

# Come Again, Pelican



Don Freeman



author of *CORDUROY*



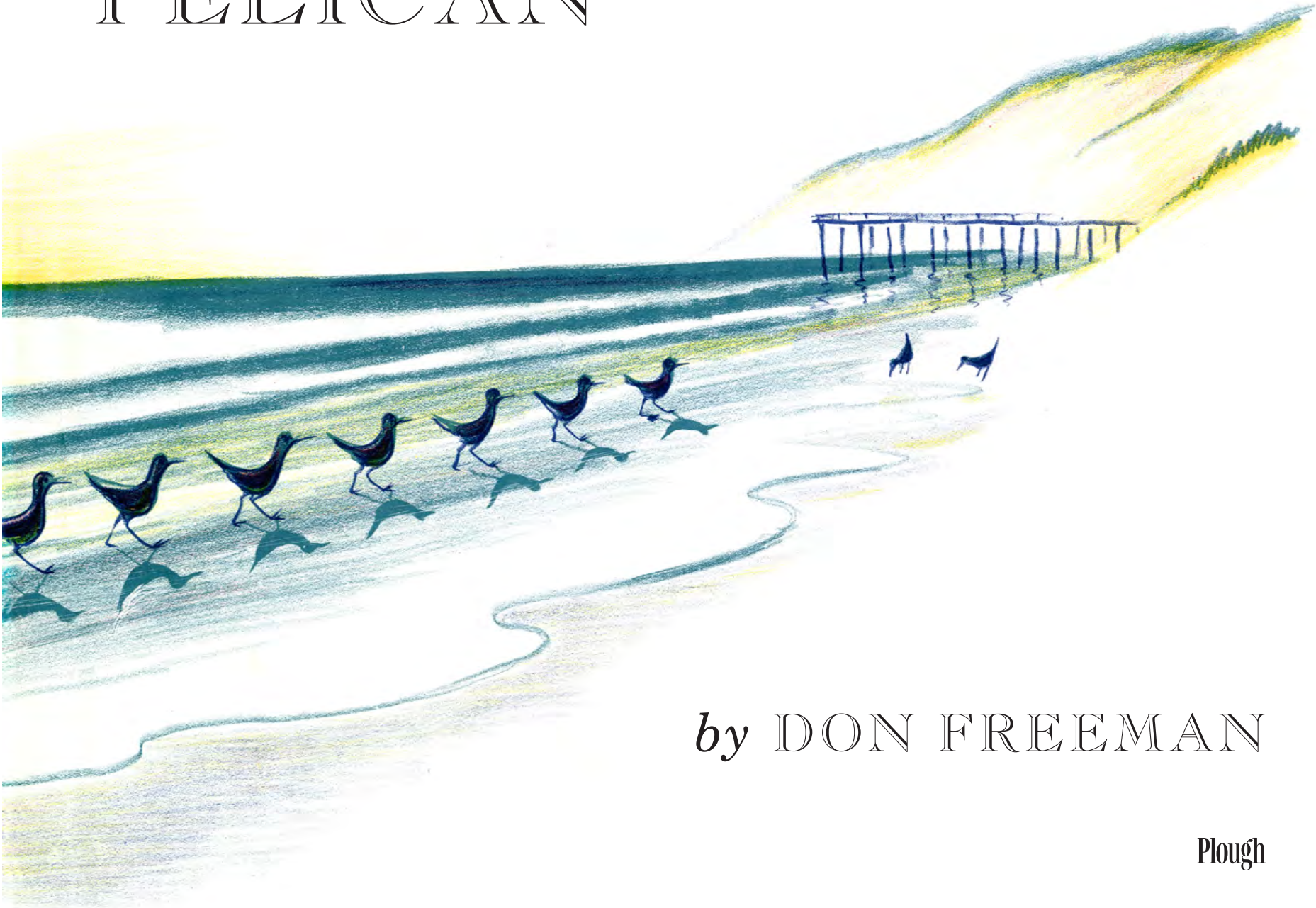


COME AGAIN,



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# PELICAN



*by* DON FREEMAN

Plough

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**Don Freeman**, creator of such popular children's books as *Corduroy*, *Norman the Doorman*, *Mop Top*, and *Dandelion*, was born in 1908 in Chula Vista, California. After graduating from high school in St. Louis, Missouri, he attended summer art school in San Diego. There he met his future wife, Lydia Cooley. They married in New York in 1932. Don struggled to earn a living playing trumpet in jazz bands. After losing his instrument on the subway one night, he turned to drawing. Soon his sketches of New York City appeared in the *Herald Tribune*, the *New York Times*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and other publications. He was also an illustrator for William Saroyan and Brooks Atkinson. Between 1945 and his death in 1978, he wrote and illustrated over thirty children's books, and was the illustrator for over a dozen other titles.

