



THE OVERNIGHT JOURNEY OF

HENRY

the Pickle



by

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What a Pickle!

Henry is a perfectly ordinary pickle. But one day he decides he wants to see the world.

“Forget it,” says Poppa Pickle.
“The world is dangerous.”

“I’m not afraid of dangers!”
Henry says. All the other pickles
turn green with envy.

Late one night, Henry picks up
his pickle pack and sets out to
explore the kitchen, the world
and even outer space.

And what a sweet, sour and
bumpy ride it will be!

CHAPTER ONE

HENRY THE PICKLE DECIDES TO SEE THE WORLD

Henry was a little pale green pickle who had never seen the world.

He sat quietly in a jar while Momma Pickle gave him his daily bath of salt and vinegar, and he got more bitter all the time.

“I’d like to see the world!” Henry said one day to Poppa Pickle, who was sitting on the lid of the pickle jar, deep in thought.

“What did you say?” asked Poppa Pickle.

“I’d like to see the world!” said Henry.

“Forget it,” said Poppa Pickle. “I’ve traveled much in my days, and it’s not worth it. It’s better to stay here safe on the shelf. The world is dangerous.”

All the other little pickles climbed out of the pickle jar to listen to Poppa Pickle tell about the world.

Henry stood up proudly on the shelf dripping vinegar, and said: “I’m not afraid of dangers!” All the other little pickles turned green with envy.

“What kind of dangers are there, anyhow?” Henry Pickle asked Poppa pickle.

“Well, there are the Purple Pickle Pickers, for

example,” said Poppa Pickle, “and a pack of other perils.”

Henry was not impressed.

Momma pickle wiped her hands in her apron and looked worried. “Don’t you like it here in your nice salty sour home?” she asked. “I don’t know what’s got into you! Why, just look out there! There isn’t a drop of salt water or vinegar anywhere! You’d dry out!” Momma Pickle frowned.

“Why don’t you just go down to the other end of the shelf and play quietly with the sugar,” she said. “Any time you want to be a sweet-and-sour pickle, that’s all right with us. But to go away into the outer world. . . No! I put my foot down when it comes to that!”

Henry looked down at the sugar bowl at the other end of the shelf. “I’m tired of playing in the sugar,” he said. “I don’t want to be a sweet-and-sour pickle today. I want to see the world.”

“Have you any idea what the world is like?” asked Momma Pickle.

“Yes,” said Henry, and all the little pickles rose up out of the vinegar in amazement.

“Who told you?” asked Momma Pickle.

“A fly,” said Henry.

“What did he say?” asked Momma Pickle, peering through her glasses.

“He said there’s a big pail of ice cream on the table in the other room. I’d like to go explore the ice cream.”

Momma Pickle shuddered.

“Don’t you know pickles and ice cream don’t mix,”

said Momma Pickle, shaking her head. “Henry, why don’t you stop having such odd ideas and act like an ordinary pickle. Here, come have a nice bath. It will freshen you up and calm you down.”

“No.” Henry was firm. “I want to see the world!”

Momma Pickle and Poppa Pickle looked across the jar of strawberry preserves at each other, and then they went behind the pickle jar, where they could have a consultation alone.

While they were gone, Henry’s relatives gathered around.

– Henry’s sister, Patricia Pickle, who was a very pretty pickle but a little shy, waddled up to Henry and said: “Henry, it’s very brave of you to want to take a trip, but we’d miss you very much. Why don’t you be a plain pickle and stay here?”

– Henry’s big brother, Peter Pickle, pranced up and said: “*You* sure are a peculiar pickle, Henry! I don’t know how *you* got into the family!”

– Henry’s grandfather, Professor Pickle, who was a wise, wrinkled old pickle, said, “Henry, be a *proper* pickle and stop this nonsense!”

– Henry’s aunt Pamela, who was a very pushy pickle, shoved her way past the other pickles and proclaimed, “Henry, you’re the most fickle pickle I ever heard of! Why do you want to give up all this luxury on the shelf and go away and make your father and mother unhappy?”

– Henry’s cousin, Priscilla Pickle, who was a very pert pickle, sat perched on the edge of the shelf. “Take me along,” she pleaded pleasingly.

Henry paid no notice to any of his relations. He waited for Momma and Poppa Pickle to come out from behind the pickle jar.

Finally they came out. They looked very serious.

“Do you still feel the same way?” asked Poppa Pickle.

“Yes,” said Henry.

“All right,” said Momma Pickle. “We won’t stand in your way.”

“. . . if you promise us one thing,” added Poppa Pickle.

“What?” asked Henry.

“That before you go, you’ll listen to our advice about traveling.”

Henry agreed.

“When do you plan to leave?” asked Poppa Pickle.

“As soon as possible,” answered Henry.

“All right,” said Poppa Pickle. “I’ll tell you the first half today, then the rest tomorrow.”

“Fine,” said Henry.

So all the pickles sat around in a circle on the top of the coffee can, while Poppa Pickle told Henry about traveling.

CHAPTER TWO

POPPA PICKLE TELLS HENRY ABOUT HOW TO TRAVEL

“The first thing,” said Poppa Pickle, “is, never trust what a fly tells you.”

“Why not?” asked Henry.

“Because flies spread false rumors from room to room.”

“Oh,” said Henry.

“The next thing to remember,” said Poppa Pickle, “is, to carry a good supply of spices and vinegar with you. You could perish without a good supply of spices and vinegar. And, if you ever get in trouble, place your trust in things that start with a P.”

“. . . Like what?” asked Henry.

“Oh, just about anything that starts with a P,” answered Poppa Pickle. For instance, Paprika, Peas, Popularity, Prudence, Possibilities, Pretending, Proof, Pants, Pockets—and Pickle Protection.”

“What’s Pickle Protection?” asked Henry.

“Just a minute,” said Poppa Pickle, and he went behind some cans on the shelf.

He came out again carrying a little round object.

“Here, put this in your pocket. It’s a pellet of patented pickle polish. If you ever run into trouble, just rub it all over you. You can slip out of the worst dangers that way. It’s the most dependable pickle protector there is. I’ve been saving it just in case.”

“Oh, thank you,” said Henry.

Then Poppa Pickle went to get something behind the big Peach can. “Here’s a pickle pack to put on your back,” he said. It has lots of things beginning with P in it. You can never tell when they will come in handy.”

“Thanks,” said Henry again.

“That’s enough for today,” said Poppa Pickle. “I’ll tell you the rest tomorrow.”

So all the pickles paraded back into the pickle jar to go to sleep for the night.

CHAPTER THREE

HENRY DEPARTS

Henry couldn’t fall asleep. He stared dreamily through the glass wall of the pickle jar. Finally he couldn’t stand it any longer. He eased himself up out of the pickle bath, lifting the lid very quietly, so that no one would hear, and slid down the side.

He landed on the shelf without a sound. He got out the pickle pack from behind the peach can, and put it on his back. Then he felt in his pocket to make sure that he had his pickle protector. Then he prepared to depart.

Just as he reached the edge of the shelf, Henry felt a pat on his shoulder. He slid around in amazement. “Who’s that?” he said in the dark.

“It’s me!” Priscilla!” a voice whispered. “*Please* take me along!”

“No,” said Henry. “Next time maybe. This time I’m going by myself.”

“Please,” said Priscilla. “Please! I promise I won’t get in the way!”

“Shh,” said Henry. “Don’t be a pest. Shh. Go back to sleep and don’t wake anybody up. Maybe next time. Please be a nice pickle and go back to sleep.”

“All right,” Priscilla pouted. “Good luck, Henry. Do

come back safe.”

“Thanks,” said Henry. “Thanks a lot, Priscilla.” And he got ready to go again.

Henry slip off the shelf and landed on the table with a perfect plop.

He looked up, to see if anyone had heard. No one had.

Then he slid off the table and landed on the floor with another perfect plop.

“This is easy!” said Henry. “Parents are always exaggerating things!”

“Henry looked down and noticed proudly that he had two new bumps on him where he landed.

“So that’s how Poppa Pickle got all his bumps!” he thought. “That explains *that!* Poppa Pickle probably traveled plenty in his day! Now when I get back, Momma Pickle will probably tell me I look more like Poppa Pickle every day!”

CHAPTER FOUR

HENRY JOINS THE AFTER DARK KITCHEN CLUB

Henry slid along cautiously in the dark until he came to the wall where the kitchen window was. Everything was very quiet, and Henry looked up to the shelf to see how the shelf looked from where he was. But it was so dark he couldn’t see anything.

Then he heard a rustling sound.

Henry grabbed quickly in his pocket for the pickle protector. It was still there.

“Don’t act so scared,” said a voice.

“Who are you?” asked Henry.

“Who are *you?*” answered the voice.

“Henry the Pickle!” answered Henry promptly.

“Aw, go on!” said the voice. “You can’t fool me. Pickles don’t move around on the kitchen floor at night. They stay quietly on the shelf all the time.”

Henry groped into his pickle pack to see if there was something he could use, to show the voice that he was really a pickle. He found some Pickle Personality in his pack and decided to try it out.

Henry danced about in a very perky way. Then he

cut a few fancy pickle capers. "There!" he said. "Maybe *now* you're convinced."

"Well I declare!" said the voice. "It's a pickle after all! I've never felt anything move about on me like *that* before."

"Who are you?" asked Henry.

"Frank," said the voice. "Just call me Frank. I'm Frank the Floor, right here beneath you."

Henry nearly jumped all the way back up to the shelf, he was so shocked. He grabbed into his pickle pack for help again, and found some Pardon-me.

"Oh, pardon me for walking on you this way," said Henry. "I beg your pardon. Excuse me please. Pardon."

There was a silence.

Finally the voice said, "For goodness' sake! Will you *please* stop grabbing into that pack on your back, and just *relax*! What do you think floors are *for*, except to walk on?"

"Oh," said Henry. "You see I've never been on a floor before."

"That's right," said the voice. "You aristocratic pickles don't come down much at night. We think you're a bunch of snobs, staying up on the shelf all the time."

"Oh, I'm not a snob, I assure you," said Henry. "It's just that pickles don't travel much, as a rule."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you're not a snob, Henry," said Frank. "Would you like to meet the bunch?"

"What bunch?" Henry asked.

"Well, there's Carl the Carrot over there, and Sam the stove, for example."

"Humpf," said Carl.

"Hiss," said Sam.

"They don't sound like such a friendly bunch to me!" said Henry.

"Oh yes they are, once you get to know them. We have real friendly times at night. You ought to join the crowd."

"But it's so dark I can't *see* anything!" said Henry.

"We'll fix that!" said Frank. "Marcia, come here a minute, will you?"

Soon a ray of light came in the kitchen window.

"Marcia the Moonbeam, meet Henry the Pickle," said Frank the Floor.

"Glad to meet you," murmured Marcia the Moonbeam in a cool voice.

"Glad to meet you *too*," said Henry.

"Can you see now?" asked Frank.

"Oh fine!" said Henry.

"That's good," Frank whispered in Henry's ear. "I could ask Leslie the Electric Light to do his bit, but Marcia gets very *jealous* when *he* comes on!"

"I *heard* what you said!" murmured Marcia. "I heard every *word*, and I think that's a very mean thing for you to say! But I'm not going to get mad. I'm not a *bit* mad! Not a bit! Everybody knows moonlight is much merrier and nicer than electric light anytime!"

The electric light on the ceiling blinked twice, and a voice said, "Sour grapes! Sour grapes!"

"Now Leslie and Marcia, stop all this fighting," said a new voice. "Just stop! Just stop! Just stop!" The new

voice sounded like the ticking of a clock.

“That’s Constance the Clock,” said Frank. “She keeps law and order around here when things get out of hand.”

“Hmpf,” said Carl the Carrot, scratching his green hair. “Law and order indeed! Who asked you to come down here and start all this trouble anyway? Why don’t you go back on the shelf where you belong with the rest of the snobs!”

“Nobody *asked* me,” said Henry. “I just *decided* to come down, all by myself. And it’s not my fault you’re having trouble. And besides it seems to me *you’re* being the snobs, not me!”

“Hurray!” cried Betty the Broom. “Hurray! Hurray for Henry!” And the whole kitchen burst into applause.

“I’m glad somebody finally put Carl in his place!” said Betty. “Carl, you *could* be nicer to our new visitor, you know.”

“Humpf,” said Carl. “Welcome to the kitchen.”

“Thank you,” said Henry.

“Listen,” Leslie the Light called down in blinks and flashes, “I wish you would stop all that *talking* down there, and tell me if you want me to come *on* tonight! If not, I’m just going to turn around in my socket and go back to sleep!”

“You can come on as far as *I* am concerned!” said Marcia. “The strongest electric light in the whole *world* can’t blot out the beauty of a moonbeam!”

“Yeah! Yeah!” blinked Leslie sarcastically.

“Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Come right on, Leslie. Any time you wish! Let’s have some fun tonight instead

of bickering. What do you think Henry will think of the kitchen crowd if we act this way? He’ll get the wrong impression entirely!”

“Okay!” blinked Leslie happily. “I’ll be on in a few minutes.”

“Have a seat,” said Cherie the Chair to Henry. “And tell us all about yourself.”

“Don’t be bashful,” said Tilly the Table.

“I think you’re a little high for me to sit on,” said Henry. “Thank you but I would just as soon sit on the floor.”

“Oh no,” ticked Constance the Clock. “It’s not your size that counts here, Henry. It’s only important how you get along with the crowd. Now you just make friends with Cherie, and then you won’t have any trouble sitting on her at all!”

