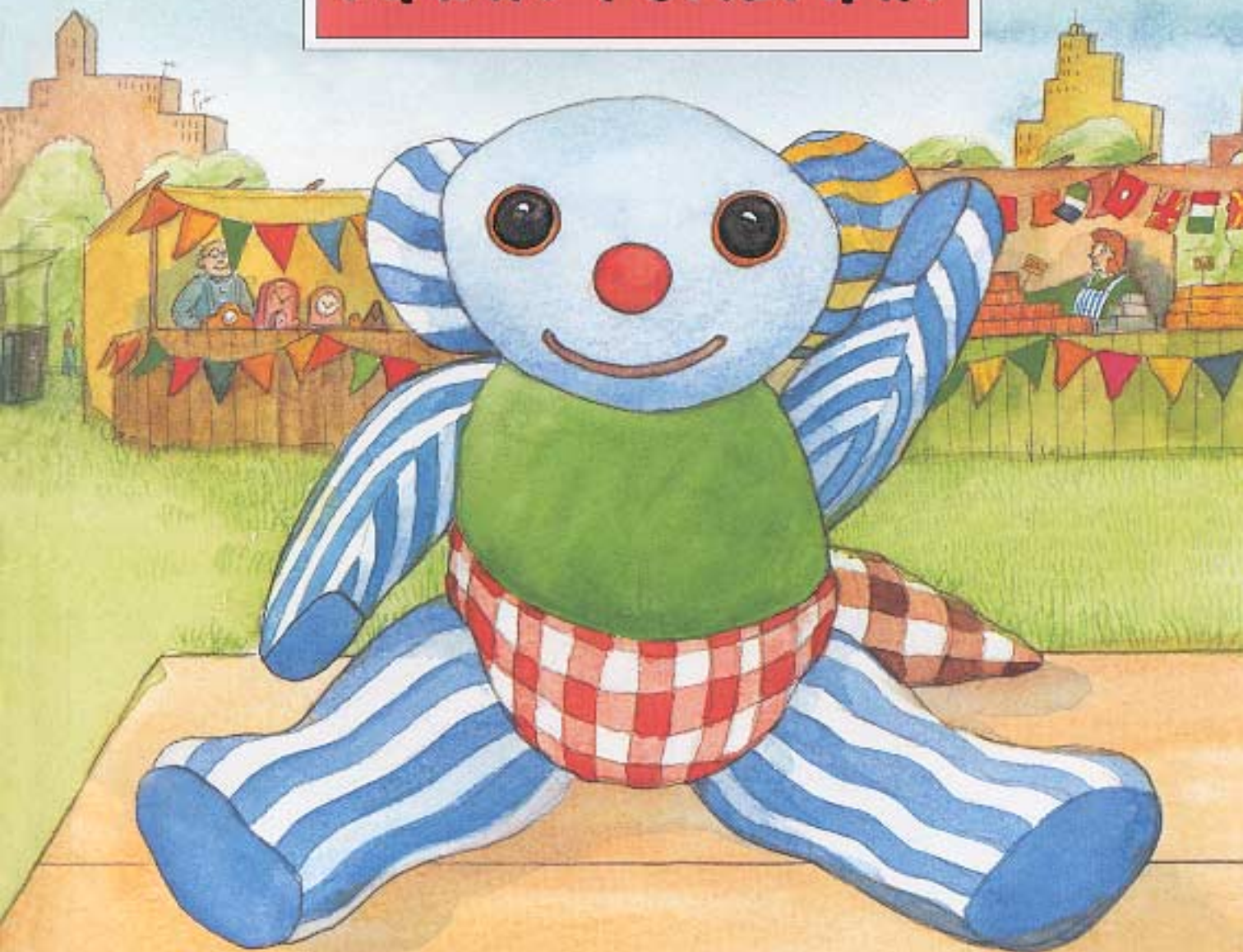


SCRAPS

MARK FOREMAN



Scraps

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For Sam

