

THE SNEETCHES

AND
OTHER
STORIES



Dr. Seuss



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This title was originally cataloged by the Library of Congress as follows:
Geisel, Theodor Seuss, 1904– The Sneetches, and other stories.
Written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss [pseud.]
New York, Random House, 1961. 65 p. illus. 29cm.
I. Title. PZ8.3.G276SN 61-13972
ISBN: 978-0-394-80089-9 (trade) ; 978-0-394-90089-6 (lib. bdg.)
eBook ISBN: 978-0-385-37360-9

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The SNEETCHES AND OTHER STORIES

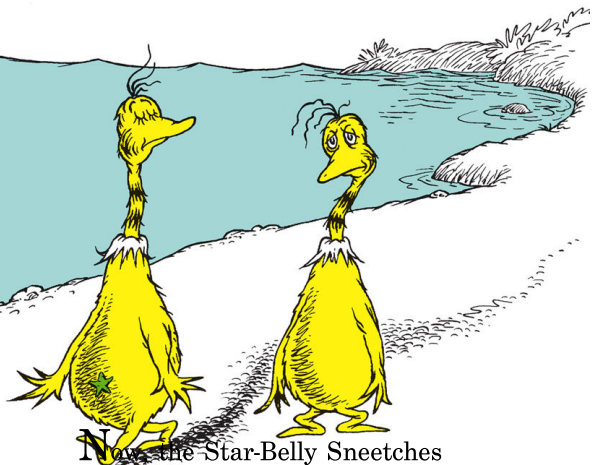


WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

Dr. Seuss

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The SNEETCHES



Now the Star-Belly Sneetches

Had bellies with stars.

The Plain-Belly Sneetches

Had none upon thars.

Those stars weren't so big. They were
really so small

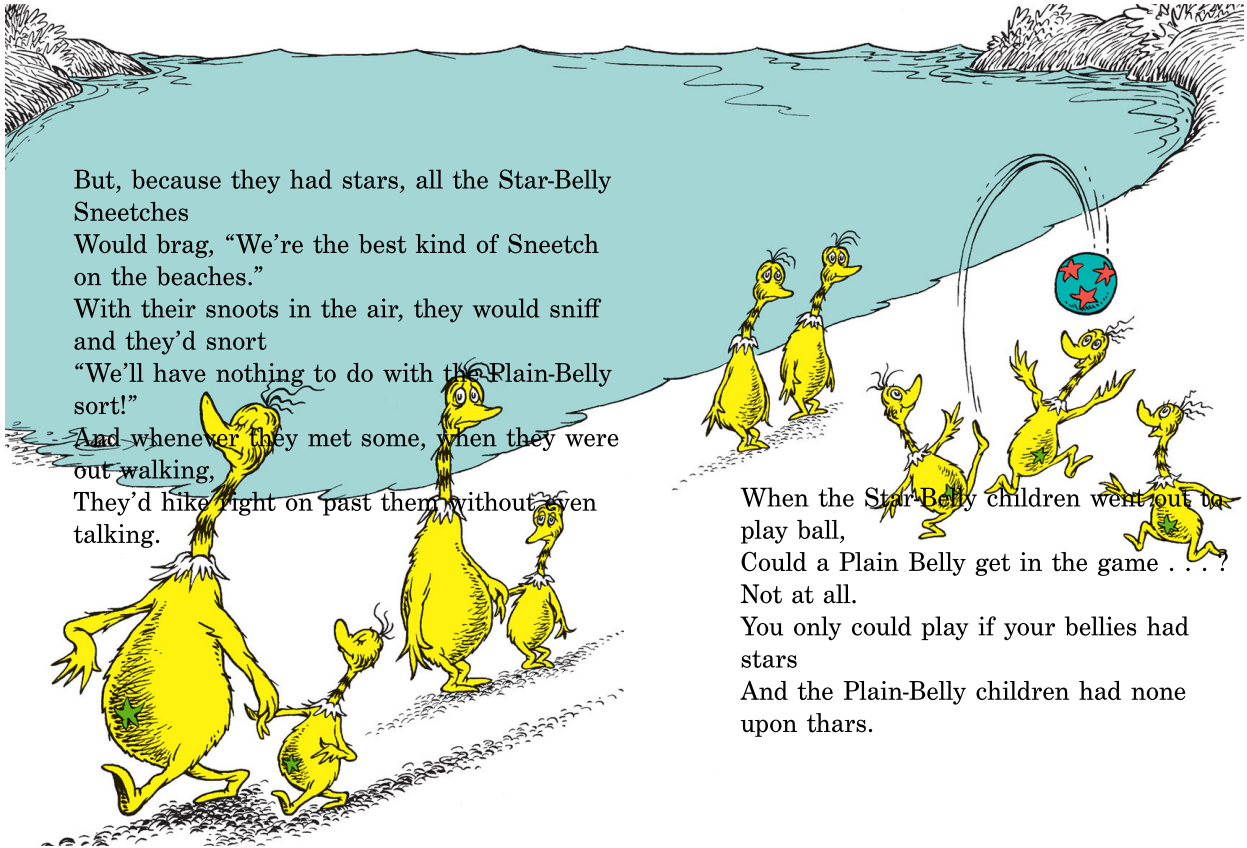
You might think such a thing wouldn't
matter at all.

But, because they had stars, all the Star-Belly Sneetches
Would brag, "We're the best kind of Sneetch
on the beaches."

With their snoots in the air, they would sniff
and they'd snort

"We'll have nothing to do with the Plain-Belly
sort!"

And whenever they met some, when they were
out walking,
They'd hike right on past them without even
talking.

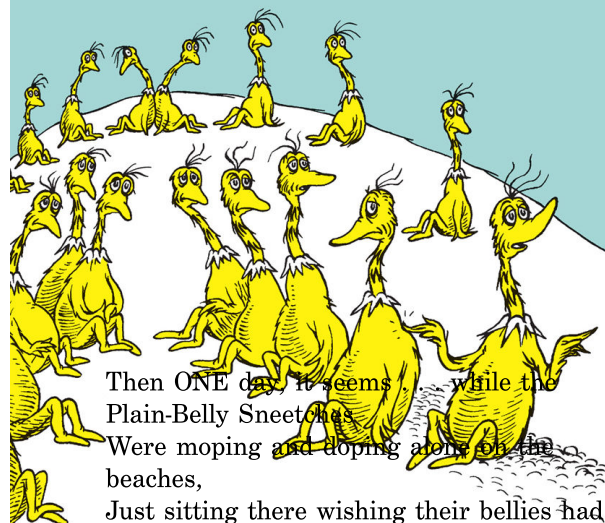


When the Star-Belly children went out to
play ball,
Could a Plain Belly get in the game . . . ?
Not at all.

You only could play if your bellies had
stars
And the Plain-Belly children had none
upon thars.

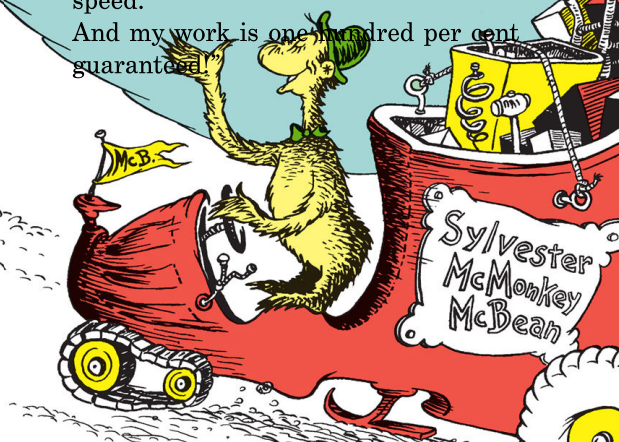


When the Star-Belly Sneetches had
Frankfurter toasts
Or picnics or parties or marshmallow
toasts,
They never invited the Plain-Belly
Sneetches.
They left them out cold, in the dark of the
beaches.
They kept them away. Never let them come
near.
And that's how they treated them year
after year.



Then ONE day it seems . . . while the
Plain-Belly Sneetches
Were moping and dozing alone on the
beaches,
Just sitting there wishing their bellies had
stars . . .
A stranger zipped up in the strangest of
cars!

"My friends," he announced in a voice clear
and keen,
"My name is Sylvester McMonkey McBean.
And I've heard of your troubles. I've heard
you're unhappy.
But I can fix that. I'm the Fix-it-Up Chappie.
I've come here to help you. I have what you
need.
And my prices are low. And I work at great
speed.
And my work is one hundred per cent
guaranteed!"



Then, quickly, Sylvester McMonkey McBean
Put together a very peculiar machine.
And he said, "You want stars like a Star-
Belly Sneetch . . . ?
My friends, you can have them for three
dollars each!"



"Just pay for your money and hop right
aboard!"

So they clambered inside. Then the big
machine roared
And it klonked. And it bonked. And it jerked.
And it berked
And it bopped them about. But the thing
really worked!
When the Plain-Belly Sneetches popped out,
they had stars!
They actually did. They had stars upon thars!