Henry looked up at the seat. “Well, there’s a comfortable pillow up there, he thought, “and a pillow does start with a P. Maybe I can manage.”

“Let me think! Let me think! Let me think!” ticked Constance. “I think the best thing would be if you joined the club. Then you’d get along in the kitchen fine.”

“What club?” asked Henry.

“The After Dark Kitchen Club,” said Constance.

“Oh!” said Henry. “How do I join?”

“You just have to *want* to. Then we’ll have a meeting and vote you in. I’m sure no one will vote against your membership.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that!” said a high frail voice from a vase on the window sill. “He smells of vinegar,”

said Flora the Flower. “He might interfere with my fresh fragrance.”

Flora bent over and sniffed at Henry with her petals.

Henry shivered. “I’m picklish,” he said.

“You mean you’re ticklish!” said Flora.

“No, *picklish!*” insisted Henry.

Flora snapped upright again. “See!” she said. “He smells of vinegar! And he can’t even *talk* right! He would *never* do!” And she turned up her petals in disdain at Henry.

Henry looked into his pickle pack, and pulled out some Pride.

“I’m a pickle!” he said proudly, “and I’m *proud* of the way I talk and smell!”

Everybody applauded, even Carl the Carrot.

“Please!” Constance the Clock ticked over to Flora the Flower. “Be a friendlier flower and have more good fellowship, Flora.”

“All right,” said Flora, and she spread out her petals in a friendly way.

Everyone applauded once more, and Leslie the Light flashed down his comments. “Brilliant fellow,” he said. “You’re very bright for a pickle, I must say!”

“Thank you,” said Henry.

“Good!” said Constance. “It’s so nice when everyone gets along. Don’t you think so, Henry?”

Henry didn’t know what to say, so he reached into his pickle pack and pulled out Perfect-agreement.

“I agree with you perfectly,” he said.

“Good,” said Constance. “Now let’s have a meeting. First I’ll call the roll.”

So she ticked off everyone’s name, like this:

“Carl the Carrot?”

— Carl answered “Here!”

“Alice the Apple?”

— “Here,” said Alice.

“Frank the Floor?”

— “Here!”

“Wilma the Wall?”

— “Here!”

“Theresa the Tomato?”

— “Here!”

“Sudsy the Soap?”

— “Here!”

“Sarah the Sink?”

— “Here!”

“Cybil the Ceiling?”

— “Here!”

“Dirk the Door?”

— “Here!”

“Leslie the Light?”

— “Here!” said Leslie, who blinked on, and didn’t go off again. Constance ticked off dozens of names, and everyone answered “Here!” until Constance called out: “Irving the Inch?”

Nobody answered.

“Irving the Inch?” Constance repeated.

Still there was no answer.

“Oh, come now!” said Carl the Carrot. “We *know*

you're here, Irving."

"How do you know?" asked Henry.

"Oh, inches are *everywhere*," said Carl. "You can't see them, but they're there!"

"What do you mean?" asked Henry.

"Well, an inch is something which you know just how *long* it is, but it *isn't* anything!" said Carl.

"Certainly," said Henry. "Certainly."

"Fine, Henry," said Constance. "You're beginning to get along fine. Now Irving! Stop hiding and let us know you're here, just for our new member! *Please!*"

— "Here!" said a very little voice.

"Thank you, Irving!" said Constance.

Then she called out, "Yolanda the Yard?"

— A voice 36 times as long as Irving's voice said, "Here!"

Then Constance called "Miriam the Melody?" and a voice sang:

Do
re
mi
fa
so
la
ti
do
here!

Then Constance called, "Geraldine the Green?"

— "Here!" said a color, which had no size or shape or anything else, but just a greenness.

Henry's eyes nearly popped. "Imagine! Something

which isn't anything but a color. Wow! What a club! Do you have everything – I mean everyone – there is in the whole world in the club?

"Oh no!" said Constance. "For instance, you're the first *pickle* I remember. But we try to get everyone, who wants to, to join. We try to make the kitchen club the nicest, coziest place in the whole world."

Still, Henry was amazed.

Constance went on: "Dolores the Dot?"

— "." answered a voice, which sounded like a point.

"Stanley the Stripe?" called Constance.

"/ " said a voice.

"Cyrus the Circle?" Constance continued.

— "□" a voice answered.

"Sol the Square?"

— "○" was the answer.

"Updyke the Upside-down?"

— "ɹɹH" said a voice, all upside down.

"Dolores the Downside-up?"

— "Here!" was the answer.

"Barry the Backwards?" Constance called.

"ereH" answered Barry, backwards.

"Isadore the Inside-out?"

— "e H e r" said a voice in an all inside out way.

"Olivia the Outside-in?" called Constance.

— Olivia answered with a "Here" that sounded all outside in.

"Sally the Smile?" called Constance.

— A voice smiled "Here."

“Frances the Frown?” Constance ticked off, and a voice frowned “Here.”

“Norman the No?”

— “Not here” was the answer.

— “Yasmin the Yes?”

— “Yes, here,” a voice said.

“Theodore the There?”

— “There,” said a voice.

“Larry the Laugh?” was the last name Constance called.

— “And a voice laughed, “Ho ho, ha ha, hee hee, here!”

“Fine! Everyone has answered the roll,” said Constance, who was a little hoarse now.

She cleared her throat and said, “What would you all like to have first? — the *fun* or the *business meeting*?” “The fun!” said everyone together. “Good,” said Constance. “What would you like to *do* first?”

“*Dance!*” everybody yelled. “Let’s have a *dance!*”

CHAPTER FIVE

THE AFTER DARK KITCHEN CLUB HAS A WILD BALL

So Miriam the Melody hummed while everyone danced.

Sam the Stove thumped around with Tillie the Table, but they were careful not to land on anyone’s toes.

Dirk the Door teamed up in the corner with Wilma the Wall.

Gerald the Green danced harmoniously with Ronald the Red.

Sheldon the Shadow flitted about smoothly with Marcia the Moonbeam.

Larry the Laugh cavorted with Sally the Smile.

Doris the Dot danced with Stanley the Stripe.

Sudsey the Soap slid about with Sarah the Sink.

And Henry the Pickle did a polite polka with Flora the Flower.

Then, while Miriam the Melody hummed and everyone danced, Constance began to sing a song that went like this:

It isn’t your *size* that counts!

If you weigh twenty tons or an ounce,

If you’re forty feet tall,

Or not tall at all,
It isn't your *size* that counts!

It's not how you *look* that counts!
You'll never get me to denounce
A thing green as gall,
Or a spotted old ball.
It's not how you *look* that counts!

It's not how you *sound* that counts!
What *of* it? — if you pronounce
A word big or small,
In the *worst* way of all!
It's not how you *sound* that counts!

It's the way that you *act* that counts!
It's the way that you flounce and bounce!
Have fun, one and all!
Help whoever may fall!
Be kind to your partner! *That* counts!

It's the way you *behave*! *That* counts!
I want each and all to renounce
Any reason to brawl,
Or else you will sprawl!
It's the way you *behave* that counts!

It's the way that you *dance* that counts!
It's the way that you bounce and flounce.
Be gay, one and all!

Have a wonderful ball!
It's the way you have *fun*! *That* counts!

Then everyone changed partners.

Everyone was having a wonderful time.

"This is the *best* meeting the club has had in a long time," said Sam the Stove to Henry as he danced by. "It's always the most fun when there's a new member."

Constance began to tick faster and Miriam hummed a quicker tune and soon the dance became very wild.

Then it happened. Tillie the Table tripped over Carl the Carrot and fell. One dancer after another fell, and soon there was a great big pile up, with Henry the Pickle on the very bottom.

"Help!" cried Henry, who couldn't move. He tried to get into his pickle pack to find something which would help him get out from under everyone, but he couldn't move. He tried and tried, and wriggled and squiggled, and finally was able to pull something out of the pack. It was Patience. All Henry could do now was to wait patiently until the others got off the pile.

One by one they got up slowly, and Henry lay there feeling very crushed. At last Carl the Carrot helped him up and everyone apologized. Henry looked very wrinkled.

"Oh, it's all right," said Henry. "A few wrinkles more or less on a pickle don't make much difference! But it's pretty crowded in here! If you all will excuse me a minute I think I'll just take a quiet stroll down the hall."

Everybody was silent.

"Is something wrong?" asked Henry.

“You tell him,” Carl the Carrot said to Constance the Clock.

“Well, Henry, you just can’t go outside the kitchen,” said Constance.

“Why not?” asked Henry.

“It’s against the rules,” Constance answered.

“What rules?” asked Henry.

“Just the rules,” Constance said. “No one of us has ever taken a trip outside the kitchen like that, just by himself. It’s just not done! We don’t *belong* out there. We just belong in the *kitchen*. Aren’t you happy here?”

Constance’s words reminded Henry of what Momma and Poppa Pickle had said, to him.

“Oh yes!” said, Henry. “I like it here very much! But you see I’m going to see the world!”

Everybody was silent again.

Henry looked into his pack and pulled out some Persuasion.

“Everything is okay!” he said to the club in a very persuasive voice. “It’s really *all right* for me to leave the kitchen. Dirk, would you be a good fellow and open up — just a little — so I could slip through? Be a nice fellow member, and open just a little bit!”

“You’re a very persuasive pickle,” said Constance. “Go ahead, Dirk, let Henry out. We hope you come back safe,” she said, and everybody called out, “Good luck!” as Henry left the kitchen.

“Goodbye, everyone,” he said. “It was nice meeting, you.” And then he was gone.

Dirk the Door closed tightly behind him.

CHAPTER SIX

HENRY TAKES A BRIEF PAUSE

Henry found himself in the dark again and waited a while, wondering what to do next. Soon he could see a little better, and found there was a turn in the hall ahead of him. He reached into his pickle pack and found a little Pause. So Henry paused a little.

CHAPTER SEVEN

HENRY MEETS THE KING OF THE WHOLE HALL AT NIGHT

After his brief Pause, Henry washed himself in some pickle juice. He felt better. "I'm glad Poppa Pickle put in all those piquant things! They make you feel great!" said Henry. Then he started to make his way merrily down the hall, singing this song:

Oh, my name is Henry the Pickle
And I haven't a dime or a nickel,
But I'm having more fun,
And I've hardly begun!
I'm an iggly, wiggly pickle.

I'm a squiggly, wriggly pickle,
And I'm having a wonderful kickle
It can't be denied
That it's more fun outside
For a scriggly, squiggly pickle.

I'm dripping just like an icicle,
And being most un-politick-all

But I'm having more *fun*!
And I've hardly *begun*.
I'm a jiggly-jaggly, iggally-agally, wiggly-waggaly
pickle!

I'm having such fun I could giggle,
And swiggle and jiggle and sniggle!
Oh, I'm heaving such *fun*.
And I've only *begun* ! I'm a giggly, jiggly pickle!

I don't care if I'm little or biggle,
Or wriggle or scriggle or iggle,
I'll giggle along
And sing me the song
Of the igally-aggally, tigally-tagally,
jiggly -jaggly pickle!

I've just left my old bailiwick-l
To travel through thin-l and thick-l
And see what's outside
In the world far and wide,
I'm HAPPY old HENRY the PICKLE!

That's *me*, I'm old Henry the Pickle!
And I don't have a dime or a nickel,
But I'm off on a spree,
No one can stop me!
I'm a sliggly, quiggly, most whirligig-ally,
Iggally pigally *PICKLE!*

Henry reached the hall corner as he finished his song. He sat down and iggled and wiggled about with fun. “Oh, is this *fun!*” he said aloud.

Then a strange sound came from around the corner, and Henry grabbed for his pickle protector.

The sound went “sniff, snuff, fnff.”

Henry peered around the corner and something like cat-whiskers stroked his head. He pulled his back and shivered, since of course he was terribly picklish.

“Who’s that?” asked Henry.

“Hmpf,” whispered the voice. “Who do you think!? I’m the cat, of course. And what are you doing in the hall wriggling around that way? Are you trying to imitate a mouse or something? It’s enough to give a cat the willies.”

“Imitate a mouse?” said Henry. “Why, I wouldn’t want to imitate anything. I’m proud of what I am. Why, I’m an iggly wiggly. . .”

“Yeah, I know *all* about it,” said the cat. “I just heard you sing that awful song. You sure need a few *singing* lessons.”

“Is *that* so?” said Henry, whose temper began to rise. “Can *you* sing any better?”

“Can I sing any *better?*” asked the cat. “What a question! Of *course* I can. I’m the best singer there is. Everybody knows cats are the best of *all* at singing.”

“Well, let’s hear you *sing*, instead of whispering, then!

“What?—and wake up the *People?*” said the cat, sitting back on his haunches. “Are you crazy? Do you want me to get a beating or something?”

“Where are the People?” asked Henry.

“Where are the People?” repeated the cat, scratching behind his ears. “Don’t you know *anything?*”

“Certainly,” said Henry. “I know People are very nice.”

“How do you know *that?*” asked the cat.

“They begin with a P.”

“You’re a peculiar, . . . ah, what did you say you were, except a mouse-imitation, a piggie or something?”

“A pickle,” answered Henry.

“Oh yes, an icky. . . .”

“Iggy!” corrected Henry.

“Iggy if you wish. Anyway, I can’t sing at night. It’s not allowed. Some Persons might get woke up and come out and give me a beating.”

