

Chapter 1 : Talk, Snuggle, Read with your baby! Â« WiserKids

We love the Arthur the Aardvark books, especially Arthur's Nose. Our first grade teacher, Mrs. Haak, read the story to us. Jacob, Marisa, Nicholas, and Cory think the best part of the book is when Arthur tries on all the different noses.

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the house. It would have felt more like he was giving me the tour the way he dragged me from room to room, however he kept up a string of questions like: He was shocked at the number of empty bedrooms we had, but I explained to him that we get a lot of international guests who stay with us sometimes. When we got to my room, he seemed to realize that it was mine because he smirked at me and flopped down on my bed before grabbing my arm and pulling me down with him. I laughed at him and hit him upside the head. He grabbed a movie and waved it at me with a grin. Trey eyed me dubiously. I quickly located the one I was thinking of and grabbed it, putting it in the player too fast for Trey to see what I had picked. As I sat down on the couch, Trey frowned at the distance I put between us before reaching over and pulling me against his side, throwing an arm over my shoulder so that I was snuggled against his chest. I pulled back slightly so that I could give him a questioning look and he just gave me an innocent look. As the movie started, Trey scoffed. By the time the movie was over, Trey was clutching me so tight that I had some trouble breathing. That also might have had something to do with how hard I had been laughing, though. At one point he had even screamed like a little girl and I had laughed so hard tears had started to come out of my eyes. His response just made me remember his expression when he had screamed and I immediately dissolved into another laughing fit. Trey smirked at me, but before he could say whatever it was that had made him smirk like that, his phone buzzed. He glanced at the text message and frowned. You owe me, though. Next time I get to choose what we do. I sat there in shock, gently touching my cheek as I heard the sound of his motorcycle revving up and roaring to life. The sound disappeared as he left.

Chapter 2 : Marc Brown (author) - Wikipedia

Arthur's Nose - Snuggle & Read Story Book Author: Marc Brown In this anniversary edition of Arthur's Nose, Arthur fans old and new can see how their favorite aardvark and his friends have developed over the twenty-five years since this first Arthur Adventure was published.

Who knew Dorothy could speak rabbit? A delightful Christmas story to read with your children This charming Christmas story was published in L. She came to know every flower that grew, and to call them by name, and she always stepped very carefully to avoid treading on them, for Dorothy was a kind-hearted child and did not like to crush the pretty flowers that bloomed in her path. And she was also very fond of all the animals, and learned to know them well, and even to understand their language, which very few people can do. And the animals loved Dorothy in turn, for the word passed around amongst them that she could be trusted to do them no harm. For the horse, whose soft nose Dorothy often gently stroked, told the cow of her kindness, and the cow told the dog, and the dog told the cat, and the cat told her black kitten, and the black kitten told the rabbit when one day they met in the turnip patch. Therefore when the rabbit, which is the most timid of all animals and the most difficult to get acquainted with, looked out of a small bush at the edge of the wood one day and saw Dorothy standing a little way off, he did not scamper away, as is his custom, but sat very still and met the gaze of her sweet eyes boldly, although perhaps his heart beat a little faster than usual. Dorothy herself was afraid she might frighten him away, so she kept very quiet for a time, leaning silently against a tree and smiling encouragement at her timorous companion until the rabbit became reassured and blinked his big eyes at her thoughtfully. For he was as much interested in the little girl as she in him, since it was the first time he had dared to meet a person face to face. Finally Dorothy ventured to speak, so she asked, very softly and slowly, "Oh, Little Bun Rabbit, so soft and so shy, Say, what do you see with your big, round eye? I see the cool bushes where I can hide from my enemies, and I see the dogs and the men long before they can see me, or know that I am near, and therefore I am able to keep out of their way. We cannot fight, but we can always run away, and that is a much better way to save our lives than by fighting. At the bottom of the hole is the nicest little room you can imagine, and there I have made a soft bed to rest in at night. When I meet an enemy I run to my hole and jump in, and there I stay until all danger is over. I am not afraid of him, nor of his reindeer. And it is such fun to see him come dashing along, cracking his whip and calling out cheerily to his reindeer, who are able to run even swifter than we rabbits. And Santa Claus, when he sees me, always gives me a nod and a smile, and then I look after him and his big load of toys which he is carrying to the children, until he has galloped away out of sight. I like to see the toys, for they are so bright and pretty, and every year there is something new amongst them. Once I visited Santa, and saw him make the toys. He does not come home quite so fast as he goes, and when he saw me he stopped for a word. I enjoyed the ride very much, but I enjoyed the castle far more; for it was one of the loveliest places you could imagine. It stood on the top of a high mountain and is built of gold and silver bricks, and the windows are pure diamond crystals. The rooms are big and high, and there is a soft carpet upon every floor and many strange things scattered around to amuse one. Santa Claus lives there all alone, except for old Mother Hubbard, who cooks the meals for him; and her cupboard is never bare now, I can promise you! On one side is his work-bench, with plenty of saws and hammers and jack-knives; and on another side is the paint-bench, with paints of every color and brushes of every size and shape. And in other places are great shelves, where the toys are put to dry and keep new and bright until Christmas comes and it is time to load them all into his sleigh. He smoked and whistled all the time he was working, and he talked to me in such a jolly way that I sat perfectly still and allowed him to measure my ears and my legs so that he could cut the fur into the proper form. But after a time it was all finished, and then he stuffed the fur full of sawdust and sewed it up neatly; after which he put in some glass eyes that made the toy rabbit look wonderfully life-like. When it was all finished he pressed the toy rabbit with his thumb, and it squeaked so naturally that I jumped off the table, fearing at first the new rabbit was alive. Old Santa laughed merrily at this, and I soon recovered from my fright and was pleased to think the babies were to have such pretty playthings. So for several days I watched him making all kinds of toys, and I wondered to see how

