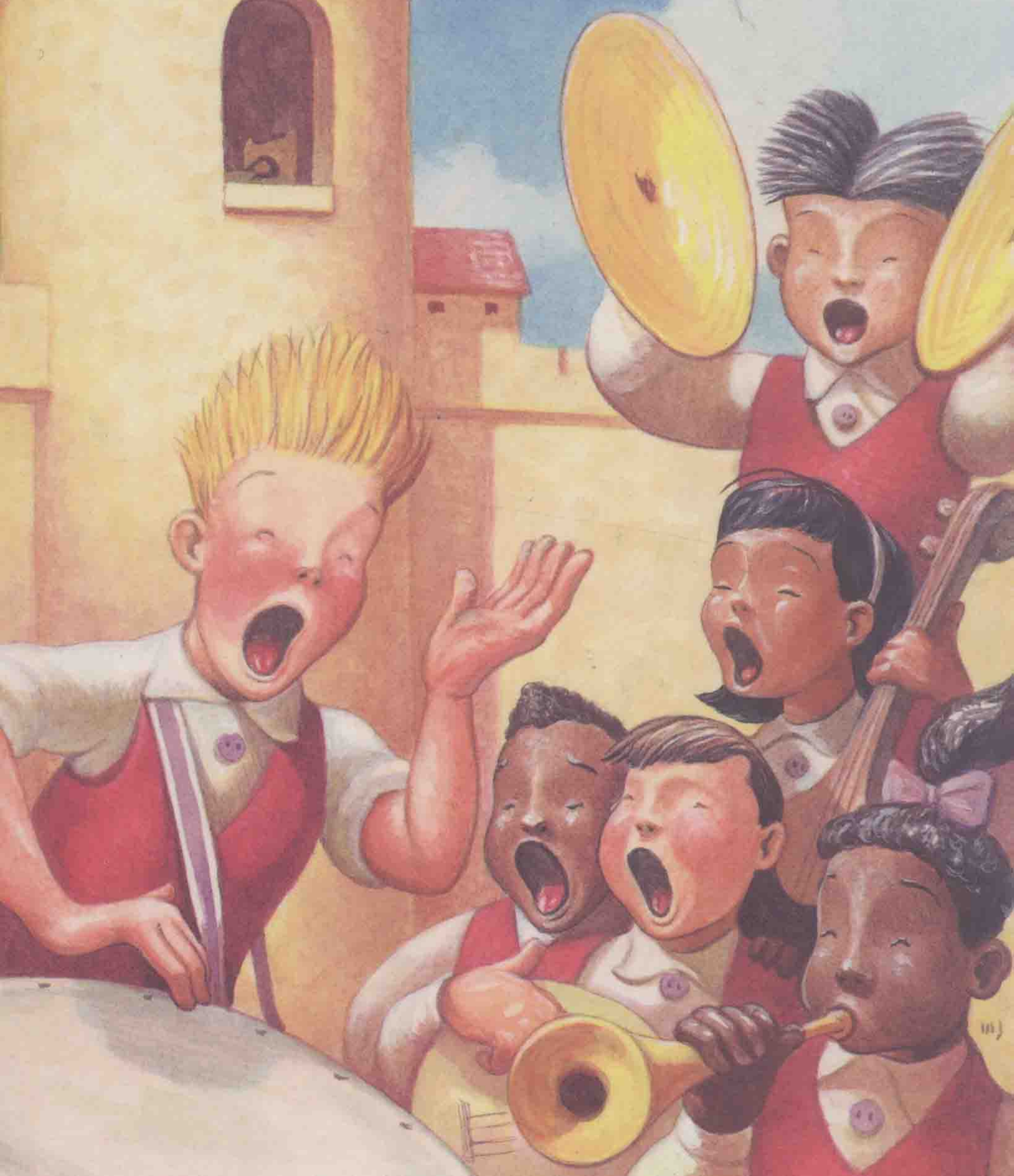


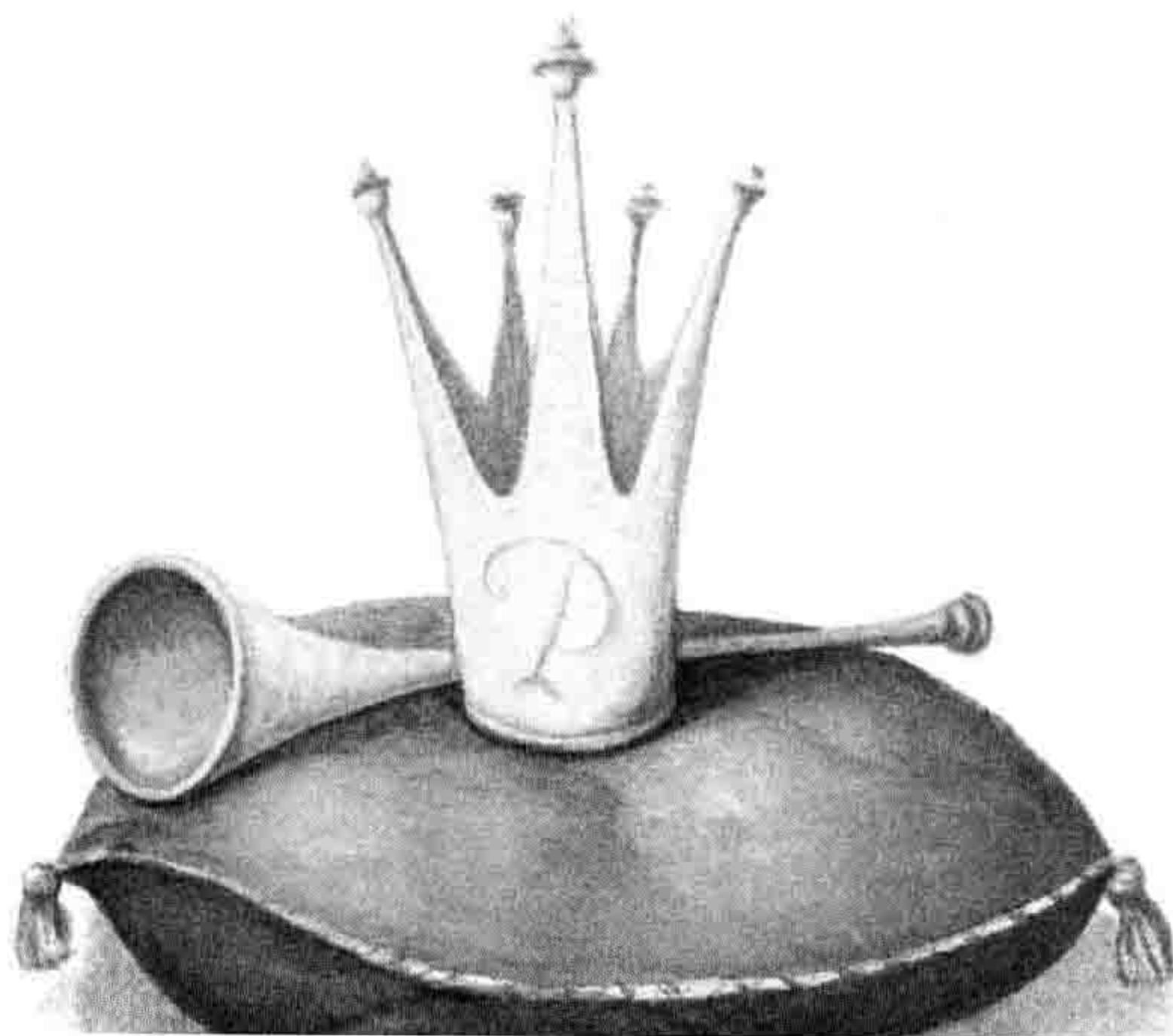
Don't Wake the **PRINCESS**

HOPES, DREAMS, AND WISHES



Don't Wa PRINCESS

H O P E S , D R E A M S , A N D W I S H E S



Titles in This Set

Don't Wake the Princess

The World Is Round
Just Like an Orange

We're All in This Together

Y.O.U.

Do You Hear What I See?

The Wolf Is at the Door

Cover Artist

William Joyce writes and illustrates his own books, such as *A Day with Wilbur Robinson*, and illustrates books by other authors too. When he has time, Joyce travels with his wife, Elizabeth, and his three cats, Boo Boo, Psycho, and Doris Day.

