

# THE HUNDRED DRESSES

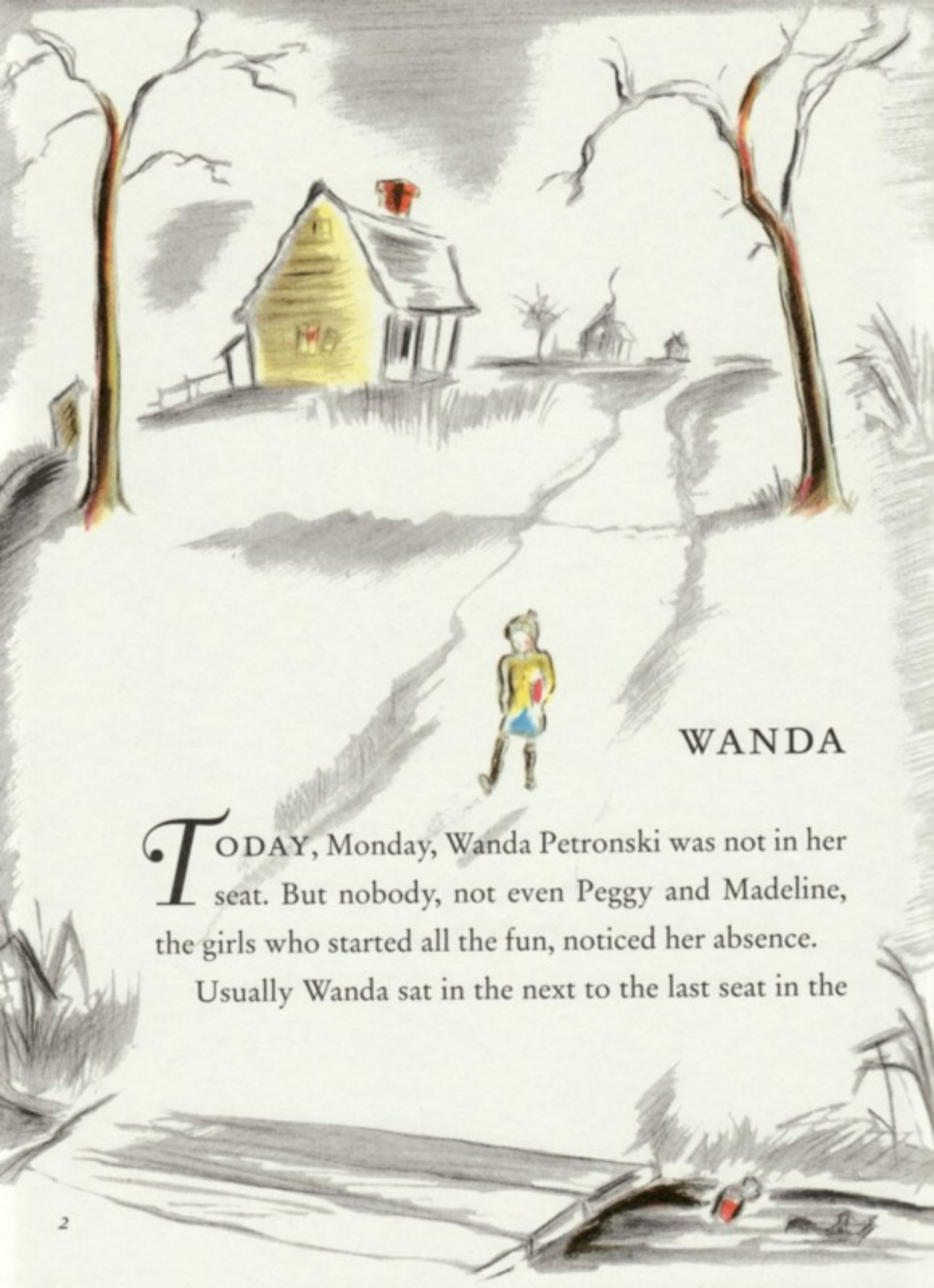
ELEANOR ESTES

ILLUSTRATED BY

LOUIS SLOBODKIN



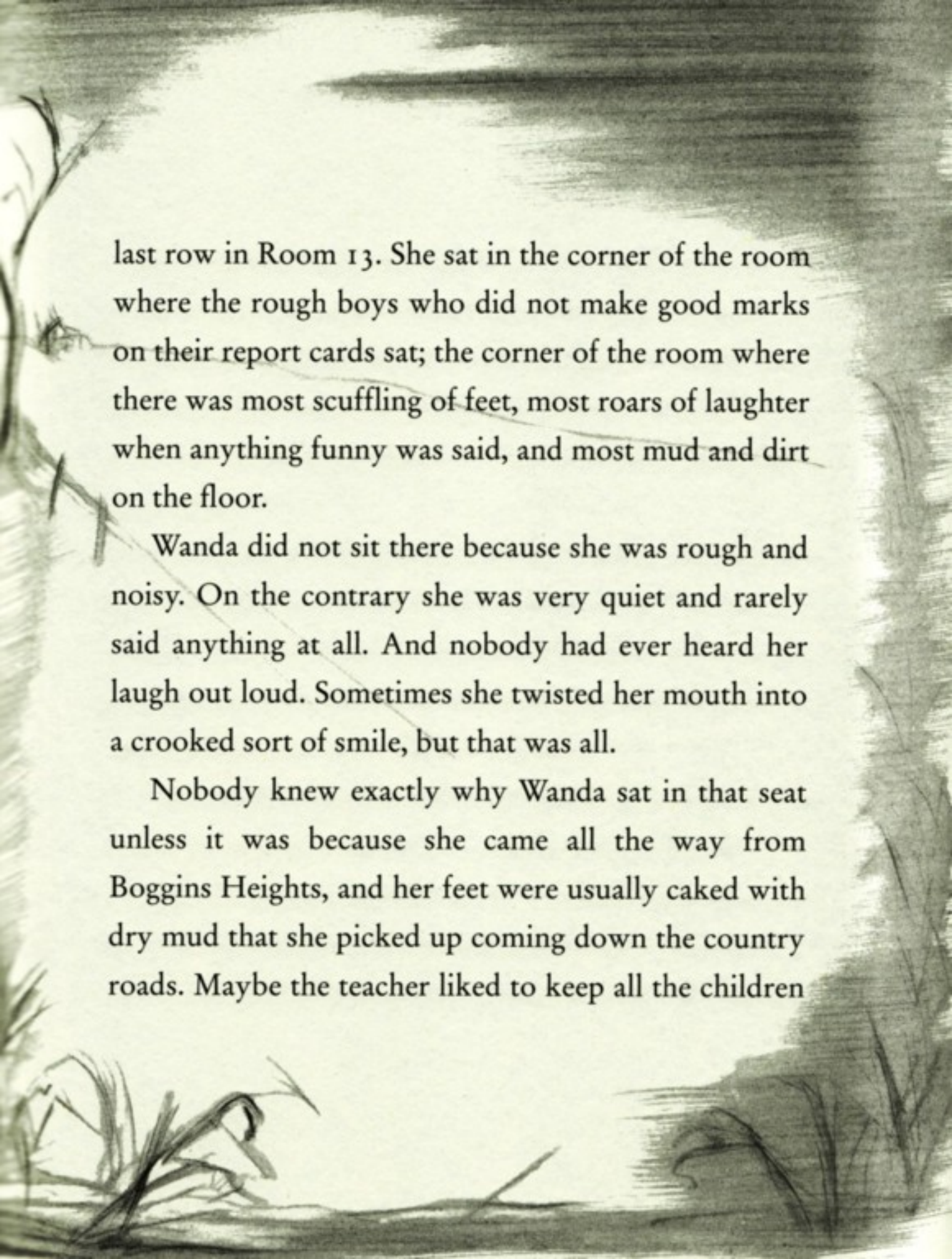




## WANDA

*T*ODAY, Monday, Wanda Petronski was not in her seat. But nobody, not even Peggy and Madeline, the girls who started all the fun, noticed her absence.