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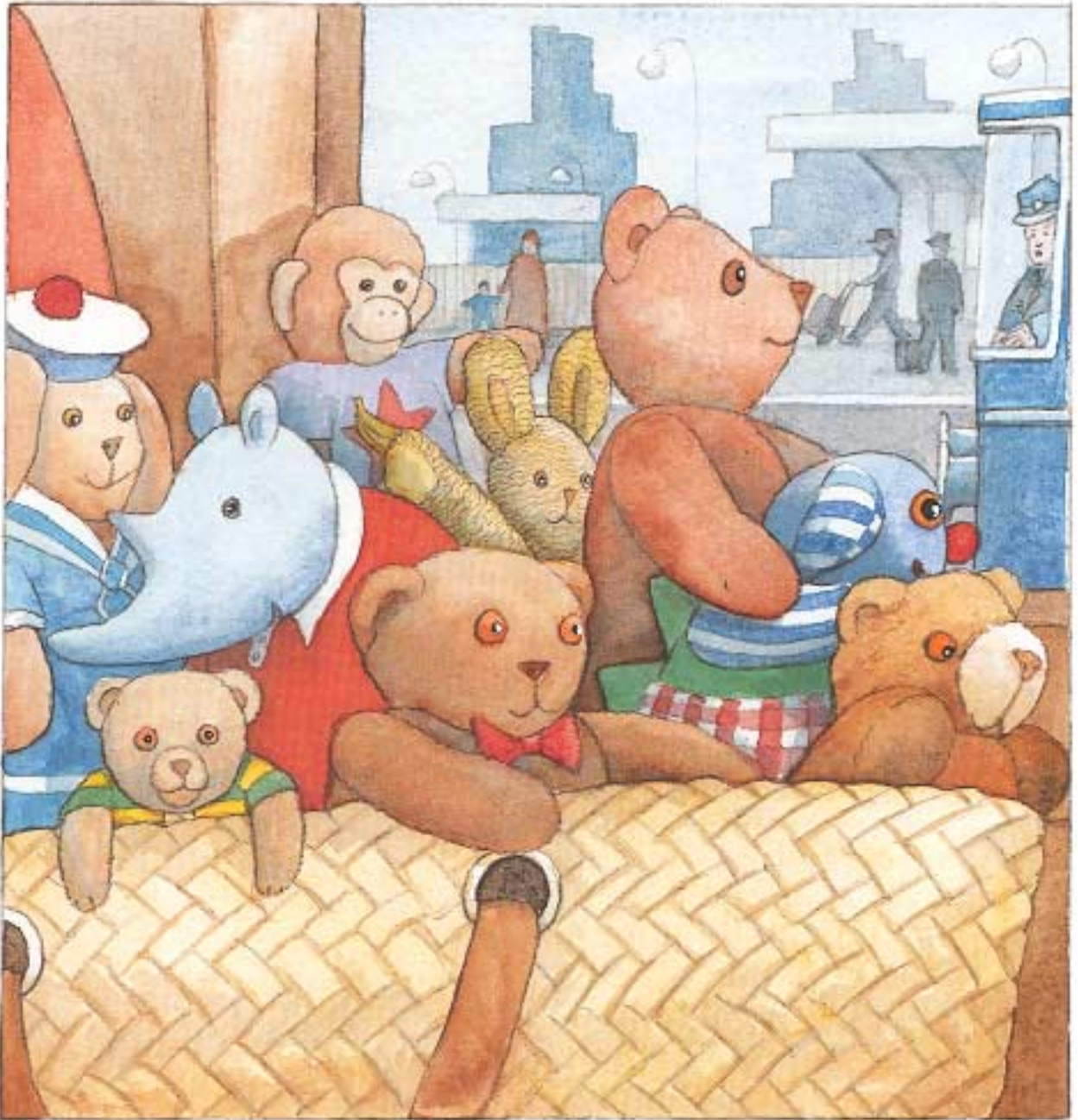
Scraps was not like the others.