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LENTIL

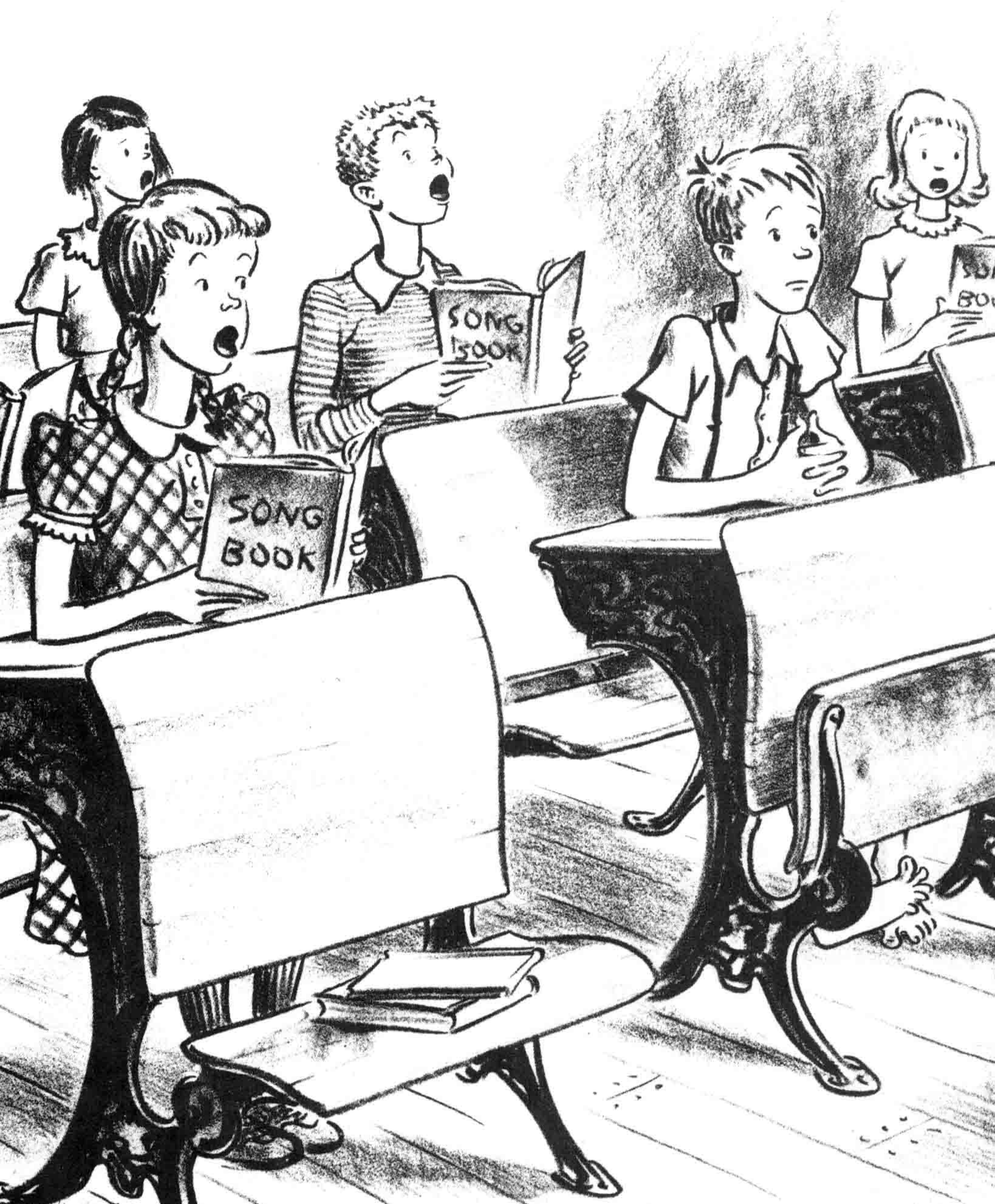
BY ROBERT McCLOSKEY



In the town of Alto, Ohio, there lived a boy
named Lentil.