Usually Wanda sat in the next to the last seat in the

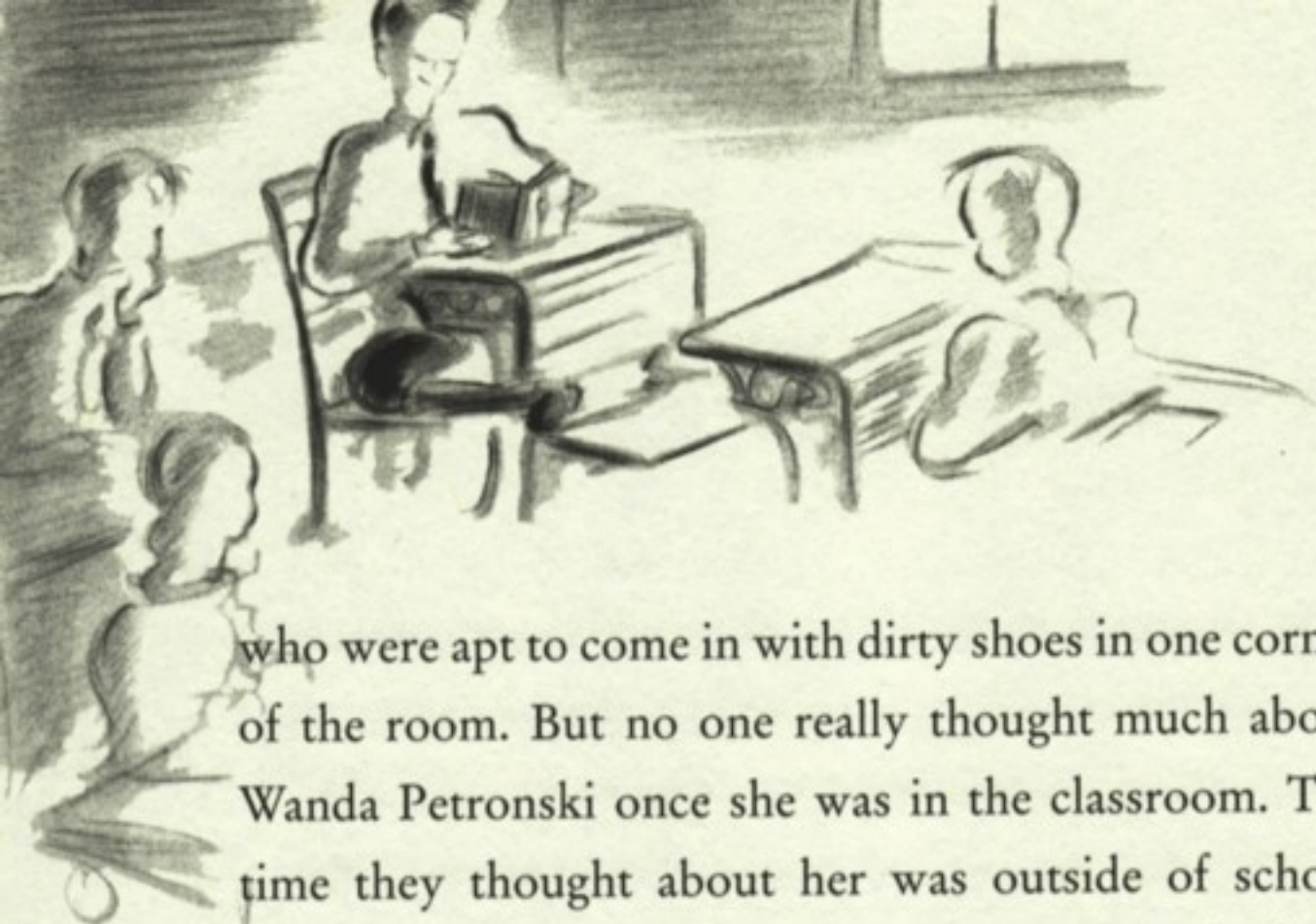


last row in Room 13. She sat in the corner of the room where the rough boys who did not make good marks on their report cards sat; the corner of the room where there was most scuffling of feet, most roars of laughter when anything funny was said, and most mud and dirt on the floor.

Wanda did not sit there because she was rough and noisy. On the contrary she was very quiet and rarely said anything at all. And nobody had ever heard her laugh out loud. Sometimes she twisted her mouth into a crooked sort of smile, but that was all.

Nobody knew exactly why Wanda sat in that seat unless it was because she came all the way from Boggins Heights, and her feet were usually caked with dry mud that she picked up coming down the country roads. Maybe the teacher liked to keep all the children





who were apt to come in with dirty shoes in one corner of the room. But no one really thought much about Wanda Petronski once she was in the classroom. The time they thought about her was outside of school hours, at noontime when they were coming back to school, or in the morning early before school began, when groups of two or three or even more would be talking and laughing on their way to the school yard.

Then sometimes they waited for Wanda—to have fun with her.

The next day, Tuesday, Wanda was not in school either. And nobody noticed her absence again, except the teacher and probably big Bill Byron, who sat in the

**W**ANDA wears the same faded blue dress to school every day—yet she says she has one hundred beautiful dresses at home, “all lined up.” The other girls don’t believe it, and when Peggy starts a daily game of teasing Wanda about the hundred dresses, everyone joins in. Maddie, Peggy’s best friend, goes along with the game, but she secretly wonders whether she can find the courage to speak up in Wanda’s defense.

It’s not until Wanda fails to come to school one day that her classmates learn the truth about the hundred dresses—and Maddie and Peggy learn the meaning of kindness and generosity of spirit.

ELEANOR ESTES’S heartfelt story, a Newbery Honor Book and a beloved classic for more than sixty years, offers readers of all ages a timeless message of compassion and understanding.

With restored illustrations by Caldecott Medalist  
Louis Slobodkin and a letter to readers  
by Helena Estes, the daughter of the author.

“[*The Hundred Dresses*] will take its place with the books that endure.” —*Saturday Review*

“Written with rare intuition and pictured with warm sympathy and charm.” —*The Horn Book*

“No young person... will ever forget it.” —*Book Week*

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