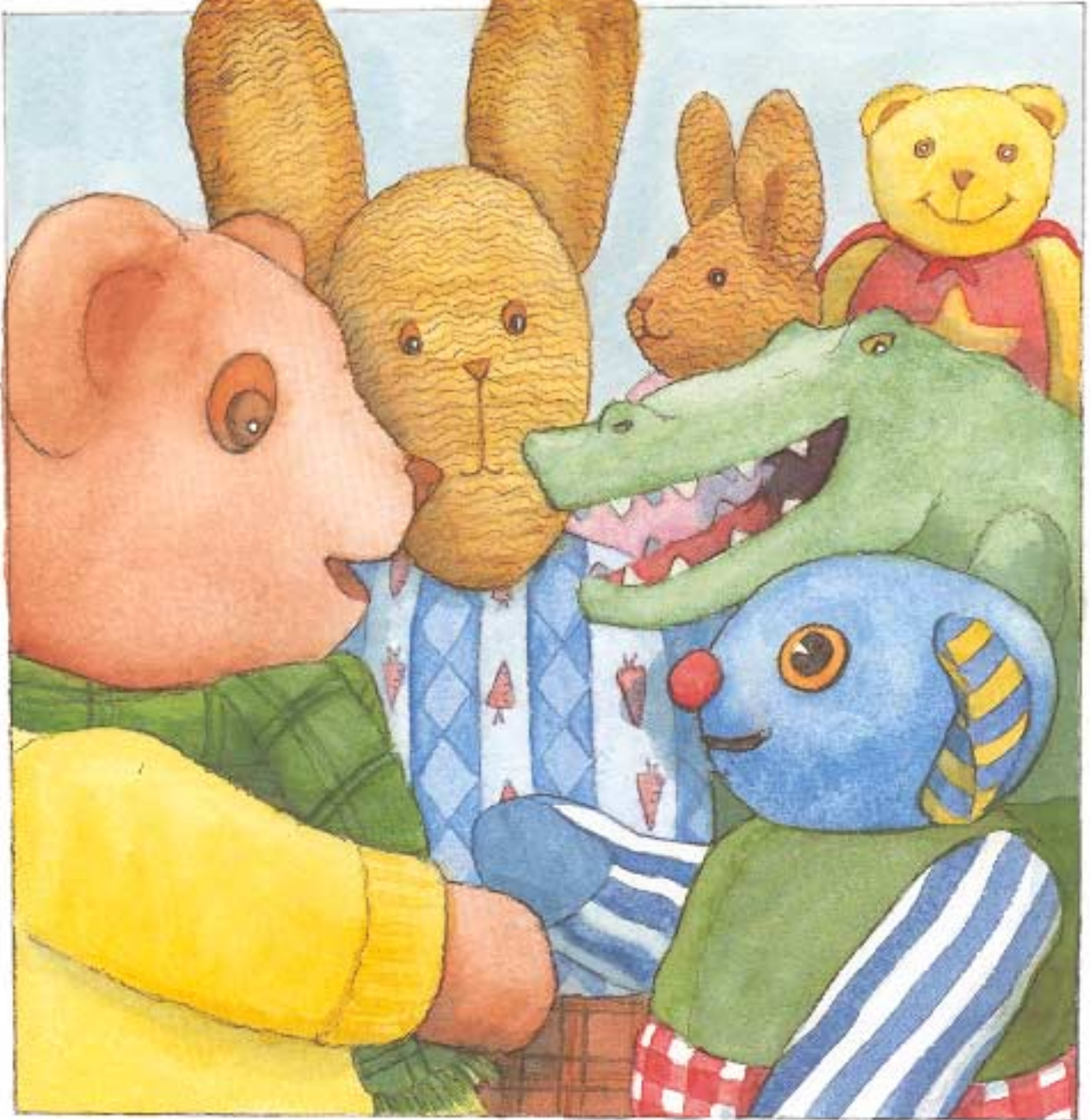
The elephant was all elephant. The kangaroo was all kangaroo.
The crocodile was all croc. The sailor was smart in his
sailor suit and the teds were all teds.



But Scraps was a bit of this and a bit of that. He was made from all the left-overs.



One day, Mrs Kelly, who had made all the animals during the past few weeks, put them all into a basket and took them off to market.



“Where are we going?” asked Scrops.

“To market, to market,” said Big Ted.

“What’s that?” asked Scrops.

“That’s where children choose us and love us,” said the crocodile.

“And take us home, don’t forget that,” said the elephant.



“I want to be taken over the sea,” said the sailor.
“I want to go to the jungle,” cried the monkey.
Scraps had no idea where he wanted to go. He rather liked it at Mrs Kelly’s.



It was very busy at the market.

