

# CORDUROY



By Don Freeman

CORDUROY



## BOOK REVIEWS

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Here's what people are saying:

*A winning, completely childlike  
picture book.*

from BOOKLIST

*The simple warmth of the story is  
reflected in the colorful illustrations.*

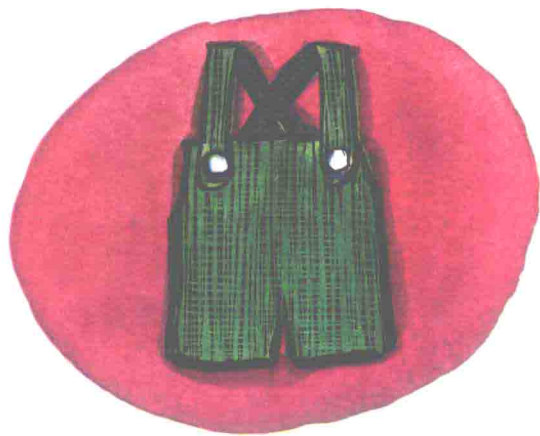
from SCHOOL LIBRARY JOURNAL

*The art and story are direct and just  
right for the very young.*

from BOOK WORLD

WEEKLY READER CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB PRESENTS

# CORDUROY



Story and Pictures by Don Freeman

THE VIKING PRESS / NEW YORK

*To Sally Elizabeth Kildow  
and Patrick Steven Duff Kildow,  
who know how a bear feels about buttons*

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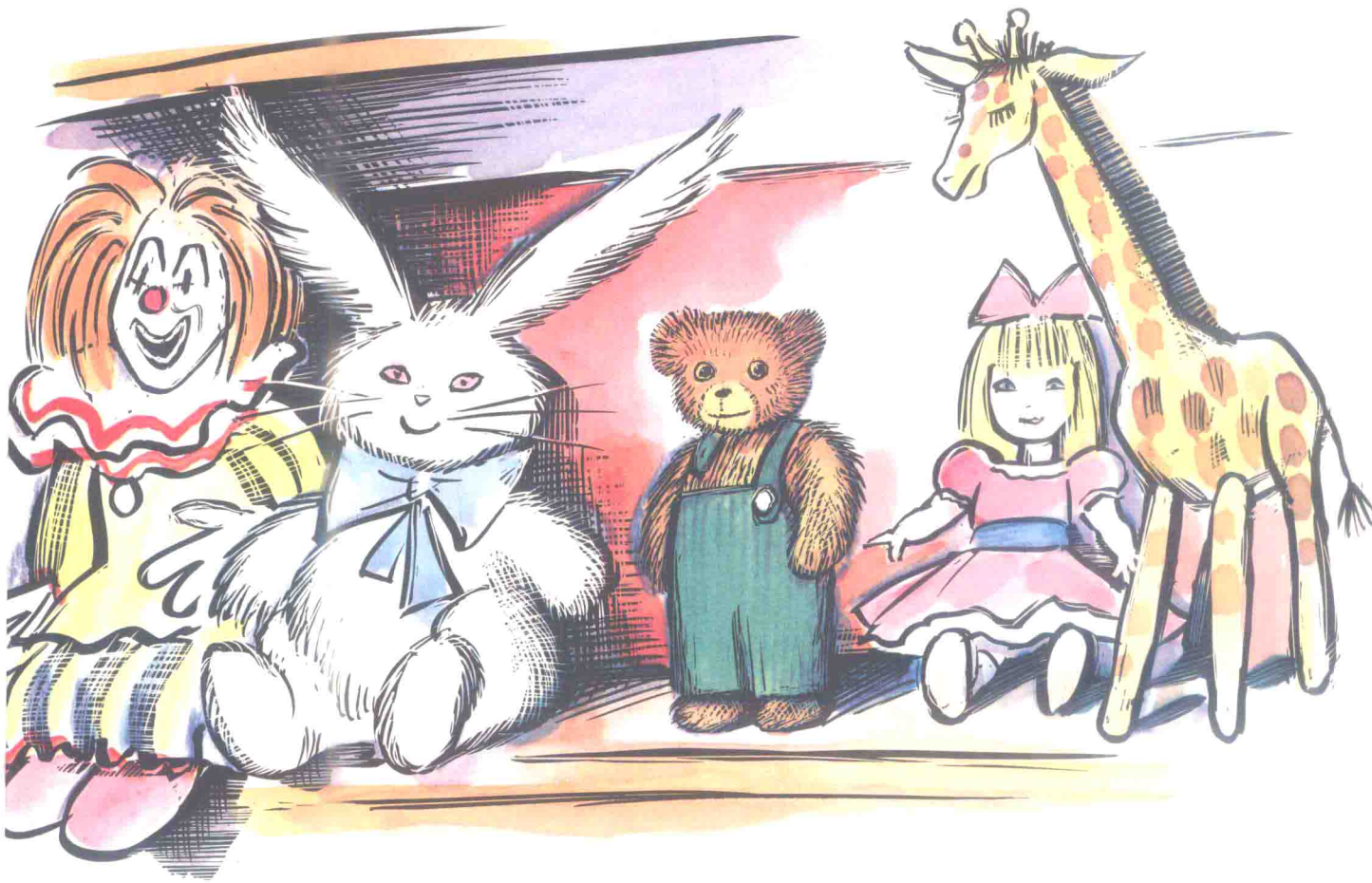
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**C**orduroy is a bear who once lived in the toy department of a big store. Day after day he waited with all the other animals and dolls for somebody to come along and take him home.





