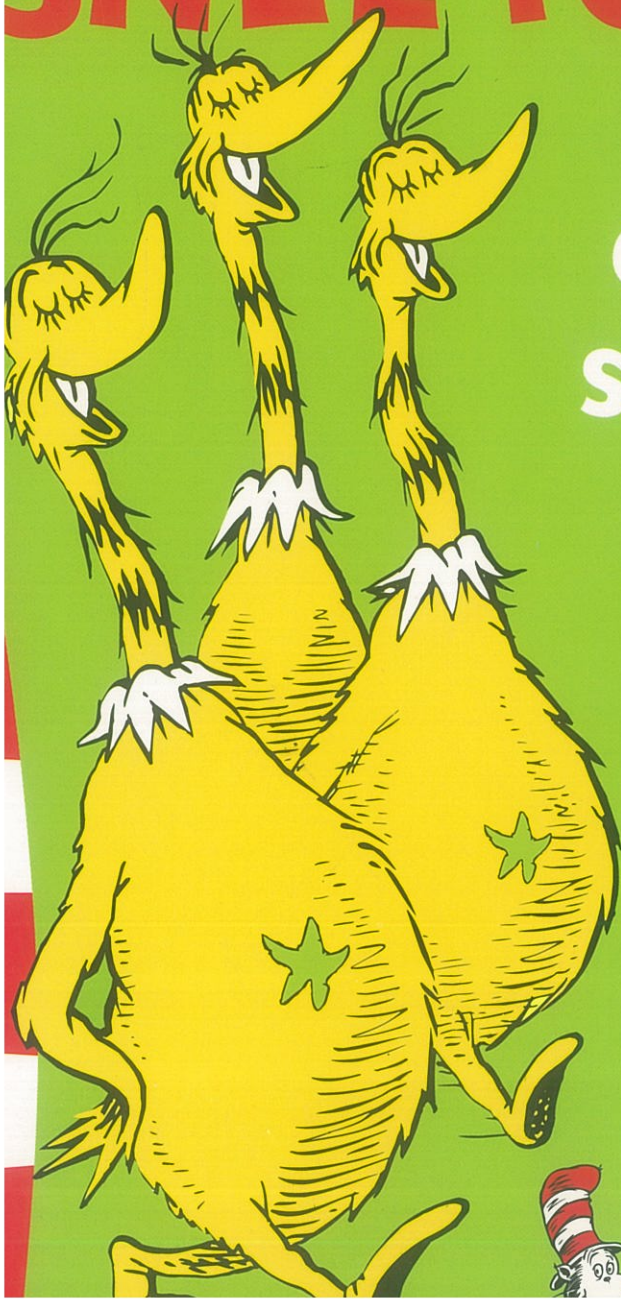


# THE SNEETCHES

AND  
OTHER  
STORIES



Dr. Seuss™

*The*  
**SNEETCHES**  
AND OTHER STORIES



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

**Dr. Seuss**



# The SNEETCHES

The Cat in the Hat  
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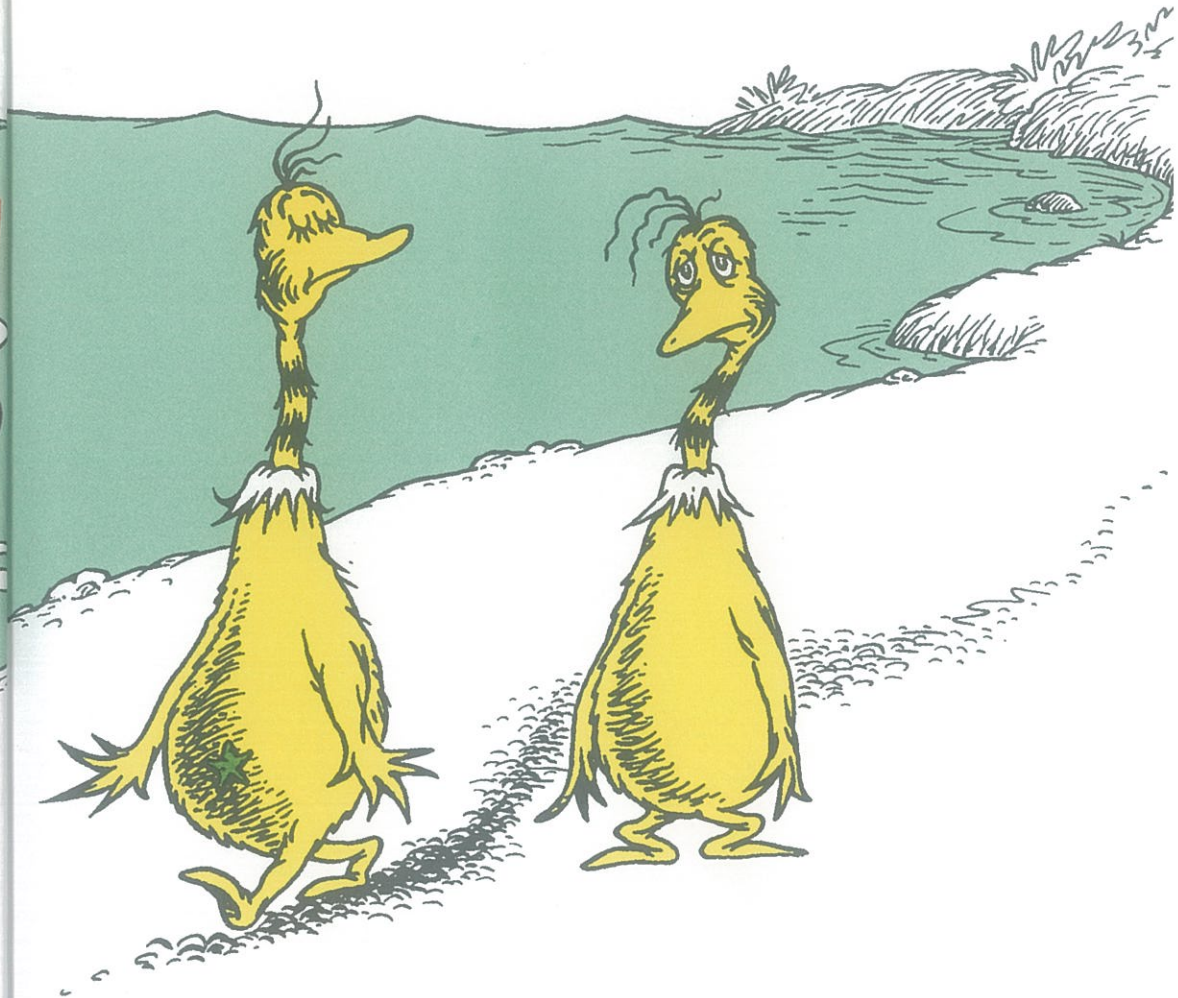
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ISBN-13: 978-0-00-715850-8