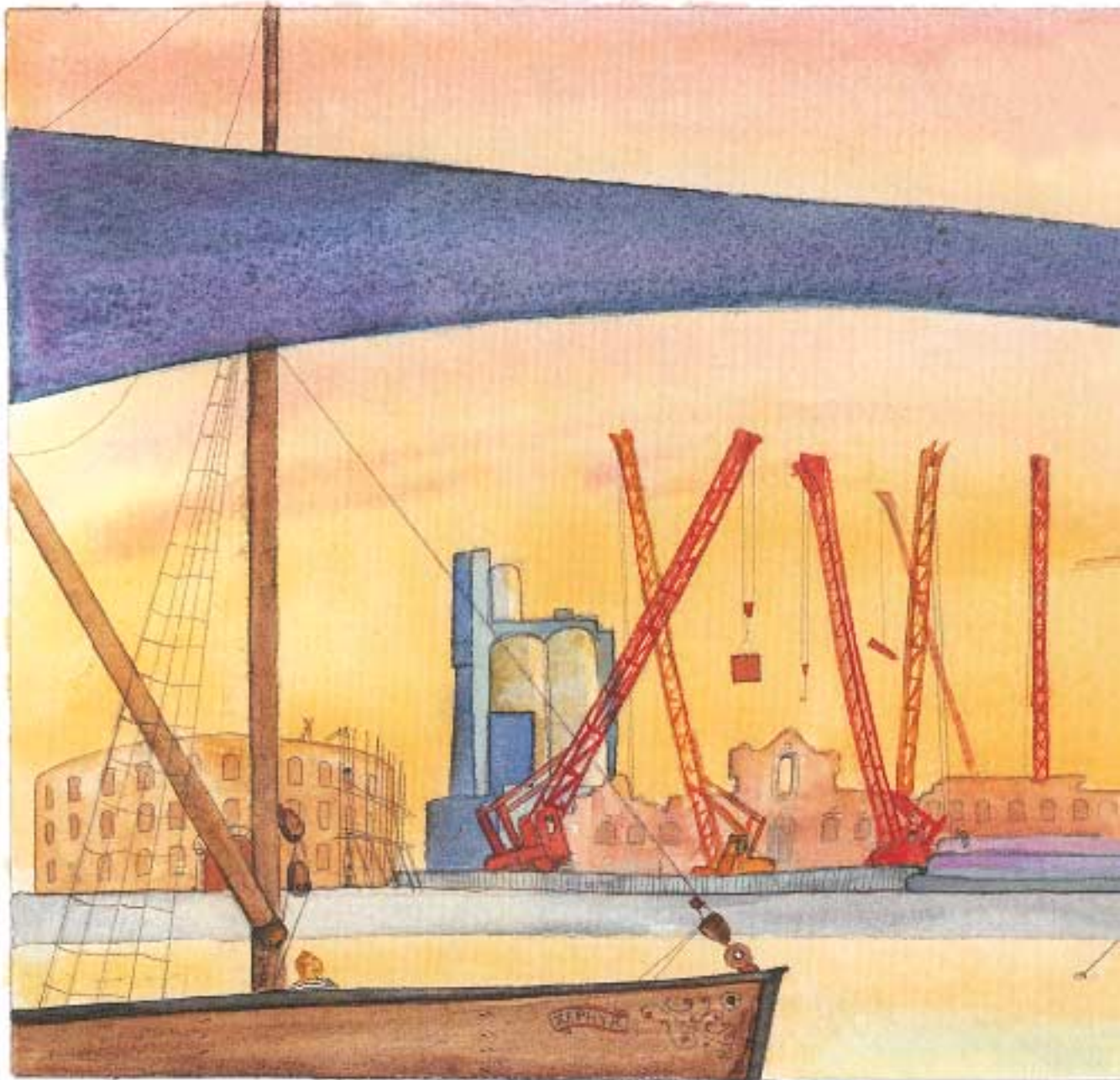


“I love the elephant, Mum.”

“I love the kangaroo . . . and the sailor.”



