

FRANZISKA BIERMANN

TRANSLATED BY SHELLEY TANAKA

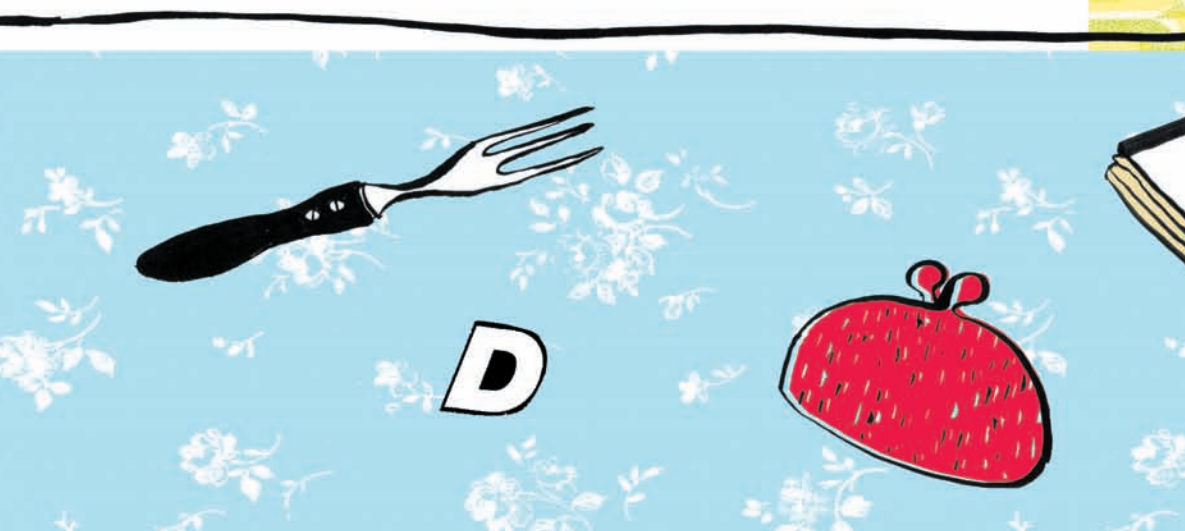
The Fox Who  
Ate Books!



**annick press**  
toronto + berkeley + vancouver

## **Mr. Fox really liked books.**

He liked them so much that whenever he finished reading one ... he ate it. With a pinch of salt and a little pepper. That way, he could satisfy his appetite for learning as well as his hunger. Which, by the way, was huge.

