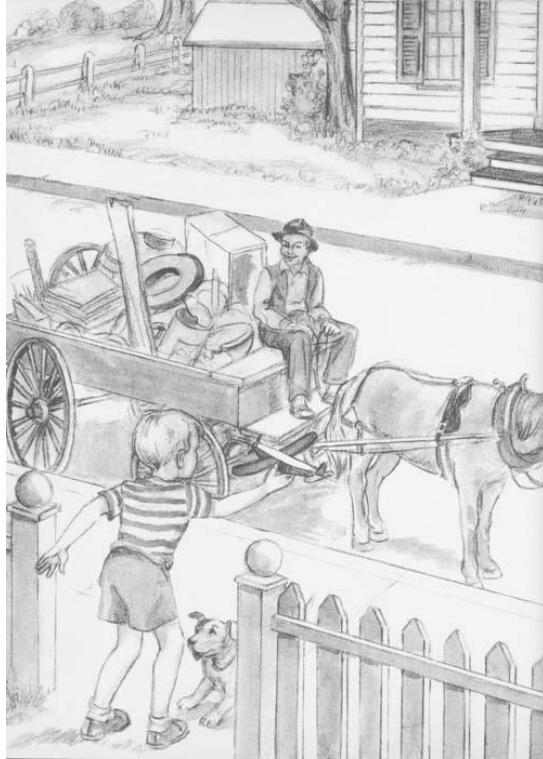


**NAPPY
HAS A NEW
FRIEND**

FOR
TOMMY CHANDLER



Nappy saw his friend the Trashman coming down the street.

“Look!” called Nappy, “I have a new airplane—I have lots of airplanes.”

“Are you collecting airplanes?” asked the trashman.

“What’s collecting?” asked Nappy.

“That’s what I’m doing,” said the trashman. “I’m collecting trash.”

“You have a wagon load,” said Nappy. “Are you going to the dump now? I’ve been waiting for you to come along. Mother said I could ride with you if you’ll let me. Will you?”

“Sure,” said the trashman. “Climb up.”



“Mut wants to go, too.”

“Let him come,” said the trashman. “That’s where you and I found that dog, at the town dump, remember?”

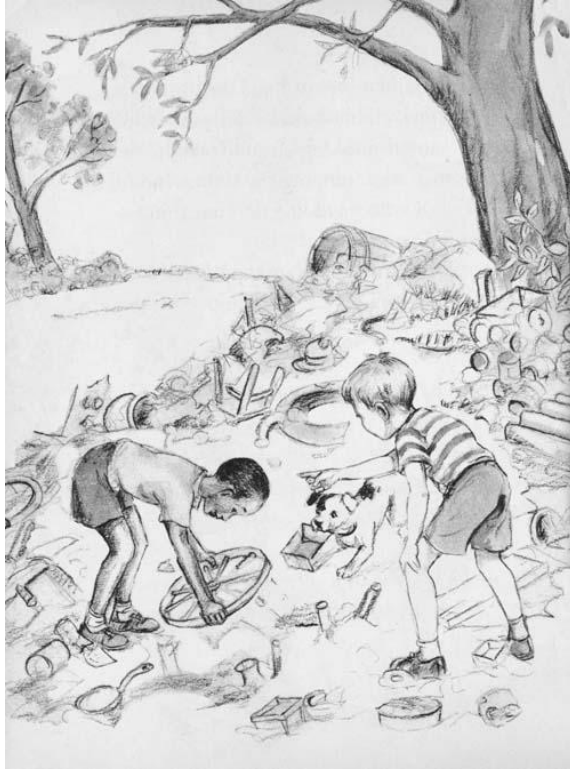
“Yes sir,” said Nappy, “I wanted a dog and you helped me find one. He’s a good dog, too. And he likes to go to the dump.”



“Well, here we are,” said the trashman.

Nappy climbed down off the wagon and started looking around while the trashman was dumping the trash. And he saw a boy who was doing the same thing—looking around.

“Hello,” said Nappy. “Have you found anything?”



"I found a brown jug," said the boy. "It's cracked, but I can keep things in it."

"I found a tin box," said Nappy. "It's dented, but I can collect things in it."

"What's your name?"

"Tommy," said the boy.

“Well, my name is Nappy. Let’s hunt for things together; it’s more fun that way.”

“Look! there’s a wagon wheel,” said Tommy. “I saw it first so it’s mine.”

