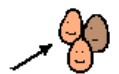
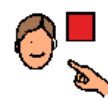


THE DAY the
CRAYONS QUIT

By DREW
DAYWALT



From the illustrator of 'STACK'
and 'THIS MOOSE BELONGS TO ME'



In

class

Duncan

found

letters

with

his

name

on

them.

Hey DUNCAN,
 It's me, RED Crayon. WE NEED to talk.
 You make me work harder than
 any of your other crayons.
 All year long I wear myself out
 coloring FIRE ENGINES, APPLES,
 strawberries and EVERYTHING
 ELSE that's RED.
 I even work on Holidays!
 I have to color all the SANTAS
 at CHRISTMAS and ALL the day!
 HEARTS on VALENTINE'S day!
 I NEED A REST!
 Your overworked friend,
 RED Crayon

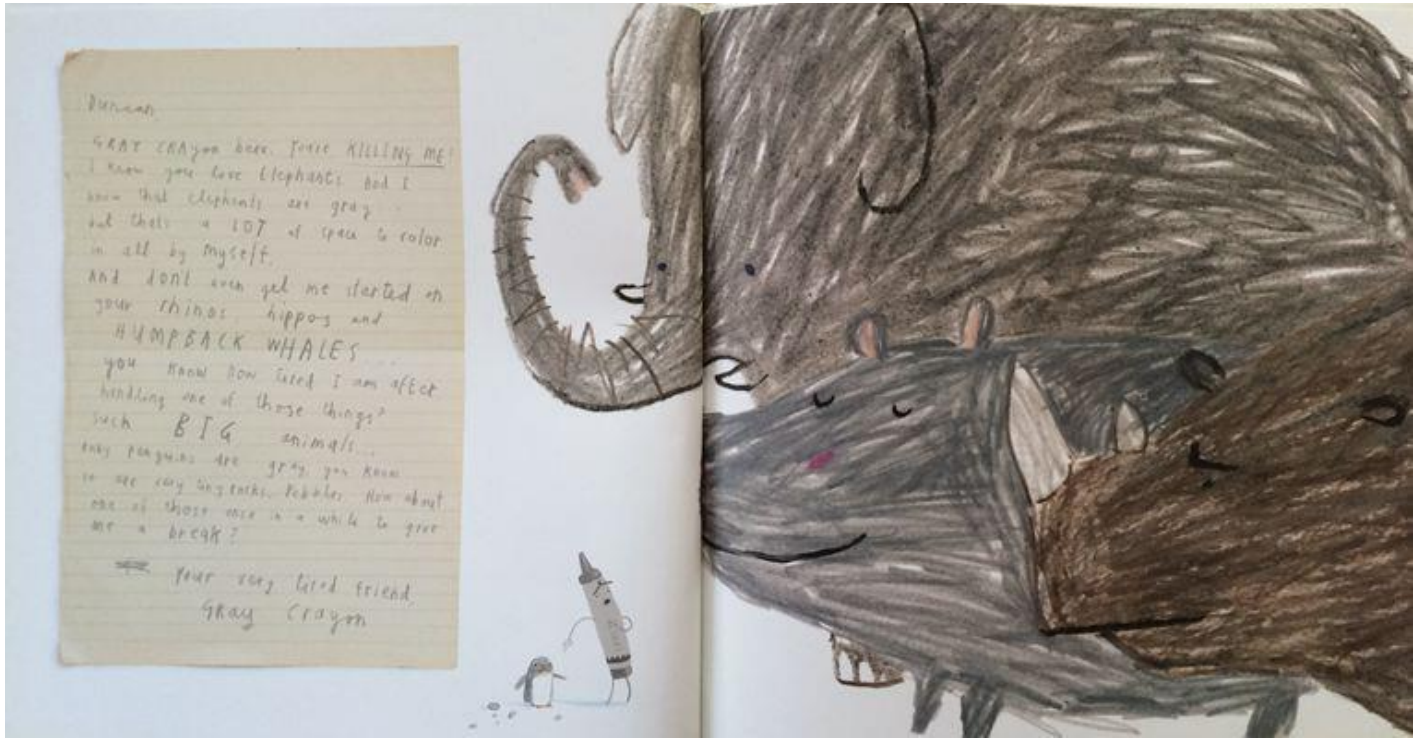


Dear	Duncan,										
					200_						
You	make	me	work hard	all	year.	I	color	fire engines,	apples,	santas	
and	hearts.	I	am	tired.							
Your	friend,	Red	crayon.								

Dear Duncan,
 All right, LISTEN.
 I love that I'm your favorite crayon
 for grapes, dragons, and wizards' hats,
 but it makes me crazy that so much
 of my gorgeous color goes outside
 the lines. IF you DON'T START
 COLORING INSIDE the lines
 soon... I'm going to
 COMPLETELY LOSE IT.
 Your very neat friend,
 Purple Crayon



Dear Duncan,
 listen, I love that I'm your favorite crayon for grapes & dragons but
 you need to put my color inside the lines.
 Your friend, Purple Crayon.