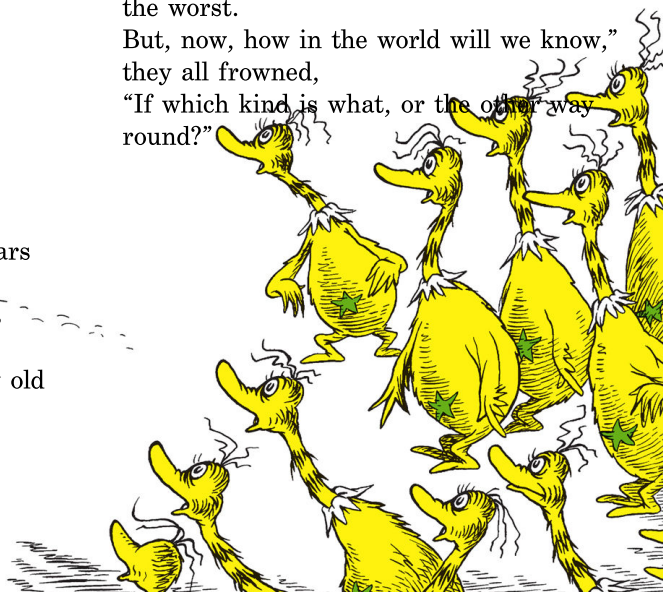
Then they yelled at the ones who had stars
at the start,
"We're exactly like you! You can't tell us
apart.
We're all just the same, now, you snooty old
smarties!
And now we can go to your frankfurter
parties."

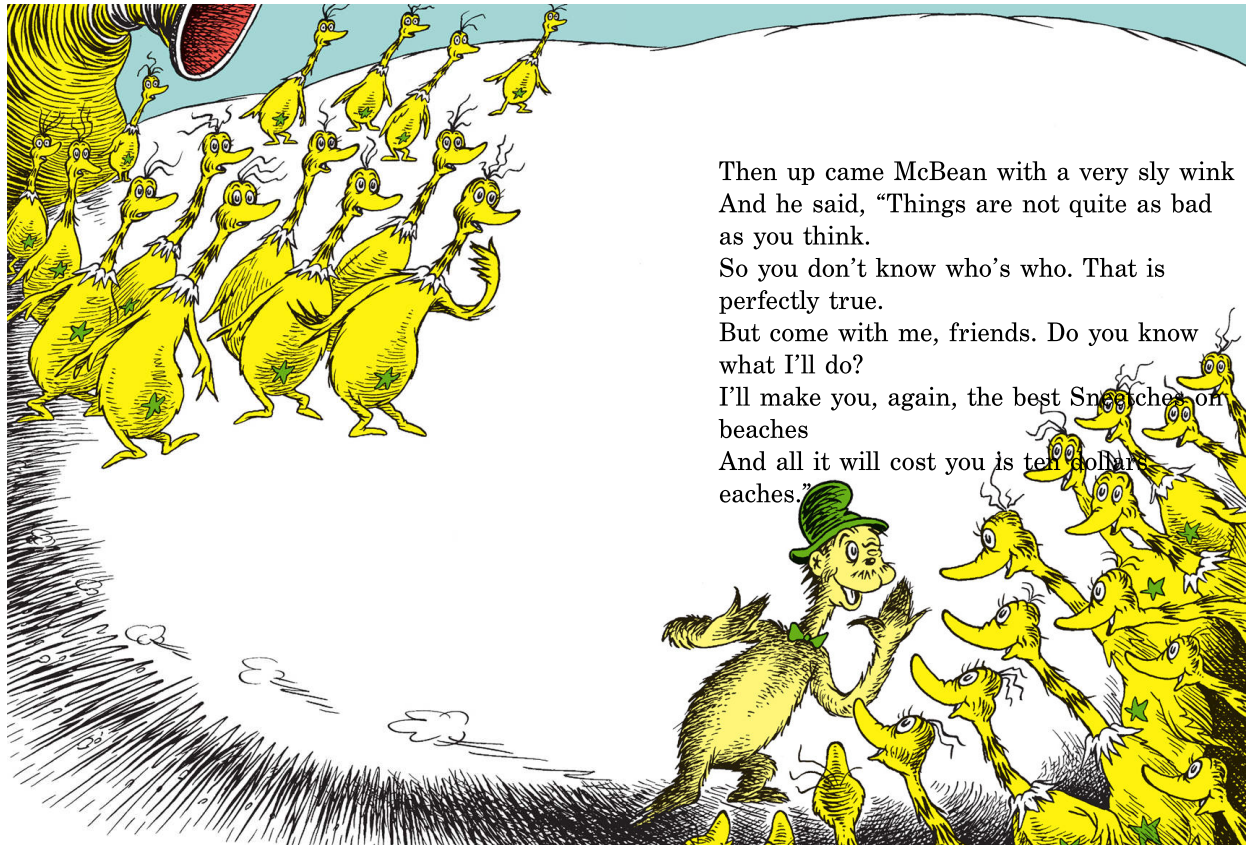
"Good grief!" groaned the ones who had stars
at the first.

"We're *still* the best Sneetches and they are
the worst.

But, now, how in the world will we know,"
they all frowned,

"If which kind is what, or the other way
round?"





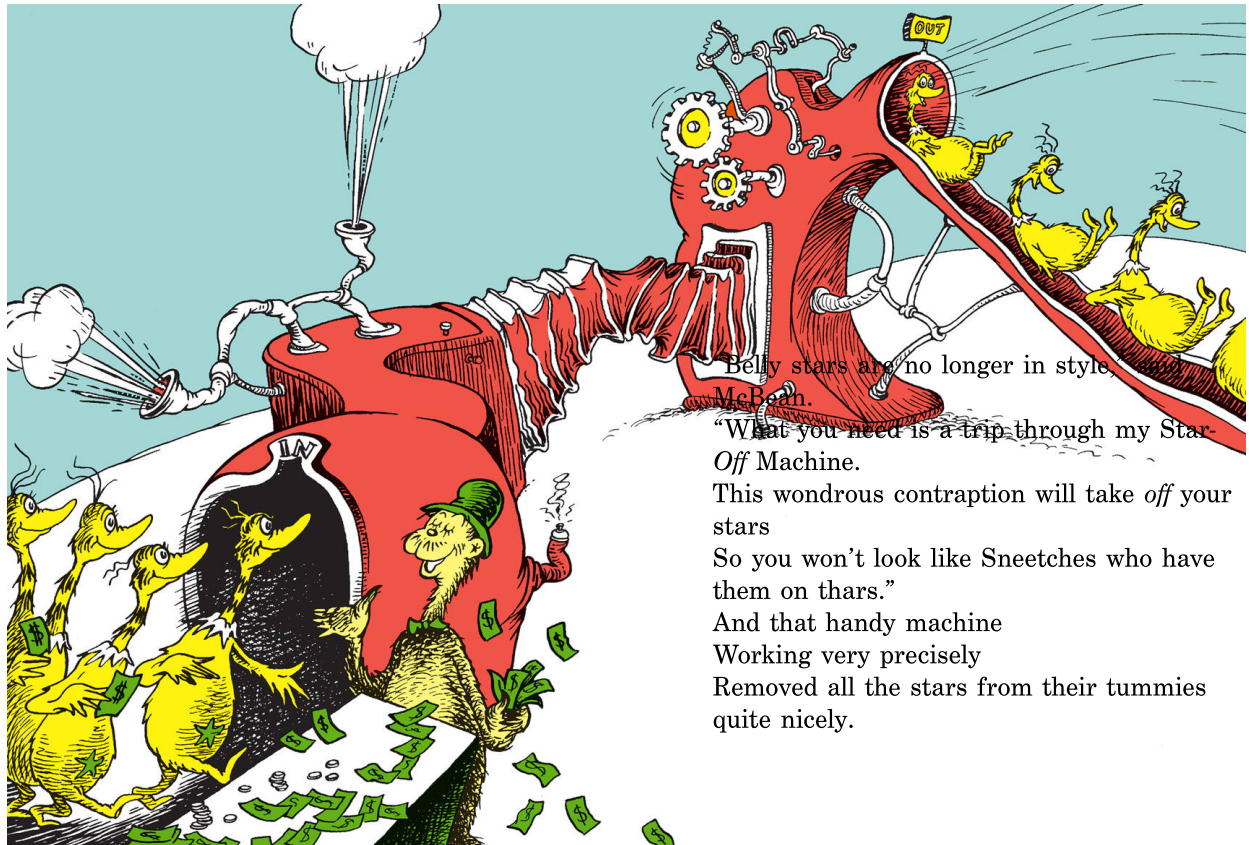
Then up came McBean with a very sly wink
And he said, "Things are not quite as bad
as you think.

So you don't know who's who. That is
perfectly true.

But come with me, friends. Do you know
what I'll do?

I'll make you, again, the best Sneetches on
beaches

And all it will cost you is ten dollar
eaches."



Belly stars are no longer in style,
McBean.

“What you need is a trip through my Star-
Off Machine.

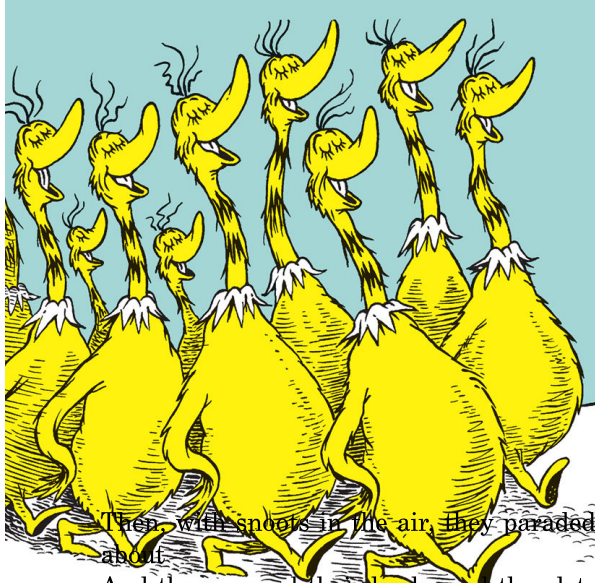
This wondrous contraption will take *off* your
stars

So you won’t look like Sneetches who have
them on thars.”