The store was always filled with shoppers buying all sorts of things, but no one ever seemed to want a small bear in green overalls.



Then one morning a little girl stopped and looked straight into Corduroy's bright eyes.

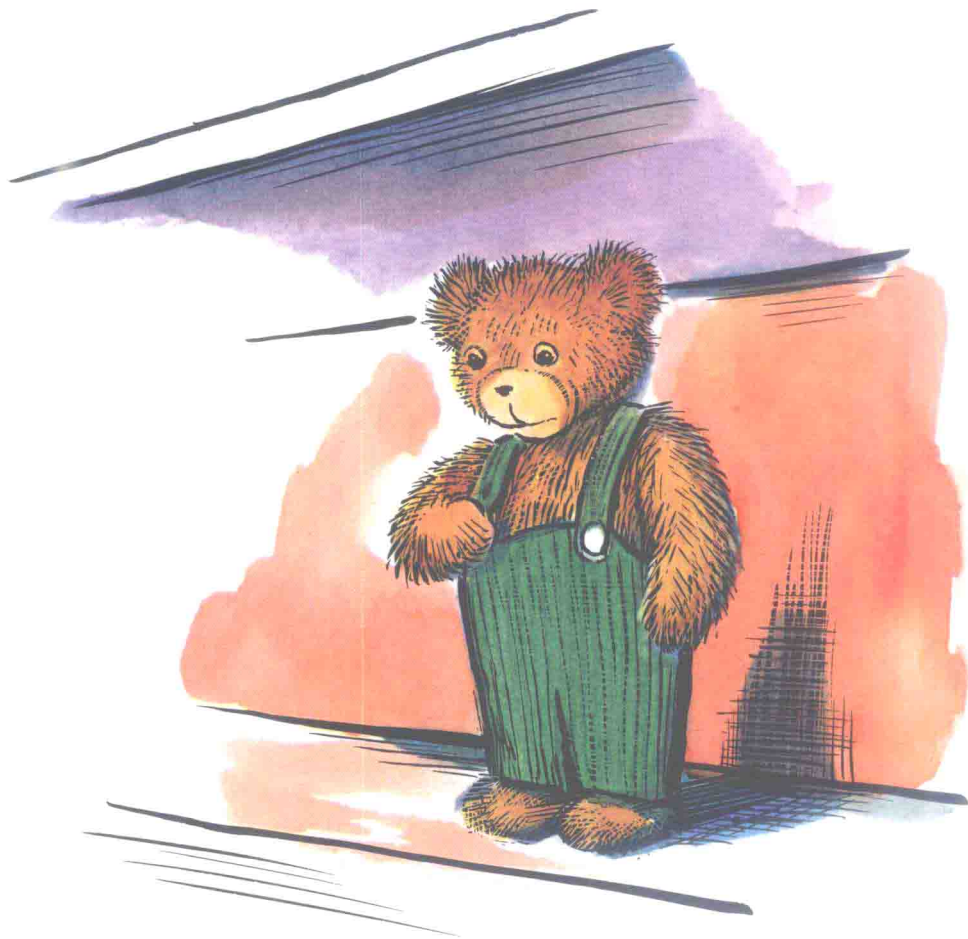
"Oh, Mommy!" she said. "Look! There's the very bear I've always wanted."