Duncan
 GRAY CRAYON here. YOU'RE KILLING ME!
 I know you love elephants, but I
 know that elephants are gray.
 and there's a LOT of space to color
 in all by myself.
 and don't even get me started on
 your rhinos, hippos, and
 HUMPBACK WHALES.
 you know how tired I am after
 handling one of those things?
 such BIG animals...
 tiny penguins are gray, you know
 so are tiny beetles, pebbles. How about
 one of those one in a while to give
 me a break?
 your very tired friend,
 Gray Crayon

Dear Duncan,

I know you love elephants, rhinos and hippos but they are very big. Baby penguins and tiny rocks are small. Maybe color some of those. Your friend, Gray Crayon.

Adapted from the original text, *The Day the Crayons Quit*, by Drew Daywalt.

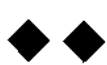
Dear Duncan,
 You color with me, but why?
 Most of the time I'm the same color
 as the page you are using me on -
 WHITE. If I didn't have a black
 outline, you wouldn't even know I
 was there! I'm not even in the
 rainbow. I'm only used to color
 snow or fill in empty space
 between other things. And it
 leaves me feeling... well...
 empty. We need to talk.
 Your empty friend,
 White crayon



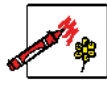
Dear



Duncan,



same



color



page.



I



am



used



for snow



or



empty

I'm the

as the

am used



space.



It



makes



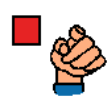
me



feel



empty.



Your



Friend,





























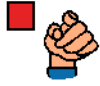



White

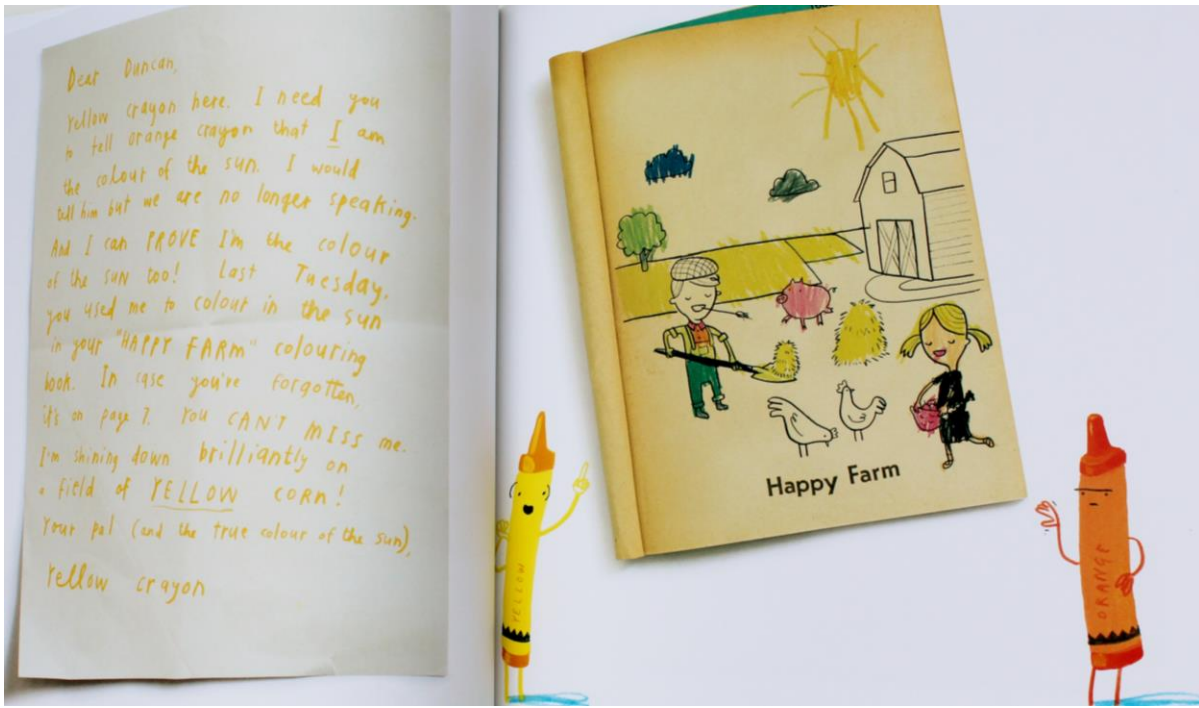


Crayon.