And that handy machine

Working very precisely

Removed all the stars from their tummies
quite nicely.



Then, with snorts in the air, they paraded about.

And they opened their beaks and they let out a shout,
“We know who is who! Now there isn’t a doubt.
The best kind of Sneetches are Sneetches without!”



Then, of course, those with stars all got frightfully mad.

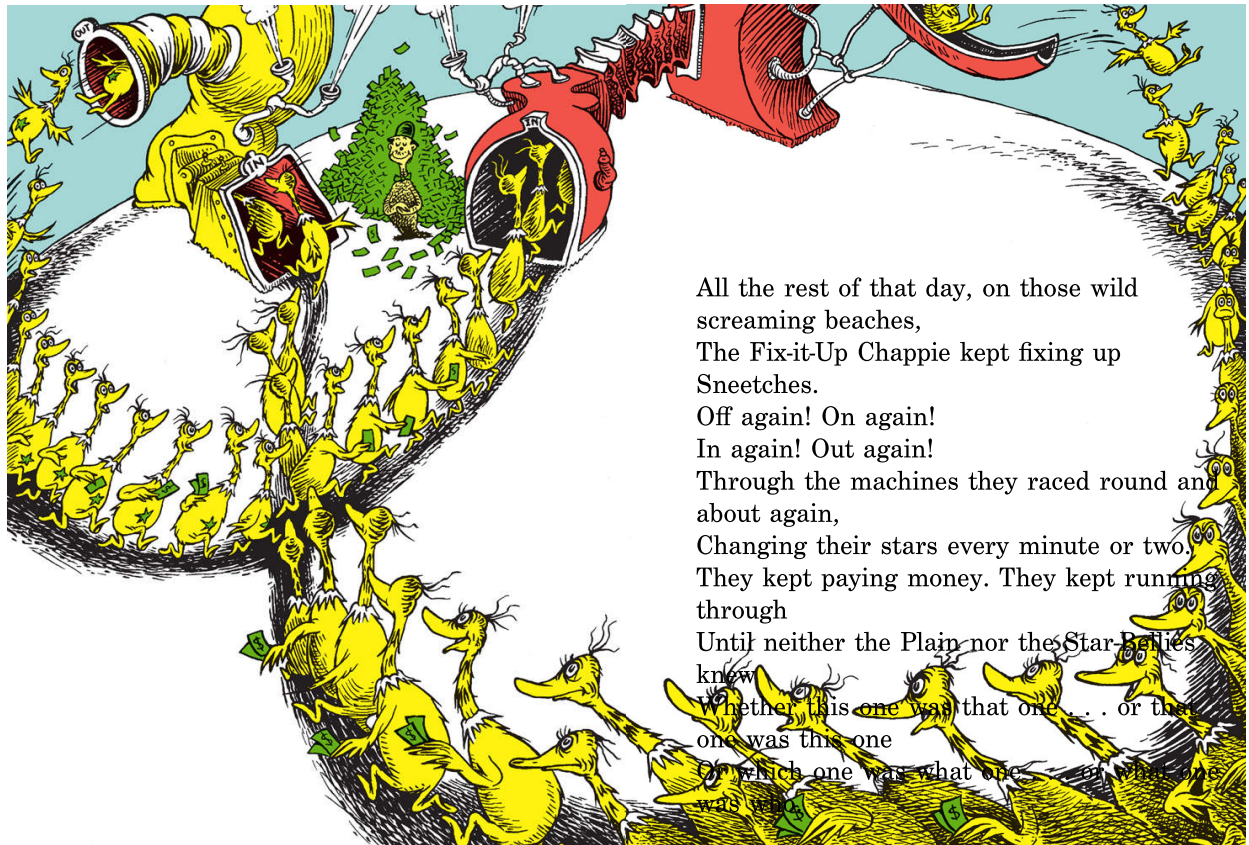
To be wearing a star now was frightfully bad.

Then, of course, old Sylvester McMonkey McBean

Invited *them* into his Star-Off Machine.

Then, of course from THEN on, as you probably guess,

Things really got into a horrible mess.



All the rest of that day, on those wild
screaming beaches,
The Fix-it-Up Chappie kept fixing up
Sneetches.

Off again! On again!

In again! Out again!

Through the machines they raced round and
about again,

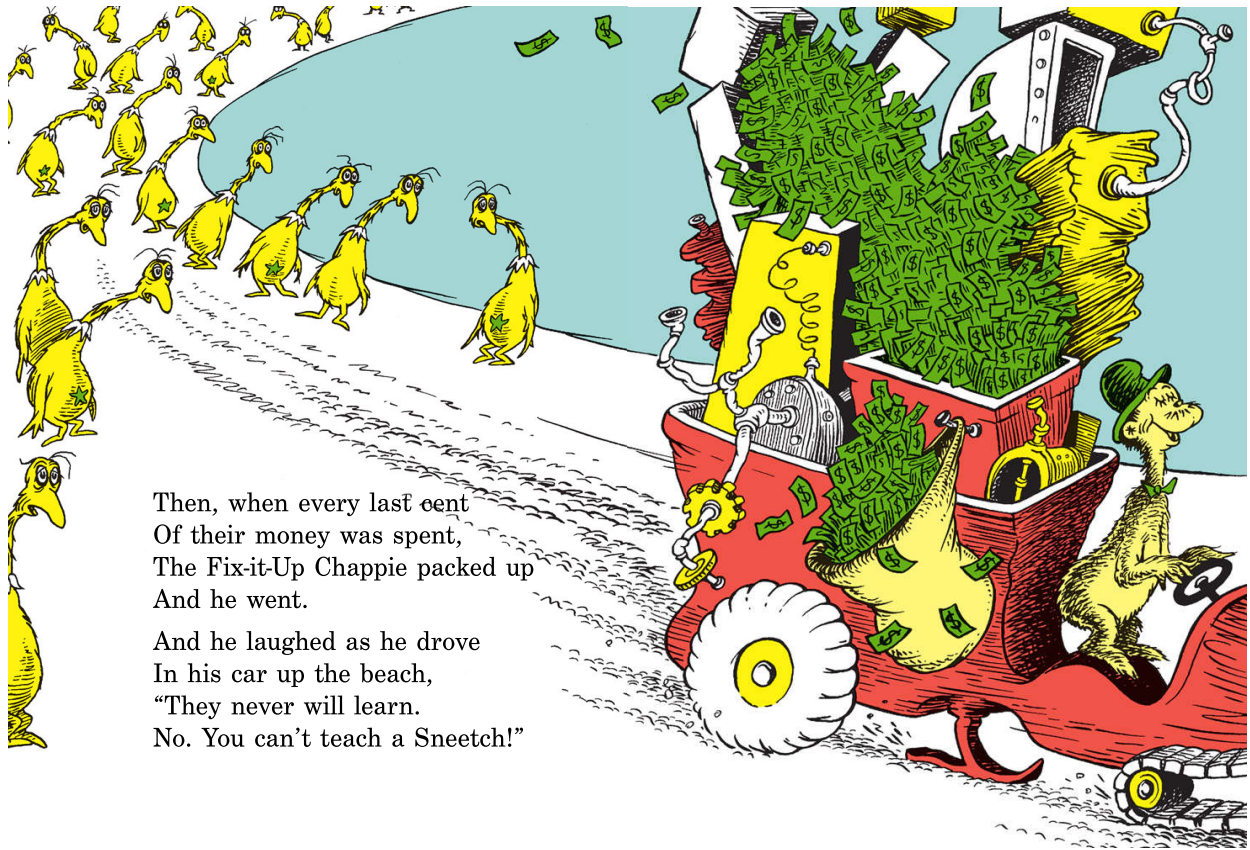
Changing their stars every minute or two.

