

Richard Scarry's
Busy Day Storybooks

Mr. Gronkle's Busy Day



**This book
belongs to:**

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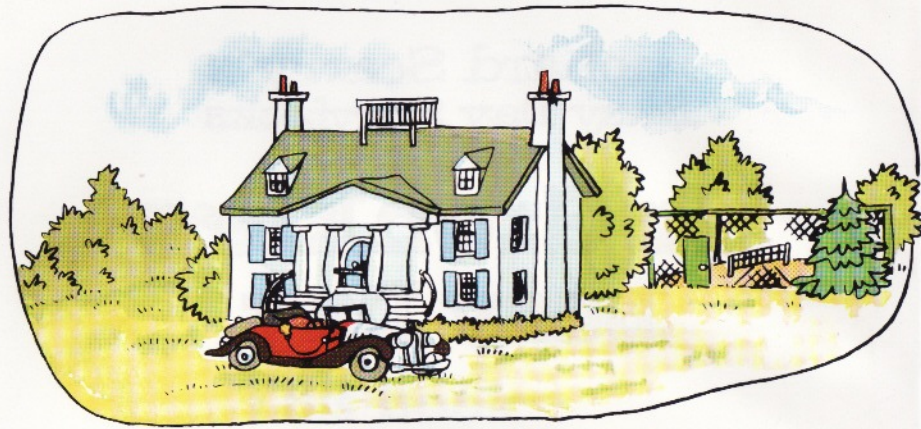
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**Richard Scarry's
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Mr. Gronkle's Busy Day

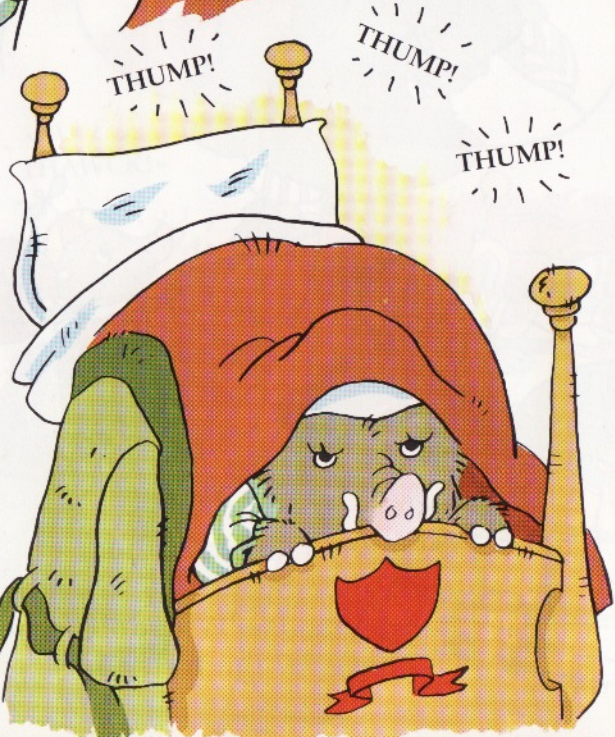




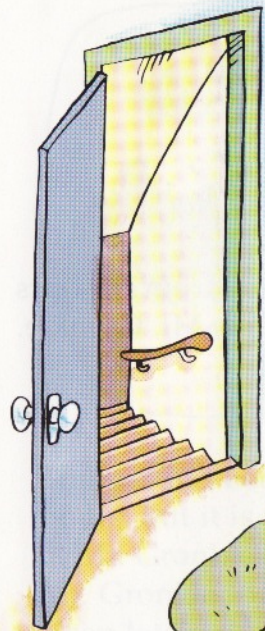
The sun has been up for hours, but it is still quiet at Mr. Gronkle's house. Mr. Gronkle likes to sleep late!