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All Rights Reserved  
Published by arrangement with  
Random House Inc., New York, USA  
First published in the UK 1965  
This edition published in the UK 1998 by  
HarperCollins *Children's Books*,  
a division of HarperCollins *Publishers Ltd*  
1 London Bridge Street  
London SE1 9GF

Printed and bound in China

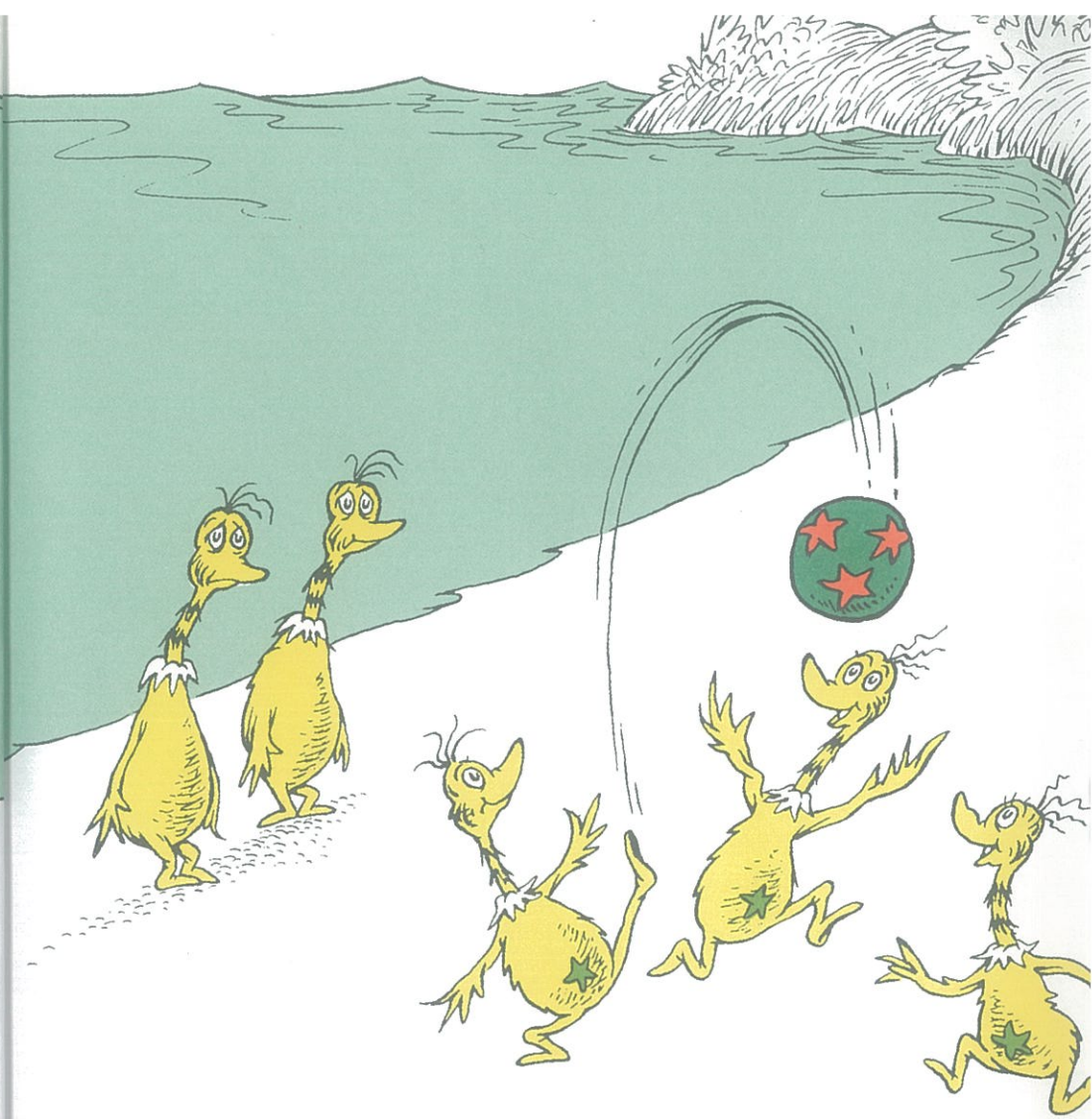
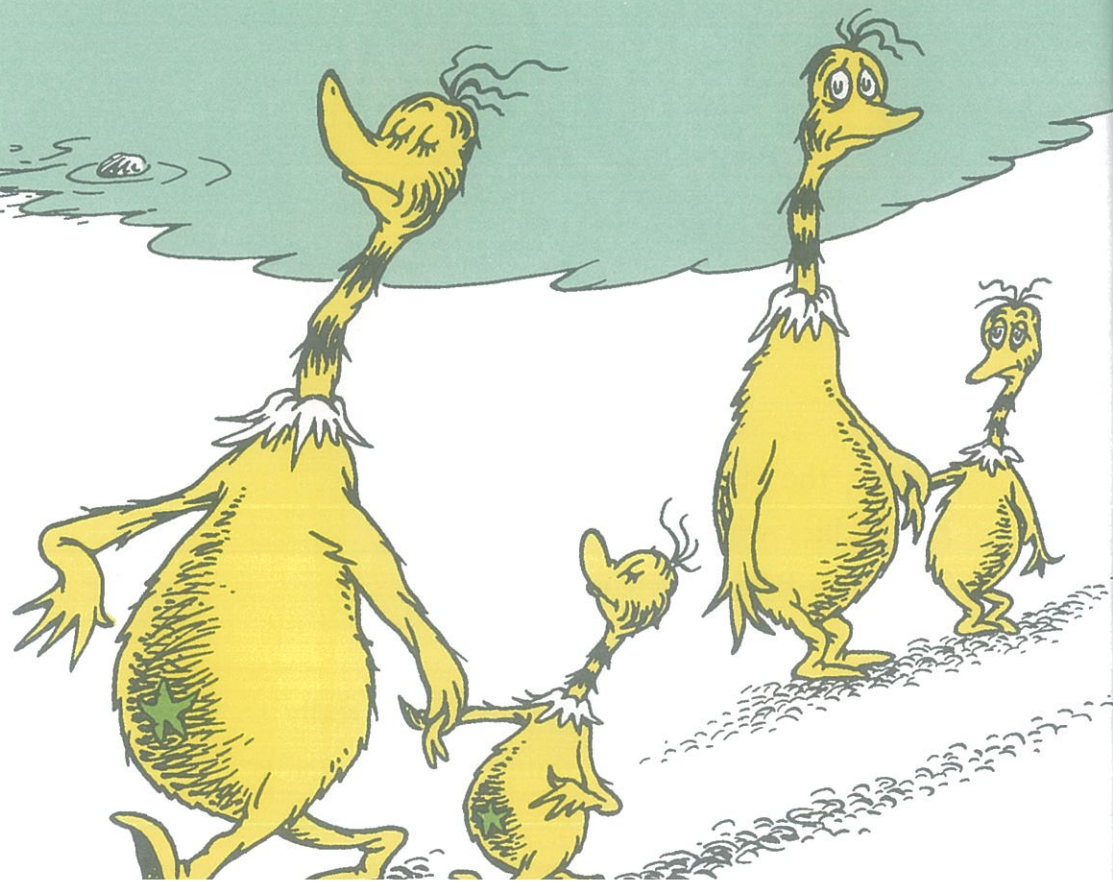
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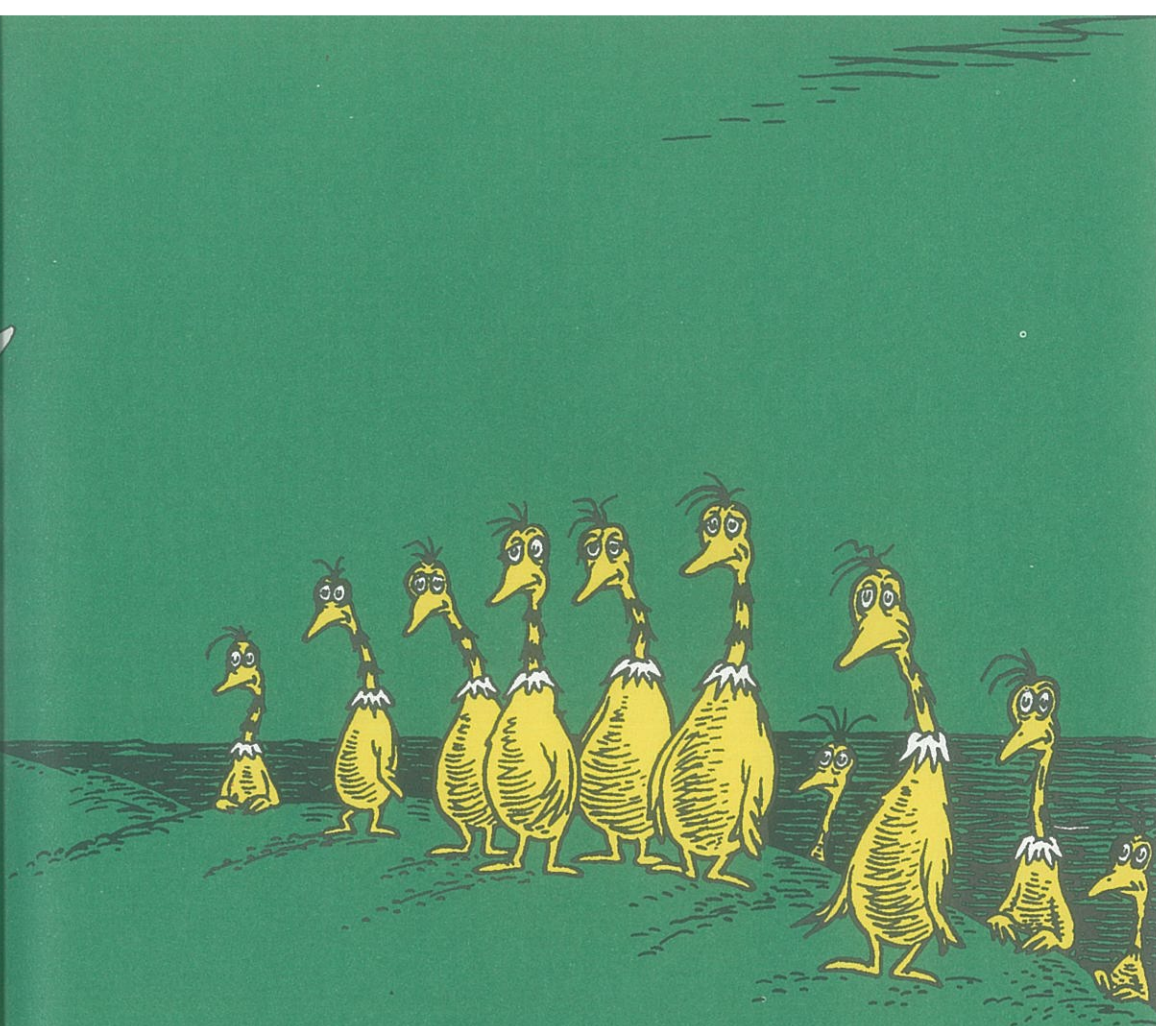
Now, the Star-Belly Sneetches  
Had bellies with stars.  
The Plain-Belly Sneetches  
Had none upon thars.

