



Mr  
**PEABODY'S**  
Apples

♦ MADONNA ♦



江苏工业学院图书馆

藏书章

The book belongs to





*Mr Peabody*



*Billy Little*



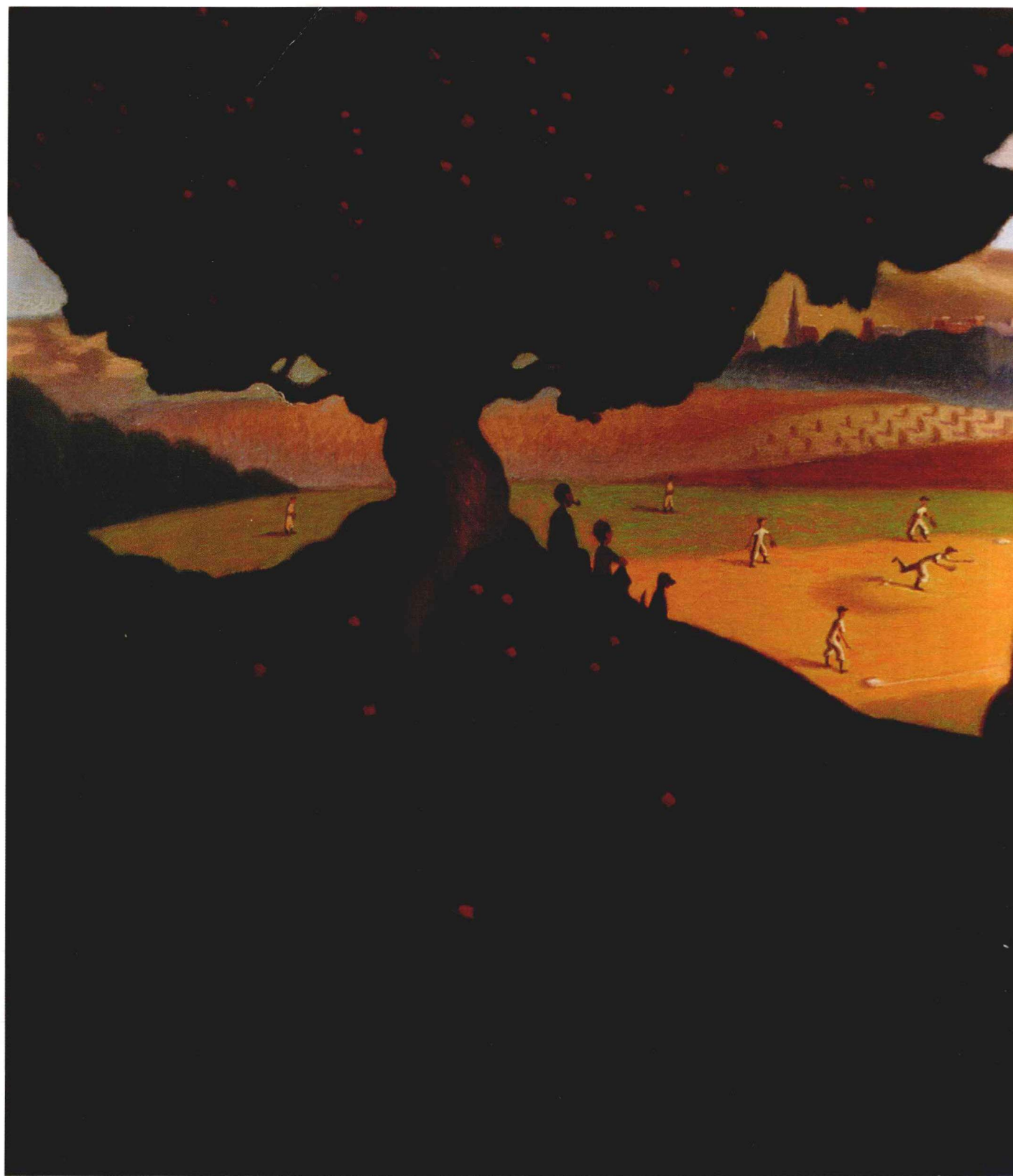
Mr  
PEABODY'S  
Apples

— by —  
MADONNA  
*art by* LOREN LONG

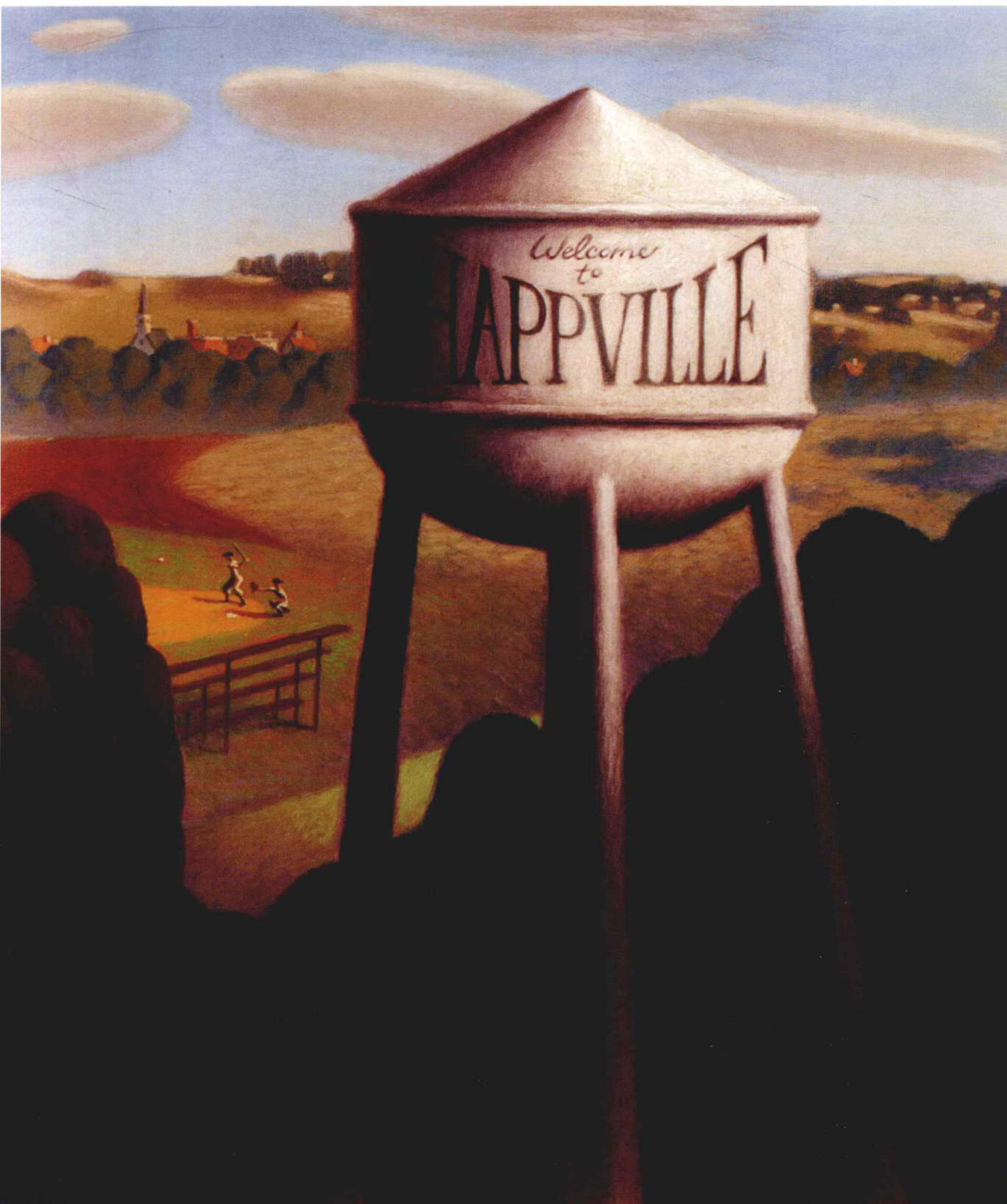


PUFFIN

A CALLAWAY EDITION



















*Mr Peabody congratulates his Little League team on a great game.*





**I**N THE TOWN OF HAPPVILLE (which wasn't a very big town), Mr Peabody was congratulating his Little League team on a great game. They had not won, but no one really cared because they'd had such a good time playing.

Mr Peabody was a history teacher at the local school and during the summer, he dedicated every Saturday to organizing baseball games with other schools.

Billy Little (who wasn't a very big boy) was one of Mr Peabody's students. He loved baseball more than anything, and he thought Mr Peabody was the greatest. After each game, Billy would always help to pick up all the bats and balls. And when they were finished, Mr Peabody would smile and say, "Thanks, Billy, good job. I'll see you next Saturday."





**T**hen he would start his walk home along the main street of Happville (which wasn't a very big street) waving hello to everyone he knew, and everyone would wave hello back. Along the way, he always passed Mr Funkadeli's fruit market. Here Mr Peabody would stop and admire Mr Funkadeli's fresh apples. He would pick out the shiniest apple, drop it in his bag and continue on his way.