Lentil had a happy life except for one thing.
He wanted to sing—but he couldn't!



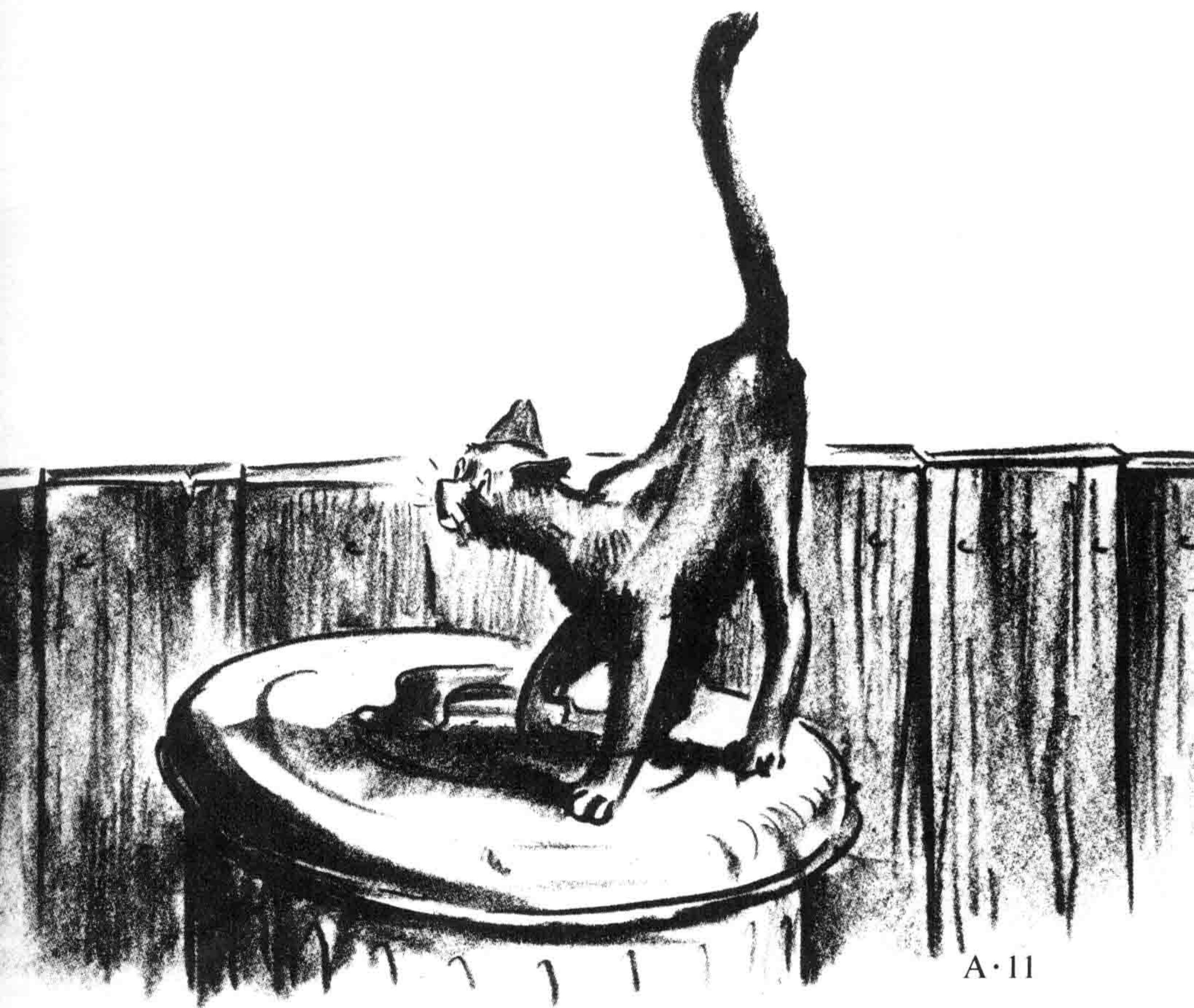
It was most embarrassing, because when he opened his mouth to try, only strange sounds came out. . . . And he couldn't even whistle because he couldn't pucker his lips.