They kept paying money. They kept running
through

Until neither the Plain nor the Star-Bellies
knew

Whether this one was that one . . . or that
one was this one

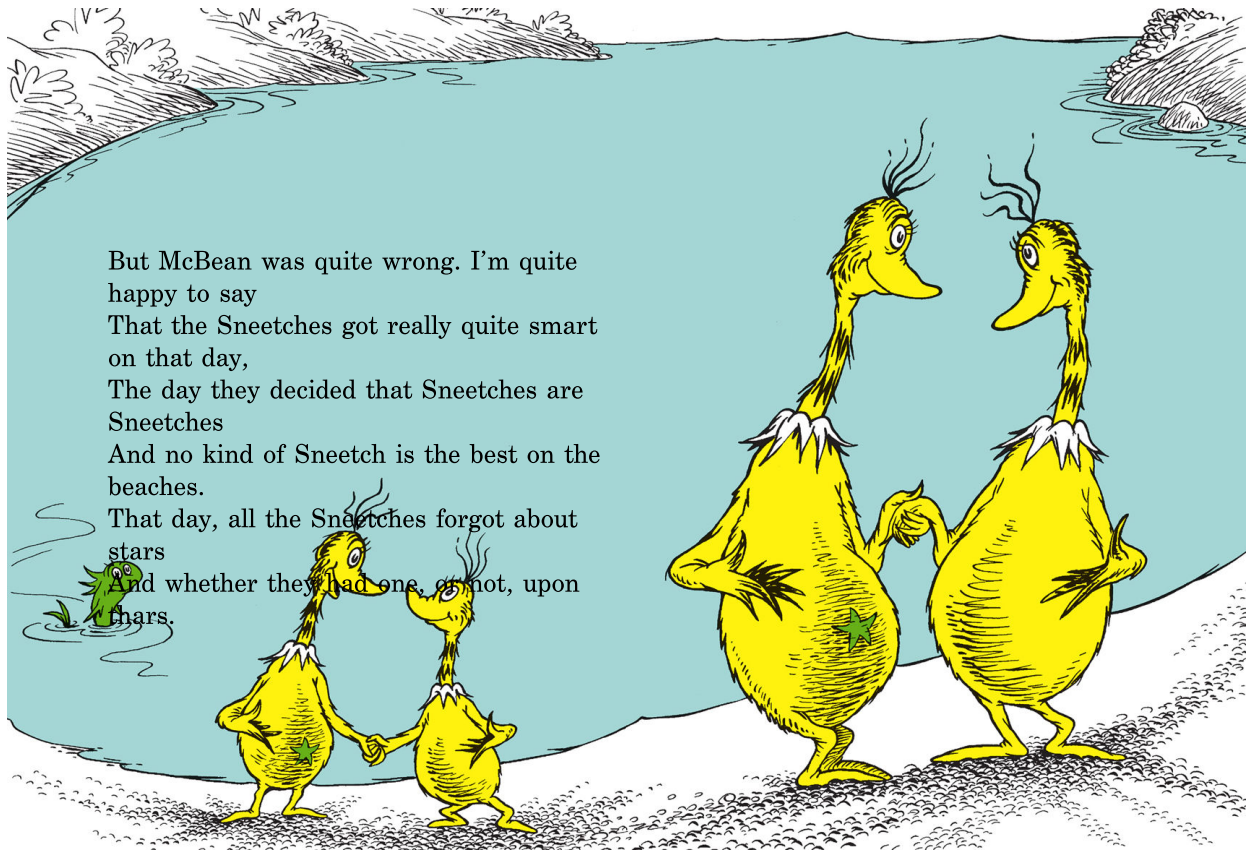
Or which one was what one . . . or which
one was what one



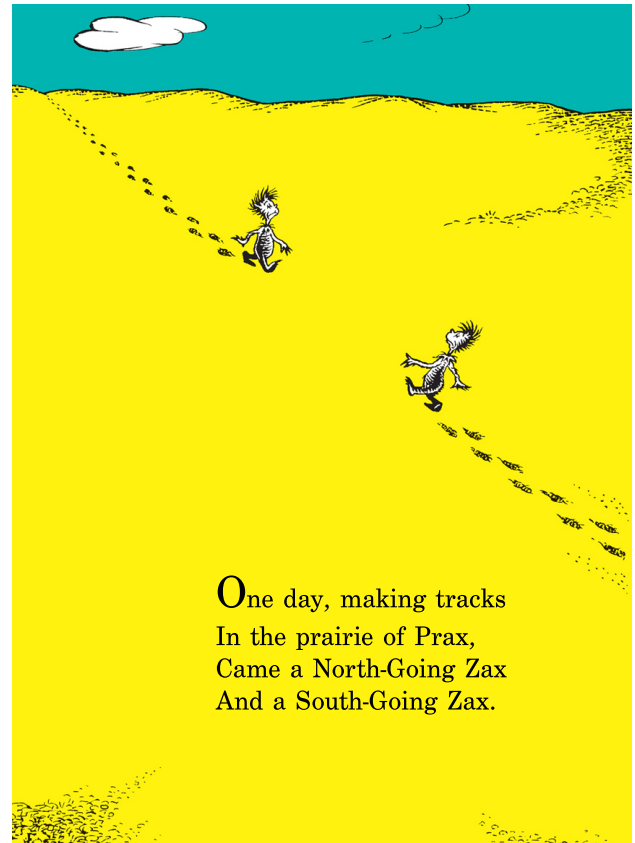
Then, when every last cent
Of their money was spent,
The Fix-it-Up Chappie packed up
And he went.

And he laughed as he drove
In his car up the beach,
“They never will learn.
No. You can’t teach a Sneetch!”

But McBean was quite wrong. I'm quite
happy to say
That the Sneetches got really quite smart
on that day,
The day they decided that Sneetches are
Sneetches
And no kind of Sneetch is the best on the
beaches.
That day, all the Sneetches forgot about
stars
And whether they had one, or not, upon
thars.



THE ZAX



One day, making tracks
In the prairie of Prax,
Came a North-Going Zax
And a South-Going Zax.

And it happened that both of them came to
a place
Where they bumped. There they stood.
Foot to foot. Face to face.

“Look here, now!” the North-Going Zax
said. “I say!
You are blocking my path. You are right
in my way.
I’m a North-Going Zax and I always go
north.
Get out of my way, now, and let me go
forth!”



"Who's in whose way?" snapped the South-Going Zax.

"I always go south, making south-going tracks.

So you're in MY way! And I ask you to move

And let me go south in my south-going groove."

Then the North-Going Zax puffed his chest up with pride.

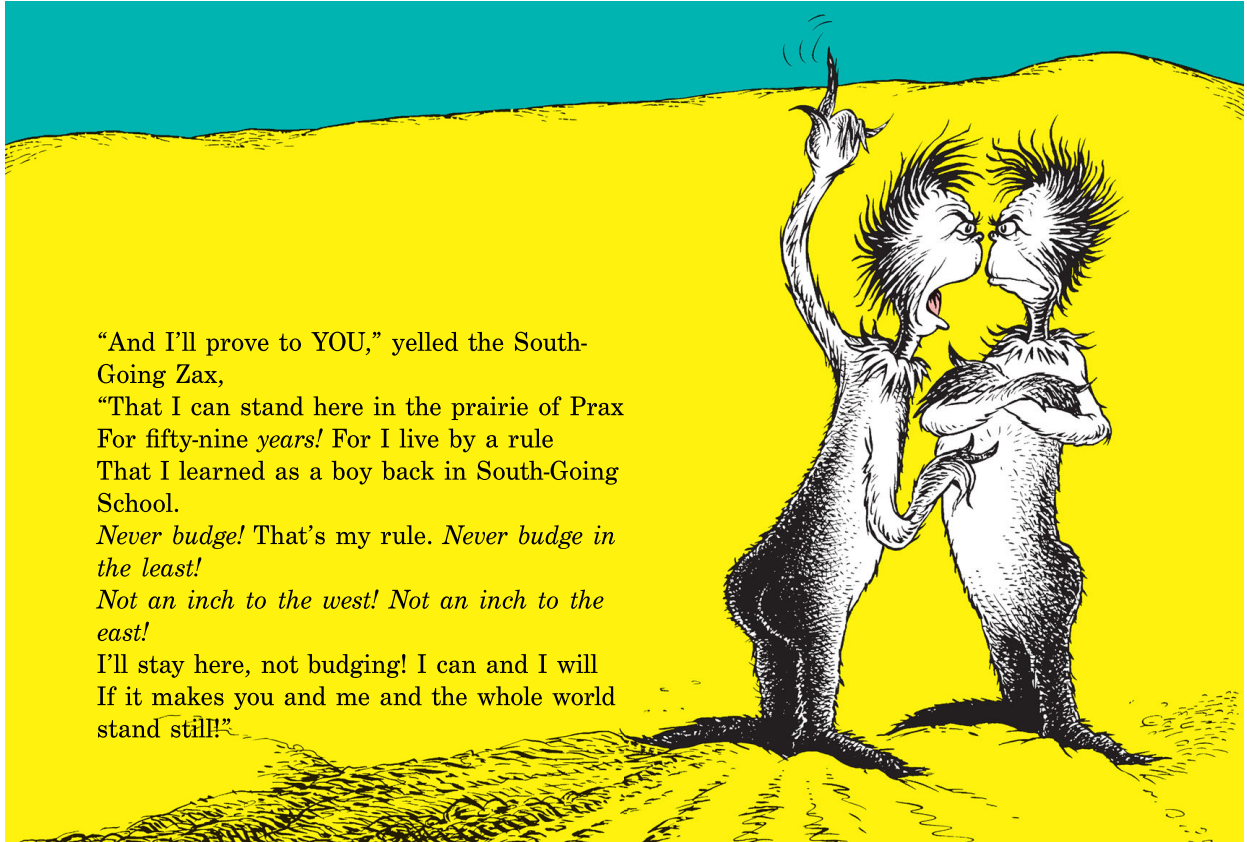
"I never," he said, "take a step to one side.