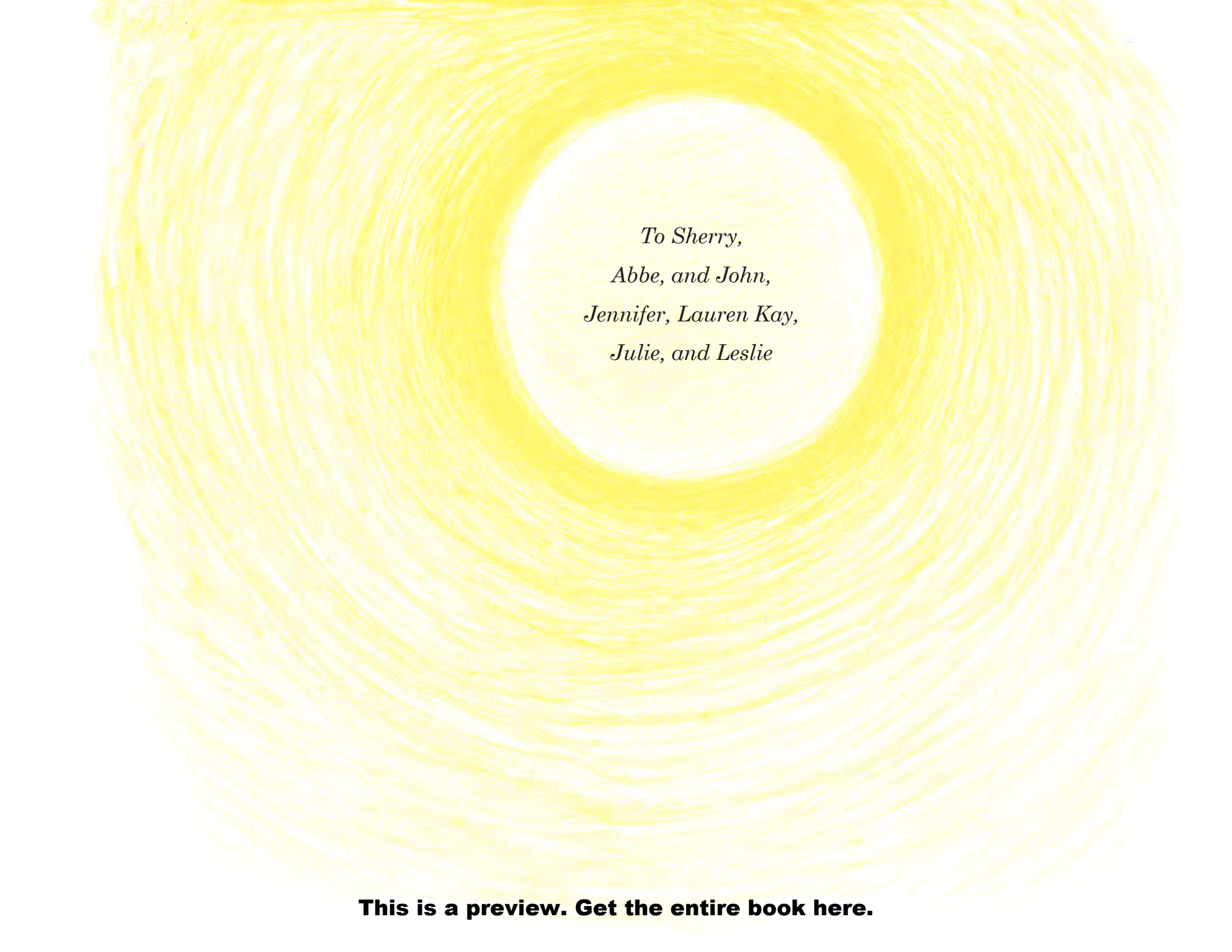
### Also by Don Freeman

Beady Bear  
Mop Top  
Fly High, Fly Low  
Norman the Doorman  
Space Witch  
The Turtle and the Dove  
Dandelion  
A Rainbow of My Own  
Corduroy  
A Pocket for Corduroy  
Earl the Squirrel  
The Sparrows of Stonehenge  
Pengo Breaks the Ice