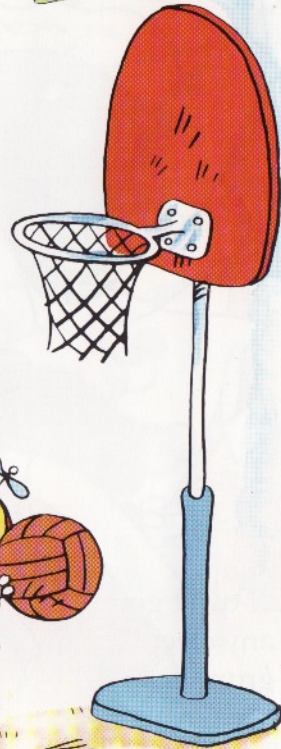
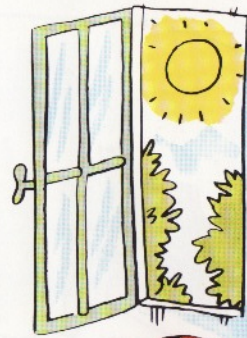
Strange sounds from upstairs awake Mr. Gronkle.



"I can't get any sleep!" grumbles Mr. Gronkle.



Mr. Gronkle gets out of bed and goes up to his visiting nephew's room.



"What are you doing, Vanderbilt?" Mr. Gronkle demands. "Why don't you go play outside? I'm trying to sleep late."



Mr. Gronkle goes back to bed.

THAWCK!

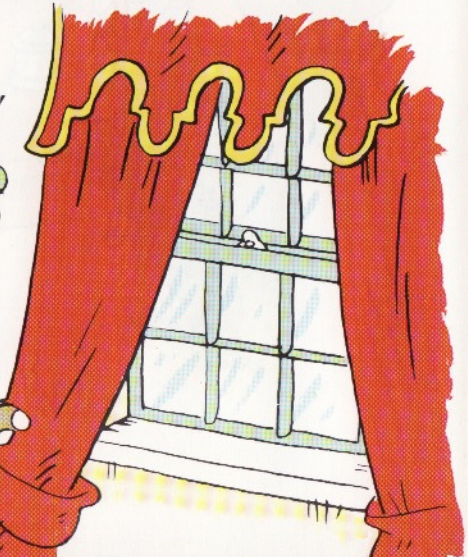
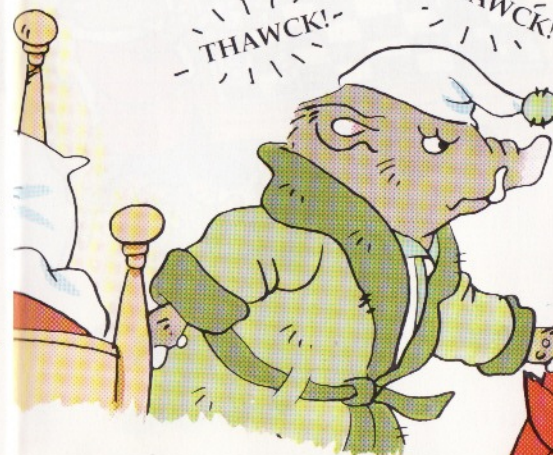
Mr. Gronkle gets out of bed. He goes over to the window.

