

How The
GRINCH
STOLE
CHRISTMAS!



By
Dr. Seuss

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For Teddy Owens

Every *Who*
Down in *Who*-ville
Liked Christmas a lot . . .

But the Grinch,
Who lived just north of *Who*-ville,
Did NOT!
The Grinch *hated* Christmas! The whole
Christmas season!
Now, please don't ask why. No one quite
knows the reason.
It *could* be his head wasn't screwed on just
right.
It *could* be, perhaps, that his shoes were too
tight.
But I think that the most likely reason of all
May have been that his heart was two sizes
too small.

But,
Whatever the reason,
His heart or his shoes,
He stood there on Christmas Eve, hating the *Whos*,
Staring down from his cave with a sour, Grinchy frown
At the warm lighted windows below in their town.
For he knew every *Who* down in *Who*-ville beneath
Was busy now, hanging a mistletoe wreath.

“And they’re hanging their stockings!” he
snarled with a sneer.

“Tomorrow is Christmas! It’s practically
here!”

Then he growled, with his Grinch fingers
nervously drumming,

“I MUST find some way to stop Christmas
from coming!”

For,
Tomorrow, he knew . . .

. . . All the *Who* girls and boys
Would wake bright and early. They'd rush for their toys!
And *then!* Oh, the noise! Oh, the Noise! Noise! Noise! Noise!
That's *one* thing he hated! The NOISE! NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!

Then the *Whos*, young and old, would sit down to a feast.

And they'd feast! *And they'd feast!*

And they'd FEAST!

FEAST!

FEAST!

FEAST!

They would feast on *Who*-pudding, and rare *Who*-roast-beast

Which was something the Grinch couldn't stand in the least!

And THEN
They'd do something
He liked least of all!

Every *Who* down in *Who*-ville, the tall and the small,
Would stand close together, with Christmas bells ringing.
They'd stand hand-in-hand. And the *Whos* would start singing!

They'd sing! *And they'd sing!*
AND they'd SING! SING! SING! SING!
And the more the Grinch thought of this *Who*-
Christmas-Sing,
The more the Grinch thought, "I must stop
this whole thing!
"Why, for fifty-three years I've put up with it
now!
"I MUST stop this Christmas from coming!
... *But HOW?*"

Then he got an idea!

An awful idea!

THE GRINCH

GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!

“I know *just* what to do!” The Grinch laughed in his throat.
And he made a quick Santy Claus hat and a coat.
And he chuckled, and clucked, “What a great Grinchy trick!
“With this coat and this hat, I look just like Saint Nick!”

“All I need is a reindeer . . .”

The Grinch looked around.

But, since reindeer are scarce, there was none
to be found.

Did that stop the old Grinch . . . ?

No! The Grinch simply said,

“If I can’t *find* a reindeer, I’ll *make* one
instead!”

So he called his dog, Max. Then he took some
red thread

And he tied a big horn on the top of his head.