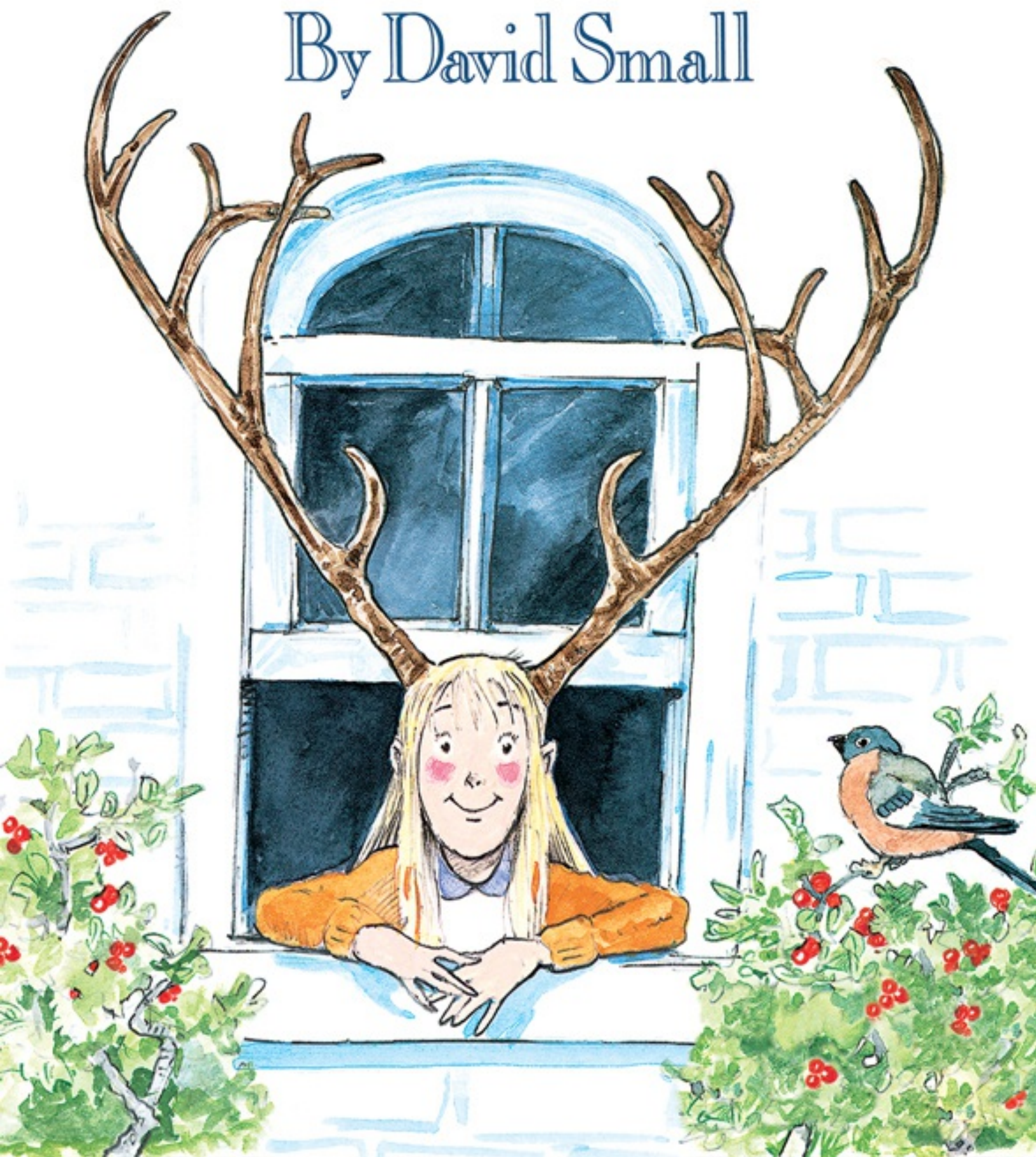


IMOGENE'S ANTLERS

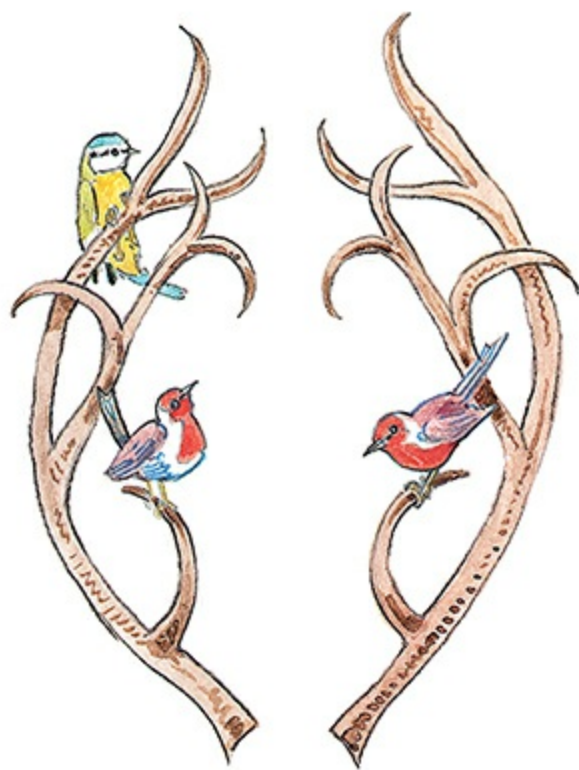
By David Small




IMOGENE'S ANTLERS

IMOGENE'S ANTLERS

By David Small



Alfred A. Knopf  New York

THIS IS A BORZOI BOOK PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

Copyright © 1985 by David Small

All rights reserved. Published in the United States by Alfred A. Knopf, an imprint of Random House Children's Books, a division of Random House LLC, a Penguin Random House Company, New York. Originally published in hardcover by Crown Publishers, an imprint of Random House Children's Books, New York, in 1985.

Knopf, Borzoi Books, and the colophon are registered trademarks of Random House LLC.

Visit us on the Web! randomhouse.com/kids

Educators and librarians, for a variety of teaching tools,
visit us at RHTeachersLibrarians.com

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Small, David.

Imogene's antlers.

Summary: On Thursday Imogene wakes up with a pair of antlers growing out of her head and causes a sensation wherever she goes.

ISBN 978-0-375-81048-0 (trade) — ISBN 978-0-375-91048-7 (lib. bdg.) — ISBN 978-0-517-56242-0 (pbk.) — ISBN 978-0-385-75540-5 (ebook)

1. Children's stories, American. [1. Humorous stories.] I. Title.

PZ7.S638Im 1985 [E] 84012085

Random House Children's Books supports the First Amendment and celebrates the right to read.

v3.1

To A.B., L.D., and little O.

—D.S.



CONTENTS



[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Dedication](#)