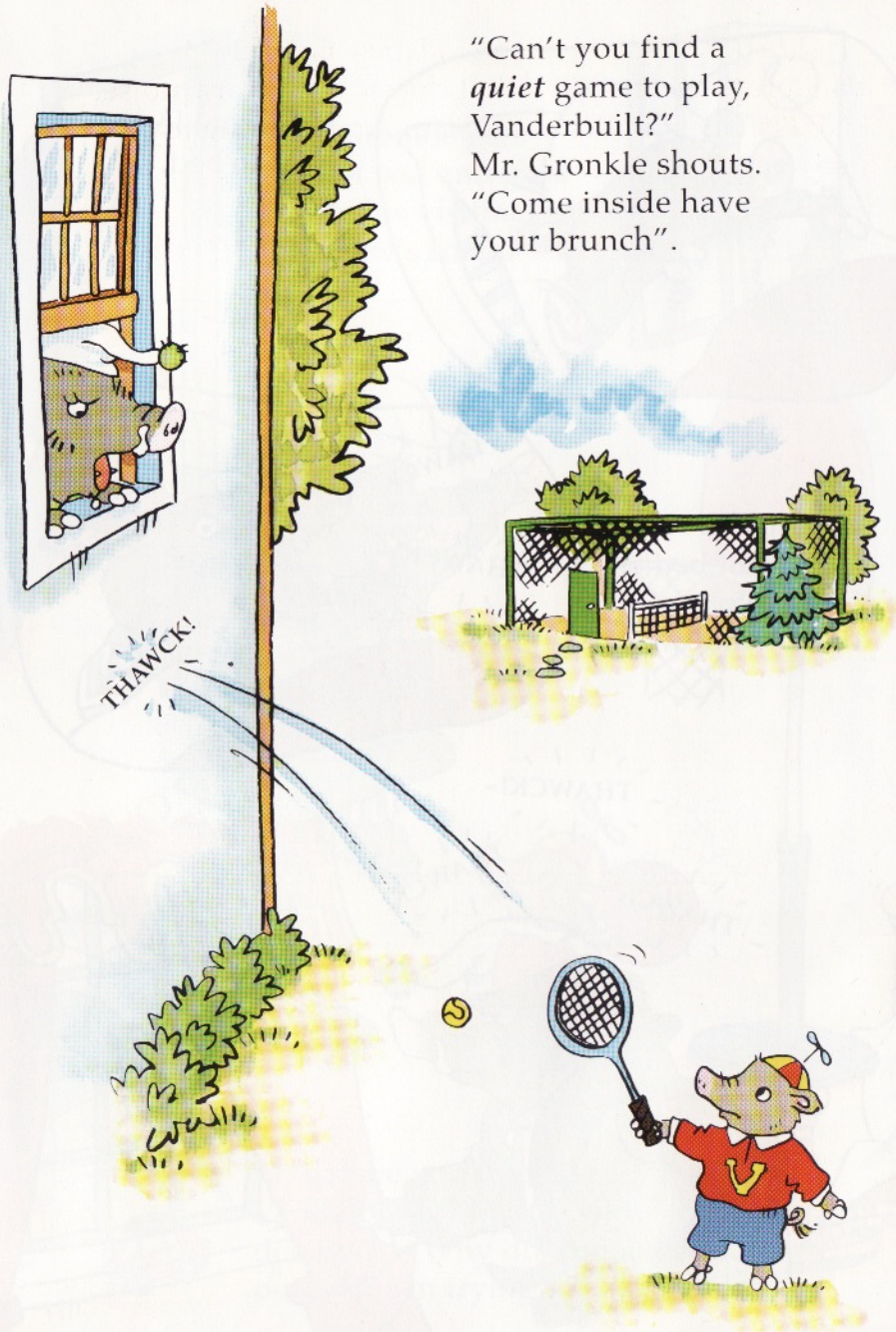


THAWCK!

THAWCK!

THAWCK!

