



# THE GRUFFALO

Julia Donaldson  
pictures by Axel Scheffler

A mouse took a stroll through the deep dark wood.  
A fox saw the mouse and the mouse looked good.  
"Where are you going to, little brown mouse?  
Come and have lunch in my underground house."  
"It's terribly kind of you, Fox, but no—  
I'm going to have lunch with a gruffalo."



"A gruffalo? What's a gruffalo?"  
"A gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?"



"He has terrible tusks,



and terrible claws,



and terrible teeth in his terrible jaws."



"Where are you meeting him?"

"Here, by these rocks . . .

and his favorite food is roasted fox."

"Roasted fox! Oh, my!" Fox said.

"Good-bye, little mouse," and away he sped.



"Silly old Fox! Doesn't he know?"

There's no such thing as a gruffalo!"



## Oh, help! Oh, no! It's a GRUFFALO!

A mouse is taking a stroll through the deep, dark wood when along comes a hungry fox, then an owl, and then a snake. The mouse is good enough to eat, but smart enough to know this, so he invents . . . the gruffalo! As Mouse explains, the gruffalo is a creature with terrible claws, and terrible tusks in its terrible jaws, and knobbly knees and turned-out toes, and a poisonous wart at the end of its nose. But Mouse has no worry to show. After all, there's no such thing as a gruffalo. . . .

"Young readers will love the humor in this preposterous story . . . Serve this one for a rollicking good time."

—*School Library Journal*

"A clever, exuberant story."

—*Booklist*