### By Lydia and Don Freeman

Chuggy and the Blue Caboose  
Pet of the Met

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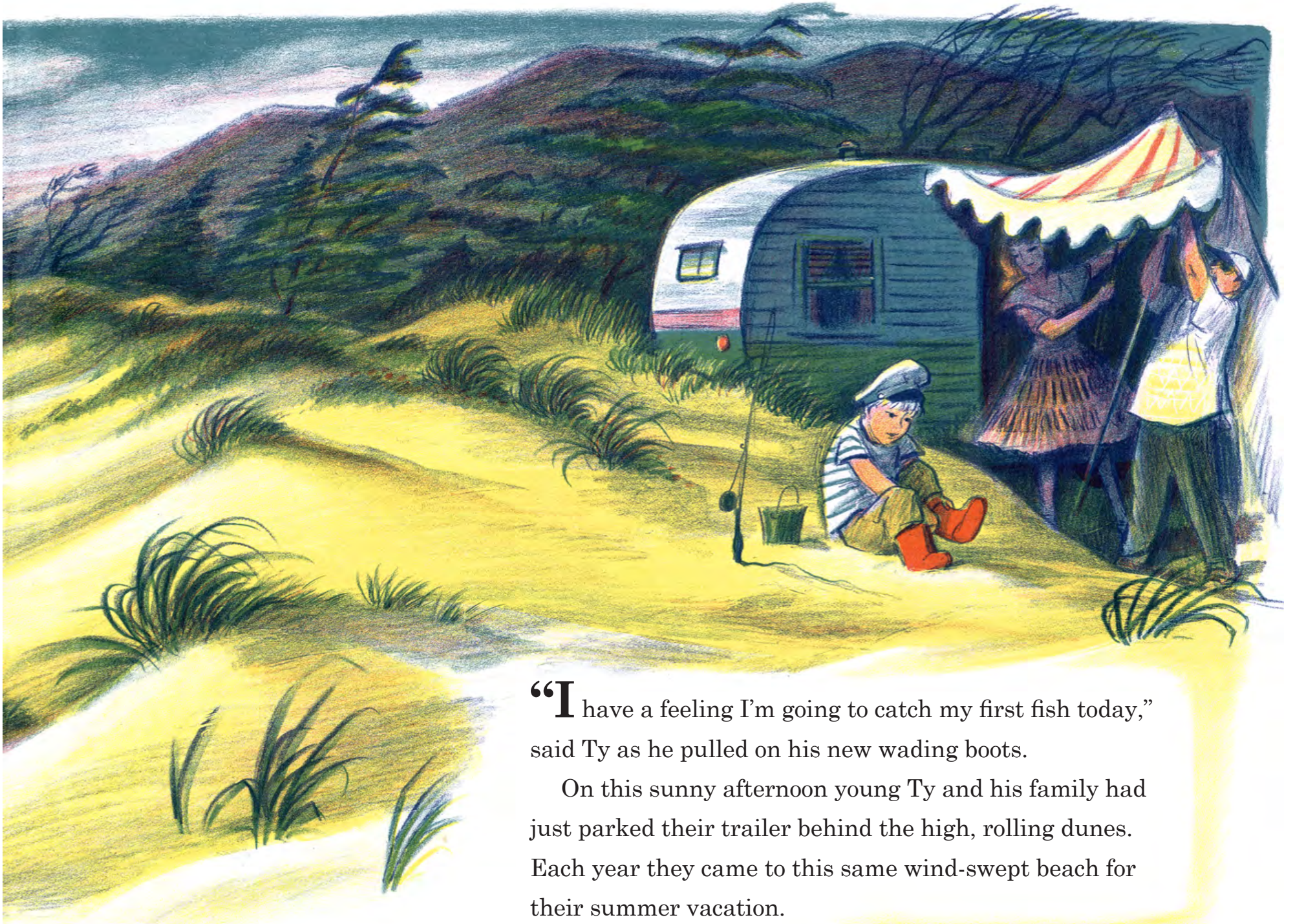
*To Sherry,  
Abbe, and John,  
Jennifer, Lauren Kay,  
Julie, and Leslie*