“Where *are* the ‘Persons?’” asked Henry.

“Shh,” said the cat. “Did you hear something?”

“No,” said Henry.

“Funny,” said the cat. “I thought I heard a mouse.” Henry looked around.

“Listen,” said the cat. “You can go iggly-wiggling and all that, all you want. But I want you to get one thing straight. I’m king of the whole hall at night and you have to follow orders. Understand?”

“I understand,” said Henry.

“Now my first order is, if you see a mouse, come wake me up. I sleep in that basket over there. Otherwise don’t bother me at all. Understand?”

“I understand,” said Henry.

“Okay, I guess takes care of everything. Now keep a

good watch,” said the cat, who walked over to the basket to go back to sleep.

“I understand,” said Henry. “Good night.”

The cat yawned out a good night and curled up fast asleep.

Henry wiggled along very softly, so as not to wake up the king of the whole hall at night.

CHAPTER EIGHT

HENRY MEETS A MOUSE AND GIVES AWAY SOME OF HIS POWER

“I wonder where I can find the People,” said Henry.

“Shh,” said an itsy bitsy voice, which was so quiet Henry could hardly hear it. “If you’re very quiet I’ll tell you. I know just where you can slip into their rooms.

“Who are you?” asked Henry.

“Shhh. I’ll tell you in a minute. Come in here, where I am. Nobody can bother us while we’re in here.”

“Where?” asked Henry.

“Right inside this little hole, where I am.”

“All right,” said Henry, and he slipped in.

“Welcome to our happy home said the voice when Henry was inside.

“Thank you” said Henry. “I’m Henry the P. . . ”

“I know,” said the little creature, who was about half the size of Henry. “I heard you talking with the cat in the Hall. Glad to meet you.”

“Who are you?” asked Henry.

“I’ll tell you if you promise not to call the cat.”

“You’re the mouse then,” said Henry. “Oh, I wouldn’t call the cat! I didn’t promise him anything. I just told him I

understood what he wanted me to do! I didn't say I would *do it!*"

"Swell," said the mouse. "You're a regular fellow." "Oh, it's nothing," said Henry. "That cat didn't impress me very much. He acted pretty stuck up. Saying he was King of the Whole Hall, and all that kind of stuff. What's he got against you?"

"Doggone if I know," said the mouse. "Frankly, I think he's jealous."

"Jealous of what?" asked Henry.

"I can run faster, and slip under doors and into all kinds of holes. He doesn't like anybody that can do *anything* better than he can.

"That's right," said Henry. "He was bragging he could sing better than anybody. Can he?"

"Well, he can sing *loud*, when he decides to, but his voice breaks something *awful!* He's just a tenth rate singer, really, but he doesn't know it. I just run for cover and stop up my ears."

"You don't say!" said Henry. "I kind of knew he was just bragging."

"Anyway," said the mouse, "You said you wanted to meet the People. That's easy. There's a door to one of their rooms, which has a big crack under it. You could slip under it without half trying. I'll show you."

"Gee, thanks," said Henry. "It is certainly nice of you."

By the way, said the mouse. "Umm, there's something I wanted to ask you.

"Go ahead," said Henry. "Don't be bashful."

"Well. . .," said the mouse. "Um, I don't want to be nosy. . . but What's in that pack on your back?"

"Oh," said Henry, "it's just a standard pickle pack. Has everything a pickle needs to travel."

"You haven't got any cat-traps in there have you?"

"No," said Henry. "I don't think so."

"Just any simple little old cat-trap would do," said the mouse. "That cat hasn't got much brains. *Anything* would fool him!"

"Sorry," said Henry.

"Too bad," said the mouse. "No harm asking though."

But Henry looked into his pack anyway to make sure, and found some Power.

"How about this?" asked Henry. "Would some power do?"

"What's power?" asked the mouse.

"It makes you strong," said Henry.

"Say, that's fine!" said the mouse. "I could use some of that. Strength is one of my weakest points. Where's the instructions on how to use it? Aren't there any instructions?"

Henry couldn't find any instructions.

"Hm, that's too bad," said the mouse. "I'm pretty good with instructions. I can read all the instructions on the mouse traps. I just read what's printed on the traps and so I know how they work. That way I never get caught!"

Henry was silent.

"Okay, let's try it out," said the mouse.

He pushed against the side of the hole and a big piece of plaster fell off.

“Say! That Power stuff is pretty potent. Wow! I think I’ll just go out and beat up that cat before it wears off! How long does it last?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” answered Henry.

“Hm, I’d better hurry then, before it wears off,” and the mouse started to run out into the hall.

“Wait!” called Henry. “How about showing me that crack under the door first?”

“Sure,” said the mouse. “I almost forgot. Excuse me. I was just feeling mad with Power. It sort of goes to your head. There’s the door right across the hall, and there’s the crack, right over there. See?”

“Yes,” said Henry. “Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it,” said the mouse. “Excuse me now. This is the chance of my life. Just wait till I find that *puny, measly, weak* little old cat. I’ll show him who’s king of the hall! Am I going to get him! Just wait! See you later,” and — whoosh! the mouse was gone.

Henry slid out of the hole and started to make his way over to the People’s door when he heard a crash and a bang. Soon two shapes went by him so fast he couldn’t see what they were. Round and round they went, up and down the hall.

“Who’s chasing who?” called Henry.

“*He’s chasing me!*” gasped the mouse as he went by.

Henry slid back into the hole.

“Out of my way!” said a voice and the mouse

tumbled in after him.

WHOP! The cat’s paw just missed, and Henry and the mouse were safe.

“What happened?” asked Henry.

“Wait ‘till I catch my breath,” said the mouse.

When the mouse had caught his breath he told Henry what had happened. “I went up to him and punched him right on the nose!” he began.

“What did *he* do?” asked Henry.

“He just opened his eyes and, didn’t do a thing. I guess he was plenty surprised,” said the mouse.

“*Then* what happened?” asked Henry.

“I bopped him on the nose again.”

“*Then* what?” Henry asked.

“He bopped me back. So hard I thought my *end* had come!

That Power stuff doesn’t work!”

“Maybe it’s only Pickle-Power,” said Henry. “Maybe it only works for pickles. I’m sorry.”

“Oh, that’s okay,” said the mouse. “Think nothing of it. I’ll never forget the expression on that cat’s face as long as I live. Was *he* surprised!”

“I can imagine,” said Henry.

“Something will turn up sooner or later,” said the mouse. “I’ll get that old cat yet!”

“Good luck!” said Henry. “It was nice meeting you. But now I’d like to go meet the People.” And Henry started to slide out through the hole.

WHOP! The cat’s paw came down, and Henry slid back just in time.

“Just wait till I get you, you trouble maker!” hissed the cat. “Just wait till you come out!”

“Hm,” said Henry. “I guess the time has come to use my pickle protector.” So he rubbed the pickle polish all over himself until he became very slippery.

Henry slid out of the hole and the cat’s paw came down, on him, but Henry didn’t feel a thing. WHOP! BOP! BOP! SLAP! went the cat, but each time his paw just slid off Henry with a squeak.

The cat sat back, amazed.

“What a night!” he said. “What a night! First this iggly thing comes squiggling down the hall, and then the mouse punches me in the nose! Now I’m missing this iggly-wiggler every time I aim at it! I got the willies for sure! And my paw is beginning to hurt! I’m going back to sleep!”

And the cat slunk off to his, basket, shaking his head and saying, “What a night! What a night! *What a night!*” Henry slid along in peace until he came to the door with the crack under it.

“Psst, said the mouse’s, voice behind him. “I just wanted to tell you, you were a real regular fellow. Anytime you want to visit me again, you’re always welcome.”

“Thanks,” said Henry.

“Don’t mention it,” said the mouse. “Now I’ve got to go get some sleep. I’m pretty knocked out. What a night! What a night! at a night!” he said, and went back into his hole.

CHAPTER NINE

HENRY MEETS THE PEOPLE

Henry slid under the door. He came to a bed where there was a little boy sound asleep.

“Hello, Person,” called Henry.

There was no answer.

“Yoo hoo, Person!” Henry called.

Still there was no answer.

Henry looked into his pickle pack and found a piccolo.

He blew a few notes on the piccolo, and still there was no answer.

He blew a few more notes.

This time the door on the other side of the room opened, and a Lady Person came in.

“Peter?” said the Lady Person. “Were you whistling?”

Peter the Boy, did not answer.

“Peter,” she said, “Wake up! You were whistling in your sleep?”

Peter woke up.

The lady person laughed, and said, “Peter, guess what! You were whistling in your sleep! Can you imagine

that?”

“Gee! Was I, mother?” said Peter.

“I think so,” said the Lady Person, and she laughed again. “Now go back to sleep. Sleep tight dear.” And she went out again.

“Psst,” said Henry. “You weren’t whistling. That was *me*, playing a pickle-concerto on my piccolo!”

Peter looked down and saw Henry. He didn’t believe his eyes. He pulled the covers up to his chin, quickly.

“Don’t be afraid,” said Henry. “I’m just a little old iggly wiggly pickle taking a trip around the world. I won’t hurt you. My name’s Henry. Glad to meet you, Peter.”

Peter looked down. “Are you really a pickle?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Henry, “a squiggly wiggly, happily snap-pily, flippity flappity little old pickle. I’m traveling. Do you mind if I pay you a short visit?”

“No,” said Peter. He bent over and looked down at Henry. Peter started to pick Henry up, but Henry slipped out of his hands.

“Sorry,” said Henry. “I’m all smeared up with pickle polish. Makes me very squiggly and hard to get hold of.”

“That’s okay,” said Peter. “Guess what! I just had a dream about a pickle *just like you*. He came through the hall and talked to the cat, and then he came in to see me.”

“No kidding!” said Henry. “Isn’t *that* a coincidence.”

“Did you just play a few notes that went ‘dum, dee dra dra deeee dum, dee dee dum?’”

“Yes,” said Henry. “That is *just* the tune I played! You probably heard me in your sleep. It’s from the overture to the pickle concerto for solo pickle with piccolo.”

Peter leaned back on his pillow. “I must be dreaming,” he said.

“Pinch yourself,” said Henry.

Peter pinched himself.

“See,” said Henry. “That’s Proof. If you’re dreaming and you pinch yourself, then you wake up.”

Peter pinched himself again. “Ouch!” he said. “You’re right. I’m *not* dreaming.”

“See, what did I tell you!” said Henry. “Say, what’s it like to be a Person?” he asked.

“Oh, you have your ups and downs. It’s pretty tough at times.”

“Like when?” asked Henry.

“Well, like when Momma or Poppa make me stay in the house.”

“I can understand that!” said Henry.

“Or,” Peter went on, “like when they forbid me to whistle. I just love to whistle, but it bothers my mother.”

“Hm,” said Henry, “I’ve got an idea. Why don’t you just *charm* them with a whistle?”

Peter’s eyes opened wide. “How could I do that? Could you teach me how, to do *that*?”

“Sure,” said Henry. “I’ll show you. Now just listen to this tune. It’s a real People-Peaser.” And Henry played a few mysterious notes on his piccolo. “When they hear that,” he said, “they’ll be so charmed, they’ll let you do *anything* you want!”

“Really?” said Peter, who was sitting, up now in excitement. “Really? You’re kidding!”

“Just watch!” said Henry. He picked up his piccolo, took a deep breath, and began to play some high slow mysterious notes.

Soon the door to Peter’s room opened and Momma Person, with her eyes closed and her hands out in front of her, moved into the room slowly in tune with the music. Soon Poppa Person, Sister Person, and Brother Person, Uncle Person, Aunt Person, Grandmomma Person and Grandpoppa Person came in single-file behind Momma Person.

Henry took the lead and led the charmed People pleasingly through the house in a slow dance. The People sang this song as they crept along:

Piccolo-dee, deedly-oh!
 All through the house we go!
 We weave in and out,
 Then turn round about,
 We keep our eyes closed while we go!

Piccolo-dee, deedly-dee!
 We’re captured and no longer free!
 We’re charmed by a pickle,
 We’re not worth a nickel.
 Piccolo-dee, deedly-dee!

Piccolo-dee, deedly-oh!
 We creep with a motion that’s slow!

We’re not in a race,
 We move pickle-pace,
 Piccolo-dee~ deedly-oh!

Piccolo-dee, deedly-dee!
 In a picklish trance are we!
 We bend high and low,
 In a dream dance we flow,
 Piccolo-dee, deedly-dee!

Piccolo-dee, deedly-oh!
 We hold our hands out as we go!
 We’re in such a trance,
 In a slow-motion dance,
 Piccolo-dee, deedly-oh!

Piccolo-dee, deedly-dee!
 We’re zombies! All goofy are we!
 We’re slaves to a pickle,
 Stiff as an icicle,
 Piccolo-dee, *PICCOLO!*

Henry led them out into the hall and passed by the cat’s basket and the mouse hole. The cat took a long look and then stuck his head under his paws. “That *does* it!” the cat moaned. I’m *sure* I’m going crazy now.” The mouse bowed as the line passed by.

Finally Henry led the People back to their beds and finished with the last mysterious note, just as he arrived in Peter’s room.

Peter was speechless. Finally he got his voice back. “Wow!” he said. “That beats everything! Wow!”

“Oh it was nothing!” said Henry modestly. “Just don’t forget the *tune*.” He reached into his pickle pack and got out a Pencil and handed it to Peter. “Here, write down the tune with this Pencil.”

“But I haven’t learned how to write yet,” said Peter.