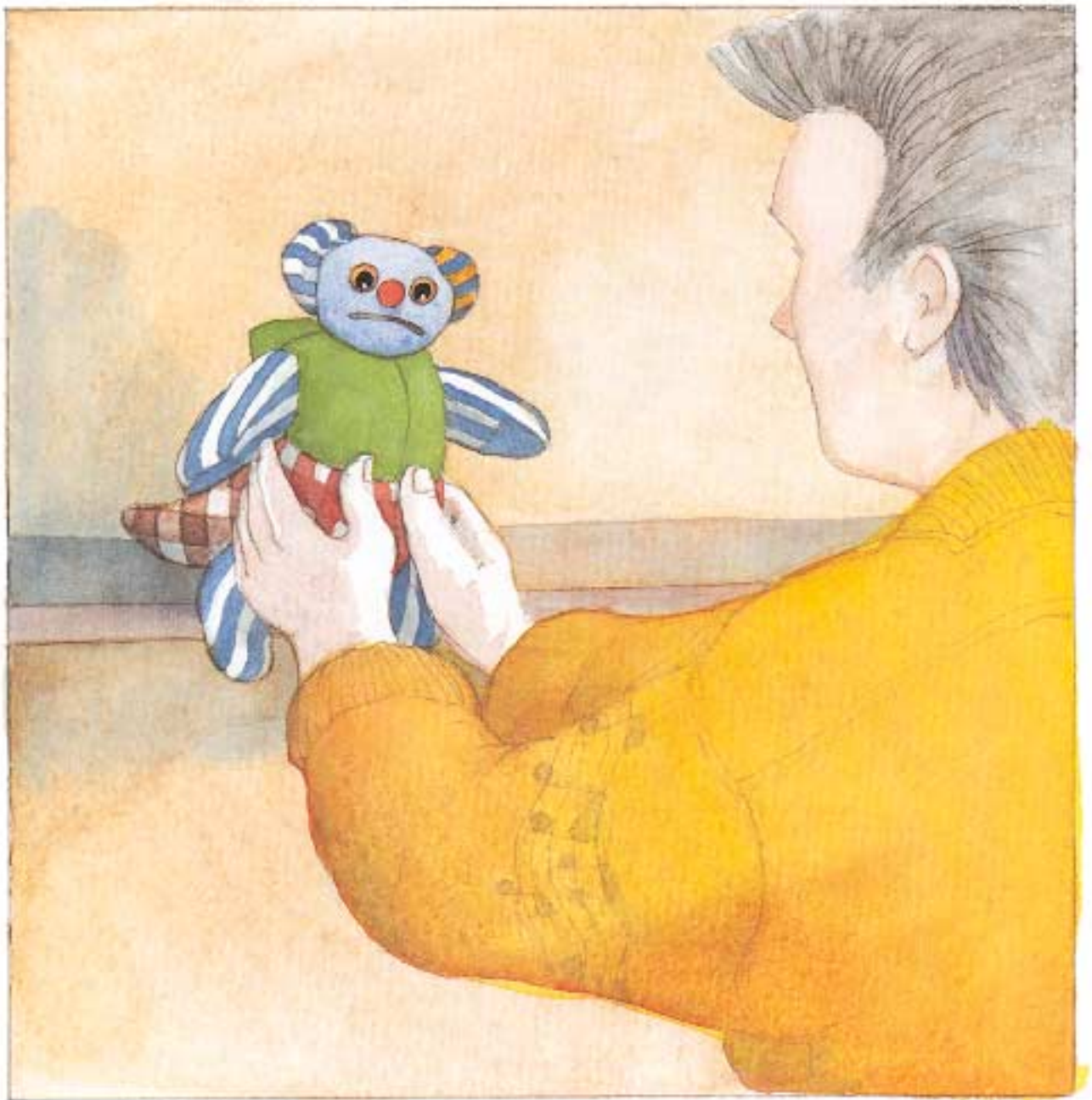
One by one and sometimes two by two, the animals were sold



On the way home Scraps was very miserable.
“I’ll be put back on the shelf,” he sobbed. “All by myself.”



“What are we going to do with you, little Scraps?” sighed Mrs Kelly, when they arrived home.



“Stick him on the shelf until next market day,” said Mr Kelly.
So, just as he feared, Scraps was put back on the shelf all by himself.