"Not today, dear." Her mother sighed. "I've spent too much already. Besides, he doesn't look new. He's lost the button to one of his shoulder straps."

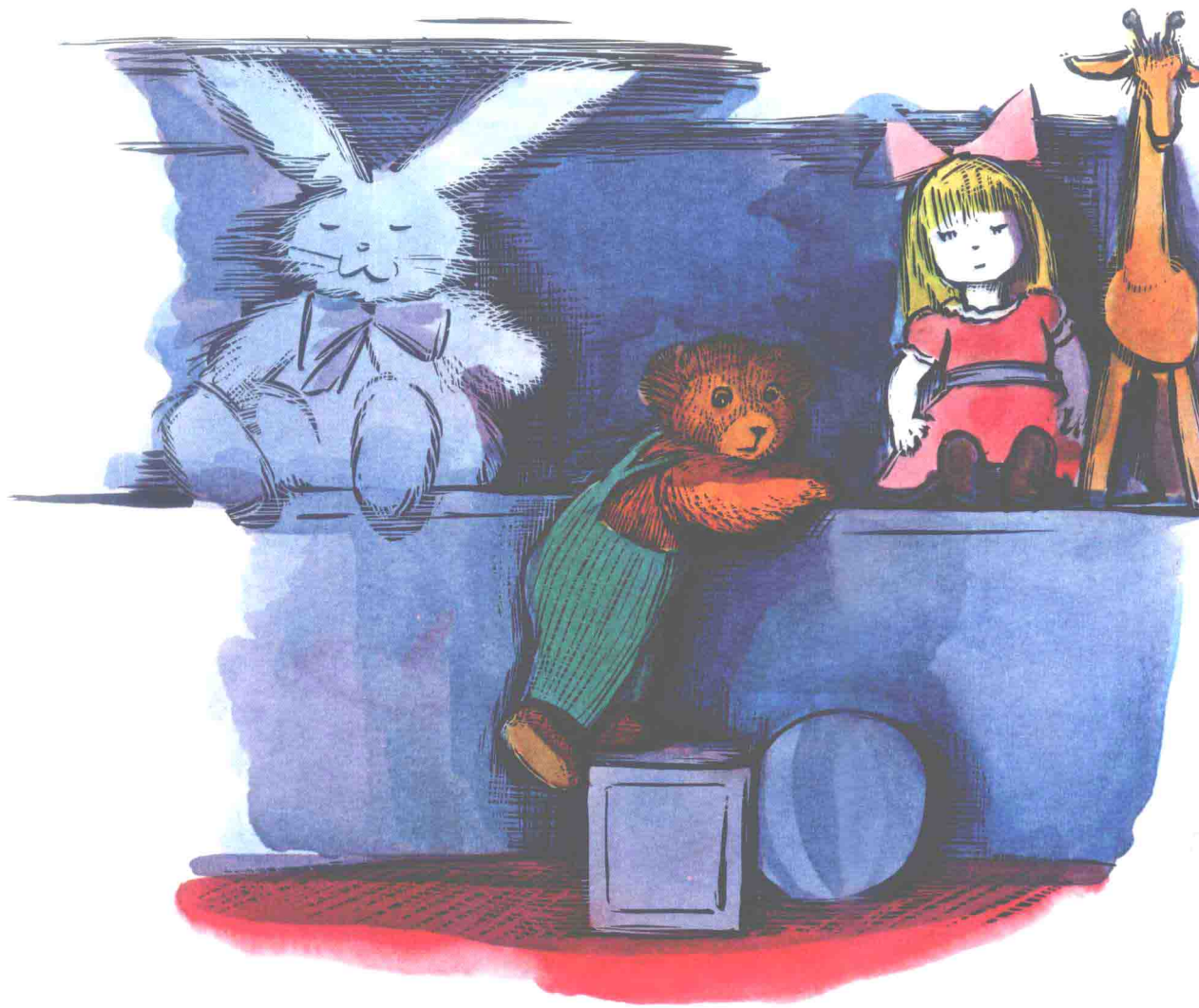




Corduroy watched them sadly as they walked away.