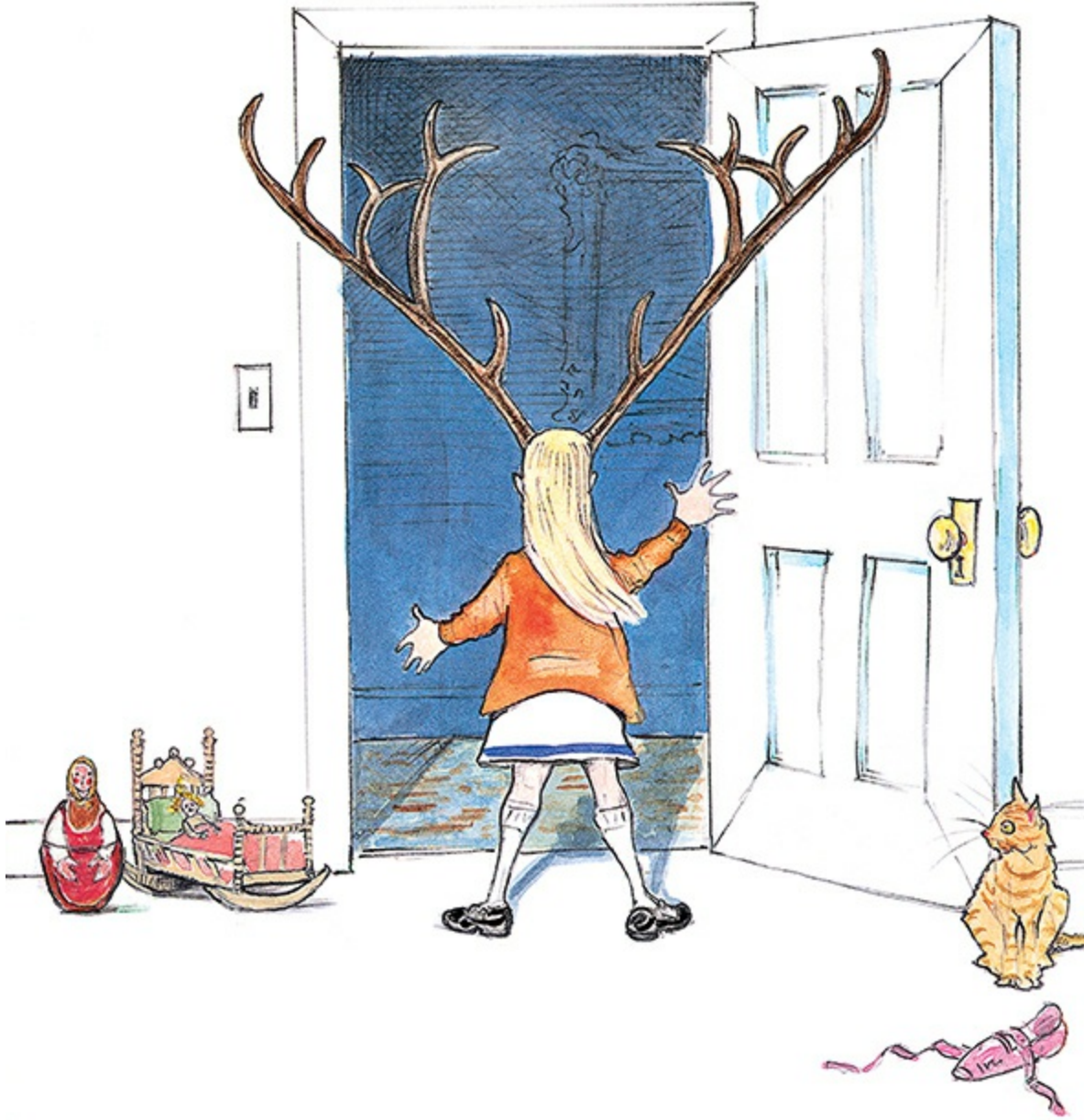
[First Page](#)



On Thursday, when Imogene woke up, she found she had grown antlers.



Getting dressed was difficult,



and going through a door now took some thinking.



Imogene started down for breakfast . . .