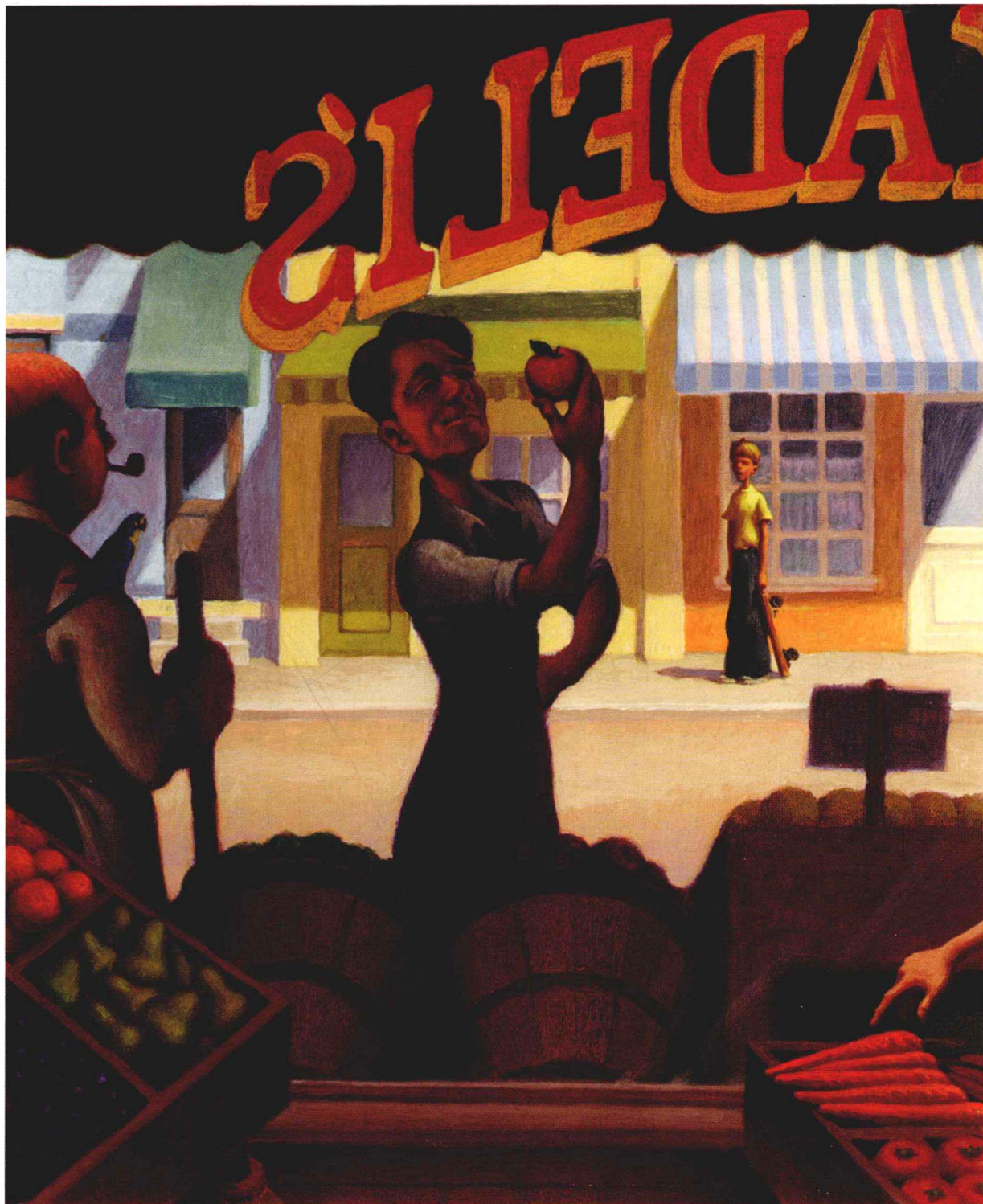
Across the street, Tommy Tittlebottom watched with curiosity as Mr Peabody walked away with the apple.

"That's strange," Tommy said to himself.

"Mr Peabody didn't pay anyone for that apple."