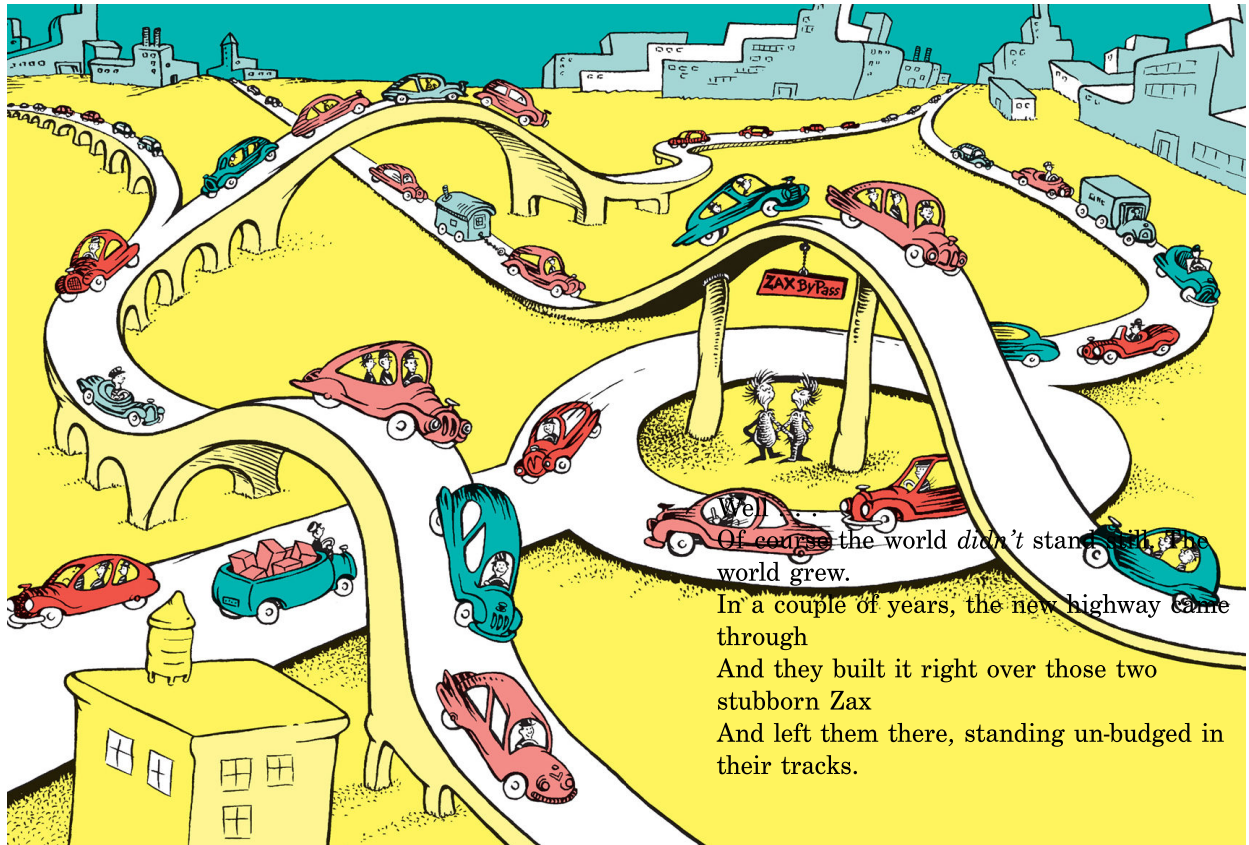
And I'll prove to you that I won't change my ways

If I have to keep standing here fifty-nine days!"



“And I’ll prove to YOU,” yelled the South-Going Zax,
“That I can stand here in the prairie of Prax
For fifty-nine *years!* For I live by a rule
That I learned as a boy back in South-Going
School.
Never budge! That’s my rule. *Never budge in
the least!*
*Not an inch to the west! Not an inch to the
east!*
I’ll stay here, not budging! I can and I will
If it makes you and me and the whole world
stand still!”

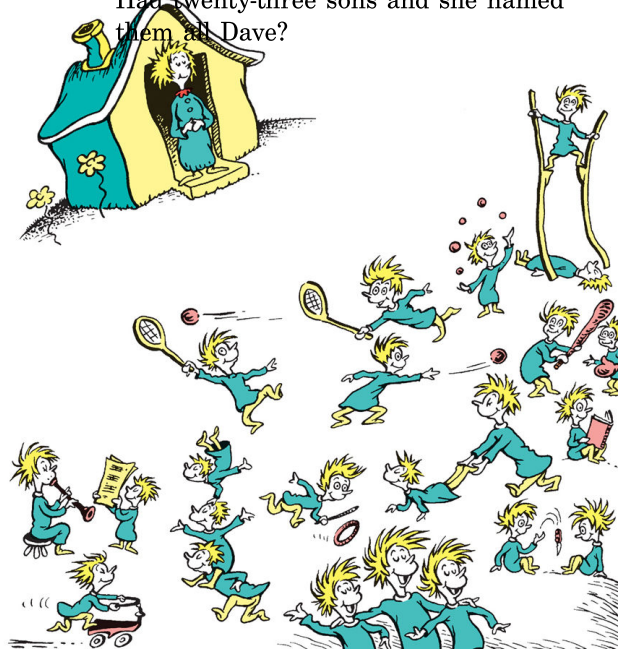




Of course the world didn't stand still. The world grew.
In a couple of years, the new highway came through
And they built it right over those two stubborn Zax
And left them there, standing un-budged in their tracks.

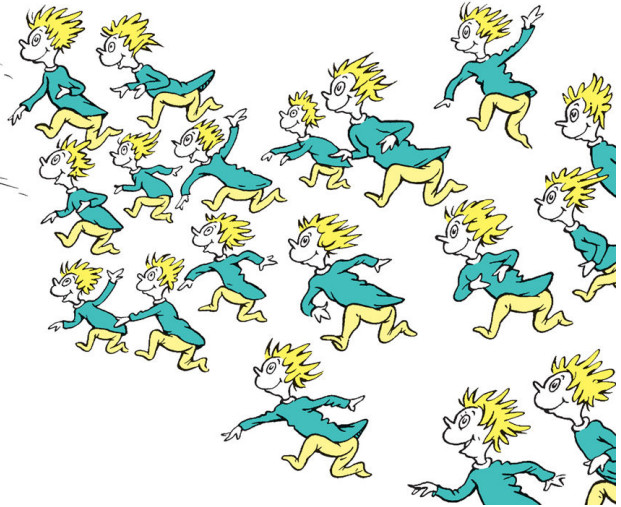
Too Many Daves

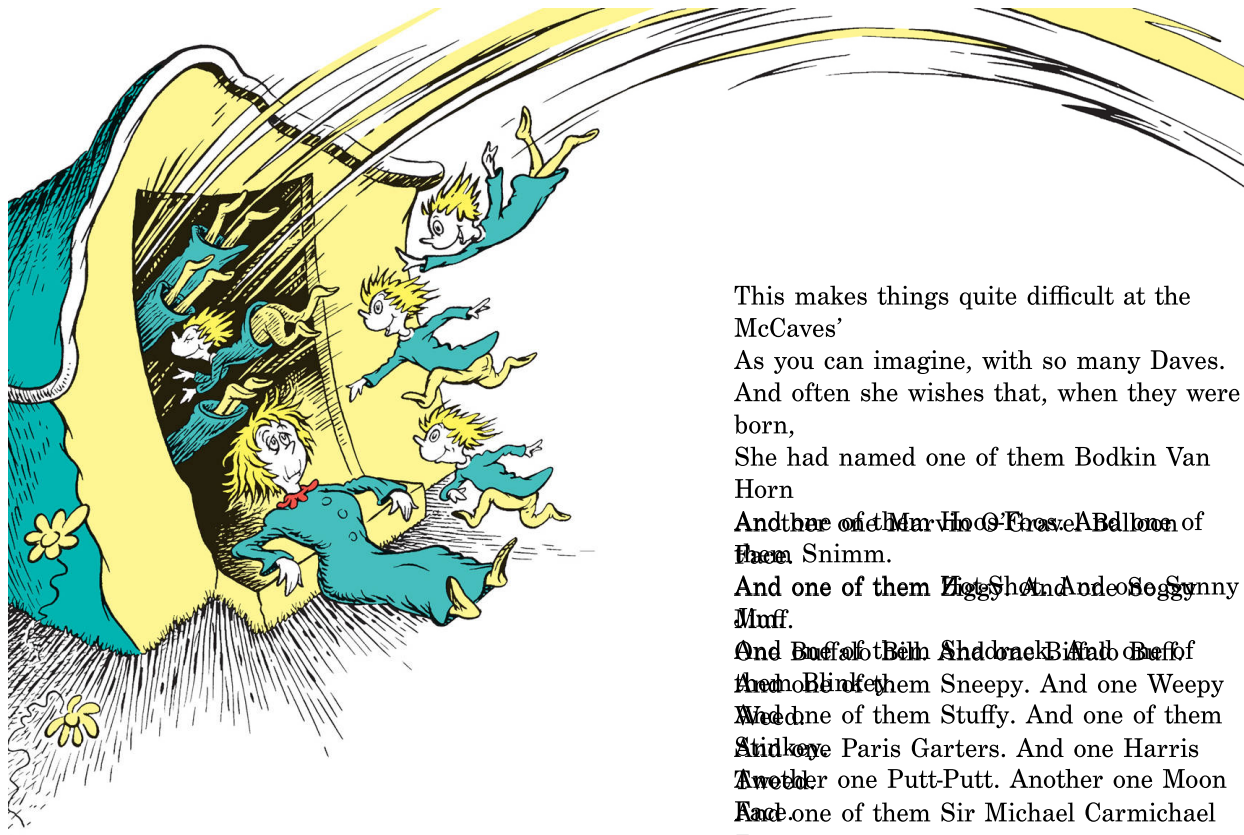
Did I ever tell you that Mrs. McCave
Had twenty-three sons and she named
them all Dave?