“Finders keepers,” said Nappy. “I see a door knob and here’s a marble. I’m collecting marbles. I have lots of them.”

“I bet I have more marbles than you have,” said Tommy.

“I bet you don’t,” said Nappy.

The boys kept on hunting together until...

The trashman called, “Time to go back.”

“Want to ride back?” asked Nappy.

“Sure,” said Tommy.

So Nappy asked the trashman if his new friend could ride.

And the boys sat together on the back of the trash wagon.



“I’ll trade you my door knob for your wagon wheel,” said Nappy, as they bumped along.

“Nothing doing,” said Tommy. “My big brother is building me a wagon and we need another wheel.”

“Gee,” said Nappy, “I wish I had a big brother. I only have a big sister. I’ll trade you.”

“Nothing doing,” said Tommy. “I have two little sisters. They’re twins.”

“What are you boys talking about?” said the trashman. “You can’t trade brothers and sisters like you trade marbles.”

The boys laughed.

“We’re only kidding,” said Nappy.

When the trash wagon came to Nappy’s house the boys got off.

“Thanks for the ride,” said Nappy. “We collected lots of things. Come on, Tommy, I’ll show you my marbles.”

Tommy waited on the front steps while Nappy got his marbles. They were in a little cloth bag with a draw string.

“Gee!” said Tommy. “That’s a neat bag! Where did you get it?”

“My big sister made it for me,” said Nappy.

“Well,” said Tommy, “maybe a big sister would be a good trade for a big brother after all.”

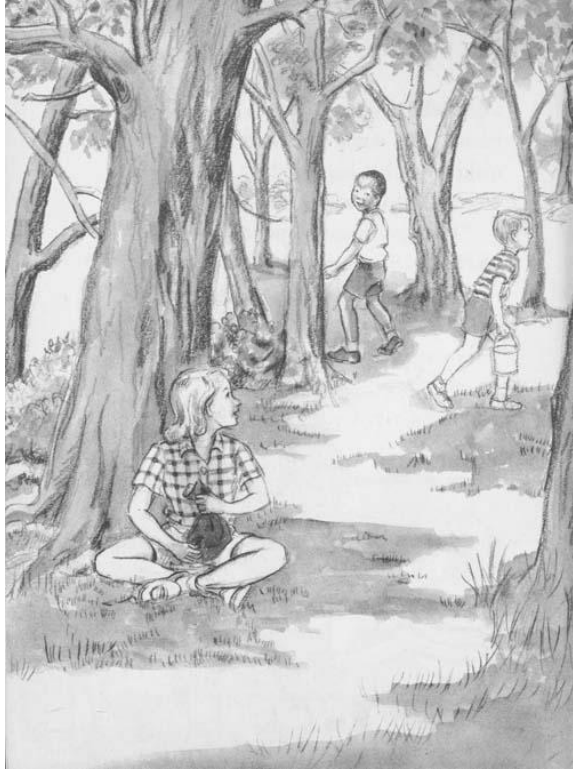
Just then Nappy’s sister came out of the house.



“Hello, Sis,” said Nappy. “I have a new friend. His name is Tommy. Will you make a marble bag for him like the one you made for me?”

“I was going out to pick blueberries,” said Sister. “If you boys will pick the berries I’ll make the bag.”

“It’s a trade,” said the boys. “Let’s go.”



So Nappy's big sister got two little pails for the berries, and a piece of cloth and a string for the bag, and they all went to the woods.

Nappy left Mut behind because he was always chasing rabbits.

Sister sat under a tree to sew the bag, and the boys started off to pick the berries.

“Let’s have a race,” said Nappy, “to see which one can fill his pail first.”

“The first one back here with a full pail wins,” said Sister.

So Nappy went one way and Tommy went another way. And there must have been more berries where Tommy went because....



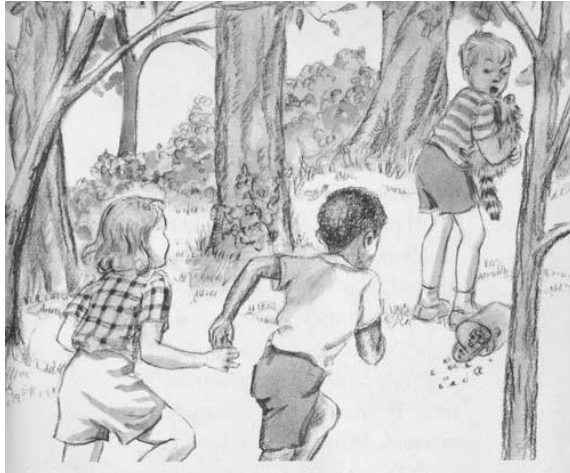
Before long he was back with a pail full of berries.