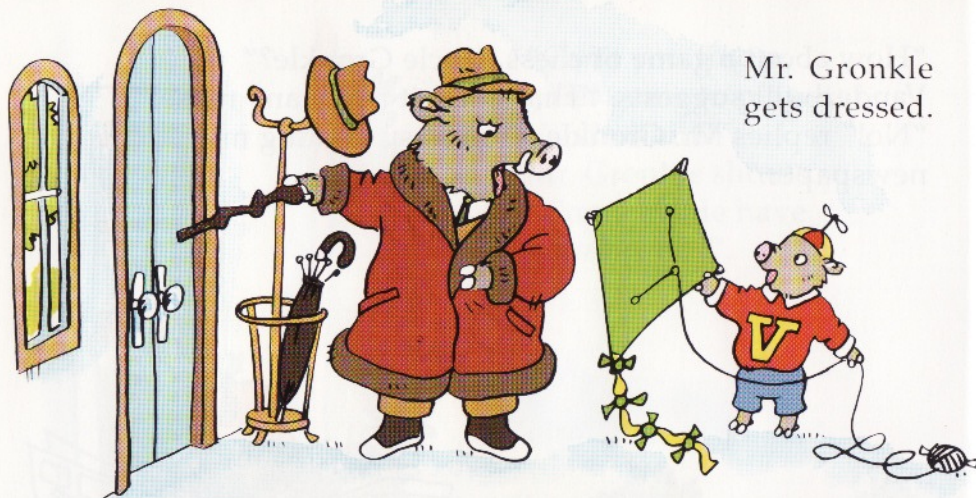




"Can't you find a quiet game to play, Vanderbilt?"
Mr. Gronkle shouts.
"Come inside have your brunch".



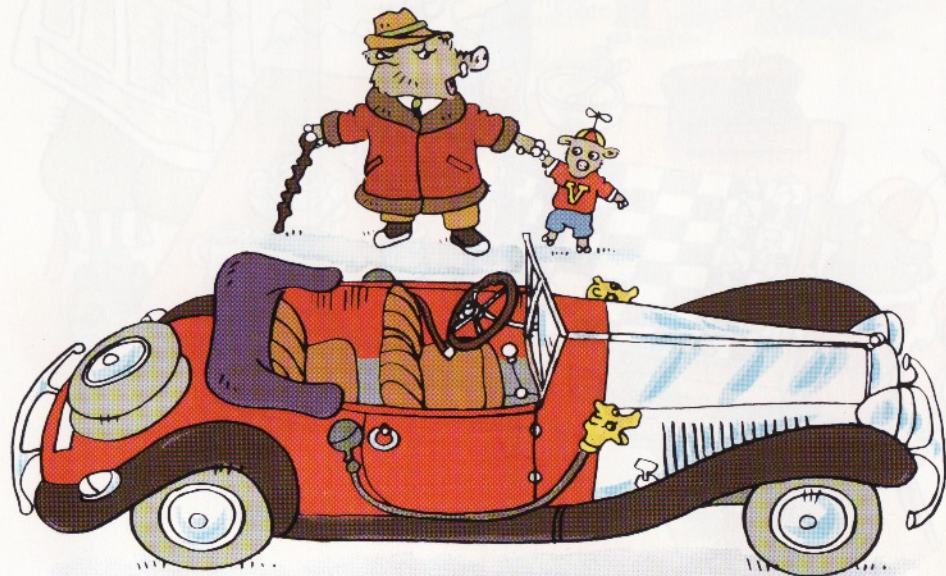
"How about a game of chess, Uncle Gronkle?"
Vanderbuilt suggests. "That doesn't make any noise!"
"No!" replies Mr. Gronkle. "I'm busy reading my newspaper."



Mr. Gronkle gets dressed.

"Come along, Vanderbuilt," Mr. Gronkle says, "we're going outside."

"To fly this kite?" Vanderbuilt asks.



"No!" replies Mr. Gronkle. "It will probably land somewhere and I'll have to go fetch it. We're going for a drive."

Mr. Gronkle and Vanderbuilt drive out the gate.