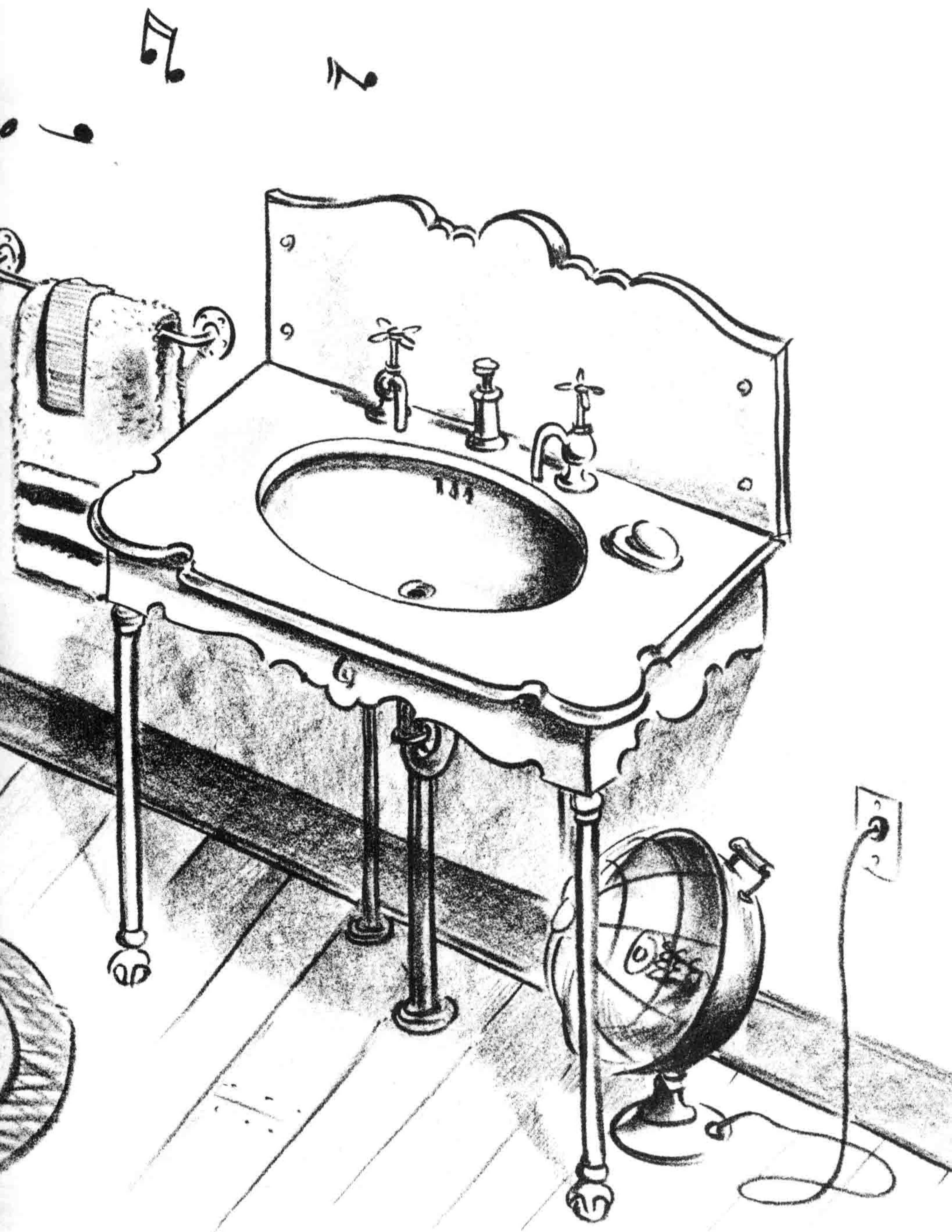
But he did want to make music, so he saved up enough pennies to buy a harmonica.

Lentil was proud of his new harmonica and he decided to become an expert. So he played a lot, whenever and wherever he could.



