

Story by **Robert
Munsch**
Art by **Michael
Martchenko**

A girl with short brown hair and freckles is crawling on her hands and knees in a sandy area, looking into a hole she has dug. She is wearing a white t-shirt and red shorts. To her right, there is a green basket with colorful toys inside, a red shovel, a yellow toy car, and a small metal can. The background shows a red wall and green foliage.

**MURMEL,
MURMEL,
MURMEL**

CLASSIC  **MUNSCH**

**Murmel, Murmel,
Murmel**

Murmel, Murmel, Murmel

STORY by
ROBERT MUNSCH

ART by
MICHAEL MARTCHENKO



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To Andrew,
Julie,
Robin, and
Andrea

When Robin went out into her back yard, there was a large hole right in the middle of her sandbox. She knelt down beside it and yelled, "ANYBODY DOWN THERE?"

From way down the hole something said,
"MURMEL, MURMEL, MURMEL."

"Hmmm," said Robin, "very strange." So she yelled, even louder, "ANYBODY DOWN THERE?"

"MURMEL, MURMEL, MURMEL,"
said the hole.

Robin reached down the hole as far as she could and gave an enormous yank. Out popped a baby.



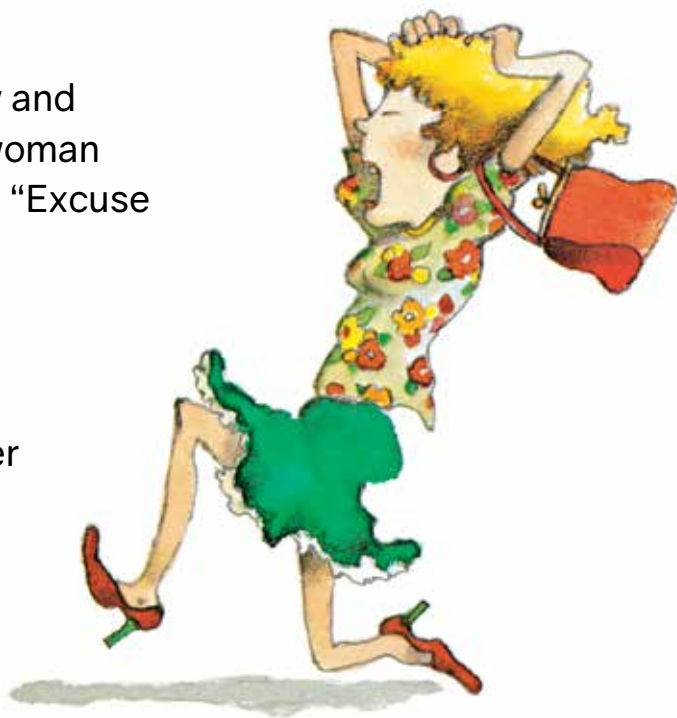
“MURMEL, MURMEL, MURMEL”
said the baby.

“Murmel, yourself,” said Robin. “I am only five years old and I can’t take care of a baby. I will find somebody else to take care of you.”



Robin picked up the very heavy baby and walked down the street. She met a woman pushing a baby carriage. Robin said, "Excuse me, do you need a baby?"

"Heavens, no," said the woman. "I already have a baby." She went off down the street and seventeen diaper salesmen jumped out from behind a hedge and ran after her.



Robin picked up the baby and went on down the street. She met an old woman and said, "Excuse me, do you need a baby?"

"Does it pee its pants?" said the old lady.

"Yes," said Robin.

"Yecch," said the old lady.

"Does it dirty its diaper?"

"Yes," said Robin.

"Yecch," said the old lady.

"Does it have a runny nose?"

"Yes," said Robin.

"Yecch," said the old lady. "I already have seventeen cats. I don't need a baby." She went off down the street. Seventeen cats jumped out of a garbage can and ran after her.





Robin picked up the baby and went down the street. She met a woman in fancy clothes. "Excuse me," said Robin, "do you need a baby?"

"Heavens, no," said the woman. "I have seventeen jobs, lots of money, and no time. I don't need a baby." She went off down the street. Seventeen secretaries, nine messengers, and a pizza delivery boy ran after her.



"Rats," said Robin. She picked up the baby and walked down the street. She met a man. "Excuse me," she said, "do you need a baby?"

"I don't know," said the man. "Can it wash my car?"

"No," said Robin.

"Can I sell it for lots of money?"

"No," said Robin.

"Well, what is it for?" said the man.

"It is for loving and hugging and feeding and burping," said Robin.

"I certainly don't need that," said the man. He went off down the street. Nobody followed him.



Robin sat down beside the street, for the baby was getting very heavy.

“**MURMEL, MURMEL, MURMEL,**”
said the baby.

“Murmel, yourself,” said Robin. “What am I going to do with you?”

An enormous truck came by and stopped.

