

DAVID'S FATHER

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Julie was skipping home from school. She came to a large moving van. A man came out carrying a spoon—only it was as big as a shovel. Another man came out carrying a fork—only it was as big as a pitchfork. A third man came out carrying a knife—only it was as big as a flagpole.

“Yikes,” said Julie, “I don’t want to get to know these people at all.”

She ran all the way home and hid under her bed till dinner time.



The next day Julie was skipping home from school again. A boy was standing where the moving van had been. He said, “Hi, my name’s David. Would you like to come and play?” Julie looked at him very carefully. He seemed to be a regular sort of boy, so she stayed to play.



At five o'clock, from far away down the street, someone called, "Julie, come and eat."

"That's my mother," said Julie. Then someone called, "**DAVID!!!**"

"That's my father," said David.

Julie jumped up in the air, ran around in a circle three times, ran home and locked herself in her room till it was time for breakfast the next morning.