Those stars weren't so big. They were really so small  
You might think such a thing wouldn't matter at all.

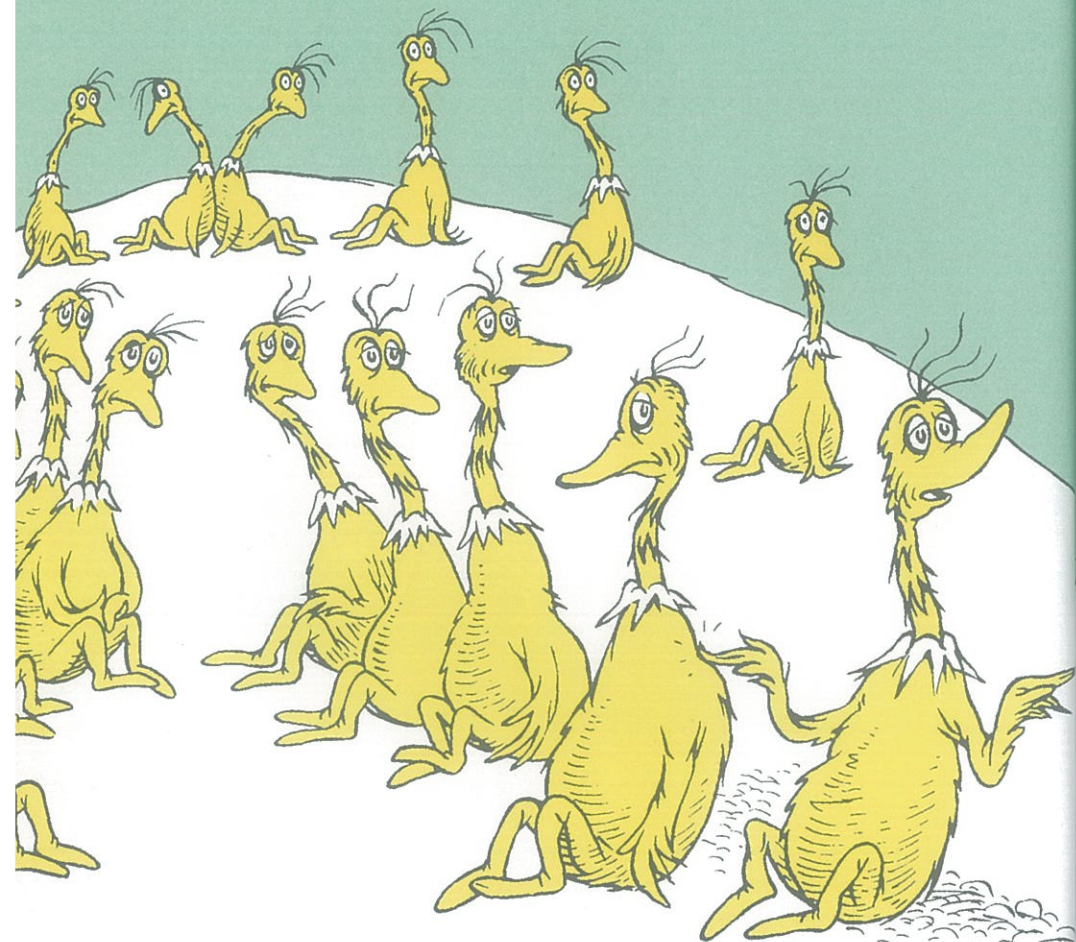
But, because they had stars, all the Star-Belly Sneetches  
Would brag, "We're the best kind of Sneetch on the beaches."  
With their snoots in the air, they would sniff and they'd snort  
"We'll have nothing to do with the Plain-Belly sort!"  
And whenever they met some, when they were out walking,  
They'd saunter straight past them without even talking.