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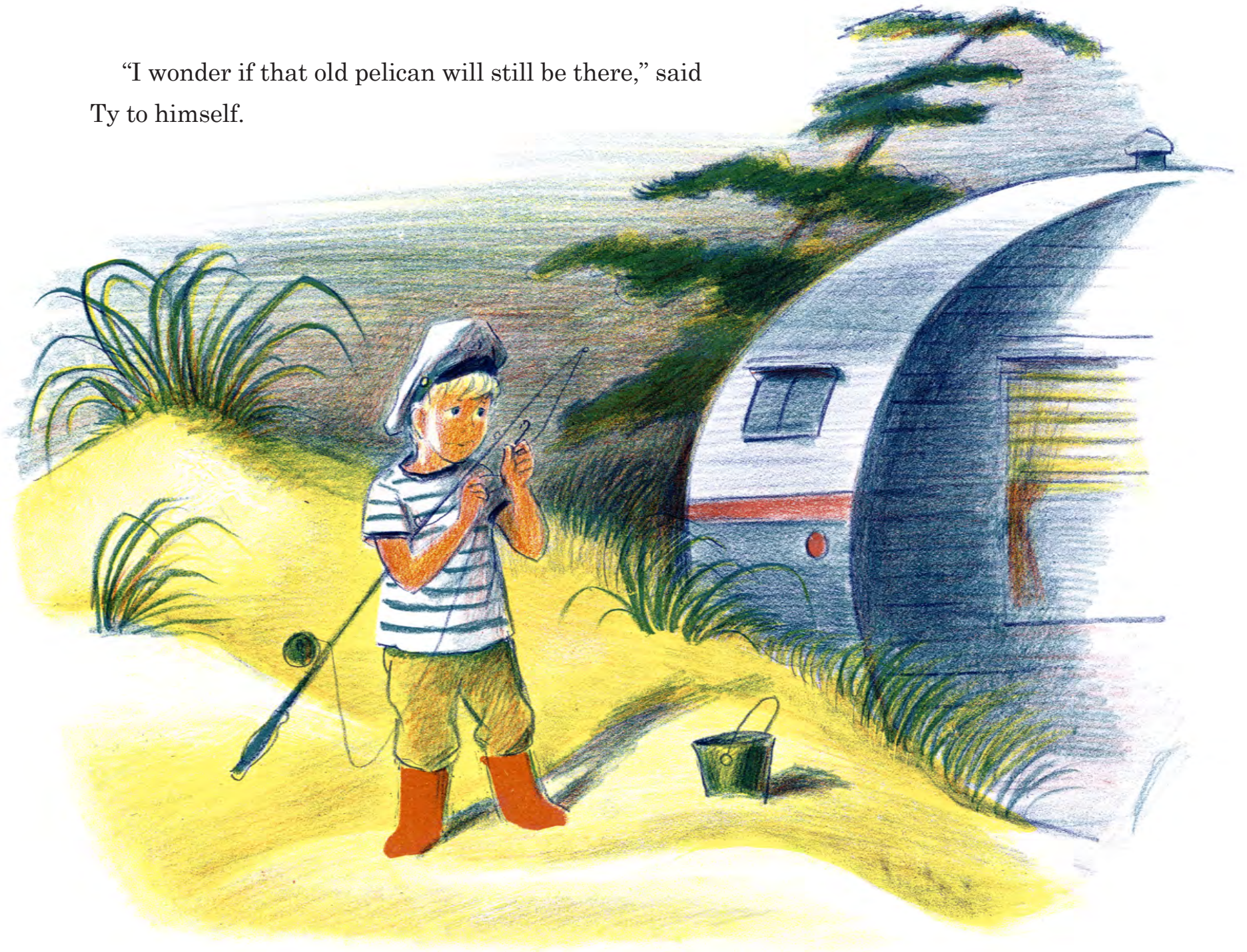




“I have a feeling I’m going to catch my first fish today,” said Ty as he pulled on his new wading boots.

On this sunny afternoon young Ty and his family had just parked their trailer behind the high, rolling dunes. Each year they came to this same wind-swept beach for their summer vacation.