“Hm,” said Henry. “Okay, then I’ll play it to you again very slowly so you won’t forget it. And Henry played the tune again.

Peter began to look dreamy and his eyes began to close. Then he fell softly asleep.

Henry stopped playing. “Say!” he called. “Peter! Don’t fall asleep! Peter! Pete! Wake up!”

But Peter was sound asleep.

“Well!” said Henry. “What do you think of *that!*” He sure sleeps deep. Makes me sleepy to watch him! *I* feel sleepy now. I hope I haven’t charmed *myself!*”

Henry sat down and leaned against the wall and he almost fell asleep himself.

Then he caught himself just in time, and got up and yawned. He took out some pickle juice and had another refreshing vinegar shower. “That feels better,” he said. “But it’s getting late and I’m tired. Besides, I’m running out of pickle juice. Maybe I ought to go home now. I didn’t know traveling could be so tiring.”

Henry yawned and started to make his way out to the hall.

CHAPTER TEN

HENRY MEETS COUSIN CRISPIN THE CUCUMBER AND HELPS CATCH A CRIMINAL

Just as Henry got to the door, he heard a voice say, “Psst, Henry!”

He turned around quickly, but Peter was sound asleep.

“Now *I* must be dreaming,” he thought, when the voice went, “Psst, Henry!” again.

“Who’s that calling me?” Henry whispered.

“Your distant cousin, Crispin,” said the voice.

“What’s a distant cousin?” asked Henry, “And *where* are you?”

“A distant cousin is one that lives outside the house,” answered the voice. “I’m outside.”

Henry looked up at the window and saw it was open just enough for him to slip through. He scrambled up to the window sill and looked outside.

“Down here in the garden,” said the voice. “Come on down.”

Henry slid down the wall and landed in the soil.

“Welcome to the cucumber patch. I’m Crispin

the Cucumber,” said a big form that looked like a huge smooth pickle with no wrinkles.

“Glad to meet you,” said Henry. “But you don’t look like a pickle to me! Are you sure you’re my cousin?”

“Sure!” said Crispin. “I’m what a pickle looks like before it gets pickled. I’m an original pickle.”

“Hmm,” said Henry doubtfully. “Where’s your pickle juice? You don’t have any pickle juice on you.”

“Oh, I get my juice from the rain and soil. Most of it comes up through that stem there, see?” I’m never out of cucumber juice. It’s practical that way, you know.”

“You’ve got quite a set-up out here,” said Henry. “Any disadvantages?”

“Well, one thing, I’m stuck to the ground. I can’t travel about like you, and see the outside world. And another thing is, I’m so full of cucumber juice, I’d be too cucumbersome to travel.”

“That’s a shame,” said Henry. “Otherwise you could come along with me. I could use a guide. I don’t know anything about the outside world. This is my first trip.”

“I don’t know much about it either, Henry,” said Cousin Crispin. “I just sort of stay stuck here in the cucumber patch, like I told you.”

“Where do you think I should go first?” asked Henry.

“Just out,” said Crispin. “Just go out and see what happens. Don’t make any plans first.”

“I’m not sure Poppa Pickle would approve of this,” said Henry. “Maybe I should have waited to get his advice about the outside world first.”

“It’s up to you,” said Cousin Crispin.

“You’re right,” Henry answered. “It’s up to *me* now! Now I’m on my own! I’m off to see the outside world! So long Crispin! So long, now.”

“So long, Henry. See you again sometime,” Cousin Crispin called. “Regards to the family!”

“Thanks,” said Henry. “I’ll tell them I saw you when I get back.” And he made his way to the garden gate, slid under, and stood up on the sidewalk.

Henry saw a park across the street and went in, He got up on the bench next to a Person who was sitting there, and sat down beside him.

“Hello,” said Henry.

“Hello,” said the “Person, who didn’t look around. He was a man sitting with his head tucked way down into the collar of his coat.

“Why are you hanging your head down in your coat that way?” asked Henry.

“I’m trying to get some sleep,” the man said, still without looking around at Henry.

“Why don’t you sleep in a bed, the way most People do?” Henry asked.

“I don’t have any money,” said the Person. “I haven’t got a Penny.”

“Do you need money to have a bed to sleep in?” asked Henry.

“Yes,” sighed the Person. “You sure do!”

Henry looked into his pickle pack and found a Penny.

“Here,” said Henry. “If that’s all you need, I can help you. Here’s a Penny,” and he handed the Penny to the Person, who put it in his pocket.

The Person tipped his hat and said, “Thanks,” without looking up. Then he started to snore.

Suddenly a man with a little black satchel ran by and dived into the bushes. Then another man came running after him. The second man was a policeman, and he was all out of breath.

“Which way did he go?” yelled the policeman over to the sleeping man on the bench.

“Why do you want to know?” asked Henry in the dark.

“He’s a criminal! A bank robber! That’s why! Which way, did he go?”

“First tell me who you are,” said Henry.

The policeman said, “The police! Who do I look like, The Queen of Egypt?”

“Who’s the Queen of Egypt?” Henry asked.

“Quick! Tell me which way he went, or I’ll run you in!” said the policeman over to the bench.

“Well, since police starts with a P, I’ll tell you, said Henry out of the darkness. “He’s hiding in that bush over there.”

The policeman dived into the bush and there was a big scuffle. In a minute the policeman came out leading the bank robber, who was in handcuffs.

“Well!” said the policeman, smiling over toward the bench. “You’re in for a big *reward!* And he came over to the bench, patted the sleeping man on the back, and

grabbed his hand to shake it.

The sleeping man woke up and tried to struggle away.

“What did I do?” he complained. “I was just sitting here on this bench minding my own business. I just dozed off two seconds maybe. Is there a law against that?”

“Now stop being modest!” said the policeman. You know you just helped me catch a criminal, Why, this is Cruel Charlie, the famous bank robber! You’re going to get a \$10,000 reward for this! And you *deserve* it!”

“I am?” said the man, “I did? I mean. . . You don’t say!” And he shook his head back and forth in amazement.

And the policeman hustled off Cruel Charlie the bank robber in one arm, with his other arm around the man who, a few minutes before, hadn’t had a penny or a bed to sleep in.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

HENRY MEETS THE LONESOME LADY OF THE SALTY TEARS

“Gee,” said Henry. “What an exciting place, the outside world is! I never saw anything like that! I wonder what a \$10,000 reward is. I must remember to ask Poppa Pickle when I get back.”

Henry looked around at the park, which looked dark green at night, and felt very much at home. “If only they had a place to take a salty shower and freshen up!” he thought.

Just then a pretty young lady with long hair came up and sat on the bench next to him. She opened up her purse and took out a letter and started to read it in the dark.

Soon she began to sob. Henry looked up and felt sorry for her. Then she began to cry very hard, so that her salty tears flowed down her cheeks and fell on Henry. Henry felt very much refreshed.

“*Well!*” said Henry. “How *nice* People can be!” “It’s very nice of you to give me a salty shower,” he said to the pretty young lady, but you look so sad! Is something wrong?”

The pretty lady stopped crying and looked around.

“Down here on the bench next to you!” said Henry. “Pleased to meet you. Can I be of help?”

The young lady looked down at Henry and started to cry even harder. Soon buckets of tears flowed down.

“That’s enough!” said Henry. “Thank you. You can stop crying now.”

“I can?” said the young lady, staring at Henry through her tears.

“Oh, it wasn’t necessary in the first place,” said Henry gallantly. You didn’t have to cry Just for *me!* I could have waited for a salty bath until I got home!”

“You could?” said the young lady.

“Sure,” said Henry. “Traveling makes you pretty tough.”

“It does?” she said.

“Oh yes,” said Henry. “I’m taking a trip around the world.”

“You are?” she asked.

“Yes,” said Henry. “Now tell me about yourself. Do you travel much?”

The young lady didn’t answer. She just stared through her tears at Henry.

“Do you just cry and stare, or do you *talk* too?” Henry asked. “Most of the People I’ve met talk as much as pickles. Or are you a kind of Person that doesn’t talk much?”

The lady just stared.

Henry felt very uncomfortable. “Am I making you uncomfortable?” he said to the lady. “I’d be glad to go on

my way if you want to be alone!”

“Oh no,” said the young lady suddenly. Please don’t! You see, I’m seeing things! I’m seeing things I never saw before! I mean I must be dreaming!”

“Pinch yourself and find out!” said Henry.

“Oh no!” said the young lady. Then I might wake up. And I wouldn’t want to miss this dream! It’s the most wonderful dream I ever had!”

“Why?” said Henry.

“Well, because I’m dreaming of a talking pickle. And not only that, but it’s the nicest pickle anybody ever dreamed of. . . I mean talked to. . . I mean dreamed they were talking to.”

And the young lady burst out laughing.

“See!” she said. “That’s the first time I’ve laughed in weeks.” And she wiped her eyes and smiled happily at Henry.

Henry felt very odd. He decided not to tell the young lady that she wasn’t dreaming after all. Instead he asked again, “Do you travel very much?”

The young lady looked sad again. “Yes,” she said. “That’s the trouble. I’m a long way from home and I’m so homesick.” And fresh tears came to her eyes.

“Just a minute,” said Henry. “Don’t cry!” And he reached into his pickle pack and found some Poetry.

“Just a minute,” he said, and plopped down to the ground, and started to recite:

POEM

If you ever roam
Far away from home
Take along a poem.

If better turns to worse,
Open up your purse
And read some silly verse.

Travelers should take with ‘em
Some foolish little rhythm
If they’ve no one with ‘em.

If you’re having a hard time,
Any kind of rhyme
Will make you feel in prime.

The sky is shining blue,
See, the moon shines too.
Now they shine on you.

Purse terse verse,
Transverse, reverse, rehearse.
Make better out of worse.

Chime, mime, rhyme.
And meantime pantomime.

Just have a rhyming time.

Be spry, be sly, be shy,
Decry a lullaby
And you won't need to cry.

Giraffe a half a calf,
A rhyming paragraph
Is sure to make you laugh.

Come, don't hesitate,
Don't wait, mate, it's late,
Your tears evaporate.

Whoo, coo, bamboo,
Any words will do
To make you laugh anew.

Rhyme glen with men or hen,
Or pen with ten, and then
You're sure to smile again.

Be brave, match crave with wave.
That's how to behave,
Rhyme instead of rave.

Bright night moonlight
Unites delight with white,
And everything's all right.

Beam a gleam extreme,
Scheme a rhyming theme,
And then you feel supreme.

Boom! Explode your gloom.
Send your gloom to doom,
And then your joy will bloom.

So remember, when you roam
Far away from home,
The comfort in a poem.

But when Henry finished reciting the lady was crying once again.

"I'm sorry," said Henry. "Didn't you like it?"

"Oh I loved it," said the pretty young lady. "I'm not at all sad any more. I'm just smiling so hard there are tears of happiness in my eyes."

"Gee," said Henry, "Where do all those tears come from?"

"Oh I don't know," said the lady. "They just come. Now tell me more about yourself. Where do you come from, and where are you going?"

"Me?" said Henry. "Well, my name is Henry. I'm sort of the problem pickle in the family. I've always had a yearning to travel, and tonight I'm finally taking a trip through the whole world."

"The whole world!" said the lady. "All around the world? In one night?"

"Is the world round?" asked Henry.

“Round as an apple!” said the lady.

“Round as Alice the Apple?” said Henry.

“I guess so,” said the lady.

“Would you tell me how to go around it then?”

Henry asked.

“All in one night?” asked the lady. “You’d have to travel in a spaceship to do that.”

“That’s okay with me,” said Henry. “Where’s a space ship?”

The lady was silent.

“You know, I’m beginning to feel creepy about this,” she said.

“Why?” asked Henry.

“Well, it just so happens that there’s a launching site nearby here. They are planning to send up an astronaut in a space ship in just a few hours.”

“You don’t say!” said Henry. “Isn’t that a coincidence! How do I get there?”

The lady was silent.

“What is the matter?” asked Henry. “Do you feel sad again?”

“Oh no,” she said. “I was just thinking of tomorrow’s headlines. You’re going to be famous.”

“I am?” asked Henry.

“Yes. You’ll be the first pickle to fly around the planet.”

“I will?” said Henry.

“You will!” said the lady firmly.

“How do you know?” said Henry.

“I just have a feeling. Look,” she said, “I’m going to

take you to the main gate. They won’t let *me* in, but I’m sure *you’ll* find a way to get through.”

She thought a minute. “I’m going to put you in my purse, she said, “if you trust me to take you there.”

“Oh, I trust *you*,” said Henry. “Purse begins with a P, and even if it didn’t, I’d trust you anyhow. You’re just the nicest Person! And you cry the most wonderful salty tears!”

“Enough of that talk,” said the young lady. “If you keep it up, I’ll just start crying again, and I’ve already cried enough for one night. Don’t you think so?” She wrapped Henry up in a cozy white handkerchief which was still damp with her tears, and put him in her purse. “Don’t be afraid,” she said.

“Oh, I won’t,” said Henry, as she closed the purse.

While Henry was in the purse he took a refreshing nap.

The next thing he knew was, the kind young lady was putting him down at the side of a road. “Here we are,” she said. There’s the gate over there where the guards are. Have a good trip!” And some more tears came to her eyes.

“Are you crying again?” asked Henry.

The lady wiped her eyes and smiled. “No,” she said. “Not at all! But now I have to go back to the park and pinch myself to wake up from this dream. It’s the most delightful dream I ever had!”