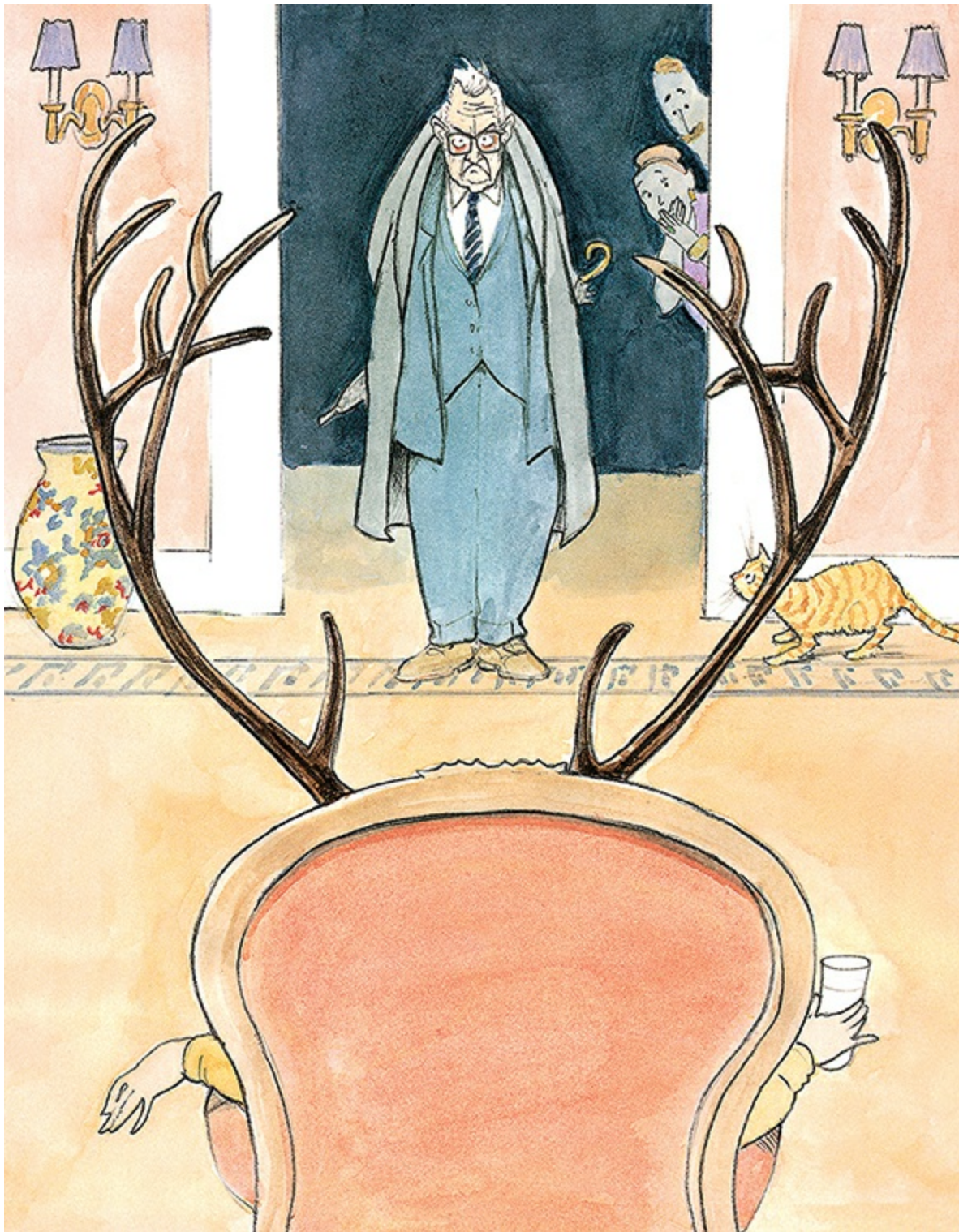
but got hung up.



“OH!!” Imogene’s mother fainted away.



The doctor poked, and prodded, and scratched his chin.
He could find nothing wrong.



The school principal glared at Imogene but had no advice to offer.



Her brother, Norman, consulted the encyclopedia, and then announced that Imogene had turned into a rare form of miniature elk!



Imogene's mother fainted again and was carried upstairs to bed.



Imogene went into the kitchen. Lucy, the kitchen maid, had her sit by the oven to dry some towels.

“Lovely antlers,” said Lucy.



The cook, Mrs. Perkins, gave Imogene a doughnut, then decked her out with several more and sent her into the garden to feed the birds.