“I wonder if that old pelican will still be there,” said Ty to himself.



Across the dunes he trotted, a fishing pole in one hand  
and a sand pail in the other.

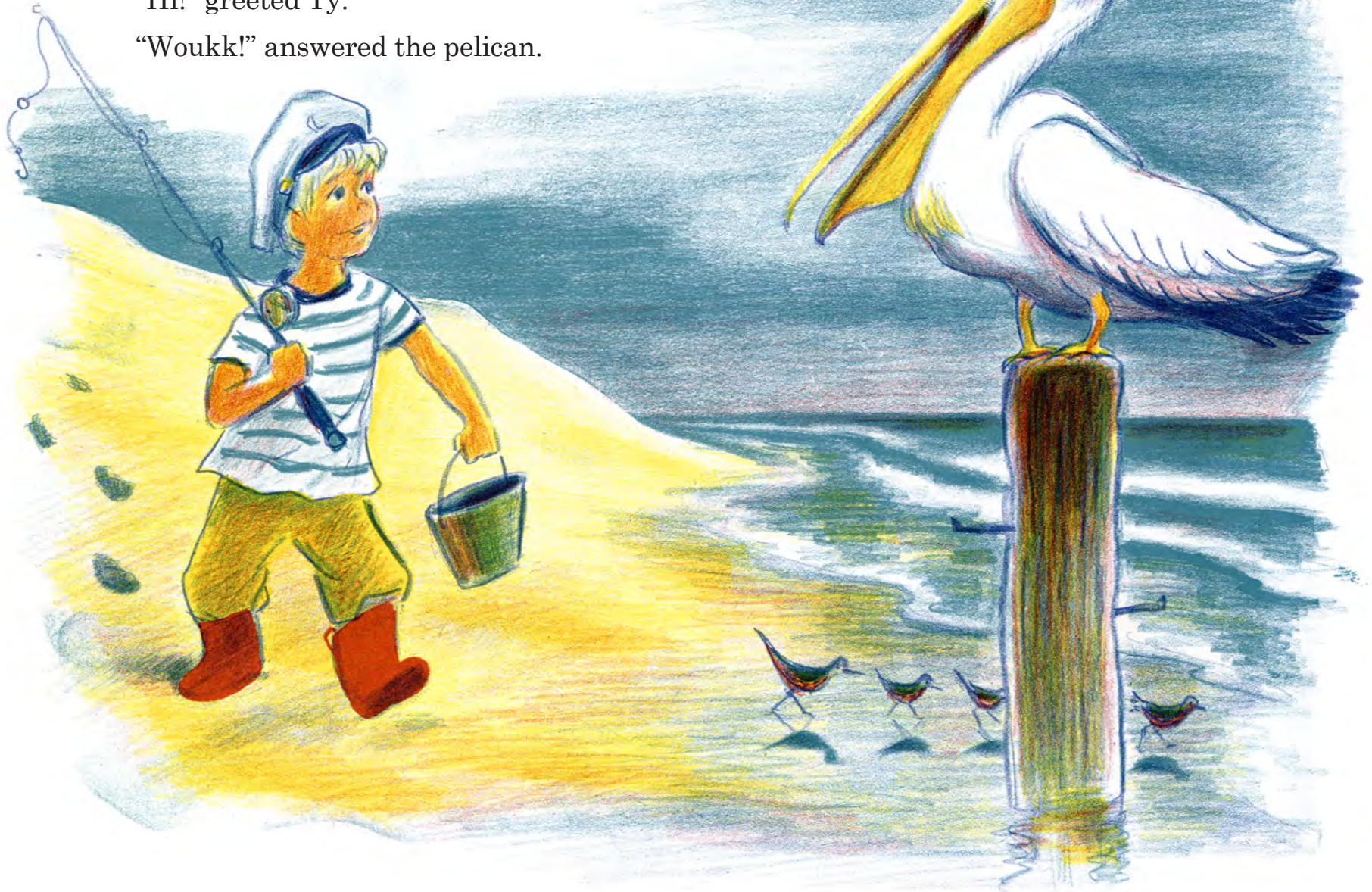


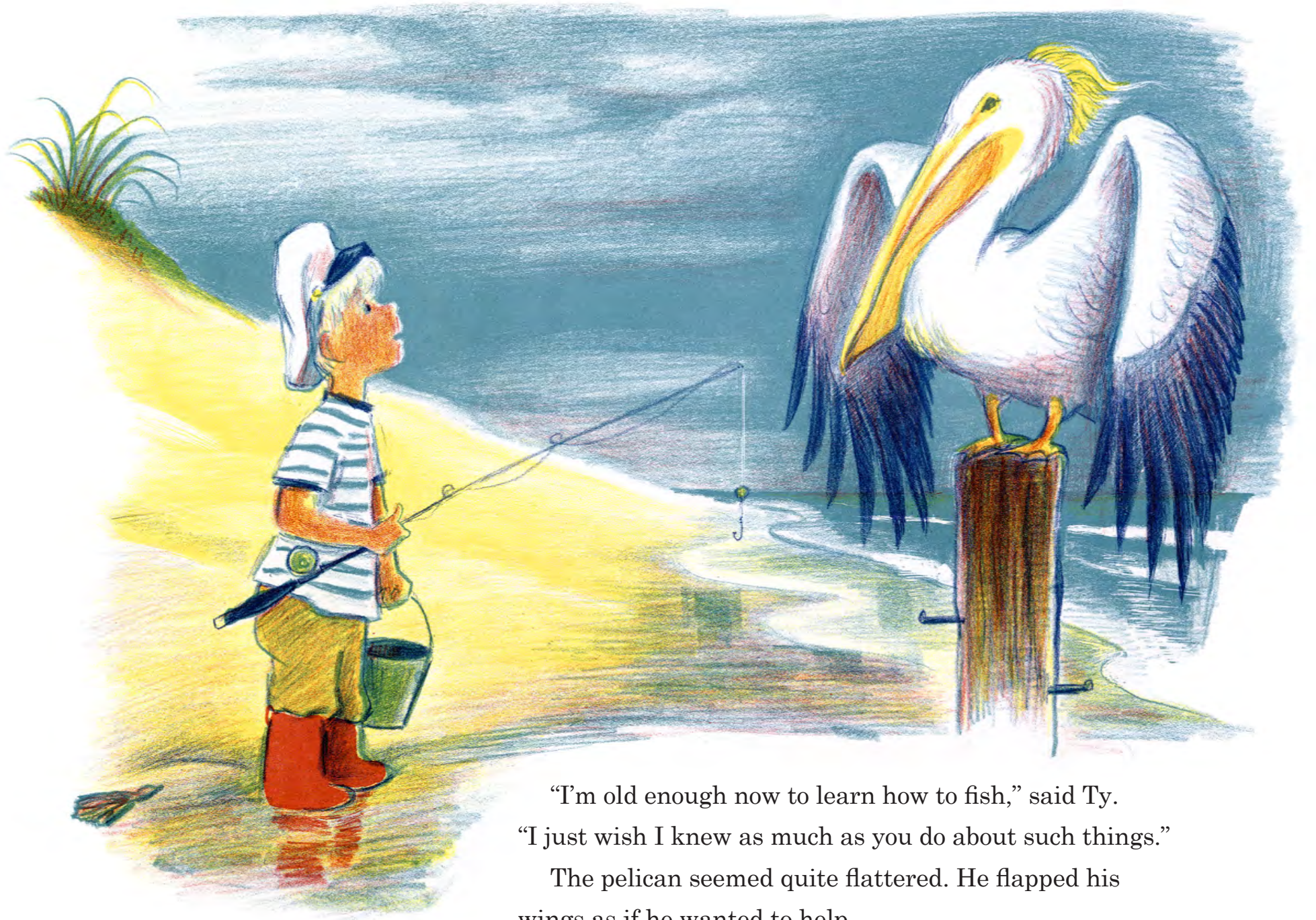
“Be sure to stay away from the big waves,” called his  
mother. “And be sure not to lose those new boots of yours,”  
his father warned.

When Ty reached the beach he was delighted to see the pelican standing on the same post where he had said good-by to him the summer before.

“Hi!” greeted Ty.

“Woukk!” answered the pelican.





“I’m old enough now to learn how to fish,” said Ty.  
“I just wish I knew as much as you do about such things.”

The pelican seemed quite flattered. He flapped his wings as if he wanted to help.

Ty knew he needed some bait first, so he watched how the sandpipers went about digging for their sand crabs.

