

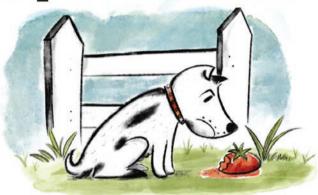
## HARRY'S Squirrel Trouble



Based on the character created by Gene Zion and Margaret Bloy Graham



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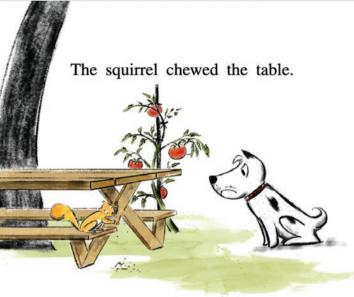
Based on the character created by Gene Zion and Margaret Bloy Graham

by Laura Driscoll and pictures by Saba Joshaghani in the styles of Gene Zion and Margaret Bloy Graham

HARPER

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She dug holes in the grass.





The squirrel bit off the flowers.



The squirrel did all those things. But the children blamed Harry.

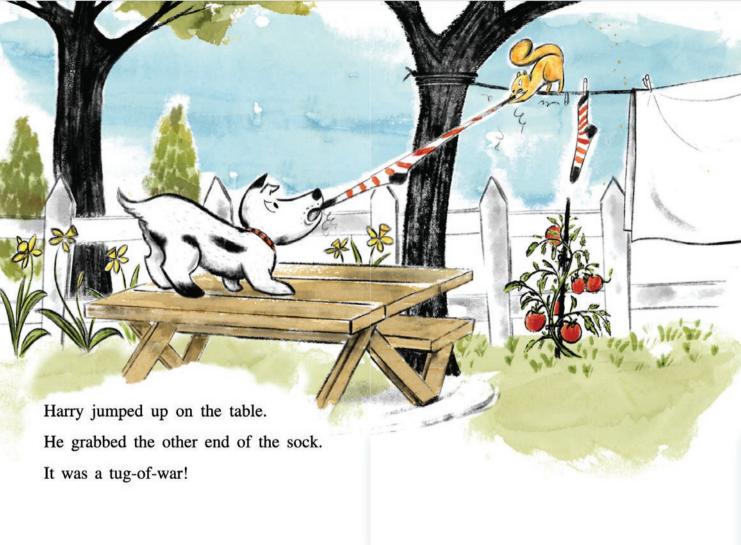


Harry did not like getting in trouble. Suddenly Harry had an idea. He would be a watchdog. He would stop that squirrel!



Harry watched the squirrel on the clothesline.

She grabbed a sock.





At last, the squirrel let go.

She ran up the tree.

"Hooray!" thought Harry.

But then . . .

"Harry!" said the little boy.

"Leave the clothes alone!"

Harry barked.

But the boy did not understand what Harry was saying.



The next day, the squirrel ran into the garden.

She chomped on a tomato—the biggest, reddest one.

Harry barked.

The squirrel ran away.



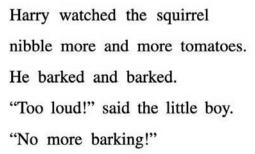


"Harry!" said the little girl.

"Leave the tomatoes alone!

Time for you to come inside."



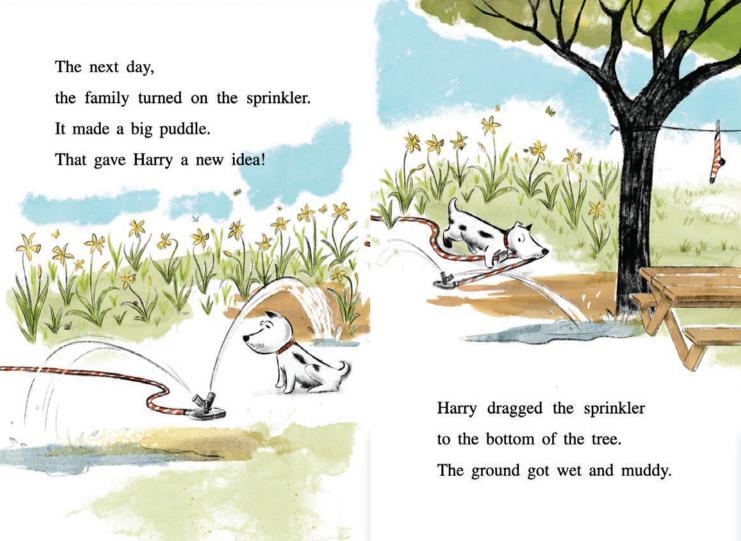




"Not fair!" thought Harry.

That squirrel made all the trouble.

But Harry got all the blame.



Then Harry watched and waited.



The squirrel came down the tree.

She ran through the mud.

She jumped onto the doghouse.

She ran across the clean sheet.





The squirrel dashed back up the tree just when the back door opened.

The children ran outside to play.



"Oh no!" said the little girl.

She pointed at the doghouse.

There were muddy tracks
all over the roof.

"Oh, Harry!" said the little boy.

"Wait!" said the little girl.

"Harry did NOT do this.

These are not dog tracks.

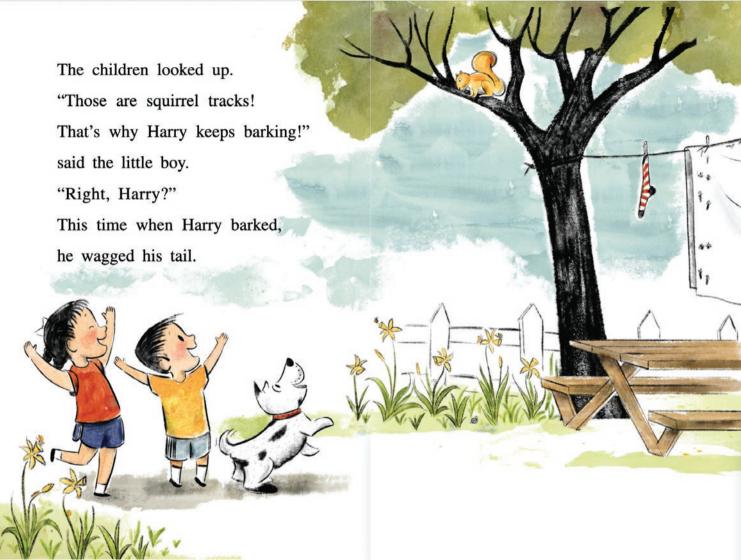




Then Harry saw the squirrel.

He barked and barked

at the bottom of the tree.



The children looked at the flowers.

"That squirrel did this,"
said the little girl.



The children looked at the holes in the grass. "That squirrel dug these holes," said the little boy.

"It wasn't Harry after all."



Then Harry pointed to the garden.

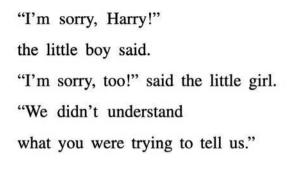
The squirrel was about to bite

another big, red tomato.

The children shouted.

Harry barked.

The squirrel ran away.





Harry was so happy.

He loved his family.

He loved his backyard and everything in it.

Maybe even that squirrel.





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