“Then why do you have to pinch yourself?” asked Henry. “Besides, if you pinch too hard it might hurt and make you cry again. And you *know* you’ve already over-

done it with crying! You said so *yourself*.”

But the lady was walking away. Then she turned around and smiled very hard at Henry. And then she was gone.

CHAPTER TWELVE

HENRY BECOMES THE FIRST PICKLE TO FLY AROUND THE PLANET

Henry looked up at the guards standing at the gate. They were standing stiffly at attention, looking straight ahead, so they didn't see Henry slide by them. Henry saluted as he entered the gate, but the guards did not salute back.

Henry made his way through crowds of people and standing trucks. In the distance was a big rocket pointing up into the sky. Searchlights were playing on it and everybody was staring hard at it.

“Why,” said Henry, “it looks like a great big pickle with a pointed head.”

Some People standing by laughed in the darkness.

“If it were only green it would be a distant cousin to a pickle!” The people laughed again.

“I wish Cousin Crispin the Cucumber could be here to see this!” said Henry. “I must remember to tell him about it when I get back.”

Henry kept going toward the big rocket, and nobody saw him because it was dark, and everybody was looking straight ahead.

Just as Henry got to the rocket, an astronaut was

getting into an elevator to go up and get into the capsule at the top. Henry tapped him on the shoe to ask if he could go along but he didn't notice, so Henry slid up on the shoe and slipped inside.

When they got up to the capsule a lot of people got busy strapping the astronaut down. They were saying numbers and saying things into little microphones in their hands, but Henry didn't understand.

Finally they left the capsule, and Henry and the astronaut were alone.

Henry wondered what would happen next. He was going to ask the astronaut, but suddenly there was a roar and they started moving so fast he couldn't talk.

Then all of a sudden it seemed they weren't moving at all, and Henry began to float around in the capsule.

He landed on the big sheet of glass in the front of the astronaut's helmet and held tight.

Henry waved through the glass and said, "Hello. Are we going around the apple, I mean the world, now?"

The astronaut didn't answer. Instead he said into a little microphone, "There's a small green object about the size of a pickle that's loose in the capsule."

Henry could just hear someone answer in the astronaut's earphones: "Can you make out what it is?"

The astronaut's eyes looked hard at Henry and said, "Why, it is a pickle."

"A pickle?" came the answer from the astronaut's earphones.

"Yes, a pickle!" said the astronaut, "And it's motioning to me. In fact I think it's trying to talk."

"Hello," said Henry.

"The pickle just said 'hello'!" said the astronaut.

"You're seeing things," came the answer. "It's the effect of weightlessness. Take pill number 3."

The astronaut took a pill from a rack and stuck it into a hole under his helmet. Soon it popped up inside and the astronaut swallowed it.

"Took pill number 3," said the astronaut into the microphone.

"Is the pickle gone?" came from the earphones.

The astronaut peered at Henry. "It's still there."

"Take pills number 4 and 14!"

The astronaut took two more pills.

"It's still there!" he said.

"Pleased to meet you," said, Henry. "My name's Henry. What's yours?"

"It says it's name is Henry," said the astronaut into the little microphone.

Then there was silence.

"I guess he doesn't want to talk to me," thought Henry.

"Just ignore the pickle!" was the answer that finally came through the astronaut's earphones. "How's everything else?"

Then the astronaut said a lot of numbers.

"In five minutes you'll be around the world once! Congratulations!" came from the earphones. "How's Henry?"

"How are you?" asked the astronaut.,

"Fine," said Henry, "except I'm a little dizzy."

“He says he’s dizzy,” said the astronaut.

“Give him a pill.”

The astronaut handed Henry a pill and Henry took a little bite of it.

“I feel much better now,” he told the astronaut.

“He feels better,” the astronaut radioed back to earth.

“That’s good,” came the answer. “Ask him how he’s enjoying the trip.”

“Are you enjoying the trip?” asked the astronaut.

“Oh yes,” said Henry agreeably. “It’s very enjoyable. Are we going to land now?”

“Oh no,” said the astronaut. “We’re going around thousands of times more! We’re testing a new space ship.”

“We are?” sighed Henry. “Do you mind if I get out after just once?”

“He wants to get out,” radioed the astronaut.

“Look,” came back the answer, “Will you get your eyes on the controls and stop talking to that non-existent *pickle!* You’re just *imagining* it. That pickle doesn’t exist. In one minute you’ll be directly over the starting point.”

From then on, the astronaut paid no attention to Henry. He pulled switches back and forth and said a lot of numbers again.

So Henry looked into his pack and saw a Parachute. “If you don’t mind, I’ll be getting out now,” said Henry. “Goodbye,” and he got down. He put on the Parachute, and waved, but the astronaut didn’t see him.

“Henry, I mean the non-existent pickle is gone, I

mean. . . ” was the last thing Henry heard as he jumped through the porthole.

“Goodbye,” said Henry politely.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

**HENRY GETS LOST AT SEA,
MEETS PALE THAT-SETTLES-IT
THE WHALE AND LEARNS
THE LAW OF THE OCEAN**

Henry floated down for what seemed like hours. The stars and moon were so bright it was like daytime, but it was very windy, and he began to feel more dried out than ever before.

The winds threw him back and forth, and up and down, and this way and that.

Suddenly he landed with a plunk — in the ocean. Soon he began to feel more wet and salty than ever before.

“My!” said Henry, “How fast the world changes! First dry and windy, then wet and salty, all in one plunk!” Henry played around in the ocean and floated about and had just the most wonderful time he ever had.

“Whee!” he called, “Whee! Whee! So much salt water! Why, this is a regular pickle paradise!”

Henry leaned against a little wave and was scooted back and forth. “Whee!” he said, and sang this song, while resting in the curve of a wave:

Oh, I never had a notion
Of the wetness of the ocean.
It's so salty, and so wavy, and so wet.
It's the perfect place for playing,
It's for sliding and for swaying,
Why, it's just about as wet as it can get!

Why, I really had no notion
Of the hugeness of the ocean.
Why, it's just about as big as it can be.
It's the perfect place for bathing.
It's a pickle's perfect plaything.
Oh, the wet and salty ocean, that's for me!

Oh, the sea's a pickle lotion
And it has a peaceful motion,
Since it's made of wiggly waves and salty foam.
It's the place to take vacations.
I must tell all my relations
That it's better than the pickle juice at home!

Why, they haven't any notion
What it's like out on the ocean.
This is something they have simply got to see.
It's a perfect place for cruise-ing
And it's tops in pickle juice-ing.
Why, the perfect place for pickles is at sea!

Oh, to float out on the ocean
Is the best in locomotion,

Since it doesn't take an ounce of energy.
 You just let the ocean float you,
 Let it whirl you, let it tote you.
 Whee and whoopsy, whoopsy-daisy, whoopsy-
 whee!

"Whee!" said Henry. "Whee!" He swooshed and twirled, and splashed and swirled, and slid and floated, and played harder than he ever played before.

Then he rested and looked around for his pickle pack, but it wasn't there. "I wonder where my pickle pack is," he said.

He looked everywhere, and then he saw it was floating off with his parachute, far far away. He tried to get to it, but couldn't reach it any longer. Soon the pickle pack and the parachute were out of sight.

"Oh my!" said Henry. "Oh me, oh my! What a thing to lose! I better head for home now. I don't think I know how to get along without my pickle pack!"

Henry looked around for land. "I wonder which way land is," he thought.

Henry looked down and saw some fish swimming below the surface. "Hello," he said. "Can you tell me which way land is?"

The fish looked up at Henry and moved their mouths as if they were talking.

"What did you say?" Henry called down.

The fish moved their mouths some more.

"What did you say?" Henry called again.

Then the fish just looked up at Henry and shook their heads. Then they swam away.

Suddenly a very pale white whale surfaced in front of Henry and looked hard at him. "Who are *you*?" asked the whale in a pale whale of a voice.

"Henry, the Pickle!" said Henry. "Glad to meet you!"

"The what?" said the Whale.

"The *pickle!*" said Henry.

The whale snorted, through his nostrils and a great big fountain of water came down over Henry. Then the whale dived out of sight.

Then the whale came up behind Henry, and said, "The pickle!" The whale snorted even harder and dived again.

He surfaced again. "Go away!" he said. "No pickles allowed!"

"I'd be glad to go," said Henry. "*How?*"

"Just *go!*" said the whale. "That *settles* it." And he dived again.

He came up again at Henry's side. "Are you still here?" he snorted.

Henry didn't know what to say.

"All right!" said the whale. "Then I'll go away. That *settles* it!"

"It does?" said Henry.

"It does," said the whale. "It's the law of the ocean."

"What's the law of the ocean?" asked Henry.

"The law is what I *say!*" said the Whale. "What I say

is law here. For instance if I say ‘Stand On Your Head,’ you must stand on your head! Stand On Your Head! Right Away! That settles it!”

“There’s no *place* to stand!” said Henry. “I can’t.”

“I don’t care!” said the whale. “It’s the law! You’re a law-breaker! I’ll tell you what. I’ll give you one more chance. Wiggle your ears!”

“I don’t have any ears to wiggle,” Henry said.

“That does it,” said the whale. “You’re guilty, guilty, guilty!”

“Guilty of what?” said Henry.

“Ignorance is no excuse. Are you ready for the sentence?”

“No,” said Henry.

“Get ready then!” said the whale.

“I’m ready now,” said Henry.

“That’s nice of you,” said the whale. “That’s *very* nice of you. Just for that, I’ll cut the sentence in half! Thank you. Thank you very much.”

“Thank *you*,” said Henry.

“Don’t mention it,” said the whale. “I *always* temper justice with mercy.”

“What does that mean?” asked Henry

“Do you want a lawyer?”

“No,” said Henry. “I just want to go away.”

“Isn’t *that* nice of you!” said the Whale. “I’m so *glad* when a criminal *wants* to pay for his crime. All right, get ready to get banished from the ocean. Here’s the full sentence: LEAVE THE OCEAN, AND RIGHT AWAY! That settles it. Now I’m going to cut the sentence in half.

LEAVE THE OCEAN! See, I took off the AND RIGHT AWAY. That settles it. That leaves a nice short simple sentence. Not at all complicated. How do you like it?”

“I liked the full sentence better,” said Henry.

“Why?” asked Pale That-Settles-It the Whale.

“I’d like to go *right away*!”

“That would be overdoing it!” said the whale. “The punishment has to fit the crime. Right away would be too great a punishment. You aren’t that guilty. You can stay in the ocean a while longer.”

“What was the crime?” asked Henry.

“Being where you shouldn’t be.”

“But I couldn’t help it,” said Henry.

That’s what they all say,” said the whale. “Anyway, time is up now. Go away now. Now! Now! That settles it. *Now! Now! Now!*”

“How?” said Henry. “*How? How? How?*”

“Look,” said the whale firmly. “I’m not running a travel service. I just dispense justice. Go away! Please go away, It’s for your *own good*.”

Henry was silent.

“All right!” said the whale. “That does it. I told you what would happen! I hate to do this, but just as I told you right at the very beginning, if *you* don’t go away, then *I* will. That settles it. It’s the law! *I’m* going away!”

The whale snorted and dived deep in the water.

He came up again. “Besides,” he said, “I have to try a *big* case up north. You’re just a *little* case, anyway.”

“I am?” said Henry.

“Yes,” said the whale, “one of the littlest I ever had.

In fact I was just doing you a favor to punish you at *all!*”

“Thank you very much,” said Henry. “It was very kind of you. But I hate to tell you your punishment doesn’t *work!*”

“Why not?” asked the whale.

“Well, first,” said Henry, “there’s no way you can make *sure* I’ll get to land. Couldn’t you find a way to make sure?”

“That’s simple,” said the whale. “When I go away you don’t have any choice! You *have* to leave the ocean. You couldn’t get without *me!* You *have* to have law and order. How can you get along without law and order?” and the whale dived.

“But. . .” said Henry.

The whale came up again and said, “What did you say?”

“I just wanted to ask if you’re *sure* I’ll get to land?”

“Sure I’m sure!” said the whale, and he dived once more.

Henry felt relieved.

Then the whale came up again a little distance away. “Goodbye,” he said. “That settles it.” And he was gone.

Then the whale came up further away. “Take care of yourself,” he called, “and try not to break so many laws of the ocean in the future. You got off easy this time. Next time the punishment will be doubled! Now stop *talking!* Your case is finished! That settles it! Don’t you understand?”

“I think so,” said Henry. “Yes, I finally understand.”

“Well!” called the whale. “That took a long time! That’s the trouble with little cases. They take so much time. Goodbye, I’m nearly late for the big case. Goodbye! *That settles it!*” And the whale was gone.

Henry felt very lonesome. He looked around but the whale did not surface again.

“Yoo hoo,” he called. “I’d like to appeal!”

But Pale That-Settles-It the Whale did not appear. “Yoo hoo!” called Henry. “You’re right, you just can’t get along without law and order.”

Henry looked around and saw a big round form moving toward him. It was a sea turtle who came up slowly and stared at Henry.

“Where’s your shell,” he said.

“I don’t have one,” said Henry.

That will never do,” said the sea turtle. “Never! Go get a shell. Every turtle needs a shell.”

“But I’m not a turtle,” said Henry. “I’m a pickle. Hasn’t anybody out here ever heard of a pickle?”

