



Once there was
a peddler who sold caps.
But he was not like
an ordinary peddler
carrying his wares on his back.
He carried them
on top of his head.

First he had on his own checked cap, then a bunch of gray caps, then a bunch of brown caps, then a bunch of blue caps, and on the very top a bunch of red caps.

He walked
up and down the streets,
holding himself very straight
so as not to upset his caps.

As he went along he called, "Caps! Caps for sale! Fifty cents a cap!" One morning
he couldn't sell any caps.
He walked up the street and
he walked down the street calling,
"Caps! Caps for sale. Fifty cents a cap."

But nobody wanted any caps that morning.

Nobody wanted even a red cap.

He began to feel very hungry, but he had no money for lunch.

"I think I'll go for a walk in the country," said he.

And he walked out of town—slowly, slowly, so as not to upset his caps.