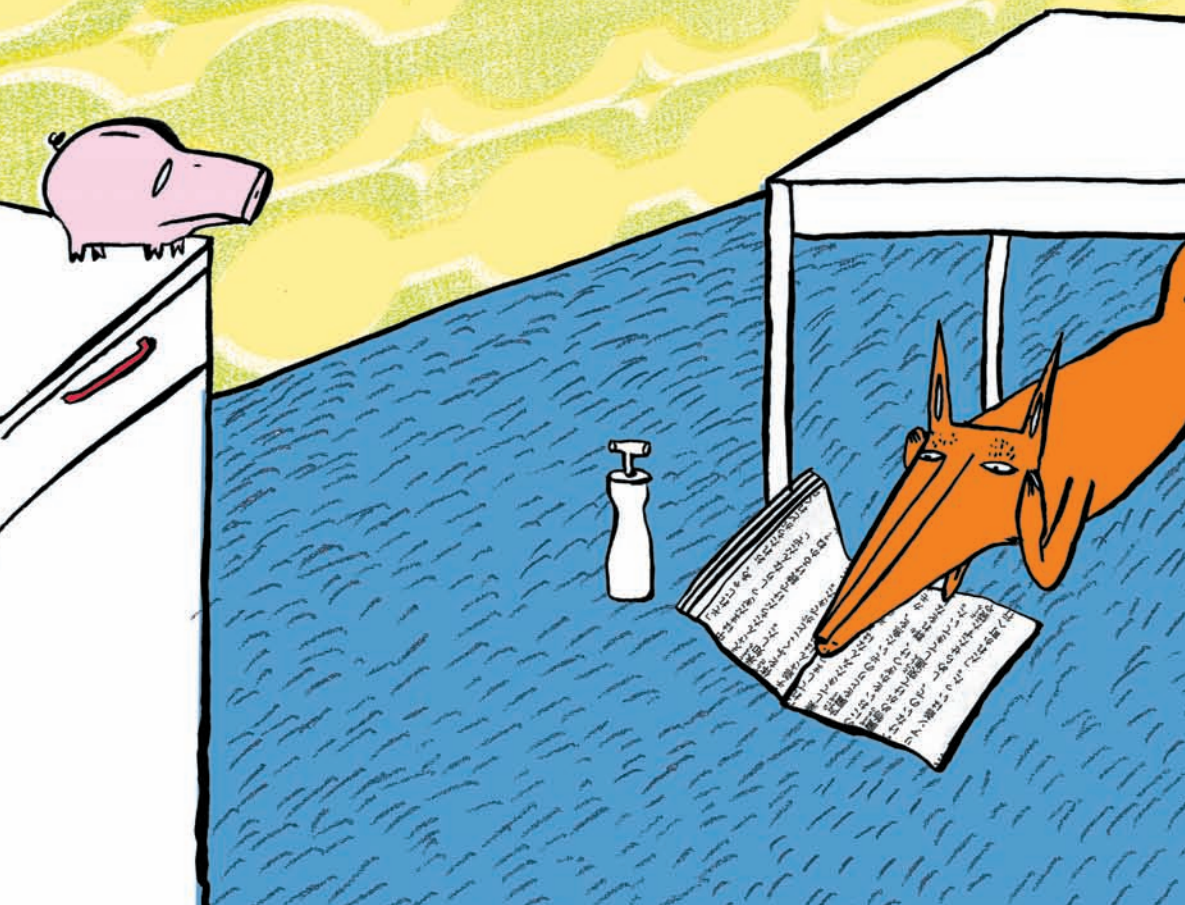






Mr. Fox needed at least three square meals a day. But books were expensive, and after a while he couldn't afford them. So he sold most of his furniture and soon had nothing left but a table, a ratty mattress, and a rickety chair.

He spent all the money on new books, which filled his stomach and gave him **plenty of food for thought.**







KMANH

Honest Pete's Pawnshop

Honest Pete's Pawnshop

The more books Mr. Fox consumed, the more his appetite grew. Soon his stomach was constantly grumbling.

But Mr. Fox was wily, and for some time he had been keeping his eye on a certain building. The building was full of books. It had more books than he'd ever seen—even more than his favorite shop, **THE CORNER BOOKSTORE.**

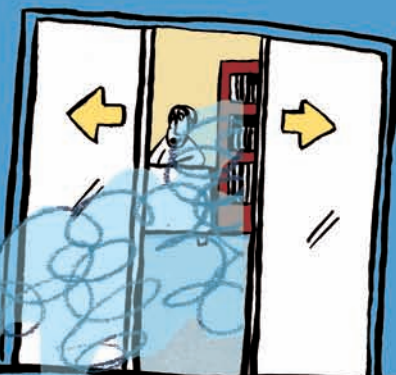
Whenever he went near this building, the heavenly scent wafting out of it made his nose quiver. It was

the delicious *smell of paper.*





# LIBRARY





One day he walked into the building and found himself in paradise—row upon row of shelves filled from floor to ceiling with books!

**Yum, yum**, thought Mr. Fox.

But that wasn't all. You were allowed to take the books home, for free. He could hardly believe it!

After that, Mr. Fox went to the library every day. He casually surveyed the shelves, sniffing the air and smacking his chops. Sometimes he took a little lick of a page or two. When he found something to his taste, he tucked it into his tote bag and took it home.