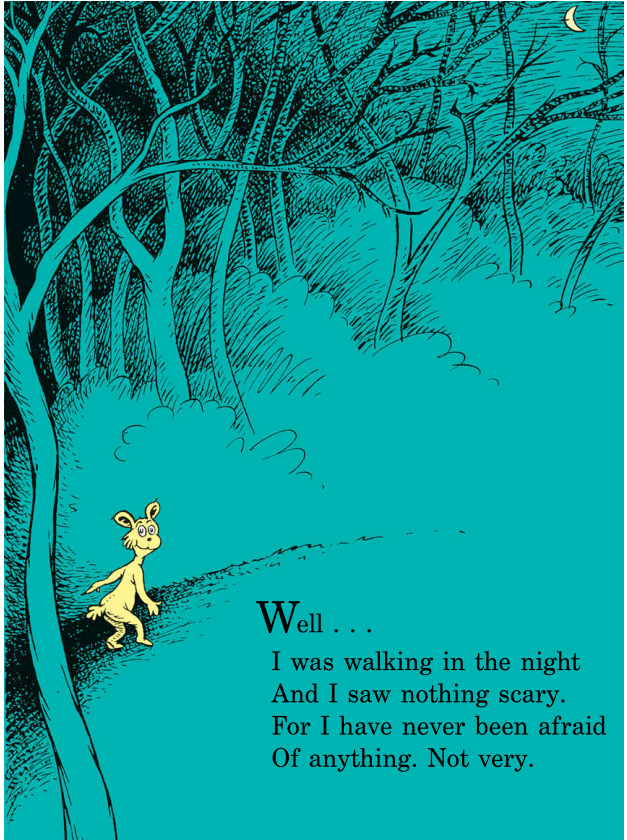
Well, she did. And that wasn't a smart
thing to do.
You see, when she wants one and calls out
"Yoo-Hoo!
Come into the house, Dave!" she doesn't get
one.
All twenty-three Daves of hers come on the
run!





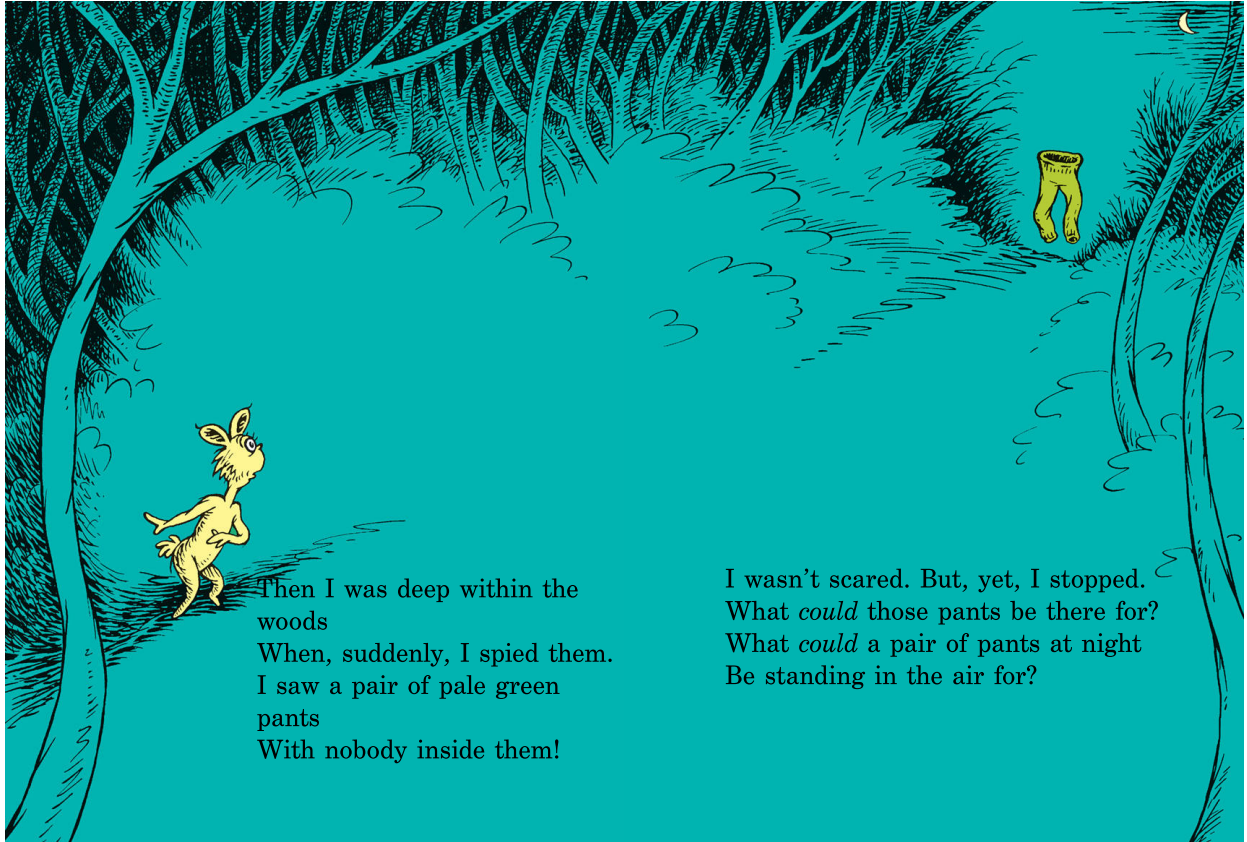
This makes things quite difficult at the
 McCaves'
 As you can imagine, with so many Daves.
 And often she wishes that, when they were
 born,
 She had named one of them Bodkin Van
 Horn
 Another one of them Mar-Hoo-Chee-Abellone
 Face Snimm.
 And one of them Ziggy And Andee Seggy
 Muff.
 One of them Ben Shadowack-Biff-Buff
 And one of them Sneepy. And one Weepy
 And one of them Stuff. And one of them
 Stickeye Paris Garters. And one Harris
 Tweeder one Putt-Putt. Another one Moon
 Face one of them Sir Michael Carmichael
 Zutt.

What was I Scared of?



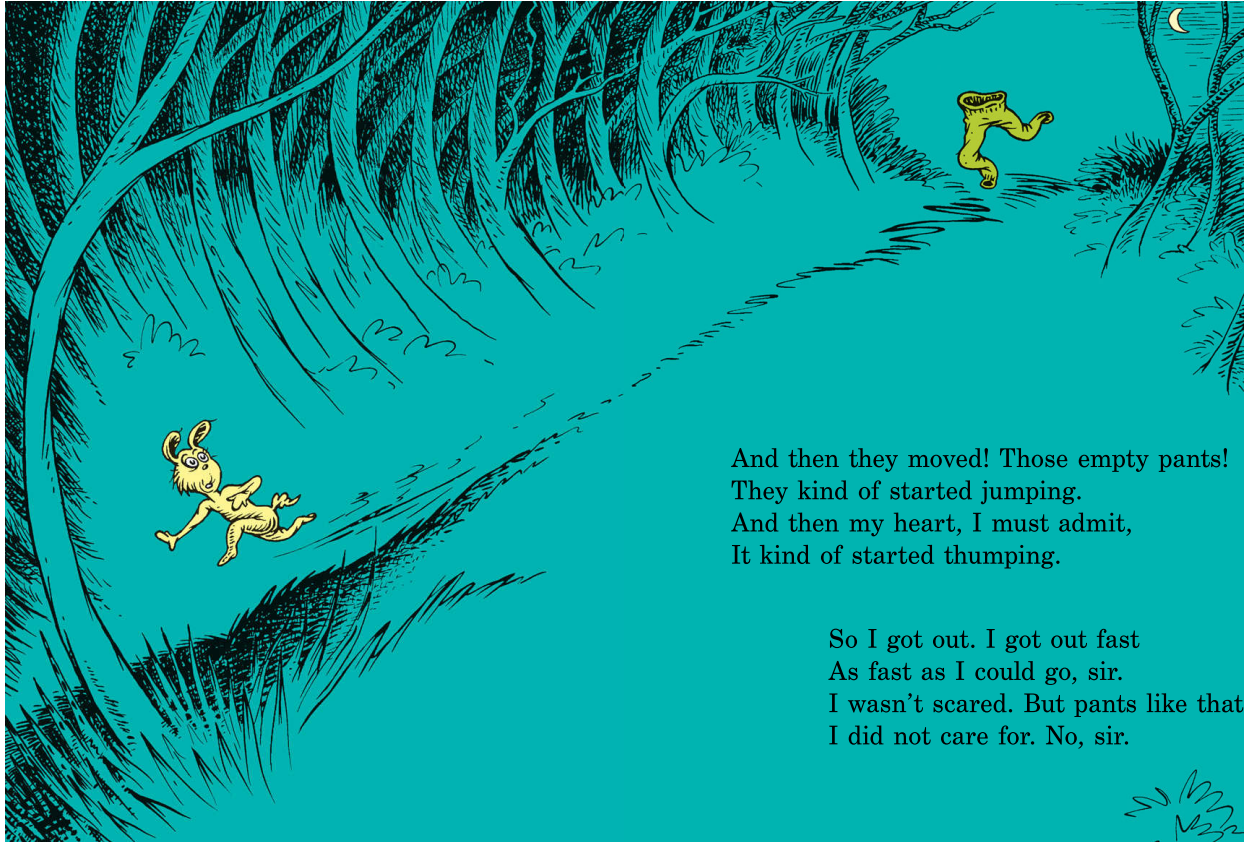
Well . . .

I was walking in the night
And I saw nothing scary.
For I have never been afraid
Of anything. Not very.



Then I was deep within the
woods
When, suddenly, I spied them.
I saw a pair of pale green
pants
With nobody inside them!