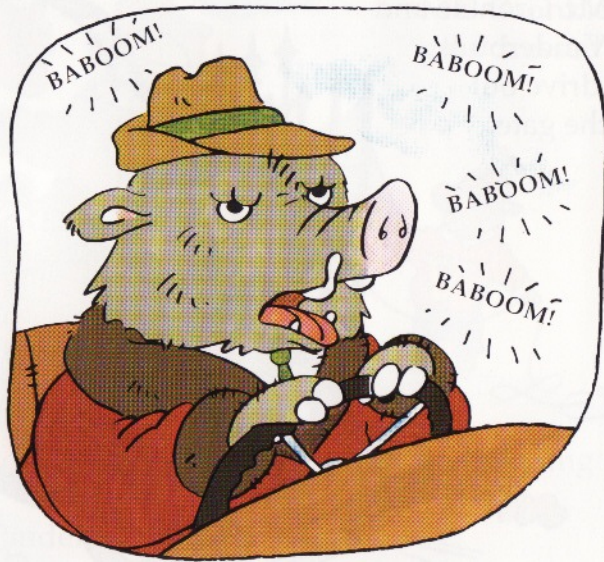


"Are we going to get some ice cream?" asks Vanderbuilt. "No!" replies Mr. Gronkle. "I don't like ice cream. I like peace and quiet!"

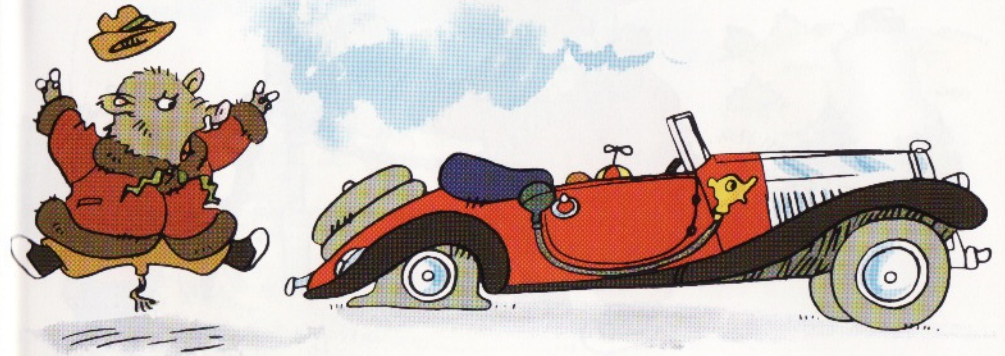


"Is that **YOU** again,
Vanderbuilt?"
Mr. Gronkle asks.

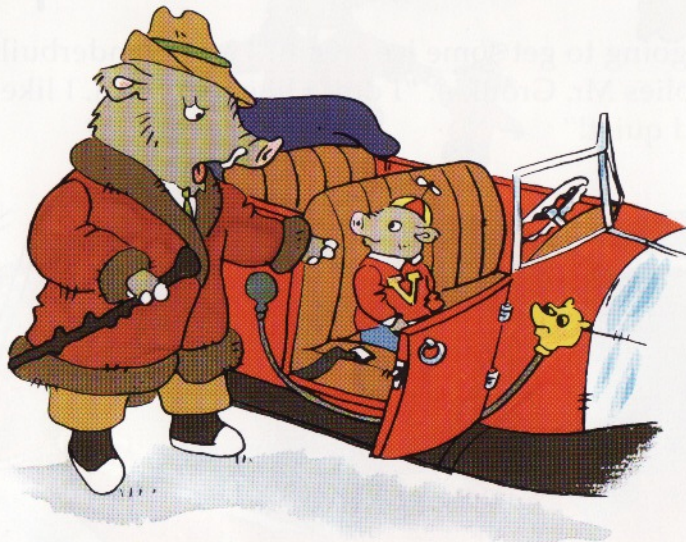
But Vanderbuilt
is quiet.



Oh, no! Mr. Gronkle has a flat tire!