When the Star-Belly children went out to play ball,  
Could a Plain Belly get in the game...? Not at all.  
You only could play if your bellies had stars  
And the Plain-Belly children had none upon thars.

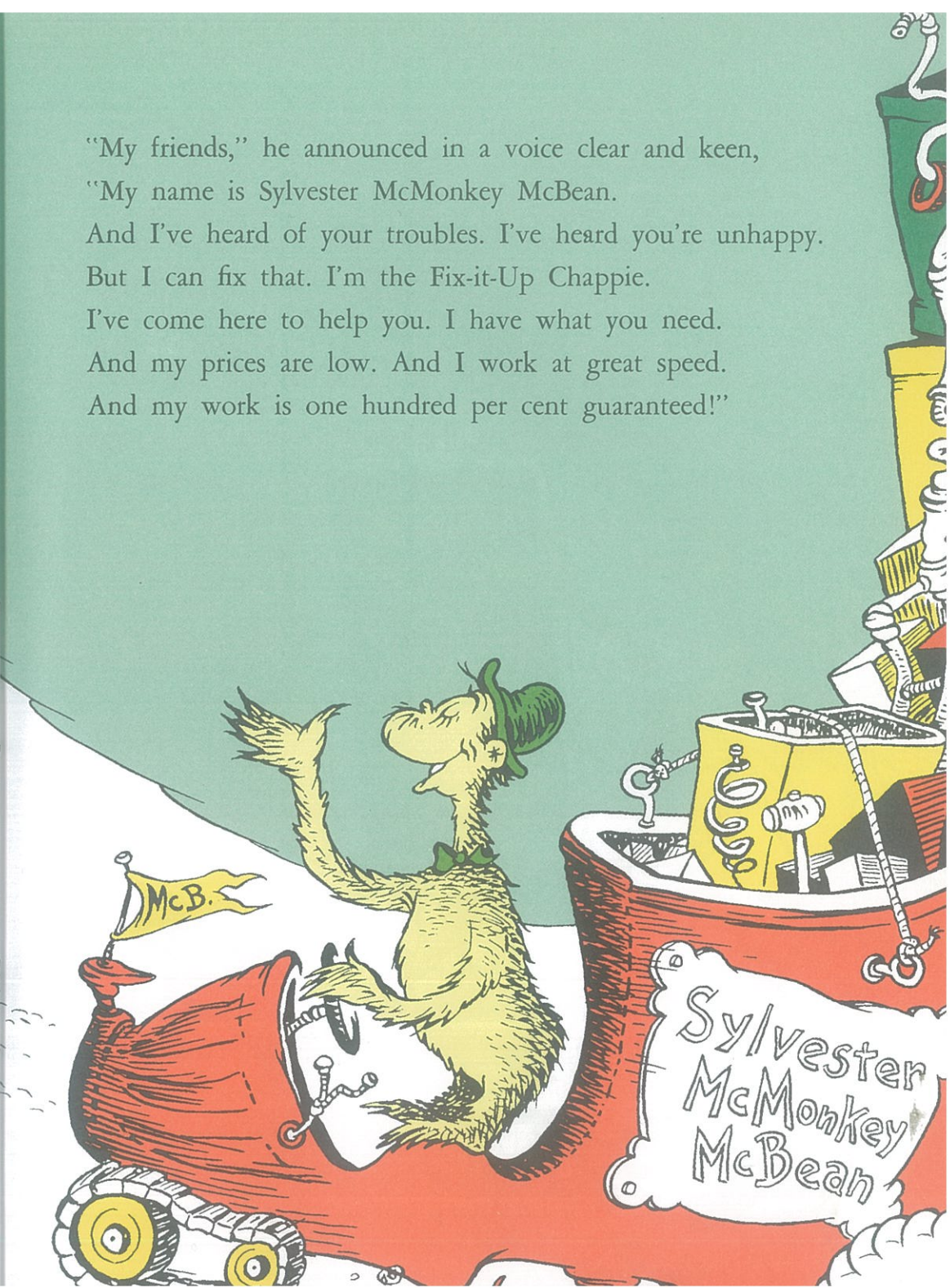


When the Star-Belly Sneetches had frankfurter roasts  
Or picnics or parties or marshmallow toasts,  
They never invited the Plain-Belly Sneetches.  
They left them out cold, in the dark of the beaches.  
They kept them away. Never let them come near.  
And that's how they treated them year after year.