The sea turtle looked closely at Henry. “My!” he said. “You’re not a turtle after all. But the resemblance is very striking, you know. You look like the front part of a turtle!”

Henry looked at the sea turtle. “You’re right,” he said. “Your front part looks like a pickle! Pleased to meet you. You’re my distant cousin.”

“Oh, no I’m not!” said the sea turtle. “Just a distant friend of the family, maybe. And if you want my friendliest advice, I’d say get a shell. Any kind of shell. The ocean’s full of them.”

“Could you tell me how to get to land?” said Henry.

“No idea!” said the sea turtle.

“The whale said the law said I was sure to get to land. It’s all settled,” said Henry. “I just have to find out how.”

“Was Pale That-Settles-It the Whale here?” asked the sea turtle. “Did he tell you the law of the ocean?”

“Yes,” said Henry. “He said I’d get to land, but he didn’t say how.”

“Hmm,” said the turtle. “The law of the ocean indeed! There *aren’t* any laws out here. What good are laws, anyhow? They just end up in Punishment. Who wants *Punishment?*”

“Well, Punishment starts with a P,” said Henry, “and I think you should have your Punishment if you really *deserve* it!”

“I’d get a *shell* if I were you,” said the sea turtle. “Shell starts with an S, and only things that start with an S are any good out here.”

“Like what?” asked Henry.

“Oh, like swimming and sweetness, and sea-things, and salmon, and sea turtles, and sea-shells, and seasons, and sea-sense, and seaweed, and silence. I’d get a shell or be silent,” said the sea turtle. Look down below you.”

Henry looked down and saw piles of sea-shells at the bottom of the ocean.

“How do I get down? he asked, but the sea turtle was no longer there. He had swum off silently.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

HENRY MEETS DRICE, DRAD, DREET AND DROOM, AND GETS PINCHED BY DRINCH

Henry felt terribly lonesome. “Help,” he called out, hoping someone would hear him. “I’m a turtle, I mean a pickle, that’s lost at sea! What will become of me!”

“Say,” thought Henry, “that gives me a great idea! I’ll make up a little verse, and see if it helps me out of a bad situation the way it helped the nice lonesome lady of the salty tears! Gee, I wish she were here now. She was good company!”

He started to think up some rhymes when something swooshed by him in the air.

“What was that?” called Henry.

Again something swooshed by, and said, “I’m a Drad!”

Another swoosh, and a nice voice said, “I’m a Drice!”

Swoosh, and another voice said, “I’m a Drinch!”

Then there was nothing.

“Come back!” called Henry. “I didn’t see what you look like! What are you?”

Voices swooshed by again. One said, "I'm a Drice. That's a nice dream."

Another said, "I'm a Drad. That's a bad dream."

Another said, "I'm a Drinch. I pinch and wake you up when the bad dream is over."

Then Henry said, "But I can't see you!"

"Who would you like to see first," swooshed the voices.

"Drice!" said Henry. "I'd like to see a *nice* dream first."

Suddenly there was a very nice little rowboat sitting in the water. It had a smiling face in front which said, "Hello, I'm Drice, the nice little dreamboat, just the right size for a very nice dream. Jump in and row home."

"Oh, thank you Drice!" Henry said, and jumped in. "Oh, do I feel better. Are you just a dream? I so wish you were real!"

"Nice dreams *are* real," said Drice in the nicest voice. As real as they can be, if you remember them later. Will you *remember* me?"

"I certainly will," said Henry.

"Oh, please do," said Drice. "Most dreamers say that, but they often forget."

"Am I a dreamer?" asked Henry.

"Of course," said Drice. "Everything and everybody dreams. *I* know. How about some cushions?"

"Gee, thanks," said Henry. "Thanks a lot."

"Anything else?" said Drice.

"I can't think of anything at all," said Henry.

"I'll think for you," said Drice. And suddenly

Momma Pickle and Poppa Pickle and the whole Kitchen Club were leaning on the cushions, sleeping softly. Then the boat filled up with the Lonesome Lady, and Crispin the Cucumber, The Man Without a Bed or a Penny, and the Astronaut, and all the nice creatures Henry had ever met were snuggled up in the dreamboat.

Drice drifted along. Dawn was coming up and bathed the ocean in a beautiful soft light. Henry sat in front and watched the beautiful sunrise.

"Gee, thanks, Drice," said Henry. "I'll never forget this. if only it were *really* real!"

"Oh dear," said Drice. "You're forgetting already. It *is* real if you remember it later. And what's more, some day later, it happens *again*, just like this! Really!"

"*Really?*" said Henry.

"Really," said Drice. "I promise. Only bad dreams aren't real. But they do ruin nice dreams sometimes, though."

Suddenly there was a swoosh, and a storm started to rock the boat.

"Drad, you bad dream, go away please," said Drice, the nice dream.

"No!" said Drad, the bad dream. "No, No, NO," and soon the boat began to rock harder.

"Please," called Drice. "Please!" But it was too late. Drad the bad dream swooshed so hard, he knocked Drice over and she began to sink, with Henry perched on her back. All Henry's company struggled about in the water.

"Quick," said Drice. "Quick, call Dreet, the sweet dream!"

“Dreet!” called Henry. “Sweet dream, help! Dreet, please come! Dreet!”

Suddenly a beautiful boat came by and scooped everyone out of the water. Music came from the boat’s insides, and all Henry’s company began to dance and sway softly to the tune of a lovely lullaby. Out on deck came a beautiful creature who looked like the Lady of the Salty Tears, except that she was just the same size as Henry.

“Hello, Henry,” she said. “I’m Dreet, the sweet dream.” The boat rose into the air and nestled in a cloud. There it rocked softly, while Dreet sang Henry this sweet song:

Far away from everywhere,
Far from every care,
Above the restless ocean,
Way up in the air,
Is the land where dreams are real.
Now we’re there.

Far from fear and far from pain,
In the soft blue sky,
That’s where sweet dreams live and reign,
No one knows just why.
This is where your dream are real,
Now we’re there.

Sweet dreams come to everyone,
When you’re sound asleep.

And then they hide behind the sun,
And that’s where sweet dreams sleep.
That’s the land where dreams are real,
And now we’re there.

Sweet dreams come to everyone,
They bring you happiness.
They come from there behind the sun
And give you their caress.
And that’s the world where dreams are real,
And now we’re there.

First the sun goes down at night,
And then the sun comes up,
And in between, dreams pour in sight
Like liquid in a cup.
This boat’s a cup where dreams are real.
Now we’re there.

Far from earthly fear and pain
From somewhere in blue space,
Sweet dreams come and come again
To brighten up your face.
Here’s the place where dreams are real.
Now we’re there.

Then Henry danced softly with the little lady of the salty tears, while the boat swung back and forth.

“Oh,” said Henry, “I wish I were a Person!”

“Do you?” said Dreet. “We can fix that!” Suddenly

Henry turned into a Person.

“Glad to meet you, Prince Person,” said Dreet. “Another dance?” Henry danced faster and faster around the deck with Dreet. The music stopped and Henry became a pickle again.

“Oh,” said Henry, “I guess the dream is over.”

“Oh no,” said Dreet. “It’s not over! Which do you like best,” she asked, “being Prince Person, or Henry?”

“Both,” said Henry. “Both are wonderful. I don’t know which is better, a pickle or a Person.”

“See,” said Dreet, “You can be happy any way you want. Not only in dreams. . . .”

Suddenly the sky got black.

“Please, Droom!” said Dreet, looking up in the sky. “Please wait a while!”

“No!” zoomed Droom, the Worst Kind of Dream There Is. “No! Here I come!”

“Prepare yourself, Henry,” said Dreet. “Be brave! The worst kind of dream is coming. Don’t forget me! I can’t help you any longer, but Drinch can! He pinches you when the dream gets to the worst part and you can’t pinch yourself. Don’t forget to call Drinch! Goodbye, Henry. Goodbye!” and a terrible black cloud zoomed across the sky.

“Goodbye, Dreet, goodbye,” called Henry. “I’ll never forget you! Oh, thank you so much.”

Boom! Bang! Crash! It began to storm. Lightning hit the beautiful big dreamboat and it crashed into the sea. Henry fell into the waves and thrashed about. Big black waves came over him and one wave threw him as

hard as it could against another wave. Back and forth he went, harder and harder, and *harder!*

“Ow, ow, help! Help!” cried Henry. “Help! Drinch! Drinch! Come here quick!”

“At your service!” called Drinch, and he zipped down just as the biggest, blackest wave of all was about to hit.

Drinch pinched.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

PERRY THE PELICAN COMES TO THE RESCUE

Henry woke up. “Oh, what an awful dream! Oh, what an awful dream!” he said over and over. “Oh, oh.” Then he came to himself and looked around. The sun was rising. “Oh, oh, oh, oh,” he said. “Oh, what a night! Now I wish I had never left home. It’s *easy* to go away, but so hard to get *back* again! Oh, what a dream!”

“Help!” he cried. “Help!”

I better think of a poem fast. That’s all I know that will help me now.” So Henry called out this poem as loud as he could, hoping someone would hear, and come to the rescue:

I’m a pickle that is lost at sea!
Oh, what will become of me,
Poor pickle that went on a spree?

Oh, what will become of me?
Water is all I can see.
Won’t somebody hear my plea?

Once I was so carefree,

Nothing could bother me.
Now I’m merely an absentee.
HELP! HELP! HELP!

Will everything turn out all right
After such an adventurous night?
The outlook is not very bright.

What a peculiar plight,
To fall from a satellite,
And land where there’s no land in sight!

Oh, I wish I had just sat tight,
Poppa Pickle was right!
I hope I get home tonight!
HELP! HELP! HELP!

I’m a pickle without a pack,
The pack that was once on my back.
A pickle pack, that’s what I lack!

Oh! I just don’t know how to get back.
I’m a pickle that’s lost the track.
The track is the thing that I lack!

I’m a pickle that’s lost the knack,
Oh, alas and alack!
The knack — that’s the thing that I lack!
HELP! HELP! HELP!

Henry heard a slight whirring noise, and looked around, but he didn't see anyone.

Then he tried for the last time:

Oh, I'm poor old Henry the Pickle!

Now I'm not worth a dime or a nickel!

HELP!

Then Henry heard a voice which said, "What kind of help would you like?"

Henry looked up and saw a big bird with a great big bill flying around over him.

"Help me get back to land," gasped Henry, exhausted.

"That's a peculiar request," said the bird. "Don't you know that fish dry out on land! It would be the *end* of you!"

"But I'm not a fish," said Henry. "I'm a *pickle*."

"A *pickle-fish*, you mean," said the bird. "You have to be *some* kind of a fish. Otherwise you wouldn't be swimming in the ocean!"

"I'm not swimming," said Henry. "I'm just floating. I can't swim."

The bird came lower and looked closely at Henry. "That's true," it said, "You don't look like a fish. You haven't got any fins, and there's no flappy tail at all. How did you *get* here, anyhow?"

"Well," Henry began, "I was flying around the earth, when. . ."

"Oh," interrupted the bird, "you were *flying*? That

explains it. Then you're a bird! A *pickle* bird! What a coincidence! I'm Perry the Pelican out on safety patrol. Need any help?"

"I sure do!" said Henry. "I need help bad."

"Just wait a minute," said Perry the Pelican. "You're not a bird at all! Where are your wings?"

"Of course I'm not a bird!" said Henry. "I'm a plain ordinary old pickle, and I never had any wings. I just had a parachute, and I lost that in the ocean, along with my whole pickle pack."

"A likely story," said Perry. "What's a parachute anyhow?"

"It's what you float down to earth with."

"Look, what kind of stories are you trying to tell me? Are you trying to tell *me* how to float down to earth? You float down on your wings," said Perry. "Any kind of bird knows that. I can't figure you out! You sure are an odd bird, or an odd fish. Whatever you are, you're an odd one! That's *certain*!"

Perry flew around over Henry and shook his head. "I better take you in to Professor Parrot for an examination," he said finally. "He'll figure you out."

"Who's Professor Parrot?" asked Henry.

"He's an expert," said Perry.

"Where is he?" said Henry.

"Well most of the time he's in his library up in a tree," said Perry.

"Well, take me there, *please*," said Henry. "At least it's on land!"

So Perry scooped up Henry in his bill and flew

to a nearby island. He landed in a top branch of a tree and deposited Henry next to Professor Parrot who was perched on a book.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

HENRY CONFUSES PROFESSOR PARROT THE EXPERT

“Hello, Professor,” said Perry. “Look what *I* found!”

Professor Parrot took out his eyeglass case from under his wings, took out his eyeglasses, and put them on. He looked at Henry.

“He says he’s a pickle-bird, or a pickle-fish,” said Perry. “What’s that, Professor?”

“I’m just a plain pickle,” said Henry.

Professor Parrot took out the book from under him.

“What’s that?” asked Henry.

“It’s my library,” said the Professor. “It’s a dictionary I borrowed from the zoo library. I took it along when I flew away. Now don’t *worry!* We’ll find out what you are! This book has everything in it, *from A to Z!* You’re in here too!”

“How could I be in there and out here at the same time?” asked Henry.

Professor Parrot chuckled. “You aren’t in the book. Your *definition* is.”

“What’s my definition?” asked Henry.

“What you are,” said the Professor.

“Oh,” said Henry, puzzled. “What I *am* is in that book?”

“What *everything* is, is in this book,” said Professor Parrot proudly, “But nothing is in it but words. Funny thing, isn’t it?”