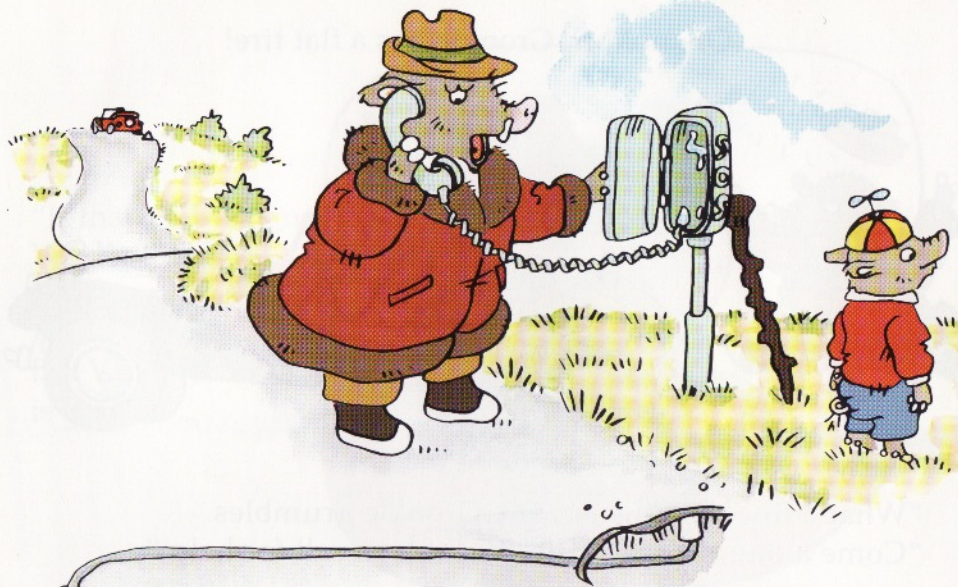


"What a fine day this is!" Mr. Gronkle grumbles.
"Come along, Vanderbuilt. We have to call for help."

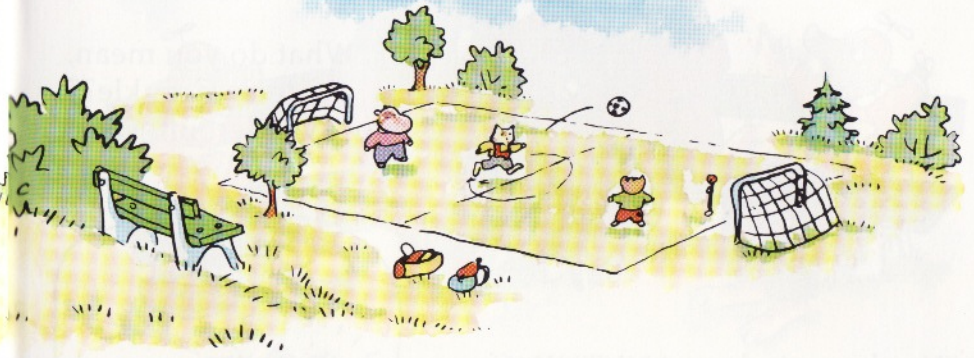
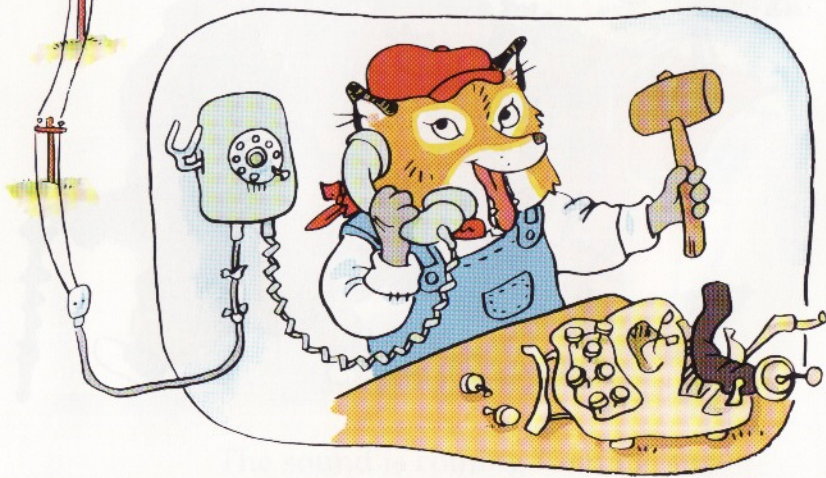


The sound is coming from the car.