quickly he made them, and how many new things he invented. I took my time on the journey, for I knew nothing could harm me, and I saw a good many strange sights before I got back to this place again. He did not give it to me, you see; he merely let me take it on my journey to protect me. The next Christmas, when I watched by the road-side to see Santa, I was pleased to notice a great many of the toy rabbits sticking out of the loaded sleigh. The babies must have liked them, too, for every year since I have seen them amongst the toys. The babies still love you dearly. So good bye, Dorothy; I hope we shall meet again, and then I will gladly tell you more of my adventures. Little Bun Rabbit is a featured selection in our collection of Christmas Stories. Get started by clicking the "Add" button. Add Little Bun Rabbit to your own personal library. Return to the L. Frank Baum Home Page, or.

Chapter 3 : Arthur's Eyes (Arthur Adventure Series) by Marc Brown

Arthur's Nose by Brown, Marc. New York: Avon Camelot, 4th printing. Clean, well-bound pages. Previous owner name written at top of title page. Wraps have edge wear, scuffing & corner creasing.

Chapter 4 : - Arthur's Nose (Snuggle & Read Story Book) by Sweat

Arthur Meets the President Listen carefully, class, said Mr. Ratburn. This is a national contest, so do your best work. The winner visits the White Hou.

Chapter 5 : Arthurs Nose Snuggle Read Story Book, Marc Brown. (Paperback)

Get this from a library! Arthur's nose. [Marc Tolon Brown] -- Unhappy with his nose, Arthur visits the rhinologist to get a new one.

Chapter 6 : Pickle Things by Marc Brown

The book illustrates, in silhouette, Arthur with different noses: hippo, toucan, koala, fish, etc. In this first book, Marc Brown showed that he understood children's concerns and fears. When they first go to school, they are noted for their difference.

Chapter 7 : "Arthur Meets the President" - Free Books & Children's Stories Online | StoryJumper

Try our new marketplace! It has a wider selection of products, easy-to find store events, and amazing rare and collectible treasures. Fun new features like staff reviews will help you discover your next great find.

Chapter 8 : Arthur's Valentine - Just Books Read Aloud

Arthur's Valentine Written By Marc Brown Narrated by Read-Aloud Pages By Mini Minds.

Chapter 9 : Storyline Online

Physical appearance. Arthur is an aardvark, like the rest of his family. The shape and appearance of his head comes mostly from his father, theinnatdunvilla.com the first Arthur book, Arthur's Nose, Arthur had a long nose and he resembled an actual aardvark.