Professor Parrot’s chest swelled with pride. He went on: “I learned words by imitating the bird-keeper People at the zoo. I was the most advanced parrot in captivity. I had a very high I.Q., and a very *very* large vocabulary.”

“What’s a vocabulary?” asked Henry.

“That’s the number of words you have in your head,” said Professor Pickle. “What I don’t have in my head is in my library here.” And he patted the dictionary.

“Are you going to bring it back to the zoo some time?” asked Henry.

Professor Parrot frowned. “That’s a problem,” he said. “I have to bring, it back sometime, I guess, but I keep postponing it. I didn’t like captivity, even though I grew up there, and the People were very nice to me. They might put me back in with the other birds, and I rather like freedom better. Not that I’m ungrateful,” said the Professor. “Now, the People were very. . . ”

“*Professor!*” interrupted Perry. “*Please!* What is he? I’m *dying* of curiosity!”

“Oh yes,” said the Professor, and he began to look very business-like. “That’s right,” he said, “let’s get to business. I always get to talking when I think of the old days.”

He peered sharply at Henry through his spectacles.

“Do you begin with a B as in Balneography, or a P as in Prestidigitation?” he asked suddenly.

“With a P,” said Henry, “as in Pickle.”

Professor Parrot ruffled the pages with his claws and wings until his feathers flew. “Here it is!” he said. “Pickle. And he read silently. “Hm,” he stared at Henry over his spectacles, “A pickle is two things!”

“It is?” said Henry.

“Yes,” said the Professor.

Henry and Perry crowded together and looked over Professor Parrot’s shoulder, as he read aloud.

“First, a pickle is something which is put in salt water or vinegar, and is marinated.”

“What’s marinated?” asked Henry and Perry together.

“Hm,” said the Professor, scratching his head with one of his claws. “That comes from marine, which means ocean, so you are either in salt water or vinegar, or in the ocean,” said the Professor.

“I am?” said Henry.

“You are!” said the Professor, who closed the book, after putting a twig in between the pages to mark his place.

“But the other thing you are is very serious,” he said.

“It is?” said Henry.

“It is,” repeated the Professor, looking sympathetically at Henry.

“Yes,” said the Professor, who opened the book again, and went on. “A pickle is a bad situation. In other

words, if you are in a pickle, you are in a bad situation.”

“That *explains* it!” said Perry. “He’s a bird without wings and a fish without fins! *That’s* a bad situation! I *knew* Professor Parrot would know!”

Professor Parrot closed the book, smiled, and hung his head modestly.

Suddenly they both felt sorry for Henry and looked at him in concern. “Anything *we* can do to help?” they asked together, with a sincere look in their eyes.

“Yes, there *is*!” said Henry, who began to shiver frightfully. “Could you fly me home *right away*? I don’t want to wait any longer. I want to get back as quick as I *can*! Enough of this *traveling*! A fish without fins, and a bird without wings! Is *that* what I am? That sounds *awful*! Isn’t there anything in that book about me that sounds *better*?”

Professor Parrot shook his head sadly.

“Well!” said Henry. “If I were you, I’d get a new book. If that book tells what I am, then I’m *not* what I am, or the book is wrong! I’m not a fish and I’m not a bird. I’m a pickle! And a pickle doesn’t *need* wings or fins!”

Professor Parrot became thoughtful. “You *are*? It’s *not*? You *don’t*? It *doesn’t*? Maybe a new edition has come out since I left civilization.”

Then his face brightened up again. “Maybe not!” he said. Maybe the man who wrote this book doesn’t *know* about you yet. Maybe *nobody* knows! I’ve always wanted to make an original contribution to knowledge! I know what I’ll do. I’ll fly back and point out the mistake to the man who wrote this book! I’ll bring him up-to-date on

pickles! Come! Perry will carry you back home in his bill, and I’ll submit my advanced knowledge on pickles to the dictionary people!”

Professor Parrot was all a-flutter. He flew off to tell Mrs. Parrot where he was going, and was back in an instant.

“Come!” he said. “There’s no time to lose. I’ve got to report my discovery before anyone else finds out. It’s the opportunity of a lifetime! I’ll be famous. Maybe I’ll get a job at a University!”

Professor Parrot grasped the dictionary firmly in his claws, and got ready to fly. “Hurry,” he said. “The sun’s up! Perfect flying weather!”

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

HENRY HEADS FOR HOME

Before Henry knew what was happening, Perry had scooped him up in his bill, and Perry and the Professor flew off for all they were worth. Their feathers fanned the air so hard they sounded like engines.

Henry peeked out and saw the ocean go by under him. Then they came to land, and soon they saw some very tall buildings.

“What are those tall things?” asked Henry, pointing down.

“Puff, puff,” said Professor Parrot, “they’re puff-puff-puff, skyscrapers. You know, I’m out of breath. This dictionary weighs a ton! I always knew words contained a lot of *meaning* but I didn’t know they carried so much *weight*!”

“But *you’re* carrying the weight,” said Henry, “not the *words*!”

Professor Parrot puffed, “I’m carrying the dictionary, and the dictionary is carrying the words, and the words are carrying the *weight*!”

“Oh,” said Henry.

“Should we take a rest?” Perry asked.

“Puff-yes-puff-yes,” said Professor Parrot. “Right

down there!” And they landed on the roof of a building.

“Ah,” said Professor Parrot. “That’s better. Isn’t this a nice building!”

“What’s so nice about it?” asked Henry, who sat on the ledge between Perry and the Professor.

“Why, can’t you see?” said the Professor, “It’s a public library! It contains billions of wonderful words! Just think of all those wonderful words we’re sitting on. Isn’t that a nice feeling?”

Henry looked down. “More words than in the dictionary?” he asked.

“No,” said Professor Pickle. “*All* the words are in the dictionary.”

“How could they be in the dictionary and in the library at the same time?” asked Henry.

Professor Parrot put on his glasses and looked around at Henry. “Well, now,” he began, “that’s hard to explain. Let’s put it this way: A word isn’t a thing, it’s an idea. Now, for instance, you’d *be* a pickle, even if the word for pickle didn’t exist. You would exist, but there wouldn’t be a word for you yet. Then when something gets imagined or discovered, somebody makes up a name for it, and that’s a word!”

“Oh,” said Henry. “Have I been discovered?”

“Well, I’m not sure,” said Professor Parrot. “I don’t think so. I think you’ve just been *imagined*. Pickles don’t talk, you see. Only *People* and *Parrots* talk! Talking pickles don’t exist.”

“How about talking Pelicans?” asked Perry.

“No,” said Professor Parrot. “Pelicans don’t talk

either.”

“Then what am I doing now?” asked Perry, very confused.

“I don’t know,” said the Professor.

“Don’t we exist?” asked Henry.

“I don’t think so,” said the Professor. “*I* exist. I’m sure of that! But talking pickles and pelicans? No!” And he shook his head sadly and looked at his two companions. “My friends,” he said, shaking his head sadly, “I am sorry to have to tell you you *don’t exist*. That’s my expert opinion.”

Henry and Perry looked back and forth at each other. Then they looked down at themselves.

Then Henry looked at the Professor. “Do you think you could be *wrong*?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Professor Parrot. “I *could* be wrong. I *hope* I’m wrong. I hope very much that I’m wrong, because you are such friendly creatures.”

Professor Parrot thought hard. “I have it! I have the answer!” he said. “You’re ideas, not things! And ideas have existence too! You exist, *after all*!”

“Thank you,” said Henry and Perry together, feeling a *little* better.

And Professor Pickle sat between his two new-found friends and hugged them hard with his wings. “See!” he said, with tears of joy in his eyes. “Isn’t knowledge *wonderful*! It just saved you *both*!”

“It did?” said Henry and Perry together. And they looked around in a confused way at each other from under Professor Parrot’s wings.

“You know,” I think I’m a *thing*!” said Henry. Not just an idea!”

“Me too!” said Perry. “In fact, I’m sure of it. I’m sure I’m some kind of a *thing*. I just have that feeling!”

“Think *hard*, Professor Parrot,” said Henry. “See if knowledge can’t save us *again*!”

“No, no more!” said Professor Parrot. “I’ve got a headache already.”

“Look at it this way, Professor,” said Henry. “Isn’t an idea a thing?”

“It certainly is!” said Professor Parrot. “An idea is the realest thing there is. Sometimes you have an idea of something first, and then you discover it later. Like talking pickles and Pelicans for instance!”

And he looked back and forth at his two friends and was overcome with even more happiness. “I’m so happy to learn you exist in *all* ways! It’s so nice to have you again!” And he nearly crushed his friends under his wings in another great big hug.

“Whew!” said Henry, when the Professor stopped hugging him. “I’m happy too! Knowledge saved us again! You know I was beginning to feel kind of anxious for a minute! It was worse than being lost at sea!”

Henry and Perry looked back and forth at each other and then they looked down at themselves. Then they broke out in the biggest smiles, and danced happily about on the library roof, while Professor Parrot watched fondly.

“I wonder what it’s like *not* to exist,” said Perry to Henry.

Henry turned to Professor Parrot. "Professor Parrot," he began, "Just what's it like not to exist?"

"What did you say?" asked the Professor.

"What's it like not to exist?" Henry repeated.

"Humpf!" said Professor Parrot. "What a silly question! Not to exist! Why the very *thought* of it! I just *proved* you existed! In every way! Isn't that enough? That's the trouble with you imaginary creatures, always worried about your existence!"

"Oh," said Henry.

Professor Parrot glanced across the sky at the rising sun, and put away his glasses. "It's late, Henry," he said. "It's late! And I've got an important mission, you know!" and before Henry knew it, Perry had scooped him up again, and they flew off in a flurry of feathers.

They sped along for all they were worth.

Henry watched the earth go by below him and soon he saw the park where he had met the Lonesome Lady of the Salty Tears. Then he saw the cucumber patch.

"I live here!" called Henry, pointing down. "I get off here! "

"Take good aim and drop him off quick, Perry," said Professor Parrot. "No time to lose!" Perry swooped down and aimed Henry at the cucumber patch.

"Goodbye, Perry, goodbye Professor," called Henry. Perry and the Professor waved their wings in farewell as Henry landed.

Then they streaked off through the sky.

The next thing Henry knew, he had hit the ground with a hard thud, right beside Crispin.

"Ouch," he said. "Ouch!" He got up and looked around. Then he looked down at himself.

"Wow," said Henry, "I'll bet *that's* the biggest bump a pickle *ever* got! Oh, am I happy to be home!" He lay down on the ground, exhausted.

"Home at last!" Henry sighed. "Home at last!"

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

HENRY TELLS COUSIN CRISPIN THE MOST IMPORTANT THING ABOUT TRAVELING

“Why *Henry!*” said Cousin Crispin the Cucumber. Where did *you* come from? And where did you get all those new bumps?”

“Traveling,” said Henry. “They’re traveling bumps. Oh, am I tired! Whew! Home at last!”

“What’s traveling *like?*” asked Crispin.

“The most important thing I’ve learned about traveling,” said Henry, “is that it’s great, just so you get back safe.”

“Safe?” said Crispin. “Was it dangerous?”

“Dangerous?” said Henry. “I’ll say it’s dangerous! Why, Crispin, do you know I nearly lost my very *existence?*”

“What’s that?” said Crispin. “What’s your *existence?*”

“What a silly question!” said Henry.

“I’m sorry,” said Crispin.

“My fault,” said Henry. “You learn so many things when you travel, it’s *confusing.*”

“Is traveling educational?” asked Crispin.

“Very,” said Henry, “*Very* educational.”

“Do you learn everything?” Crispin asked.

“No,” said Henry, “But enough to last a *long* time.”

“Did you get it back?” asked Crispin.

“What?” asked Henry.

“Your existence.” said Crispin.

“Why, I never *lost* it,” said Henry.

“I mean, do you exist?” Crispin asked.

“Of course I exist,” said Henry. “I’m standing up right here in front of you! If anything exists, *I* do!”

“You’ve *changed* since you went away,” said Crispin.

“I have?” asked Henry. “How?”

“I don’t know how,” said Cousin Crispin. “But you’ve changed a *lot!* I guess it’s that you’ve gotten *sure* of yourself.”

“Do you think so?” said Henry. “It sounds like a good thing to be — *sure* of yourself.”

“Just don’t over-do it though,” said Cousin Crispin.

“Over-do what?” asked Henry.

“Don’t try to be too sure of yourself.”

“That’s right! said Henry. “That’s *right!* You know, Crispin, you’re a wise cousin. I wonder how you learned so much without leaving the cucumber patch!”

“You don’t need to travel to learn new things, Henry,” said Cousin Crispin. “Not the most *important* things!”

“I guess not,” said Henry. “I guess you’re right, Crispin.”

“Are you going to see the world again, Henry?”

asked Cousin Crispin.

“I doubt it,” said Henry. “I don’t think it’s necessary any more. Besides, all I can think of is getting back up on that shelf. I’m all dried out.”

“Feel that breeze?” said Crispin. “It’s going to rain. If you wait a little, you can have a wonderful shower. It’s not very salty though,” he added, as an after-thought.

“Thanks,” said Henry, “but I’ve had enough of the wind, and I don’t think plain water would help. Besides, I’m anxious to see the folks again. I’ll tell them I saw you.”

They said goodbye, and Henry scrambled up to the window sill and peered into Peter’s room.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE NEIGHBORS OBJECT TO HENRY’S TRIP

Just then a furious wind came up. It carried a voice which said, “I don’t think we should let him back in!”