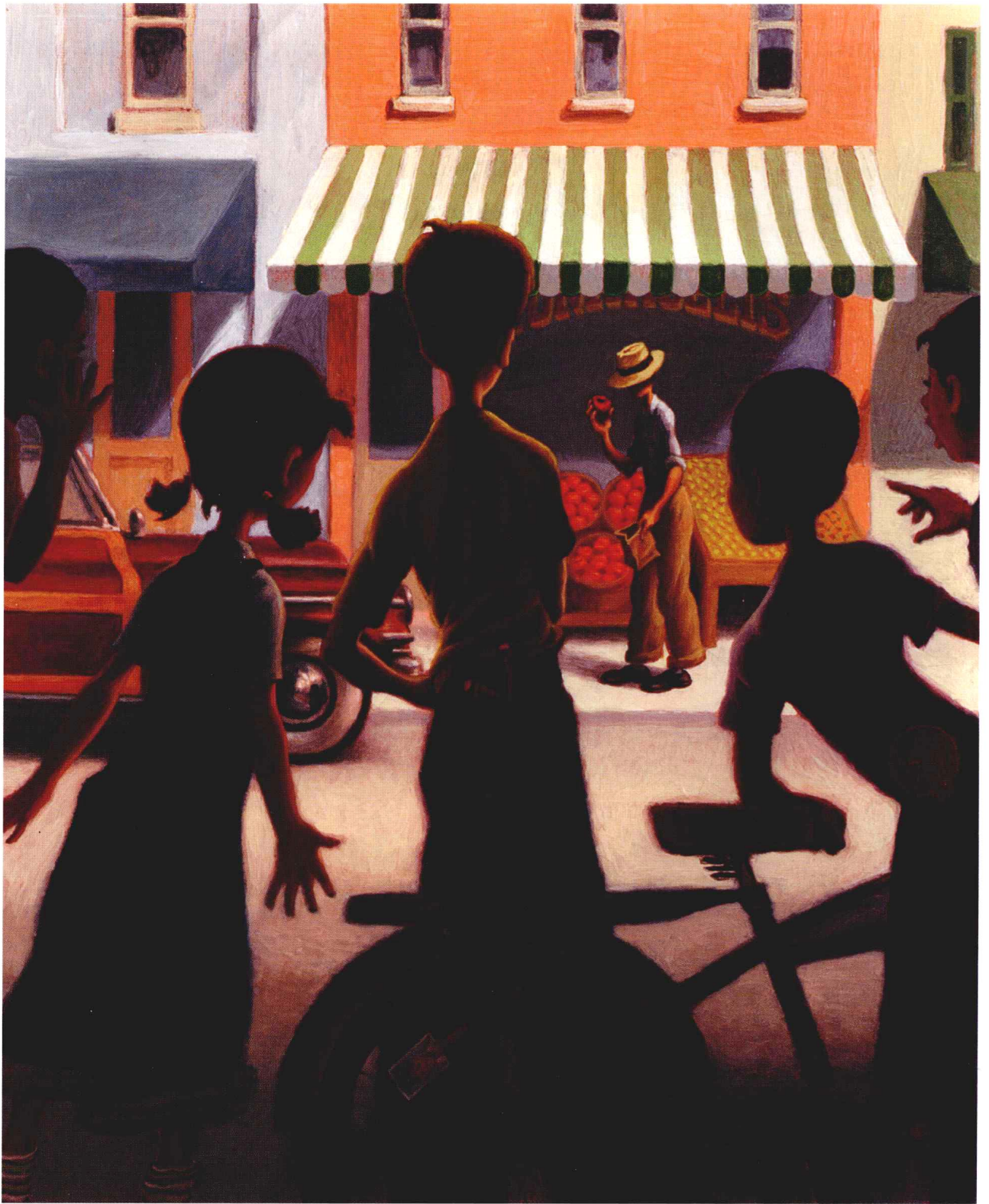
Tommy got on his skateboard and rushed to tell his friends.





*Mr Peabody picks the shiniest apple.*





*Tommy and his friends are amazed at what they see.*



he following Saturday, Mr Peabody's team played another game and they lost (as usual), but no one seemed to care because they'd had such a good time playing. Billy picked up the balls and bats, and Mr Peabody set off on his walk home. He waved to everyone he knew and they waved back. Once again, he stopped outside Mr Funkadeli's fruit market, picked up the shiniest apple, dropped it in his bag and continued on his way.

Across the street, Tommy Tittlebottom and his friends watched Mr Peabody and they were amazed at what they saw. Mr Peabody had not paid for his apple. They couldn't wait to tell all of their friends, who told their parents, who told their neighbours, who told their friends, in the town of Happville (which wasn't a very big town).







he Saturday after that, Mr Peabody was standing all alone on the baseball field, wondering where everybody was. Then he saw Billy walking towards him with a sad look on his face.

“Hello, Billy. I am glad you’re here, but where is the rest of the team?” asked Mr Peabody.