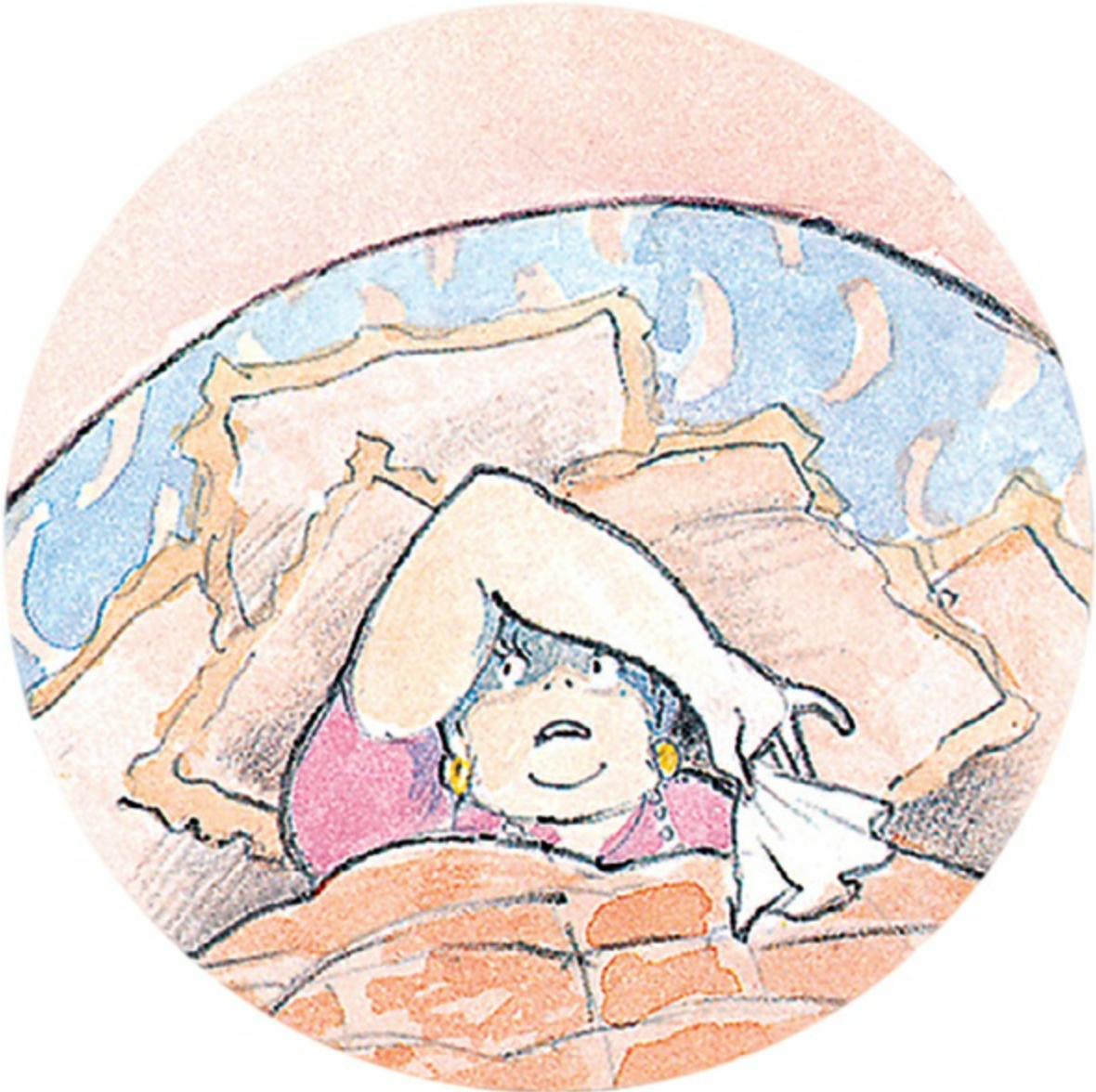


“You’ll be lots of fun to decorate, come Christmas!” said Mrs. Perkins.



Later, Imogene wandered upstairs. She found the whole family in Mother's bedroom.

"Doughnuts, anyone?" she asked.



Her mother said, “Imogene, we have decided there is only one thing to do. We must hide your antlers under a hat!”



Norman telephoned the milliner.



At three o'clock the milliner arrived.



Rapidly he sketched a few designs,



then set to work.



“Voilà!” said the milliner.



“Bravo! Bravissimo!” cried his assistants.



THUD! Imogene's mother had to be carried away once more.



After dinner, Imogene practiced her piano lesson.



Then, yawning, she folded her music . . .



kissed the family . . .