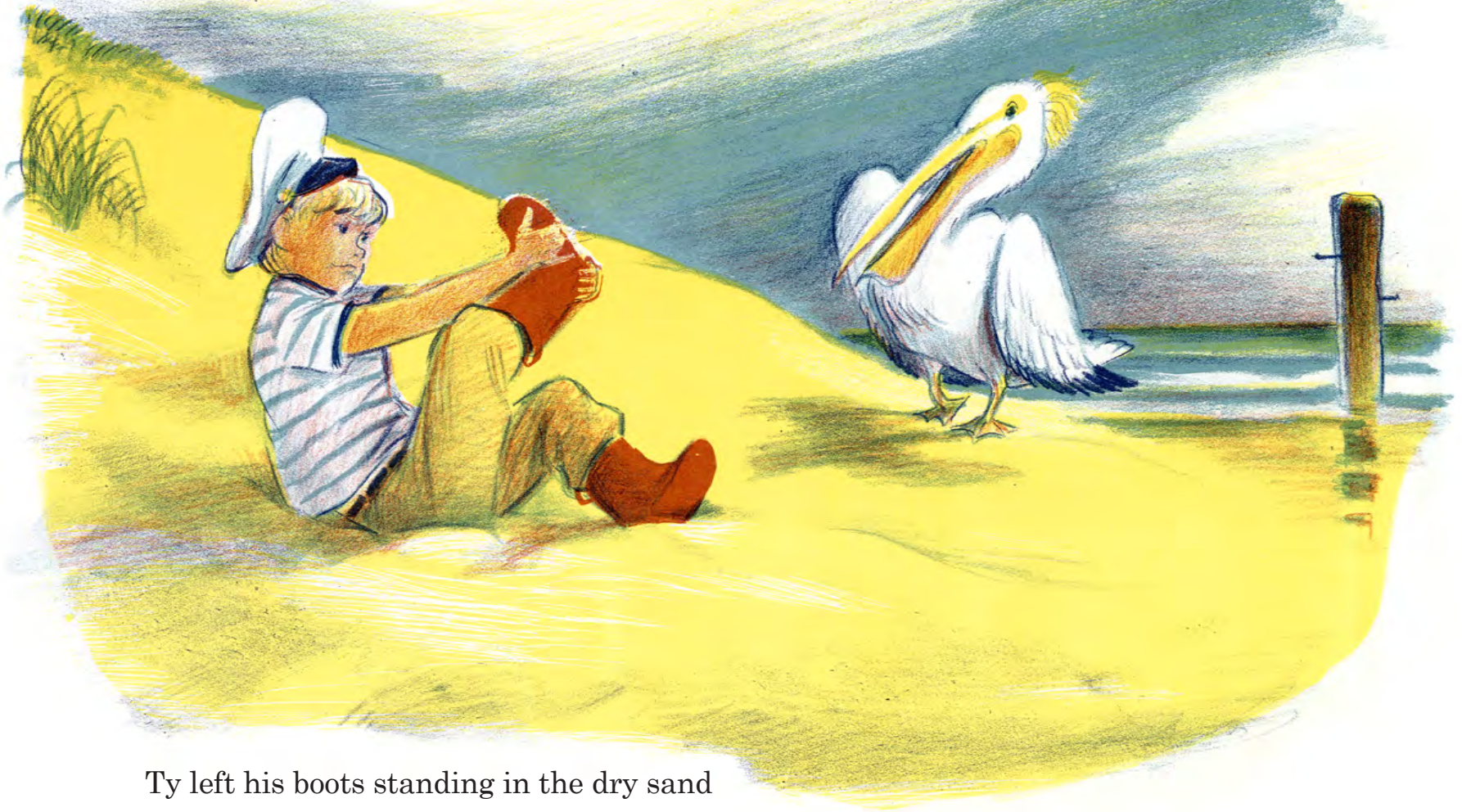


He ran fast, trying to follow the tiny birds, but he couldn't keep up with their speedy legs.



He had to stop and sit on the sand. “Maybe if I took off my boots I could run faster,” he said.

The pelican waddled over and began squawking as if he were saying, “Follow me, follow me!”



Ty left his boots standing in the dry sand



and followed the pelican over to the row of posts which once had been part of an old pier.