"I didn't know I'd lost a button," he said to himself. "Tonight I'll go and see if I can find it."



Late that evening, when all the shoppers had gone and the doors were shut and locked, Corduroy climbed carefully down from his



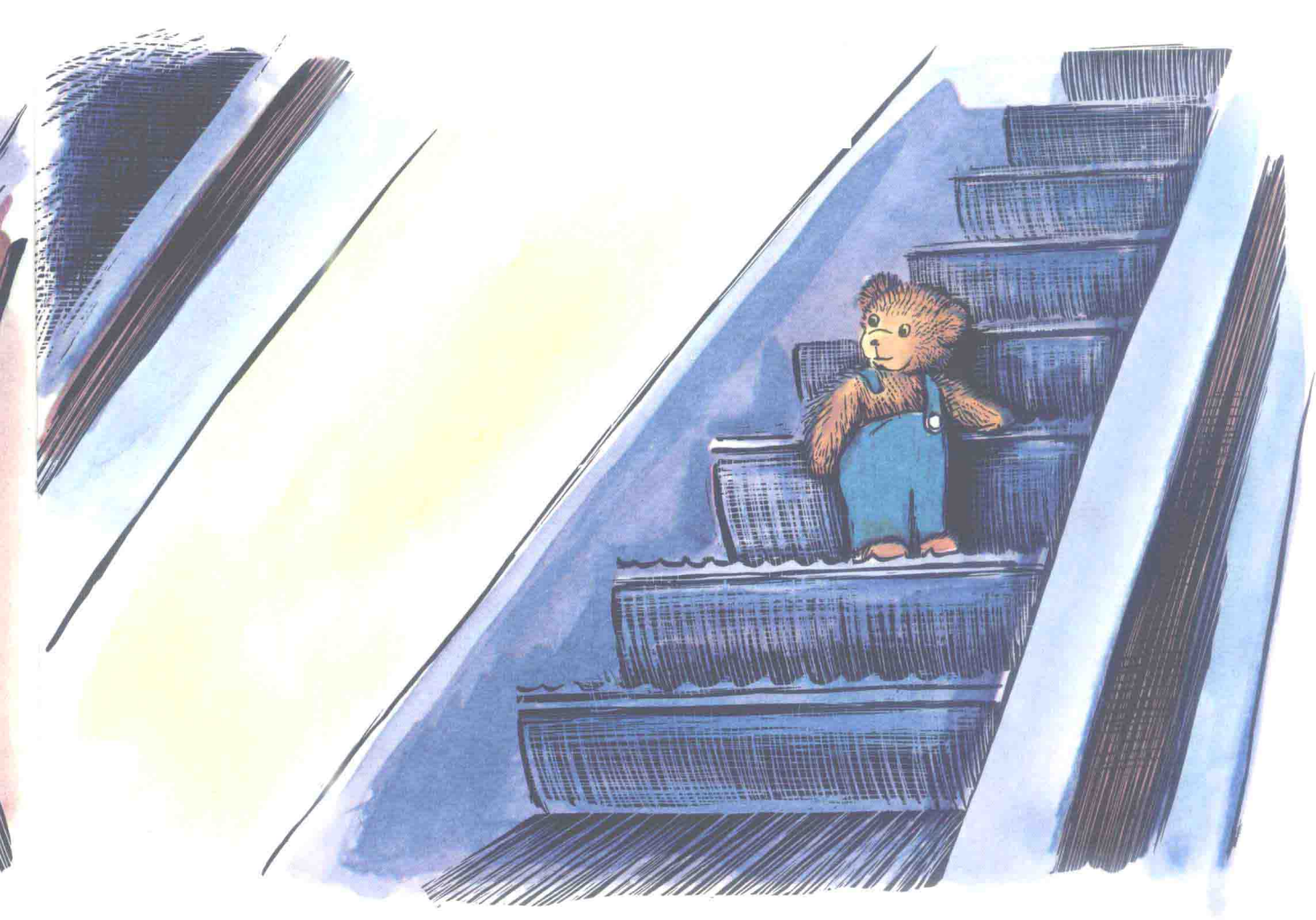
shelf and began searching everywhere on the floor for his lost button.