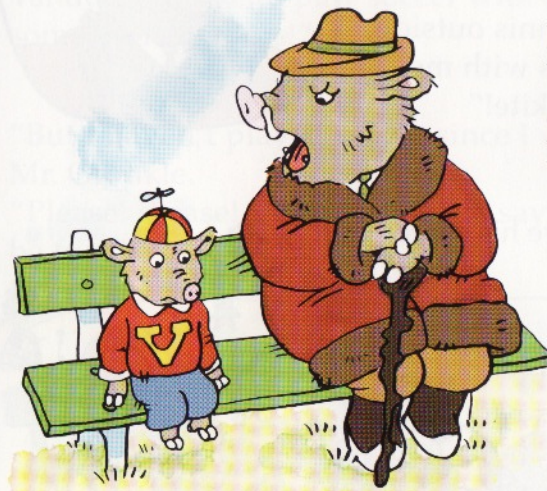




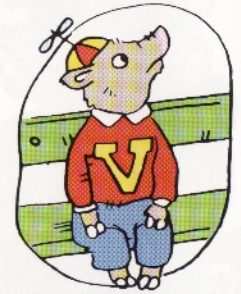
Mr. Gronkle calls for help at a roadside telephone.
Mr. Fixit answers Mr. Gronkle's call.
"No trouble at all!" says Mr. Fixit. "I'll be right over!"

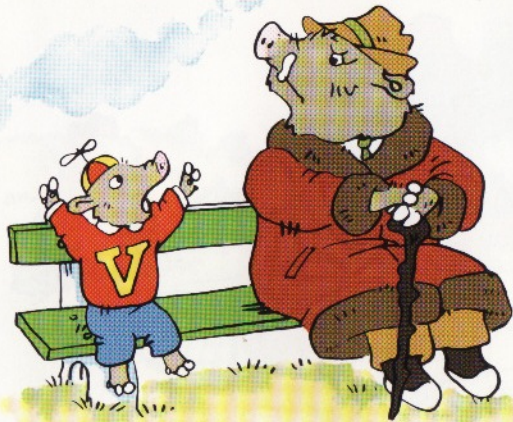


Mr. Gronkle and Vanderbuilt sit on a bench to wait for Mr. Fixit.



"What a nuisance!" growls Mr. Gronkle.
"If I didn't have to take you out for a drive, this never would have happened!"



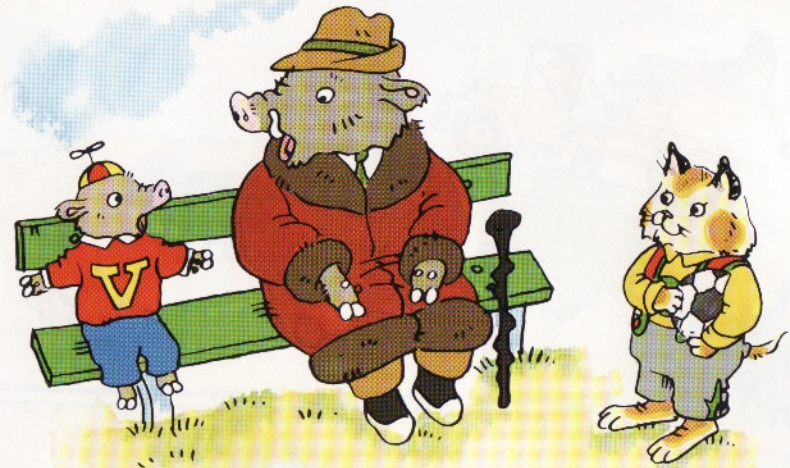


"What do you mean, Uncle Gronkle?" Vanderbuilt says.

"You haven't done ANYTHING for me! You wouldn't let me play basketball in my room. You wouldn't let me play tennis outside. You wouldn't play chess with me, and we couldn't fly the kite!"