Another voice whirled, “I don’t think so either!”

Another voice hissed, “I think he should be punished for leaving without permission.”

“Who is that?” asked Henry.

“The neighbors!” stormed the voices all together.

Henry looked up and saw the ivy on the house wall was swaying back and forth angrily. The vines whipped down against the window sill and blocked Henry’s way.

Then the branch of a chestnut tree in the yard next door waved down darkly over his head.

A quivering street lamp sputtered and blinked at him.

Henry looked around and saw that all the neighbors were motioning and frowning in his direction.

“But I had permission!” said Henry.

Gusts of smoke came out of the chimney of the house next door. “Humpf! Humpf! Humpf! Humpf!” they went.

Tree branches crackled criticism from the yards

across the street. “You’re setting a bad example for the others,” snapped a voice next door. “If I were your mother I’d give you the worst beating!” a voice swept around the corner.

“Oh my!” thought Henry. “At the last minute! Won’t I *ever* get back safe!”

“Please, good neighbors,” said Henry, calmly. “Try and understand. I just took a little trip. A very little trip. I only circled the world once. Just one tiny trip. I didn’t do anything wrong.”

But the chorus of voices blew louder and louder.

“Besides,” Henry went on, “traveling is the best way to make you appreciate how nice home is! Besides, I had permission! Besides. . .”

But the neighbors didn’t seem to hear. Their voices got angrier and angrier the more Henry talked. Branches thrashed harder and harder. The chimney smoke swirled madly. The wind howled. The ivy on the window sill slapped Henry over on his back.

Henry gasped, “Why did I ever leave? No one can help me now! It serves me right for being too sure of myself. Now I’ll never get in. Never!”

“Oh yes you will,” twittered a little voice nearby. “Oh yes you will, Henry. *You’ll* get back.”

“No, I won’t,” he answered.

Henry heard the flutter of little wings and looked around. “Who *said* I’ll get back?”

CHAPTER TWENTY

HENRY GETS SAVED BY WORRAPS THE SPARROW

“I did,” whirred a little bird. “I said you’d get back, Henry. I’m Worraps the Sparrow, your guiding friend. Whenever a very little bird tells you something, you can be sure it’s right. You’ll get back — just in time! just trust what little Worraps the Sparrow says.”

“Well,” said Henry, “Poppa Pickle told me to trust anything that starts with a P. Sparrow starts with an S, and Worraps starts with a W, but there *is* a P near the beginning and end!”

“Poppa Pickle didn’t know about *me!*” said Worraps.

“Who *are* you?” asked Henry.

“Your guiding spirit,” chirped Worraps. “I’ve been your constant companion since you left the house.

“You have?” said Henry. “I never noticed it!”

“I know,” said Worraps. “You were too busy looking for *big* adventure. But I sat next to you on the park bench and I went with you to the place where the space trip began. Then I waited in the sky for you to come down, and called Drice and Dreet to keep you company, and twittered over you so Perry the Pelican could find you and come to the rescue. Then I kept good watch behind

Perry and the Professor on the way back.”

“Why?” asked Henry, amazed.

“Don’t ask that!” said Worraps shyly. She flew over and sat on the window sill near Henry. “I can only tell you that whenever *anyone* leaves the house and travels, some little spirit like me is sent to fly along. I watched over you and kept you company, but you didn’t notice.”

“Gee, thank you so much!” said Henry.

“It’s my pleasure, Henry,” said Worraps.

“Do many things happen which you don’t notice?” Henry asked. “I mean like friendly guides and companions watching over you all the time.”

“Oh, most things happen without your noticing them,” Worraps answered in a friendly chirp. “Little things, like friendly birds passing by, and breezes twirling, and grass growing and thoughts talking, and singing, and the stars and the sand smiling back and forth at each other.”

“I guess I didn’t look close enough,” Henry said.

“Oh, that’s all right!” said Worraps. “You couldn’t help it. You were having too many exciting adventures to notice *little* things!”

“That’s true!” said Henry. “They were exciting!”

Worraps chirped her agreement, and Henry wiggled with fun, as they thought of his exciting adventures.

Then they were still, and Henry said, “Worraps, now that my trip is nearly over, won’t I ever see you again? Ever?”

“Yes,” said “Worraps. “Once more. I’ll flutter by the kitchen window later, and wave you a last goodbye. And

then I’ll fly away to guide another adventurer like you.”

“Oh, *please* don’t forget to wave,” said Henry. And thanks so much for your company. I’m so sorry I didn’t notice you, now.”

“I didn’t mind,” said Worraps. “Really! But the last minute has come!” She pushed her beak into the ivy and parted the vines. “Here, Henry! Slip in quickly,” she chirped. “*Here’s* the way!”

“Just one last thing, Worraps,” Henry said.

“Quick, what is it, Henry? There’s no time to lose!”

“Do you think I *over-did* it?”

“Over-did what?” asked Worraps.

“Was I too sure of myself?”

“Yes,” said Worraps, “but don’t worry about it. Everyone is, when they first leave home. But you’re cured of that now!”

“I am? Thank you, Worraps!” said Henry. “Goodbye!”

“*In* with you.” Worraps chirped. “There’s not a second to spare.” And she nudged Henry firmly through the opening in the vines.

Henry slipped in through the leaves and the open window, and landed on the floor in Peter’s room.

Just as he landed a fierce wind came up and the window banged shut. Henry looked up and saw Peter had gotten out of bed to close it with a loud crash.

“Oh!” thought Henry. “Oh, my! Worraps was right! I just made it in time! There wasn’t a second to spare!”

Henry got up and made his way exhausted to the hall door.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

HENRY GETS BACK SAFE
TO THE KITCHEN

Henry squeaked under the door, and the cat was waiting.

The cat was in tears. He put his front paws together and begged: "Please, Mr. Pickle! Please! *Fight* me right just once. Please have some consideration! I'm so upset, I haven't been able to sleep a wink since you left! If I let you get away without beating you up, I'll never feel safe as King of the Whole Hall again. Please, Sir Pickle. Please don't be a bully!"

"Sorry," said Henry. "I'm not at all in the mood for fighting. I just want to get home and get some sleep. And anyhow, look who's calling who a bully! *You're* the bully! Why don't you stop picking on that little mouse!"

But the cat paid no attention. He got down on his knees and begged even harder. "Please, King Pickle. Just one little short, fair fight before you go home? Just one? Huh, Your Majesty? It won't take much time, Sir."

"Sorry!" said Henry. "I'm a perfectly peaceful pickle. No interest at all in fighting. Especially when there's nothing to fight about. What do you see in fighting? Now just forget about fighting and go back to sleep."

Henry dropped into the mouse-hole to pay his respects. The mouse was very glad to see him and Henry told about some of his adventures. When he was ready to say good-night, he noticed the cat waiting outside the mouse-hole.

"My," said Henry, "Isn't that cat annoying. I wish he would go away."

"You don't have to worry about him, now!" said the mouse. "He respects you!"

"Well, I don't feel *too* sure of myself," said Henry. "That's one thing I've learned you shouldn't do! So, I'm not taking any chances."

"He can be a bother!" said the mouse. "But *I* can fix that. No trouble at all. If there's one thing he can't resist, it's a good chase."

"Ready?" called the mouse.

"Ready!" said the cat's voice outside.

"Go!" said the mouse, and he streaked out of the hole. The cat took off in hot pursuit. While they chased round and round, Henry made his way peacefully back to the kitchen.

When he reached the kitchen door, Henry turned around and called back "Thanks!"

"Don't mention it!" called the Mouse as he flashed by. "Nice to see you again!"

Henry tapped on Dirk the Door.

"Dirk!" Wake up!" Henry called. "It's me, Henry! Be a good fellow club member and let me through!"

Dirk yawned open. "Gee Henry," said Dirk in a sleepy voice, "it's late! Try to get in sooner next time, will

you?”

“Thanks,” said Henry, and Dirk closed. The kitchen club was fast asleep. Even Constance the Clock was snoring peacefully.

Henry made it to the top of Tillie the Table, but couldn't go any further. He felt all tired out and dried up. He lay on his back and wondered where he could get the energy to get all the way back up to the shelf.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

HOW HENRY'S TRIP ENDED

Suddenly Henry was doused with a shower of pickle juice.

He jumped up. “I wonder where that came from,” he said.

“Psst!” said a voice above him. “It's me, Priscilla! I poured it down. Watch out Henry, I'm lowering a tea bag. Grab on to it and I'll pull you up.”

“Thanks,” said Henry hoarsely. He grabbed tight, but fell off, with a bump. “Ouch,” he said. Priscilla poured down more pickle juice. “How refreshing!” said Henry, “Now I can make it!” So Priscilla hauled him up.

When he was safe on the shelf again, Priscilla said, “How *was* it, Henry? How was it? I've been waiting up for you all night!”

“It was just great!” said Henry. I'll tell you all about it. You'll never believe what happened! Soon as I rest up.”

Priscilla poured on more pickle juice. “Wow,” said Henry, “That's enough! Thank you, Priscilla. Now I *really* feel at home!” He looked around him. Nothing had changed.

“Is that you, Henry?” said Poppa Pickle's voice.

“Yes, Poppa Pickle,” answered Henry. “It’s me.

“Wake up, Momma,” said Poppa Pickle. “Henry’s back!” And they came out of the pickle jar.

“How was it?” asked Poppa Pickle

“Fine,” said Henry.

“My,” said Momma Pickle, “how you’ve changed, Henry! Why, overnight, you’ve turned into the image of your Poppa!”

“I thought you’d say that,” said Henry, smiling up at Momma Pickle. “I *thought* you’d say that!”

“We’ve been worrying,” said Poppa Pickle. “You didn’t wait for the other half of my advice. How did you get along *without* it?”

“What was the other half?” asked Henry.

“Why it was the two most important points of *all*.” said Poppa Pickle, “Plans and *Purpose!* You can’t take a trip without making Plans first! And every trip has to have a *Purpose!* How did you ever get along without them?”

“I don’t know,” said Henry. “I just sort of traveled without them. I didn’t miss them, somehow.”

“That’s funny,” said Poppa Pickle. “Maybe things are different nowadays. In my day you couldn’t go *anywhere* without Plans and Purpose.”

“The main thing is he’s back safe,” said Momma Pickle. What a relief!” And she came over and kissed Henry on the head. Let’s all go back to sleep now.”

“Just one last thing,” and she looked over her shoulder at Henry. “Have you had enough of traveling?” she asked.

“Yes,” said Henry. “It’s nice to be home.”

“Fine,” said Momma and Poppa Pickle together and they sighed and went to bed.

Henry lay down to rest up from his trip. Just as he was falling into a deep sleep, he heard a little whirring noise which was so quiet you could hardly notice it.

Henry looked up and saw Worraps the Sparrow at the window. Worraps waved goodbye, just as she had promised.

“Goodbye, Worraps,” Henry whispered, “Goodbye.”

Worraps chirped, and was gone. Then Henry fell asleep and had a long, pleasant nap.

And after that, he became a very proper pickle, after all.

THE END

Oh the world it full of magic,
 And wouldn't it be tragic
 If the magic in the world would go away?
 Magic is when pickles hurry,
 Magic is when lampshades scurry.
 Magic starts when children start to play.

Oh the world is made of wonder,
 And it would be a blunder
 If the wonders in the world would disappear.
 But there is no cause for worry,
 Wonders happen in a hurry.
 Look beside you, there's a wonder near!

See, the sun is simply grinning,
 Stars are sweetly spinning,
 And the clouds are flirting hard to fascinate.
 Magic happens if you answer
 Invitation from a dancer.
 A million wonders call you now! Why wait?

Oh there's life inside a table.
 Everyone is able
 To see its legs are begging for a dance.
 Walls kiss fondly in each corner,
 Every color's an adorer,
 Every form and shape you see wears
 skirts or pants.

Your whole house is full of living.
 Everything is giving
 Something magic, every window, every rug.
 Through each door, each room calls shyly,
 And the ceiling looks down slyly,
 As it holds the walls together in a hug.

Look outdoors, each wonder's waiting
 For your magic celebrating,
 Because it's you alone that makes the magic live.
 Full of pride, the grass is growing,
 It just waits there for your knowing,
 And the ground has something that it
 wants to give.

Every bird flies full of sorrow,
 Unless now, or some tomorrow,
 You soar up and keep it company in flight.
 You can do it in your feeling,
 Every wonder has its healing,
 Do it gladly, and you're sure to do it right.

And then all the world will thank you.
 Then no one will outrank you,
 Because no one could be happier than you.
 And the secret in your pleasure
 Is the way you find new treasure
 In a stone, a smile, a bud, a kitten's mew.

The whole world has hidden wonder.
There's a story in the thunder,
And the-wind that nests inside a rowboat's sail.
Every peach's fuzz is waving,
Snails are staving off some craving,
Every single thing there is, has some sweet tale.

Wondrous deeds are in each story,
But the deeds do you the glory,
It's for you alone that every story's told.
Every character's adventure
Wants approval, fears your censure,
It's for you that heroes really are so bold.

Every stick and stone is singing.
Earth, sea and sky are ringing
With invitation to a pleasant game.
What you wish comes out of hiding,
Let magic do the guiding,
Just listen for each small thing's magic name.

Every thing has its true magic,
And wouldn't it be tragic
If you didn't let it make you glad and gay?
Wonders are there waiting for you,
All the world wants to adore you,
And you only have to let it, any day.