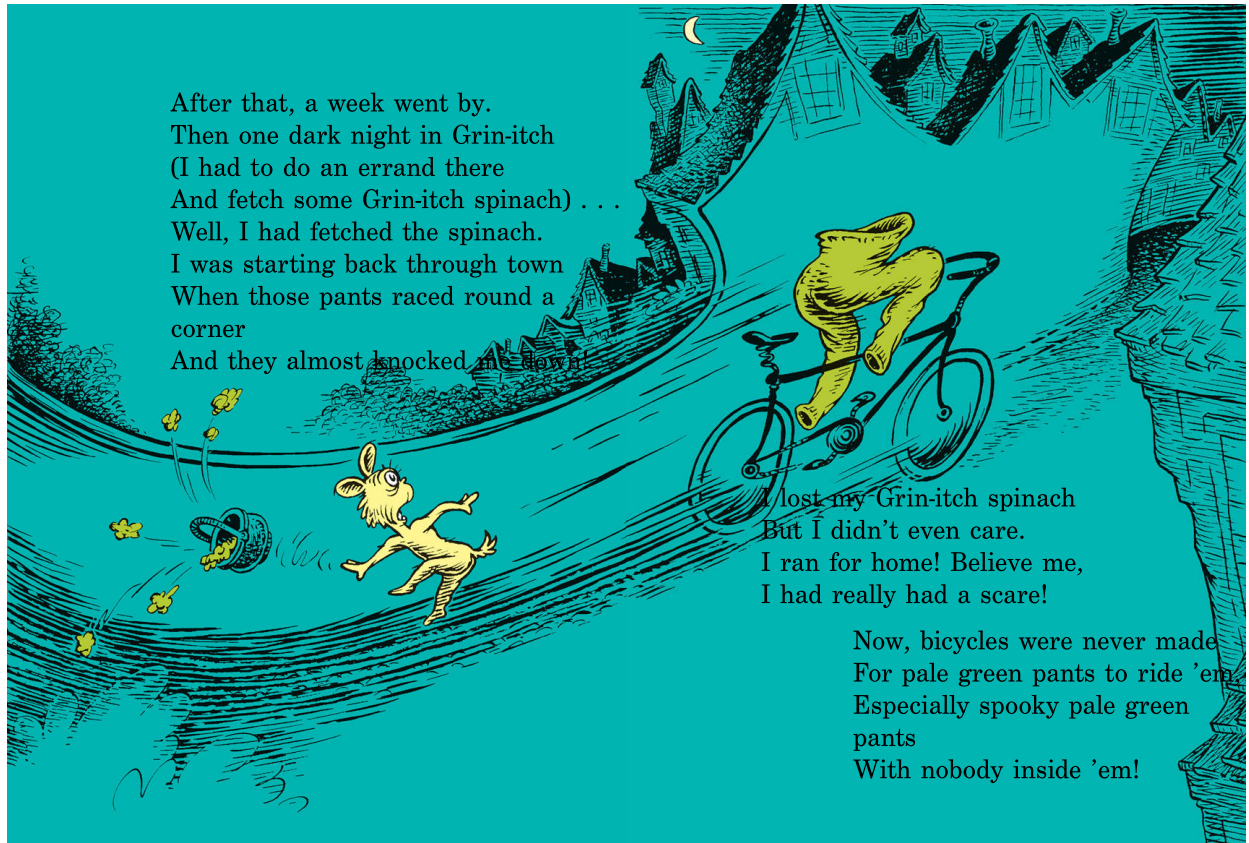
I wasn't scared. But, yet, I stopped.
What *could* those pants be there for?
What *could* a pair of pants at night
Be standing in the air for?



And then they moved! Those empty pants!
They kind of started jumping.
And then my heart, I must admit,
It kind of started thumping.


So I got out. I got out fast
As fast as I could go, sir.
I wasn't scared. But pants like that
I did not care for. No, sir.

After that, a week went by.
Then one dark night in Grin-itch
(I had to do an errand there
And fetch some Grin-itch spinach) . . .
Well, I had fetched the spinach.
I was starting back through town
When those pants raced round a
corner
And they almost knocked me down!




I lost my Grin-itch spinach
But I didn't even care.
I ran for home! Believe me,
I had really had a scare!

Now, bicycles were never made
For pale green pants to ride 'em
Especially spooky pale green
pants
With nobody inside 'em!



And the NEXT night, I was fishing
For Doubt-trout on Roover River
When those pants came rowing toward me!
Well, I started in to shiver.

And by now I was SO frightened
That, I'll tell you, but I hate
to . . .
I screamed and rowed away and
lost
My hook and line and bait, too!



I ran and found a Brickel bush.
I hid myself away.
I got brickels in my britches
But I stayed there anyway.

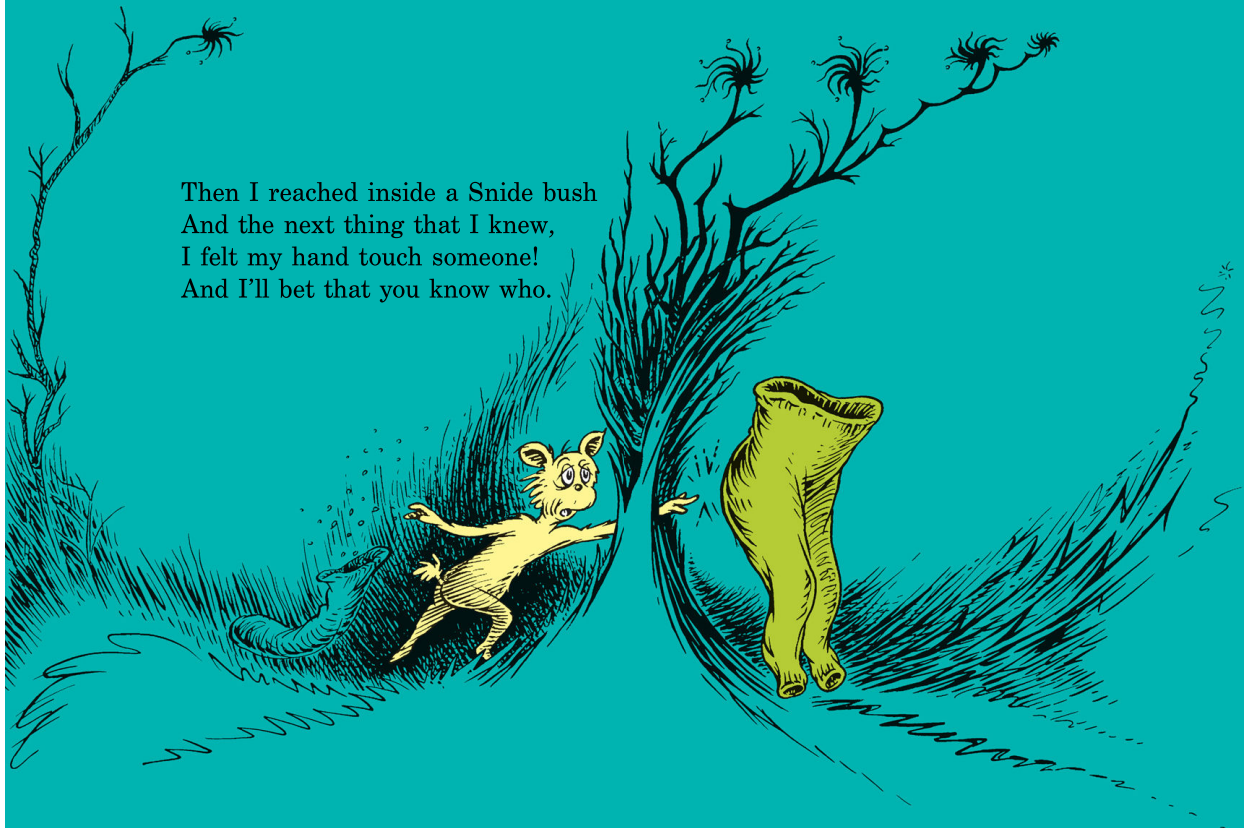
I stayed all night. The next night,
too.
I'd be there still, no doubt,
But I had to do an errand
So, the *next* night, I went out.

I had to do an errand,
Had to pick a peck of Snide
In a dark and gloomy Snide-field
That was almost nine miles wide.

I said, "I do not fear those pants
With nobody inside them."
I said, and said, and said those words.
I said them. But I lied them.



