-bye. Then he pushed off. "So long," he said to Joe. "Got to get on; this ice is melting!" He pedaled on.



Mildred lived in the next house. Mildred was pretty and she thought everything Andy did was tops. As Andy came near he took his hands off the handlebars and rode “no hands.” He pretended not to see Mildred running toward him.

“Oh, Andy!” she called.

Andy stopped.

“Did you see the circus picture, Andy? I’m going, and I’m going to take Miss Melissa!”

“Who’s Miss Melissa?”

“My doll, of course. I’m making her a new dress to wear. Are you going to the circus, Andy?”

“Oh sure!” Andy said grandly. “I’m going to be a clown when I’m grown up. I have to go to get ideas for my clown act.”

“Oh Andy, how wonderful!”

“Well, I’ve got to get this ice home. So long, Mildred!”



Andy rode on. "Gee, I've just got to get a ticket to that circus! If I'm not there, what will Mildred think?"

Near Bill's house he heard a shout, and Bill came running across the potato field. "Hey, Andy, wait. Look what I've got. I caught him in the ditch!"

Andy slowed down. Bill put his hand into his pocket and brought out a large bullfrog.

"Boy, is he a jumper! Our scout troop is having a frog race tomorrow. If this baby doesn't win that race, I'll eat my shoes!"

"He's a big one, all right." Andy examined the frog.

"Just watch him." Bill set the frog on the path. For a moment it sat staring. Its big eyes bulged. Then it made a jump, then another and another.

"Look at him go," yelled Andy.

"He's a champion!" cried Bill.

"Watch out!" cried Andy. "He's headed for the potato vines. If he gets in there, you'll never find him."

Bill made a grab for his frog. He snatched, he pounced, but the frog was too quick for him. Andy went grabbing too, but it was no use. With one last jump into the potato patch, the frog was lost.

The boys lifted the big leaves. Up one row and down another they went. They peered and peered, but the frog was nowhere to be seen.



Finally Andy gave up. "I've got to get along. Ma's ice is melting fast. Sure am sorry about your jumper, Bill."

"Yeah." Bill looked downhearted. "He was good enough to be in the circus." Then all of a sudden he looked cheerful. "Well anyway, I'm going to the circus. It's a big one. You going, Andy?"

"I'm thinking about it." Andy looked down. He scuffed one foot in the dust, then got onto his bike. "So long, Bill!"