Look out, Mr. Gronkle!
Huckle runs up to retrieve his soccer ball.



"I'm sorry, Mr. Gronkle," Huckle says. "It was an accident. Instead of sitting here, wouldn't you and Vanderbuilt like to play soccer with us? We could use some more players!"

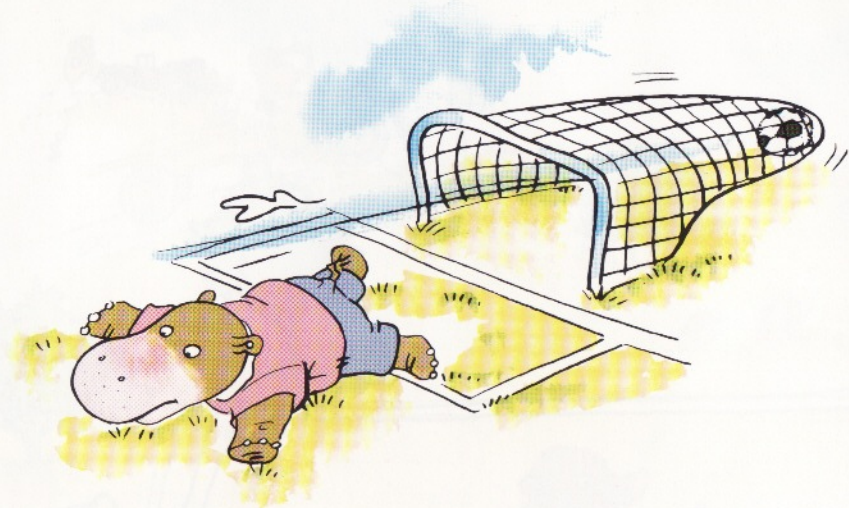
"But I haven't played soccer since I was in school!" says Mr. Gronkle.

"Please! Please! Uncle Gronkle!" says Vanderbuilt. "It will be fun."

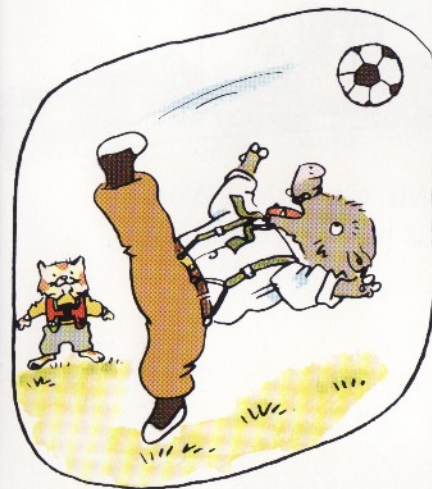




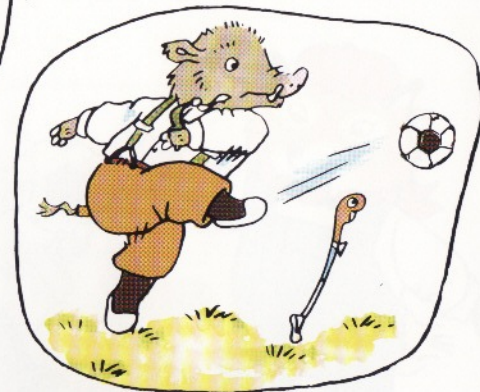
For someone who hasn't played in years,
Mr. Gronkle is a pretty good shot!



Mr. Gronkle scores a goal. Yay!



Mr. Gronkle can kick the ball sideways.



Mr. Gronkle scores another goal with a header!
And for the first time all day, Mr. Gronkle is **SMILING!**



"Your car is ready!"
says Mr. Fixit,
walking up.



"Why, thank you, Mr. Fixit," says Mr. Gronkle. "Won't you join us for a little soccer? You'd be surprised how much fun it can be to play!"