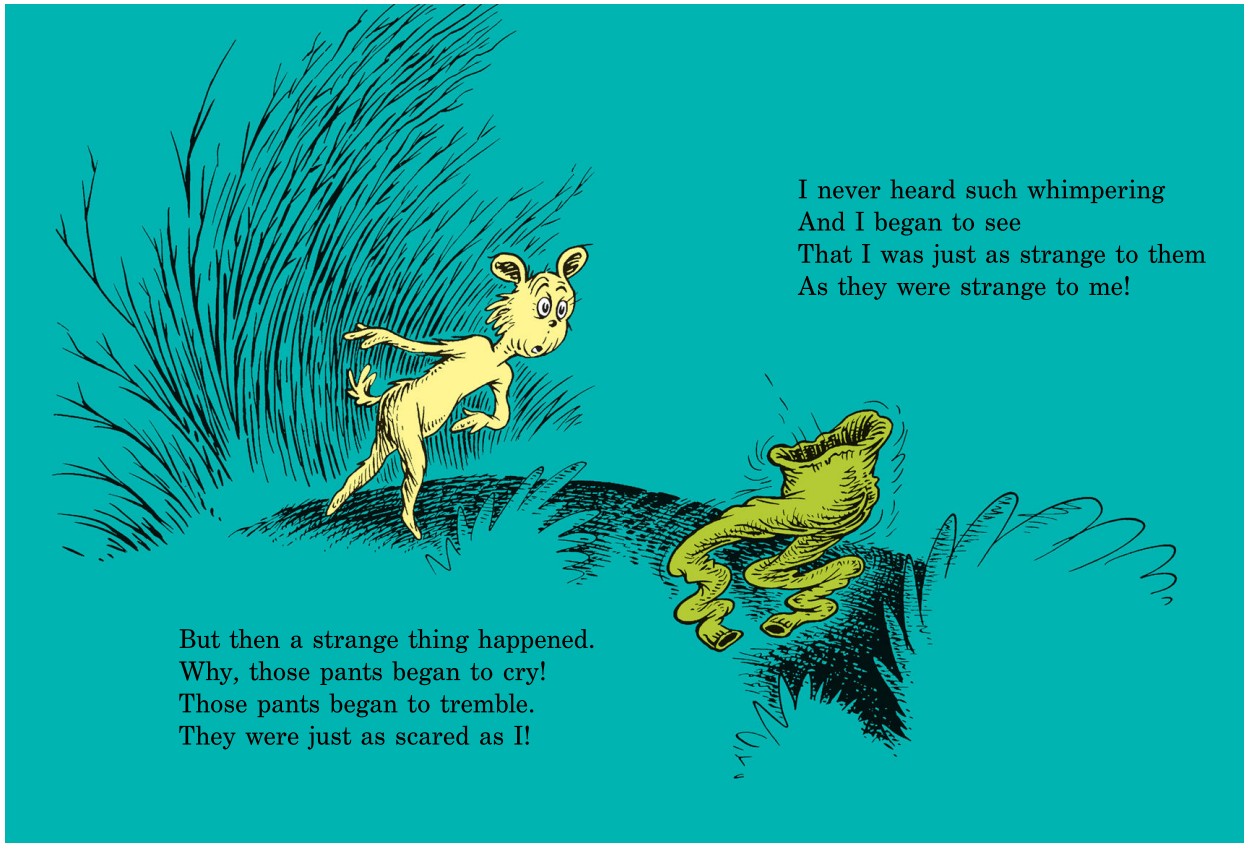
Then I reached inside a Snide bush
And the next thing that I knew,
I felt my hand touch someone!
And I'll bet that you know who.





And there I was! Caught in the Snide!
And in that dreadful place
Those spooky, empty pants and I
Were standing face to face!

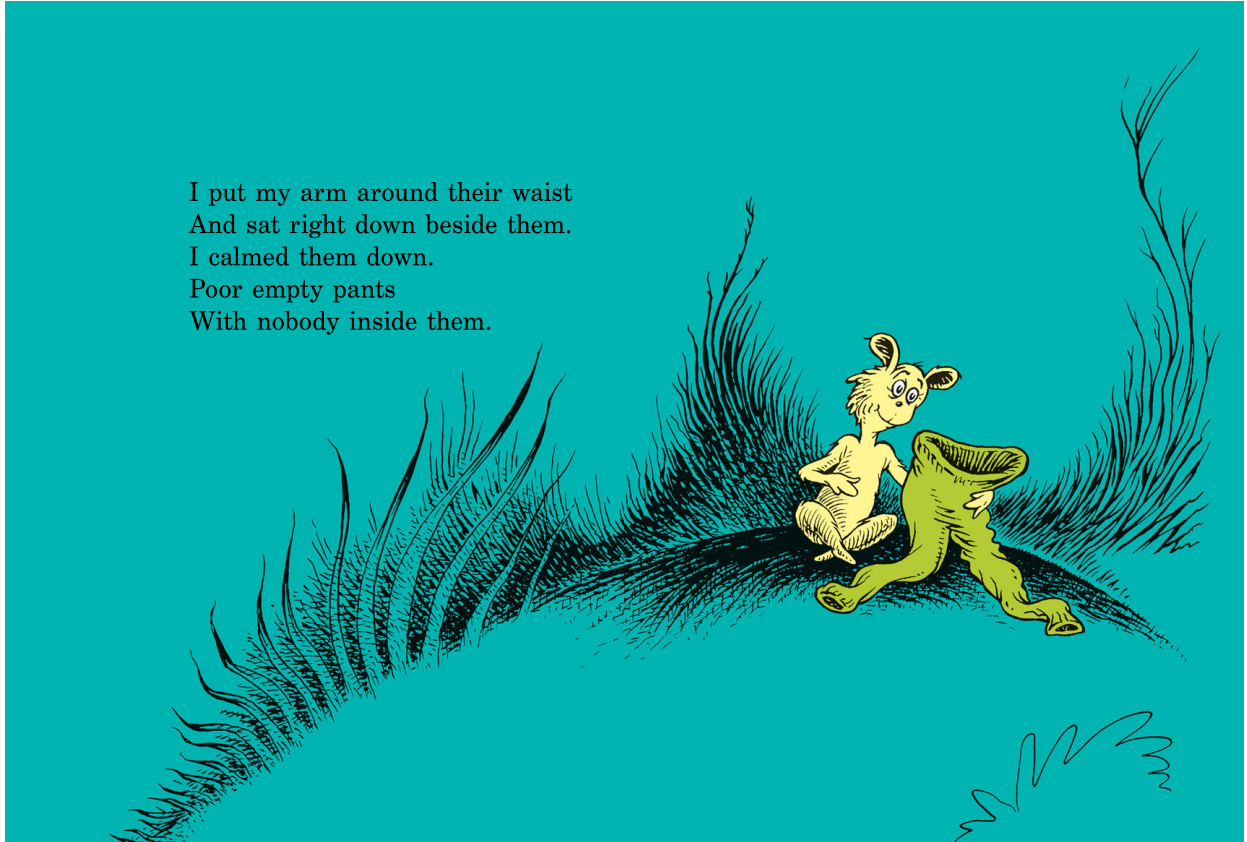
I yelled for help. I screamed. I
shrieked.
I howled. I yowled. I cried,
"Oh, save me from these pale green
pants
With nobody inside!"



I never heard such whimpering
And I began to see
That I was just as strange to them
As they were strange to me!

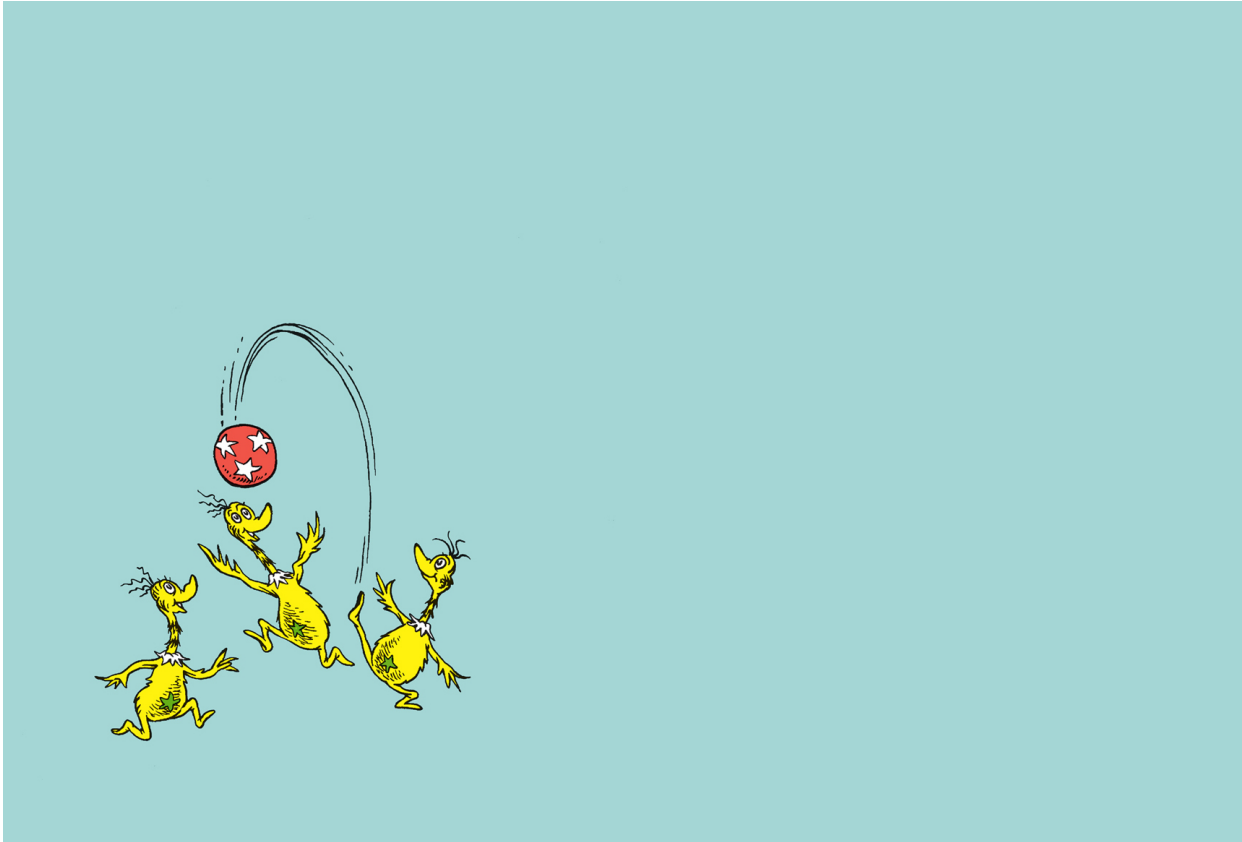
But then a strange thing happened.
Why, those pants began to cry!
Those pants began to tremble.
They were just as scared as I!

I put my arm around their waist
And sat right down beside them.
I calmed them down.
Poor empty pants
With nobody inside them.



And, now, we meet quite often,
Those empty pants and I,
And we never shake or tremble.
We both smile
And we say
"Hi!"







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