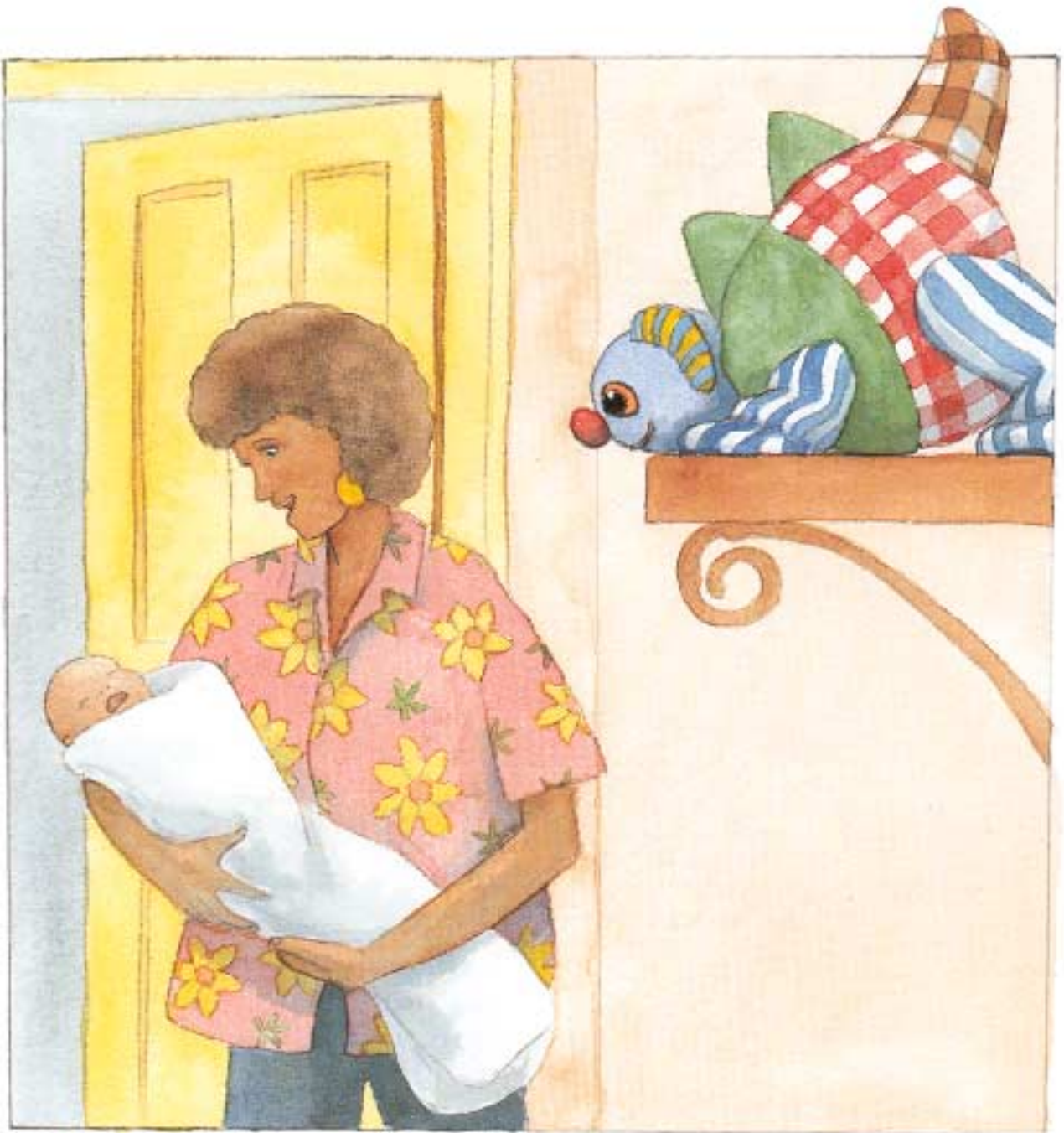
Mrs Kelly started knitting again.
“Good,” thought Scraps. “She will make me some friends.”
“But although Mrs Kelly knitted, no friends appeared. Instead she put all sorts of strange things into a drawer.



At night when the house was quiet, Scraps wondered where his old friends were now. Had the sailor gone over the sea? Was the monkey in the jungle? And what was it like to be loved?



In the daytime, Mrs Kelly knitted and sang, knitted and sang.
Everything she knitted went into the drawer.