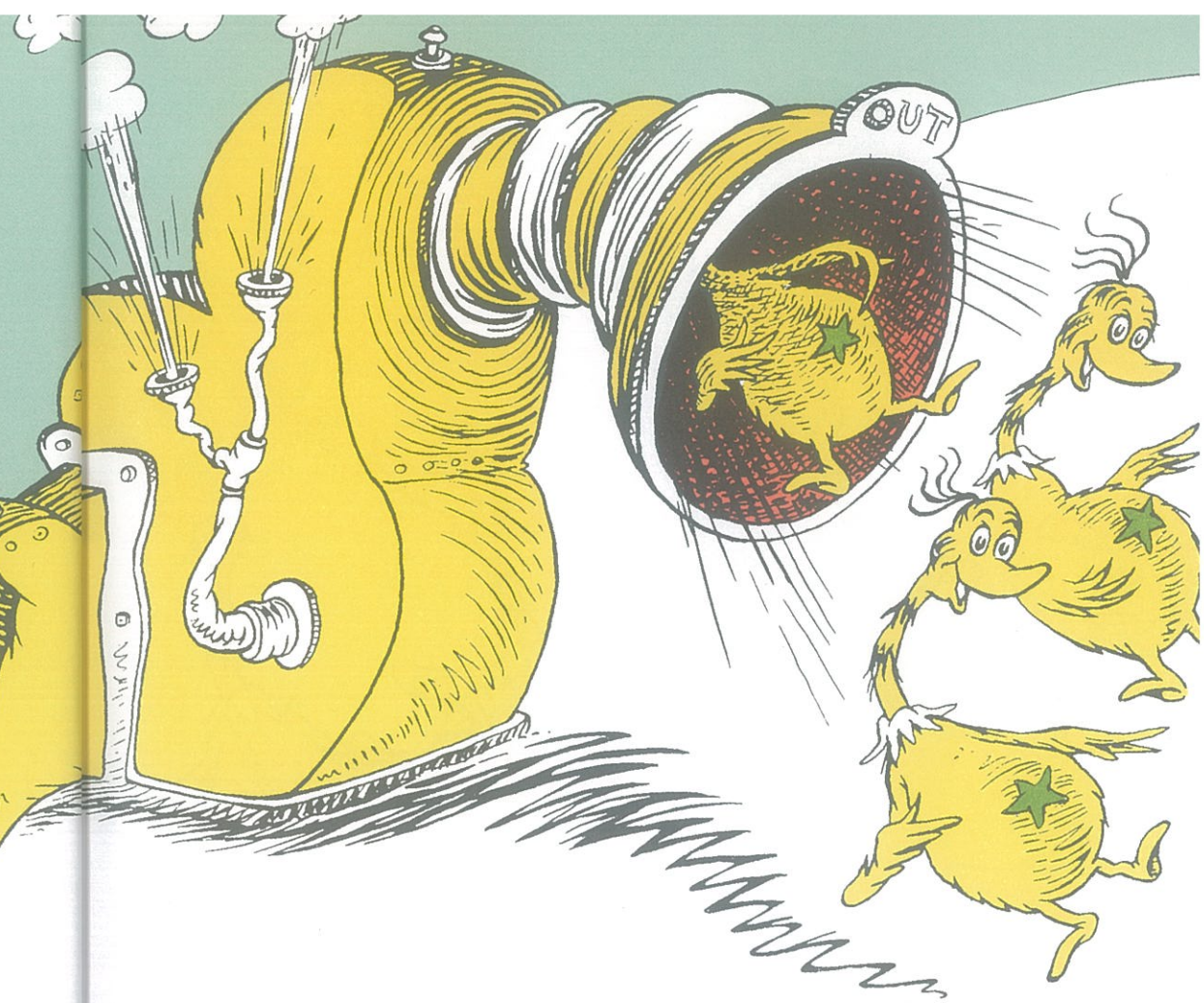


Then ONE day, it seems...while the Plain-Belly Sneetches  
Were moping and dopping alone on the beaches,  
Just sitting there wishing their bellies had stars...  
A stranger zipped up in the strangest of cars!

"My friends," he announced in a voice clear and keen,  
"My name is Sylvester McMonkey McBean.  
And I've heard of your troubles. I've heard you're unhappy.  
But I can fix that. I'm the Fix-it-Up Chappie.  
I've come here to help you. I have what you need.  
And my prices are low. And I work at great speed.  
And my work is one hundred per cent guaranteed!"



Then, quickly, Sylvester McMonkey McBean  
Put together a very peculiar machine.  
And he said, "You want stars like a Star-Belly Sneetch...?  
My friends, you can have them for three dollars each!"