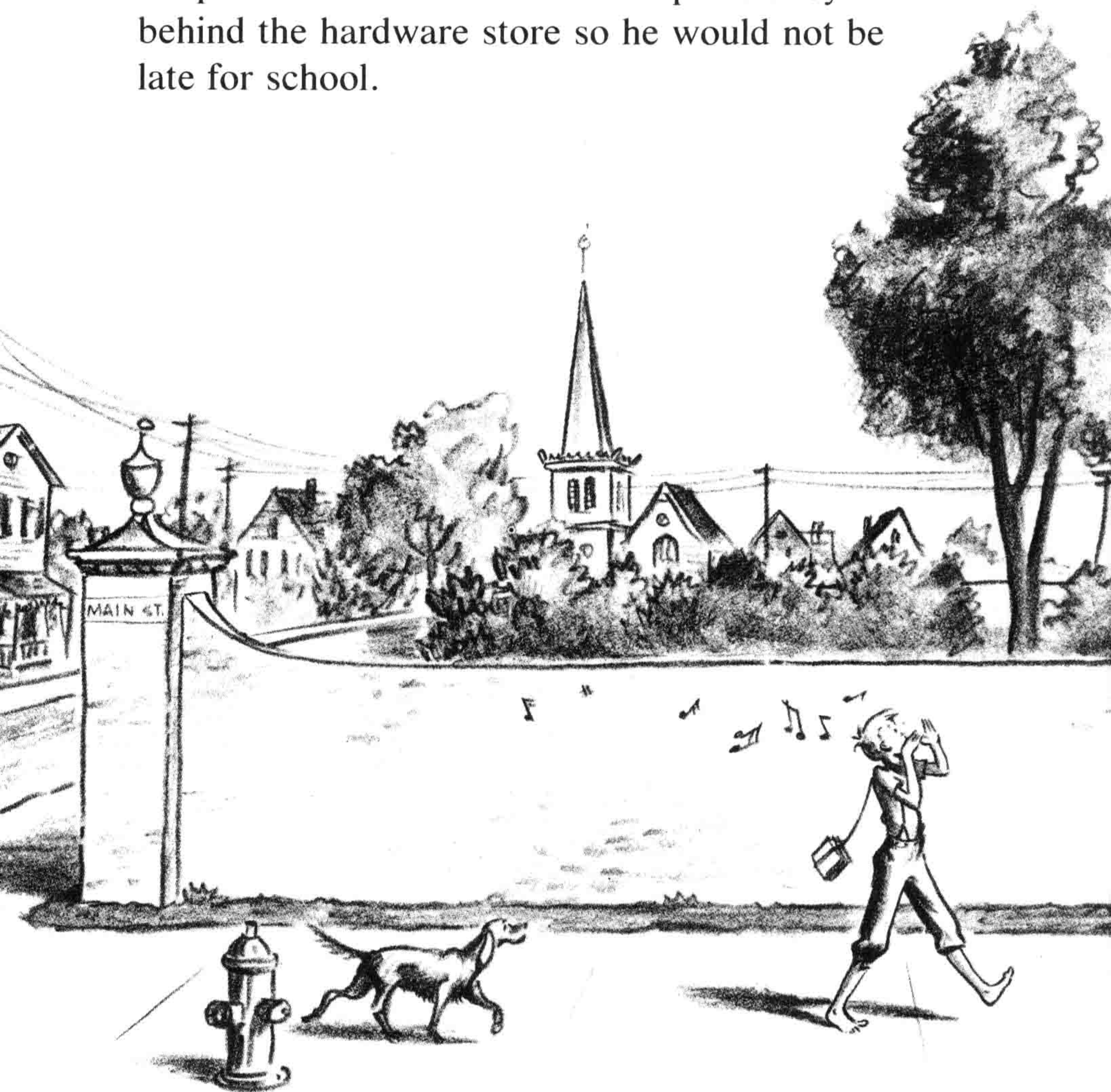


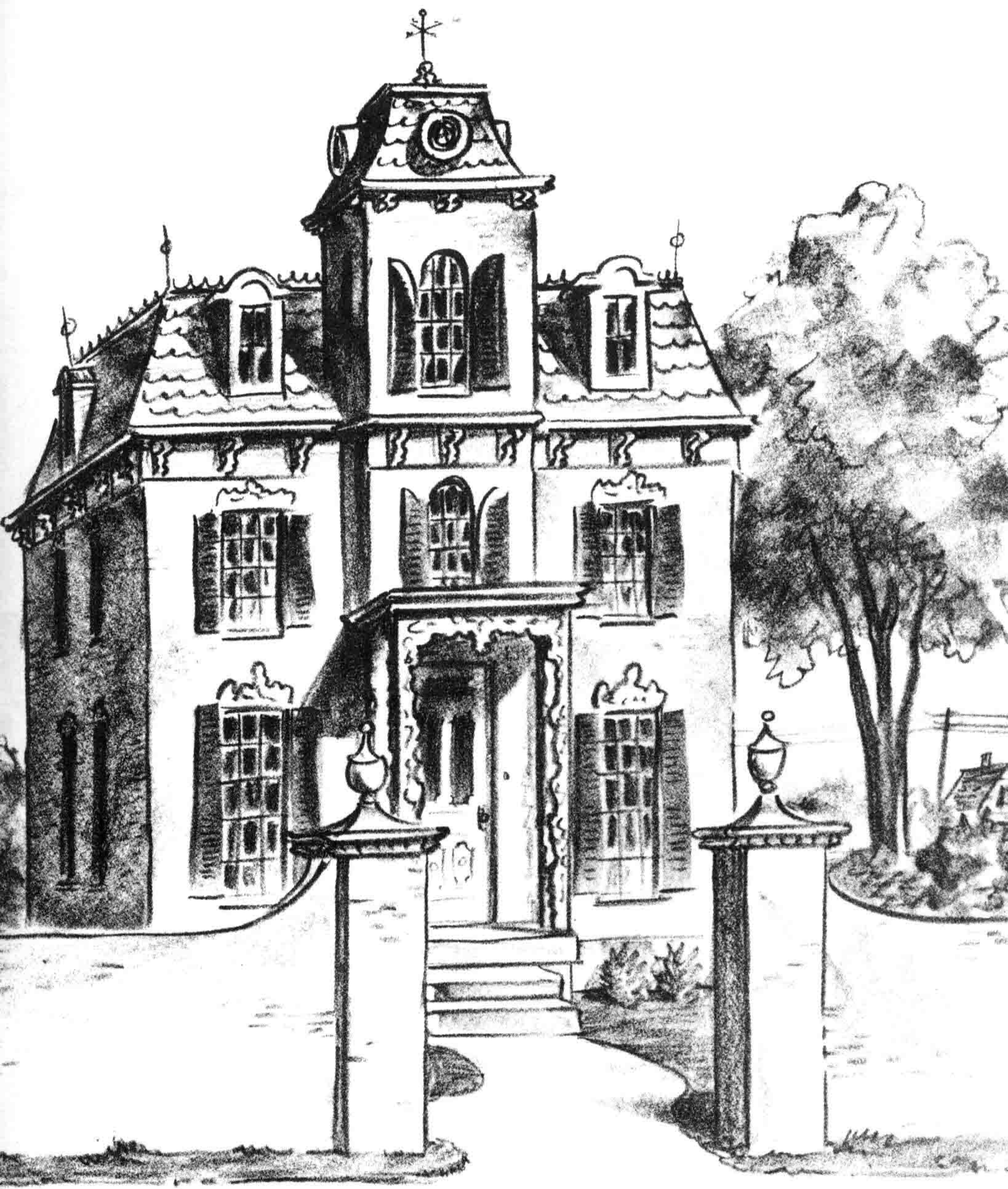
His favorite place to practice was in the bathtub, because there the tone was improved one hundred percent.



He used to play almost all the way to school. Down Vine Street to the corner of Main, past the finest house in Alto, which belonged to the great Colonel Carter. Then . . . past the drug store, the barber shop, and the Alto Library, which was a gift of the great Colonel Carter, by the Methodist Church, through the Carter Memorial Park, and around the Soldiers and Sailors Monument that the Colonel had built there.

Then Lentil would stuff his harmonica into his pocket and take a short cut up the alley behind the hardware store so he would not be late for school.





People would smile and wave hello to Lentil as he walked down the street, because everyone in Alto liked Lentil's music; that is, everybody but Old Sneep. Old Sneep didn't like much of anything or anybody. He just sat on a park bench and whittled and grumbled.