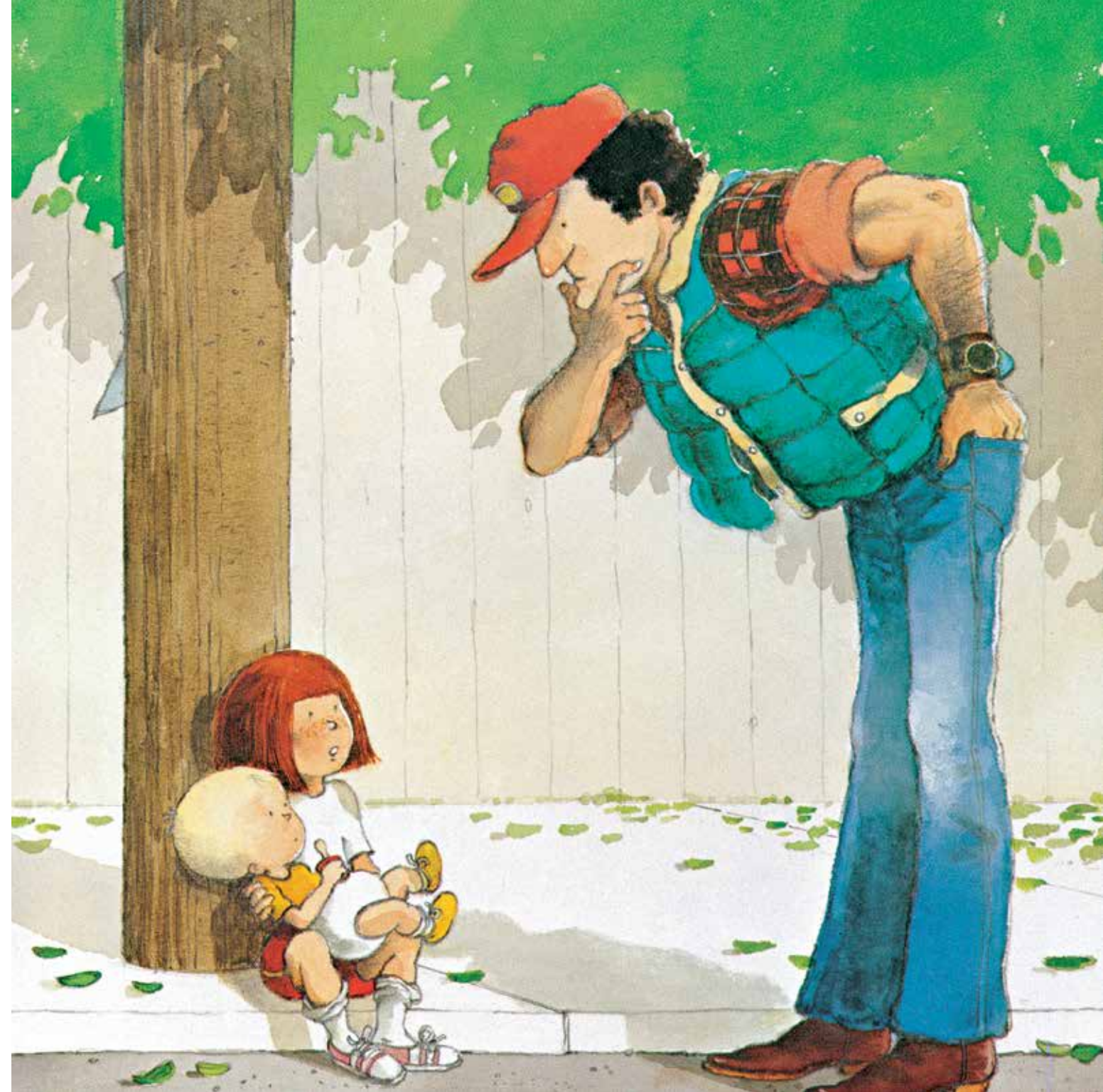


A truck driver jumped out and walked around Robin three times. Then he looked at the baby.

"Excuse me," said Robin, "do you need a baby?"

The truck driver said, "Weeeeellll . . ."

"MURMEL, MURMEL, MURMEL,"
said the baby.



“Did you say, ‘**MURMEL, MURMEL, MURMEL**’?”
asked the truck driver.

“Yes!” said the baby.

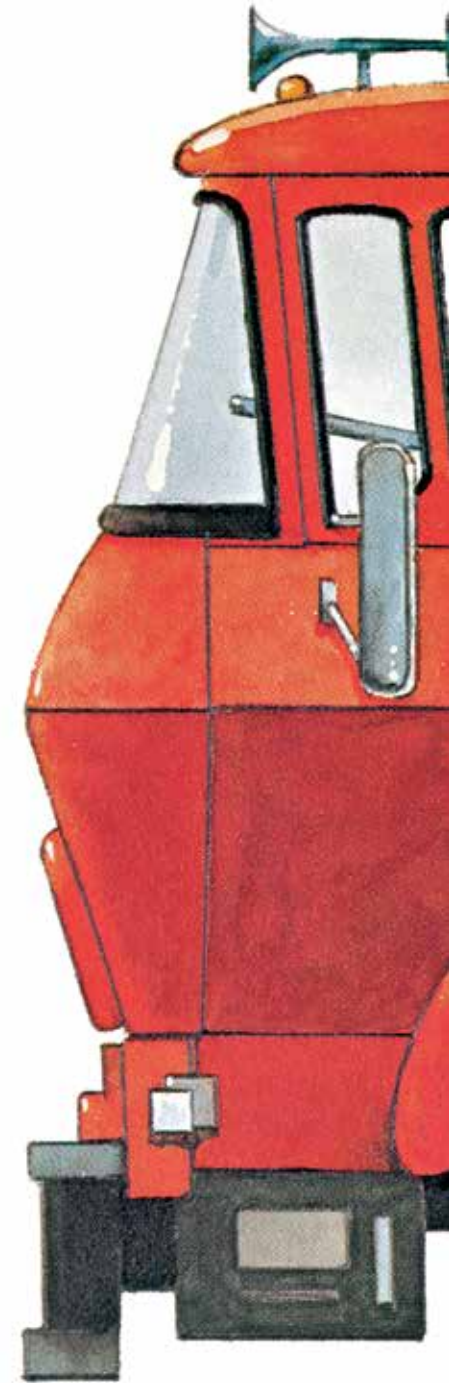
“I need you,” yelled the truck driver. He picked up the baby and
started walking down the street.





“Wait,” said Robin, “you forgot your truck!”

“I already have seventeen trucks,” said the truck driver. “What I need is a baby . . .”





“**You** can have the truck.”

More **MUNSCH** to enjoy!