“I won,” said Tommy. “Here’s your berries.”

“Here’s your bag,” said Sister, “but where’s Nappy?”

“Let’s go find him,” said Tommy. “I know the way he went.”

“Dear me,” said Sister, “I hope he’s not lost!”



“He can’t be far,” said Tommy. “We’ll find him.”

And they did find Nappy. He had something in his arms—something he was trying to hold on to—something wiggling. The pail of berries was over-turned on the ground.

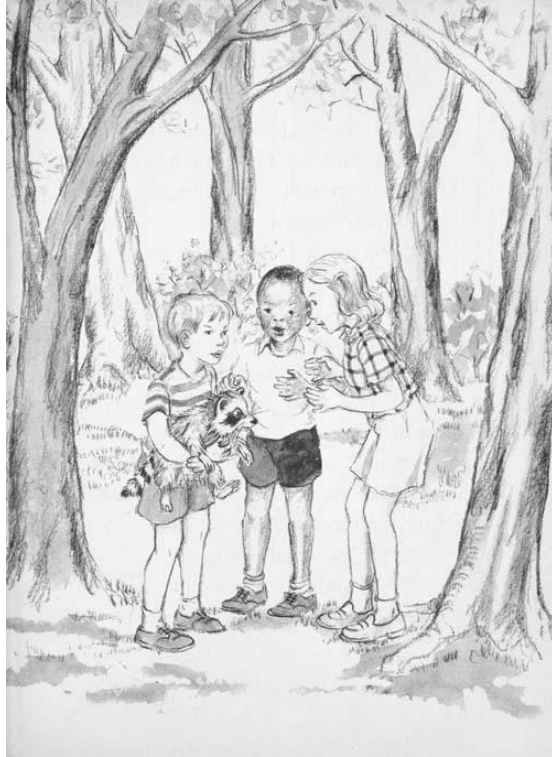
“Look!” said Nappy. “Look what I caught!”

“It’s a little raccoon,” said Sister. “However did you catch him?”

“I put down my pail,” said Nappy, “to pick some more berries, and when I looked around, this little fellow was in the pail with his tail sticking out ... so I grabbed him. I’m going to keep him for a pet.”

“You have enough pets now,” said Sister. “Besides, your dog wouldn’t like a raccoon. Why don’t you let him go?”

“Oh, no! Don’t!” cried Tommy. “I haven’t any pets. Oh, Nappy, I’ll trade you anything I have for that raccoon! Come to my house and you can choose anything I have.”



So they all went to Tommy’s house.

And Nappy looked over the things Tommy had.... There was a ball, and a bat, and some skates, and some stilts, and a wagon, and a drum.

“You mean I can choose *anything?*” asked Nappy.

“Well,” said Tommy, “anything except the drum.”

“How about the stilts,” said Nappy. “Will you show me how to walk on them?”

“Sure,” said Tommy. “My big brother can make me another pair of stilts. We’ll have fun together.”

So the boys made the trade.

“Why didn’t you want to trade your drum, Tommy?” asked Nappy’s sister.



“Because my big brother plays the harmonica and I beat the drum,” said Tommy, “and you should see my little sisters dance!”

“Oh, I’d like to see them dance,” said Nappy’s sister. “Could we see them, Tommy?”

“Sure,” said Tommy. “Come on.”

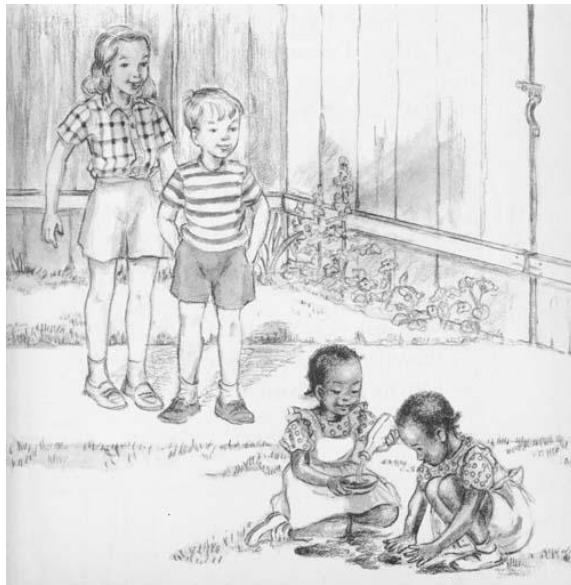
They found the twins in the back yard making mud pies.