Billy remained silent.

“What is it, Billy?” he asked again.

Billy didn’t look up.

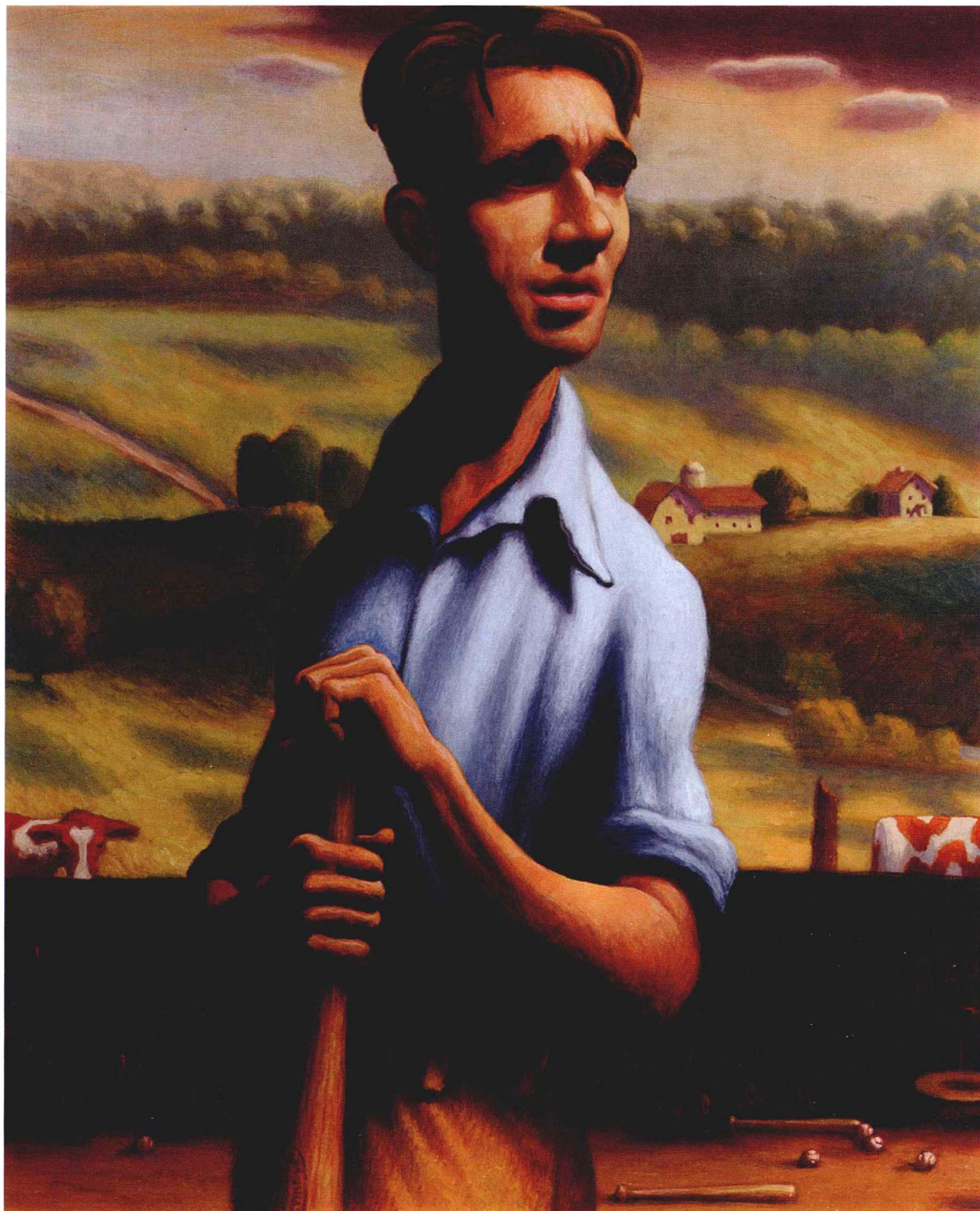
“Everybody thinks you’re a thief,” he said to the ground.

Mr Peabody looked confused. He took off his hat and scratched his head. “Who says I am a thief, Billy? And what did I steal?” he asked.

“Tommy Tittlebottom and his friends said they saw you take an apple from Mr Funkadeli’s fruit market, twice, and they said you didn’t pay for them,” answered Billy.

“Ahh,” said Mr Peabody, putting his hat back on his head. “Let’s go and talk to Mr Funkadeli about it, shall we?”





*Mr Peabody wonders where everybody is.*



