Poppleton: Book One

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Chapter 1: Neighbors

Poppleton used to be a city pig.
He did city things.
He took taxis.
He jogged in the park.
He went to museums
Then one day Poppleton got tired of city life.

He moved to a small house in a small town.
Poppleton’s small house was charming.

It had a little sunroom where Poppleton took naps.
It had lots and lots of shelves where Poppleton kept things.

It had a little garden where Poppleton planted corn.
And it had Cherry Sue.

Cherry Sue was Poppleton’s new neighbor.
Cherry Sue was very friendly.

In the mornings she called out, “You-hoo! Poppleton! Would you like some oatmeal?”

So Poppleton had oatmeal with Cherry Sue.
In the afternoons she called out, “Yoo-hoo! Poppleton! Would you like a toasted cheese?”
So Poppleton had toasted cheese with Cherry Sue.
At night she called out, 
“Yoo-hoo! Poppleton! Would you like spaghetti?”
So Poppleton had spaghetti with Cherry Sue.
This went on day after day.
At first it was fun.
But not for long.
Some mornings Poppleton did not want oatmeal.
He wanted sleep.
Some afternoons Poppleton did not want toasted cheese.

He wanted TV.

Some nights Poppleton did not want spaghetti.

He wanted to practice playing his harmonica.

But Cherry Sue kept calling, “Yoo-hoo! Poppleton!”
One day when he was watering his lawn, Poppleton couldn’t take it anymore.

When Cherry Sue stuck her head out the window and yelled “Yoo-hoo!” Poppleton soaked her with the hose.

“Poppleton!” cried Cherry Sue, dripping.
Poppleton felt awful.
He ran to get a towel for Cherry Sue.
“I’m sorry, Cherry Sue,” said Poppleton. “I just so sick of toasted cheese and spaghetti and oatmeal. Sometimes I just like to be alone.”
“You too?” said Cherry Sue.
“I kept inviting you over because I didn’t know how to stop inviting you over,” she said. “I thought it might hurt your feelings.”
Then Poppleton soaked *himself* with the hose.
They laughed and laughed.
Poppleton and Cherry Sue were best friends from then on.
Chapter 2: The Library

Poppleton went to the library every Monday. Monday was always Poppleton’s library day.
If Cherry Sue invited him to tea on Monday, Poppleton would say, “Sorry. Library day.”
If there was a wonderful parade in town on Monday, Poppleton would say, “Too bad. Library day.” Poppleton took library day very seriously.
At the library Poppleton always got a table all to himself.

He spread out each of his things on the table: his eyeglasses, his tissues, his lip balm, his pocket watch, his book marker, and his duffel.

Then he began to read.
Poppleton liked adventure stories.

He buried his head in an adventure book every Monday and left it there all day long.
Sometimes he needed lip balm for a dry part.

Sometimes he needed his pocket watch for a slow part.

But he loved his adventure.
At the end of the day, Poppleton finished the story. He thanked the librarian and packed up his things in his duffel.
Then he slowly walked home, all dreamy from so much adventure.

Monday was Poppleton’s favorite day of all.
Chapter 3: The Pill

Poppleton’s friend Fillmore was sick in bed.

Poppleton brought Fillmore some chicken soup.
"I feel terrible, Poppleton," said Fillmore.

"Have a bowl of soup," said Poppleton.
“First I have to take my pill,” said Fillmore.

“Where is it?” asked Poppleton.

“Over there on the table,” said Fillmore.
Poppleton brought Fillmore his pill.

“I can’t take it like that,” said Fillmore.

“You have to hide it.”
“Hide it?” asked Poppleton.

“You have to hide it in my food,” said Fillmore.
“I’ll put it in the soup,” said Poppleton.

“No, it has to be in something sweet,” said Fillmore.

“Sweet?” asked Poppleton.
“Sweet and soft,” said Fillmore.

“Sweet and soft?” asked Poppleton.

“Sweet and soft with raspberry filling,” said Fillmore.
“Sweet and soft with raspberry filling?” asked Poppleton.

“And chocolate on top,” said Fillmore.

“Chocolate on... Fillmore, are you talking about Cherry Sue’s Heavenly Cake?” asked Poppleton.

Fillmore smiled.
Poppleton went away.

Soon he came back with Cherry Sue’s Heavenly Cake.

“Now I can hide your pill,” said Poppleton.
“Don’t tell me which piece of cake it’s in,” said Fillmore.

Poppleton sliced the cake into ten pieces.

He hid Fillmore’s pill in one of them.
Fillmore had the first piece.

“Yum,” said Fillmore.

“Did I take my pill?”

Poppleton shook his head.
Fillmore had another piece.

“Yum, said Fillmore.

“Did I take it?”

Poppleton shook his head.
Fillmore ate piece after piece after piece.

“Did I take it?”

Poppleton kept shaking his head.

Finally there was only one piece of cake left.

“Thank goodness,” said Poppleton.
Fillmore looked at the piece of cake.

“I can’t eat that one,” he said, “It has the pill.”
“WELL, WHAT CAN YOU EAT?” shouted Poppleton.


“I feel sick,” said Poppleton. “Move over.”
Poppleton and Fillmore were sick in bed for three days.

They took lots of pills.

It took twenty-seven cakes to get them down.