DROP SPLASH RAIN

PICTURES BY LEONARD WEISGARD

STORY BY ALVIN TRESSELT
Drip drop splash, drip drop splash, went the rain all day.
Frog's back,
on a green
and splunked
the tree trunks,
thicked down
daisy's face,
Fell from a
bear's tail,
a brown
splashed from
rabbit's nose,
dropped from a
shiny leaves,
Dripped from the
There were so many rain drops

swam in it, and tiny snails
sat beside it.

The puddle grew larger, and
they made a puddle.

became a pond. Water-lilies
floated on it, little fish
larger, and larger, until it
Still it rained. Drip
drop splash, drip drop splash,
drip drop splash.
The little pond grew larger and
larger and spilled right over
into a brook.
jumped over big stones. Fell into deep pools, and rested on a bed of soft green moss. Then tumbled into a lake.
Now it was a big lake, with big fish and tall pickerel weed. Dragonflies skimmered over the water, turtles floated quietly, and a red-winged blackbird built his nest in the rushes.
Still it rained. Drip drop splash, drip drop splash. The lake grew larger and larger. It flooded a farmer's meadow and the cows stood in the mud.
He had to go to school in a boat.

And the children

And the cars couldn't pass

It covered a road
teams had a boat race.

from the rocks, and two

over waterfalls. Men fished

shore. It ran under bridges and

with houses and towns along the

Then it over flowed into a river.
were ships and barges on a holiday,
came to great cities with docks. There boathul of people
Past factories and warehouses, the river and scows and tankers, and a
Little boys jumped into the water, subway trains and cars ran under it, ferry boats puffed back and forth on top, and seagulls flew over it, looking for fish to eat.
Then it passed a fort and a lighthouse and a bell buoy, and the river flowed into the sea.
and at last the rain stopped.

Building it. The sun came out,

with lots of little tugboats.

There was an ocean liner
to meet it.

Tall waves rolled up
the sea ever since

The proportion of children have been learning about the real
ill children's children. A book in 1947, and from
named a sandwich. My very first book for children was
that it is a result. The very first book for children was
was accepted, and Leonard Wiesner was asked to illus-
proposed this in less than two hundred words. The story
stated in a completely realistic manner. I accen-
way to the sea in a completely realistic manner. I accen-
ted the man, living on a mountain side and making his
never work. I then decided to "tell it like it is," and I
naturally lose and I realized that this approach would
progressively lose and I realized that this approach would
sometimes alone, the journey my protagonist book get
ripped that and I was going to follow her down the
mountain with her eventually reached the sea, but

Afterword

PAUL BACON: STAND OFF  a mountain stream