

Harry and Walter

written by Kathy Stinson
illustrated by Qin Leng



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© 2016 Kathy Stinson (text)
© 2016 Qin Leng (illustrations)
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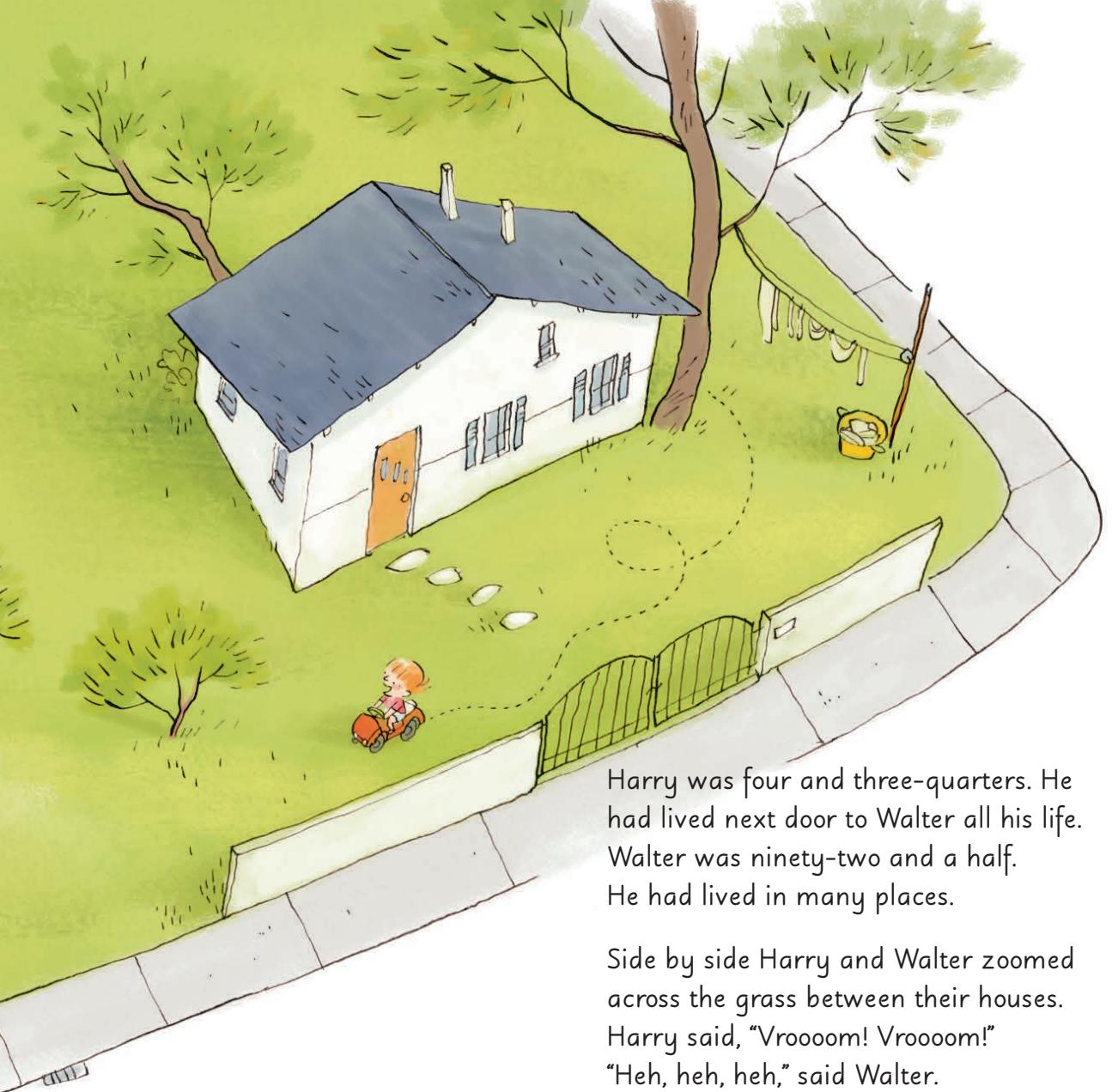


Dedicated to best friends Emmett and
Erling, whose story inspired this one.
—K.S.

To my Agong
—Q.L.



“Come on, Walter,” Harry said. “Let’s go.”
Harry put his tractor in gear and off he went.
Walter put his tractor in gear and off he went.
“Wait up!” called Harry.



Harry was four and three-quarters. He had lived next door to Walter all his life. Walter was ninety-two and a half. He had lived in many places.

Side by side Harry and Walter zoomed across the grass between their houses. Harry said, "Vrooom! Vrooom!" "Heh, heh, heh," said Walter.

Sometimes Harry and
Walter played games.

"Want to play croquet?"
asked Walter.

"Okay," said Harry. "Which
stick do you want?"

"Yellow," said Walter.

"Okay," said Harry. "I'll take
the blue one."





Harry and Walter hit all the colored balls through every hoop.



Then Harry said, "Walter, do your tomato plants have tomatoes yet?"
"Let's go see."







Harry ran to Walter's garden.
"Tomatoes!" he shouted.
Catching up with Harry, Walter said,
"But they're still green."



When the tomatoes turned red, Harry and Walter each ate one—right there in Walter's garden. The juice dribbled down their chins.

When the leaves on the trees turned yellow and fell, Harry and Walter raked them into piles between their houses.