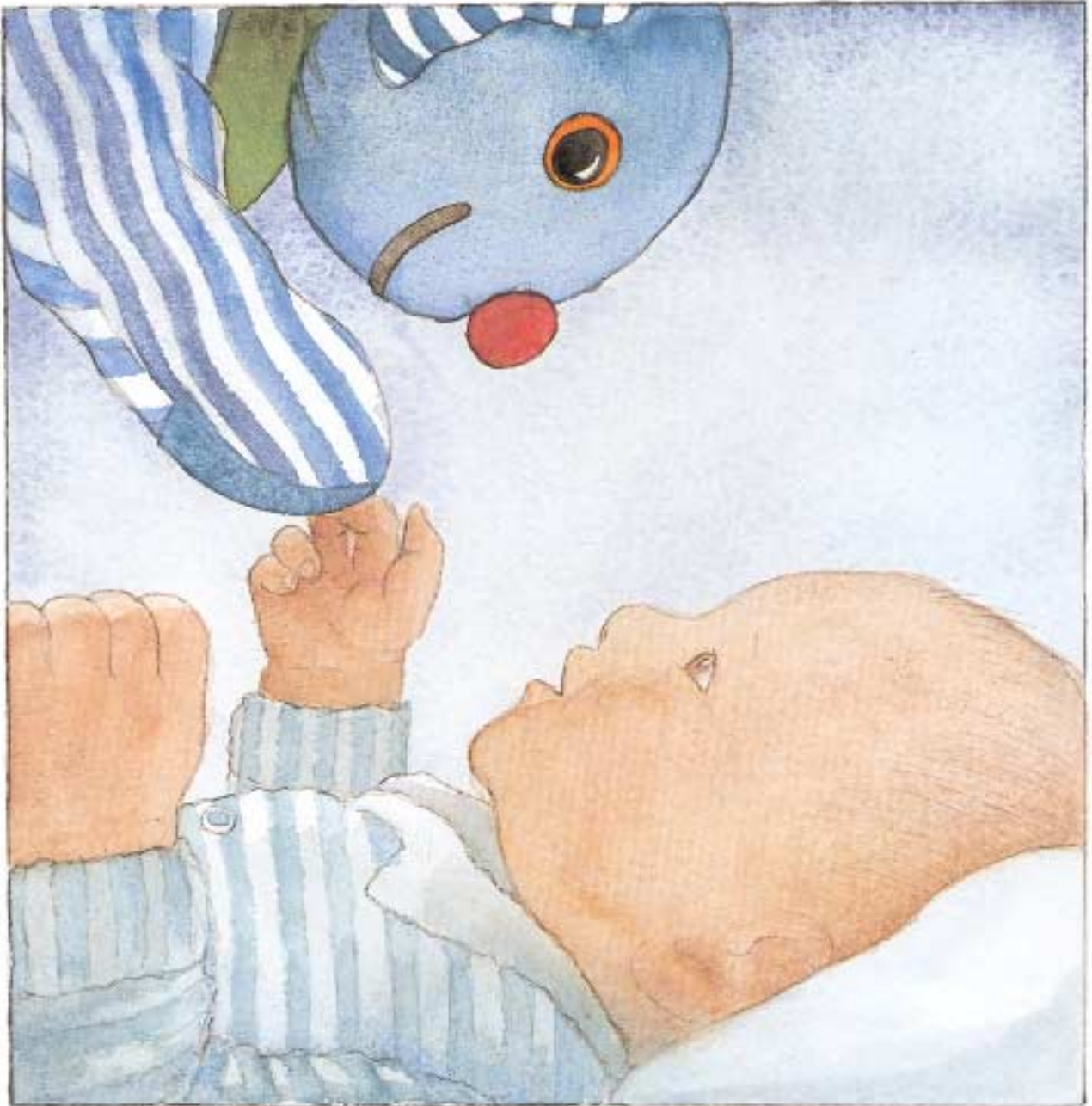


Then, one day, Mrs Kelly came into the room carrying a baby. The baby was crying. Mrs Kelly sang, but the baby cried more. Mr Kelly sang but the baby still cried.



Mr Kelly sang and danced. Scraps laughed so much he fell off the shelf, but the baby cried even more.





Mr Kelly picked Scraps up off the floor and dangled him in front of the baby. As soon as the baby saw Scraps, the crying stopped. The baby smiled and hugged his new friend.



That night and every night, Scrap slept in the arms of the baby. Next day and everyday, wherever the baby went, Scrap was sure to go.



A few months later, Mrs Kelly began knitting animals again. Slowly the shelf filled up with teds, elephants, camels and crocodiles, ready



for market. But Scraps was never put on the shelf again.
He was loved already.