“You wait here,” said Tommy. “I’ll get my big brother. They’ll drop those mud pies and dance as soon as they hear the music.”

Tommy went to get his brother.

“Aren’t they cute?” said Nappy’s big sister.

“I hear music,” said Nappy.



Out of the house came Tommy, beating his drum, and his big brother, playing the harmonica.

As soon as the twins heard the music they dropped the mud pies and began to dance.

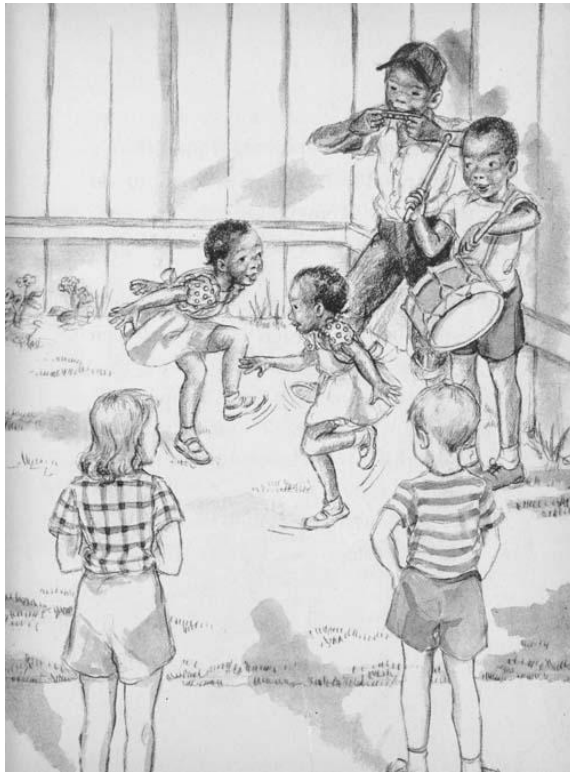
“Oh, boy,” cried Nappy, “they can *dance!*”

“It’s a wonderful act,” said Sister. “Good enough for a show.”

“Let’s *have* a show!” said Nappy. “We could fix up our barn like a theater and...”

“I’ll make the costumes,” said Sister.

“Swell idea,” said Tommy’s big brother. “I’ll fix up the barn.”



“And I’ll train my raccoon to do tricks,” said Tommy.

“My dog can do tricks,” said Nappy. “We can have lots of acts.”

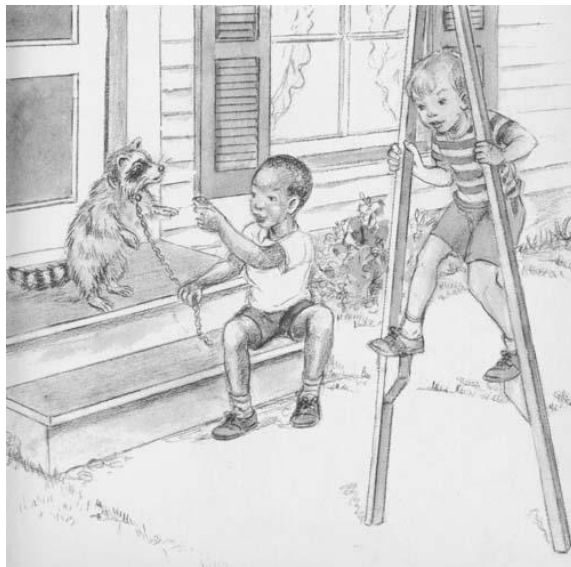
“But the twins’ dance will be the best in the show,” said sister.
“We can call their act ‘The Twirling Twins.’”

“Let’s get to work,” said Nappy.

Nappy’s sister took Tommy’s brother to see the barn so he could start fixing it up like a theater.

Tommy taught his raccoon to walk up and down steps.

And Nappy learned to walk on stilts.



Everybody worked——

Tommy’s big brother built benches in the barn for the audience to sit on.

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