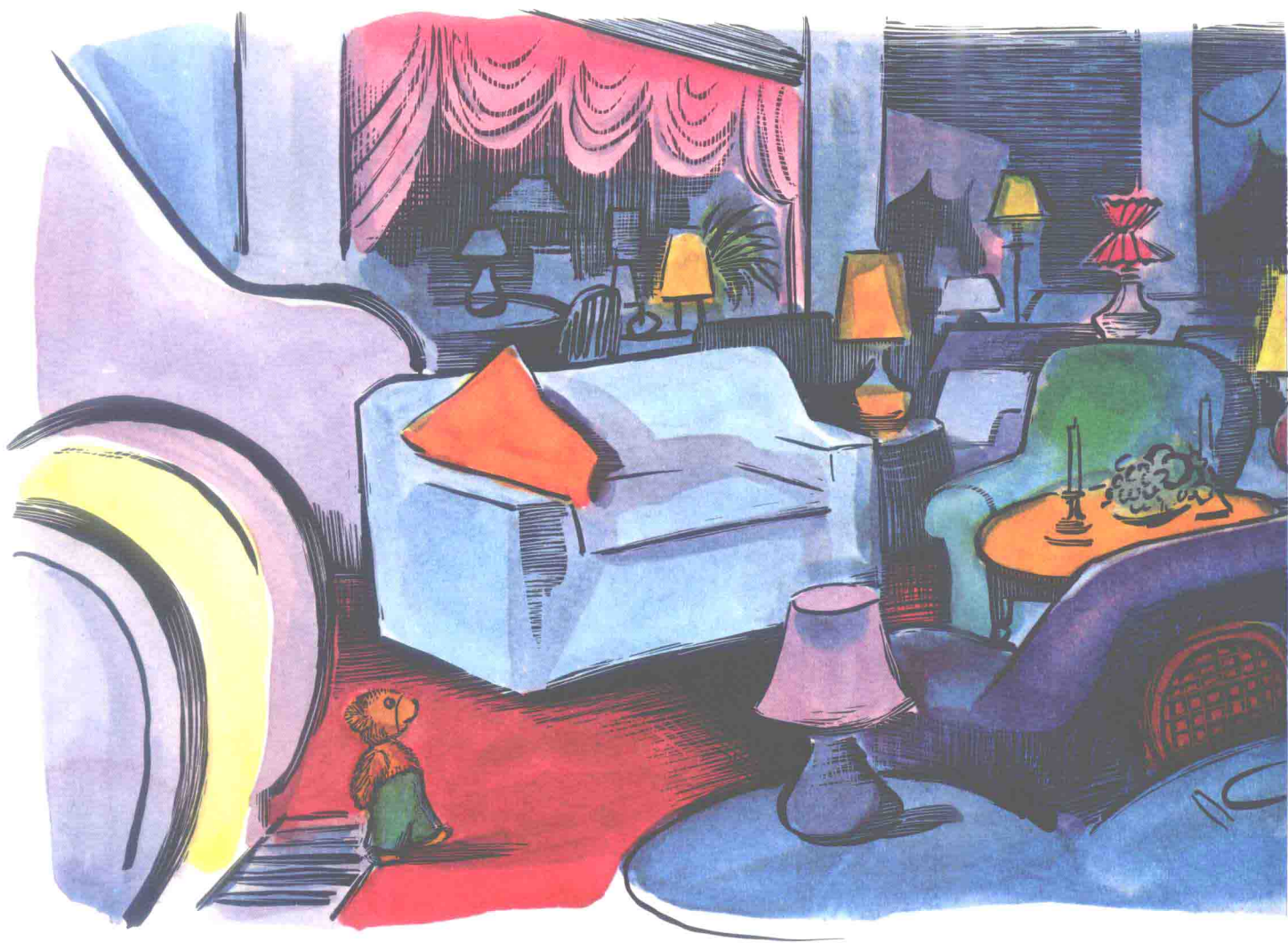


Suddenly he felt the floor moving under him! Quite by accident he had stepped onto an escalator—and up he went!





"Could this be a mountain?" he wondered. "I think I've always wanted to climb a mountain."



He stepped off the escalator as it reached the next floor, and there, before his eyes, was a most amazing sight—





tables and chairs and lamps and sofas, and rows and rows of beds. "This must be a palace!" Corduroy gasped. "I guess I've always wanted to live in a palace."



He wandered around admiring the furniture.

"This must be a bed," he said. "I've always wanted to sleep in a bed." And up he crawled onto a large, thick mattress.