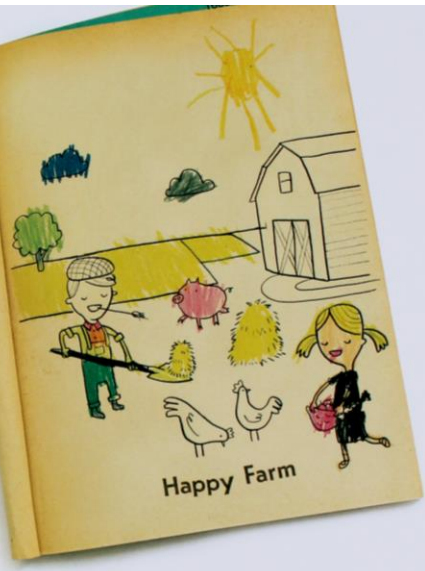
Dear Duncan,
 As green crayon, I am writing for TWO reasons. One is to say that I like my workload of crocodiles, trees, dinosaurs, and frogs. I have no problems and wish to congratulate you on a very successful "coloring things GREEN" career so far.
 The second reason I write is for my friends, yellow Crayon and orange Crayon, who are no longer speaking to each other. Both crayons feel THEY should be the color of the sun. Please settle this soon because they're driving the rest of us CRAZY!
 Your happy friend, Green Crayon














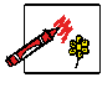












 Dear  Duncan,
 I  like  that  you  use  me  to  color  trees  and  frogs. But
 Yellow  Crayon  and  Orange  Crayon  are  no  longer  speaking  and  it's making
 us  sad.
 Your  Friend,  Green  Crayon.



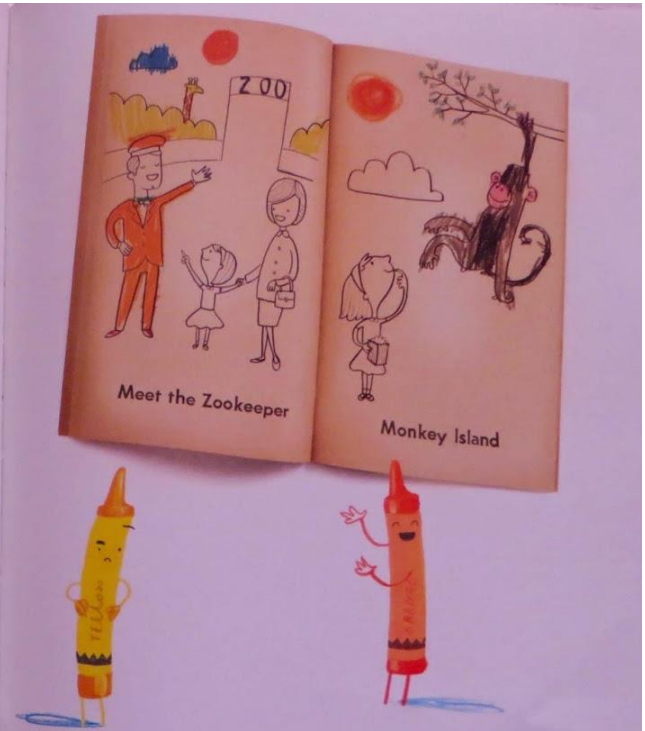
Dear Duncan,
 Yellow crayon here. I need you
 to tell orange crayon that I am
 the colour of the sun. I would
 tell him but we are no longer speaking.
 And I can PROVE I'm the colour
 of the sun too! Last Tuesday,
 you used me to colour in the sun
 in your "HAPPY FARM" colouring
 book. In case you're forgotten,
 it's on page 7. You CANT MISS me.
 I'm shining down brilliantly on
 a field of YELLOW corn!
 Your pal (and the true colour of the sun)
 Yellow crayon



Happy Farm

 Dear  Duncan,
 I  need  you  to  tell Orange  Crayon  that  I  am  the color of the
 sun.  You  used  me  as the sun  and  corn.
  Your  Friend,  Yellow  Crayon.

Dear Duncan,
 I see yellow crayon already
 talked to you the BIG WHINER.
 Anyway, could you please tell Mr.
 Tattletale that he IS NOT the
 color of the sun? I would, but
 we're no longer speaking.
 We both know I am clearly the
 color of the sun because, on
 Thursday you used me to color
 the sun on BOTH the "monkey island"
 and the "meet the zookeeper"
 pages in your "DAY AT THE ZOO"
 coloring book. orange you glad
 I'm here? Ha!
 your pal (and the real color
 of the sun)
 orange crayon



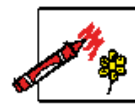
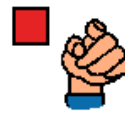
Dear Duncan,



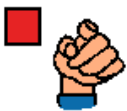
I am the color of the sun because you used