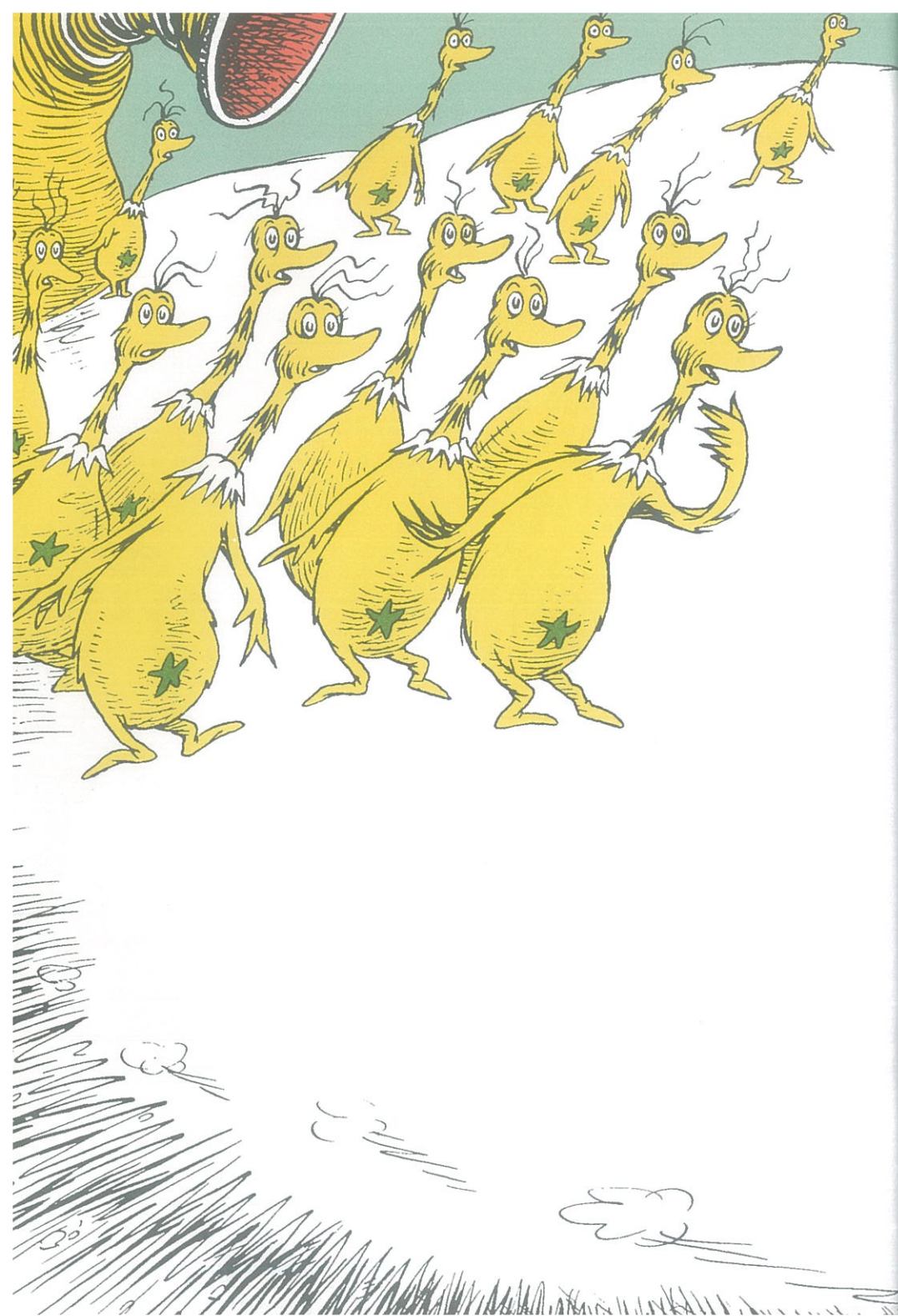
"Just pay me your money and hop right aboard!"  
So they clambered inside. Then the big machine roared  
And it klonked. And it bonked. And it jerked. And it berked  
And it bopped them about. But the thing really worked!  
When the Plain-Belly Sneetches popped out, they had stars!  
They actually did. They had stars upon thars!



Then they yelled at the ones who had stars at the start,  
"We're exactly like you! You can't tell us apart.  
We're all just the same, now, you snooty old smarties!  
And now we can go to your frankfurter parties."