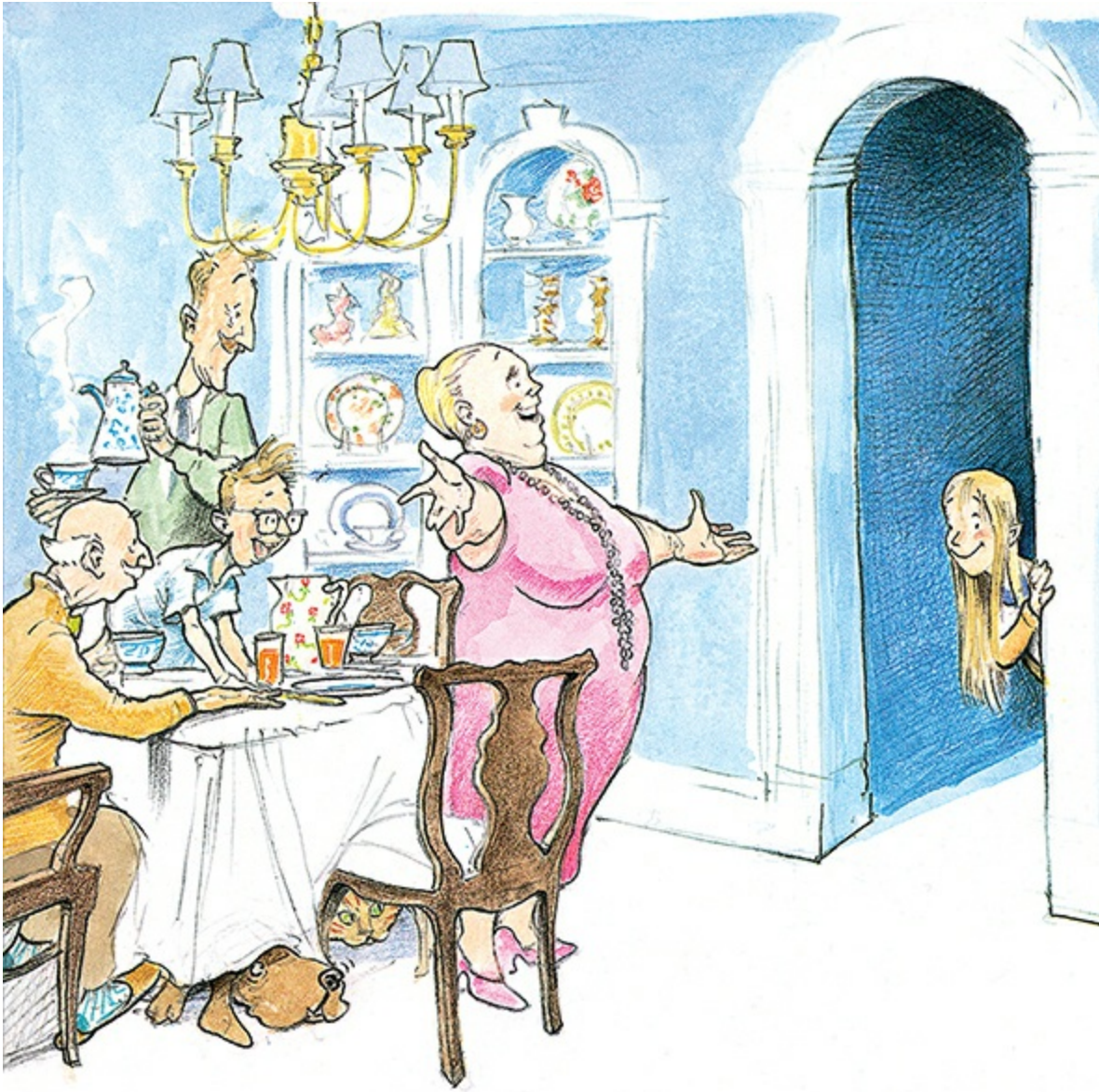
and went to bed.



Imogene sighed, remembering the long, eventful day.



On Friday, when Imogene woke up, the antlers had disappeared.



When she came down to breakfast, the family was overjoyed to see her back to normal . . .



until she came into the room.