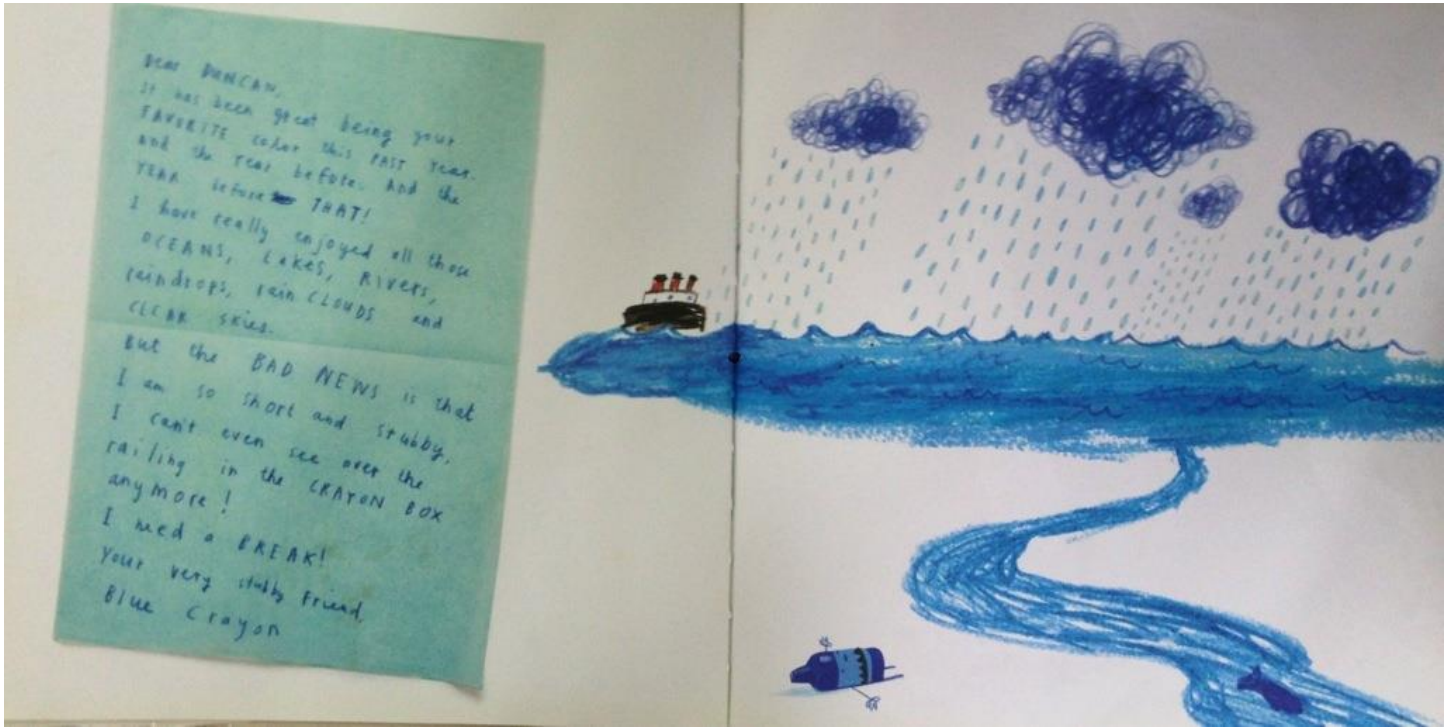
2



me as the sun in two of your coloring pages.



your friend, orange crayon



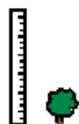
DEAR DUNCAN,
 It has been great being your
 FAVORITE color this PAST year,
 and the year before. And the
 YEAR before THAT!
 I have really enjoyed all those
 OCEANS, LAKES, RIVERS,
 RAINDROPS, RAIN CLOUDS and
 CLEAR SKIES.
 But the BAD NEWS is that
 I am so short and stubby,
 I can't even see over the
 railing in the CRAYON BOX
 anymore!
 I need a BREAK!
 Your very stubby friend,
 Blue Crayon



Dear Duncan,



I'm glad you use me for oceans, rivers and



rain but I am so short.



Your Friend, Blue Crayon.



Dear



Duncan,



You



never

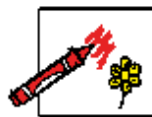


use



me

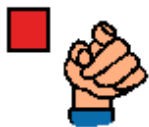
to



color



anything.



Your



Friend,


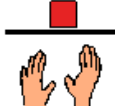
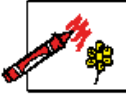




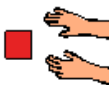





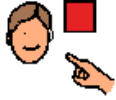

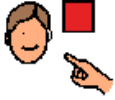


Pink

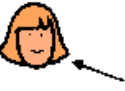



Crayon.



       
Duncan wanted to color with happy crayons. He got

       
an idea. Duncan showed his teacher his drawing and

 
she smiled.



The End

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