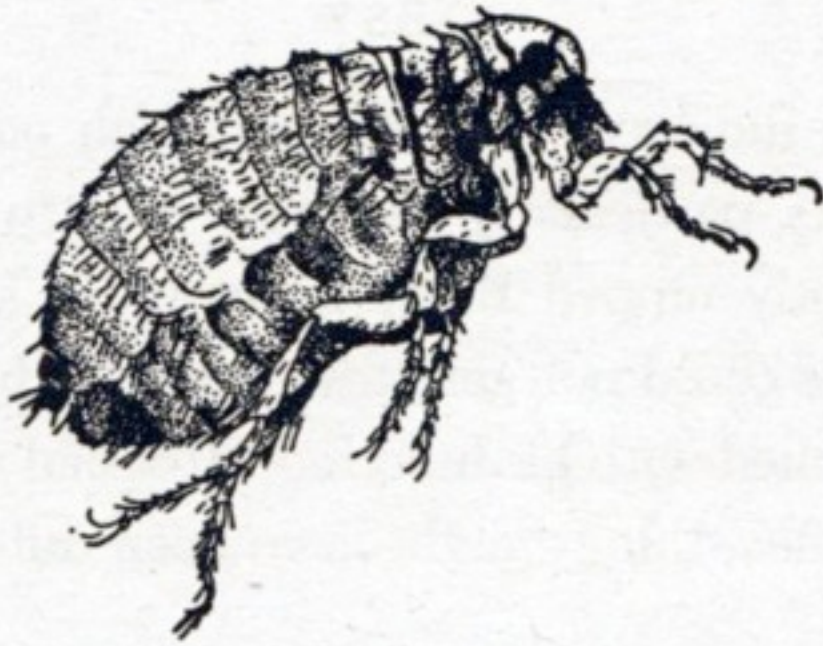


BEVERLY CLEARY

RIBSY



Ribsy is lost . . .
and having the adventure of his life!



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Ribsy and the Hungry Flea

HENRY HUGGINS' dog Ribsy was a plain ordinary city dog, the kind of dog that strangers usually called Mutt or Pooch. They always called him this in a friendly way, because Ribsy was a friendly dog. He followed Henry and his friends to school. He kept the mailman company. He wagged his tail at the milkman, who always stopped to pet him. People liked Ribsy, and Ribsy liked people. Ribsy was what you might call a well-adjusted dog.

This did not mean that Ribsy had no trou-

bles. He did have troubles, and high on the list were fleas, particularly one mean hungry flea that persistently nipped Ribsy right under his collar where he could not get at it no matter how hard he scratched with his hind foot. If it had not been for that flea, things might have been different for Ribsy.

Ribsy's troubles began one Saturday morning in October when he was sitting out in front of the Huggins' square white house on Klickitat Street keeping an eye on the brand-new station wagon to make sure the family did not drive away without him. The Hugginses had owned the new green station wagon almost a week, and not once had Ribsy been allowed to ride in it.

"We're going to keep this car clean," vowed Mrs. Huggins. "No more muddy paw prints on the seats. No more smudgy nose marks on the windows."

Ribsy knew the Hugginses were getting ready to go someplace, because he could hear Mrs. Huggins tapping around in high heels, a sure sign

that she was about to leave the house. He had also sensed an air of hurry that morning. Henry had dumped half a can of Woofies Dog Food on Ribsy's dish without stopping to scratch him behind the ears. Nosy the cat had been fed and hurriedly shoved outdoors. The Hugginses had not lingered at the breakfast table. All this meant the family was going someplace, and this time Ribsy did not intend to be left behind.

While Ribsy kept an eye on the station wagon he amused himself with his soggy old tennis ball, wet from last night's rain, which he dropped at the top of the driveway and caught as it rolled to the bottom. Then he sat down and, with a great jingling of license tags, scratched. He dug in with the toenails of his left hind foot, starting under his chin and gradually twisting his head until he was scratching the back of his neck. Then he switched to his right hind foot and scratched the other half of his neck. All this scratching did no good, because his collar got in the way of his toenails. He still itched. The mean hungry flea

**“HENRY HUGGINS’S LOST DOG STARS IN THIS DELIGHTFUL
STORY THAT SPARKLES WITH NATURALNESS,
HEART, AND HUMOR.”**

—The New York Times

**“MRS. CLEARY’S STYLE IS, AS ALWAYS, REFRESHING;
THE CHARACTERS ARE REAL, THE DIALOGUE IS LIVELY,
THE HUMOR IS UNQUENCHABLE.”**


—The Bulletin of the Center for Children’s Books



Henry Huggins’s dog, **Ribsy**, is hopelessly lost in a huge shopping mall parking lot. It’s raining hard, the pavement is slick, horns are honking, and drivers are shouting. When Ribsy thinks he has found the Hugginses’ new station wagon at last, he jumps in the open tailgate window and falls asleep, exhausted. When he wakes up to find himself in the wrong car, lots of little girls pet him and make plans to give him a bath. All Ribsy wants to do is go home to Henry. Instead, he’s about to begin the liveliest adventure of his life.



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