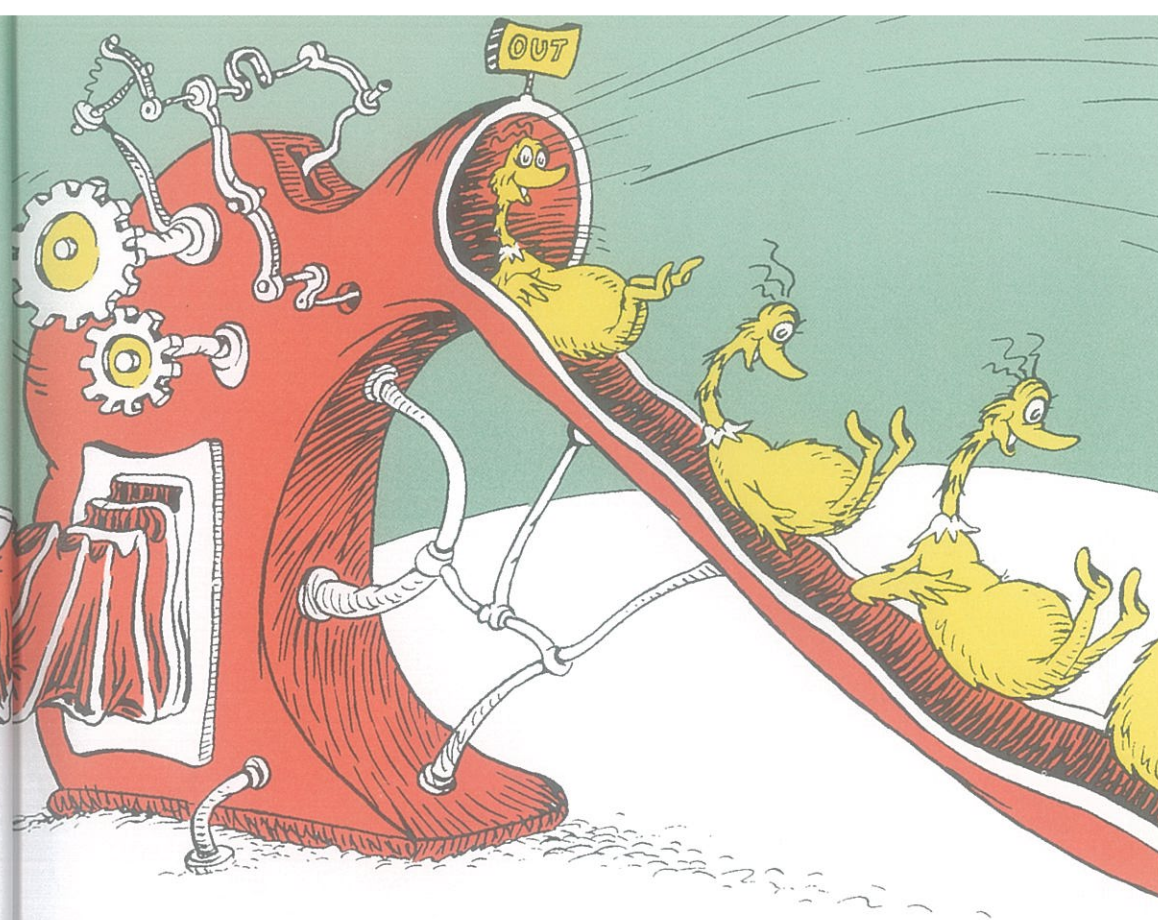
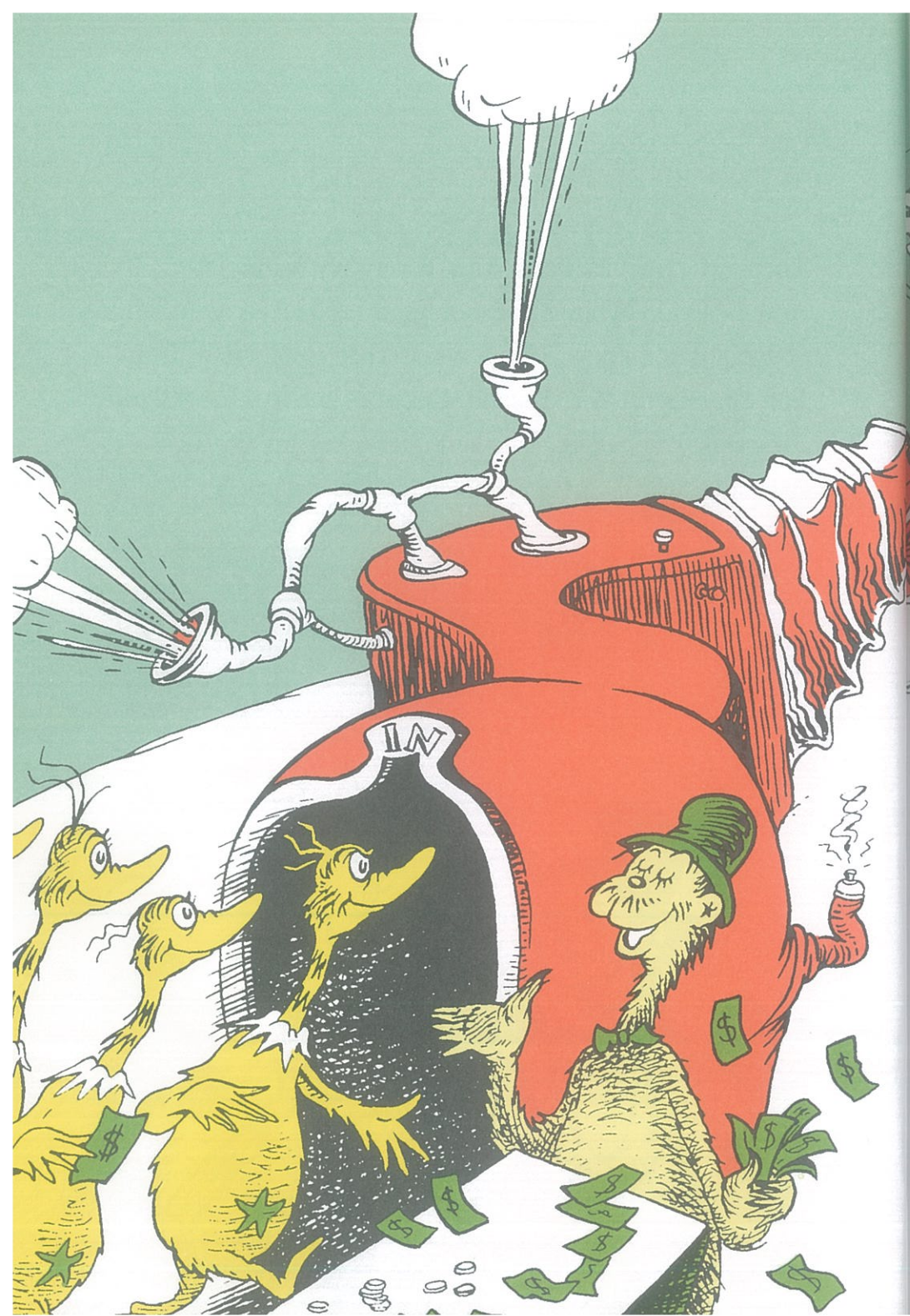
"Good grief!" groaned the ones who had stars at the first.  
"We're *still* the best Snetches and they are the worst.  
But, now, how in the world will we know," they all frowned,  
"If which kind is what, or the other way round?"





Then up came McBean with a very sly wink  
And he said, "Things are not quite as bad as you think.  
So you don't know who's who. That is perfectly true.  
But come with me, friends. Do you know what I'll do?  
I'll make you, again, the best Snetches on beaches  
And all it will cost you is ten dollars eaches."





“Belly stars are no longer in style,” said McBean.  
“What you need is a trip through my Star-Off Machine.  
This wondrous contraption will take *off* your stars  
So you won’t look like Sneetches who have them on thars.”  
And that handy machine  
Working very precisely  
Removed all the stars from their tummies quite nicely