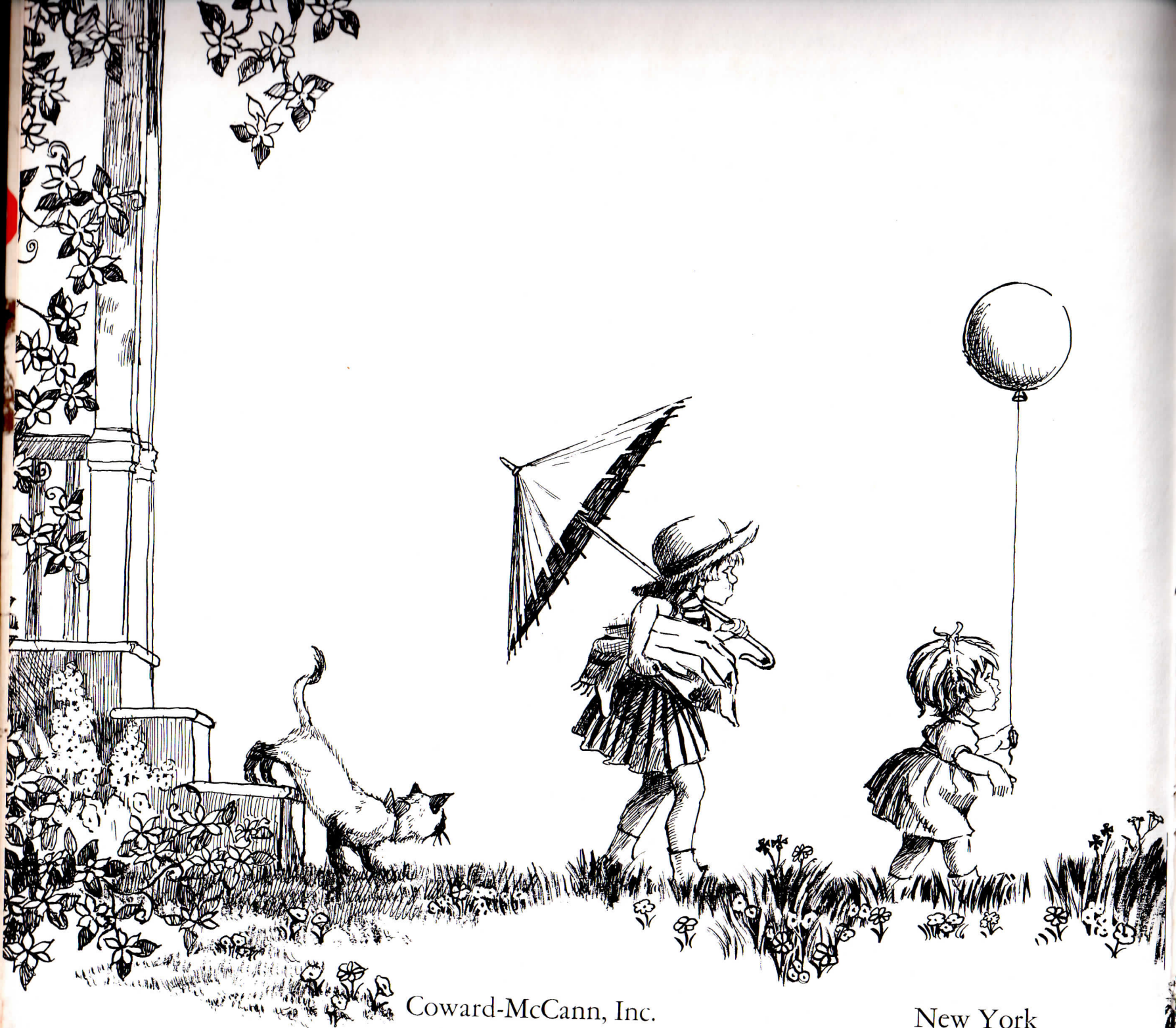


WE WERE TIRED OF LIVING IN A HOUSE



LIESEL MOAK SKORPEN PICTURES BY DORIS BURN



Coward-McCann, Inc.

New York

Weekly Reader Children's Book Club *presents*

WE WERE TIRED OF LIVING IN A HOUSE



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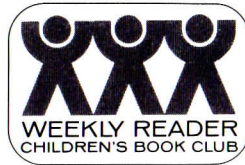
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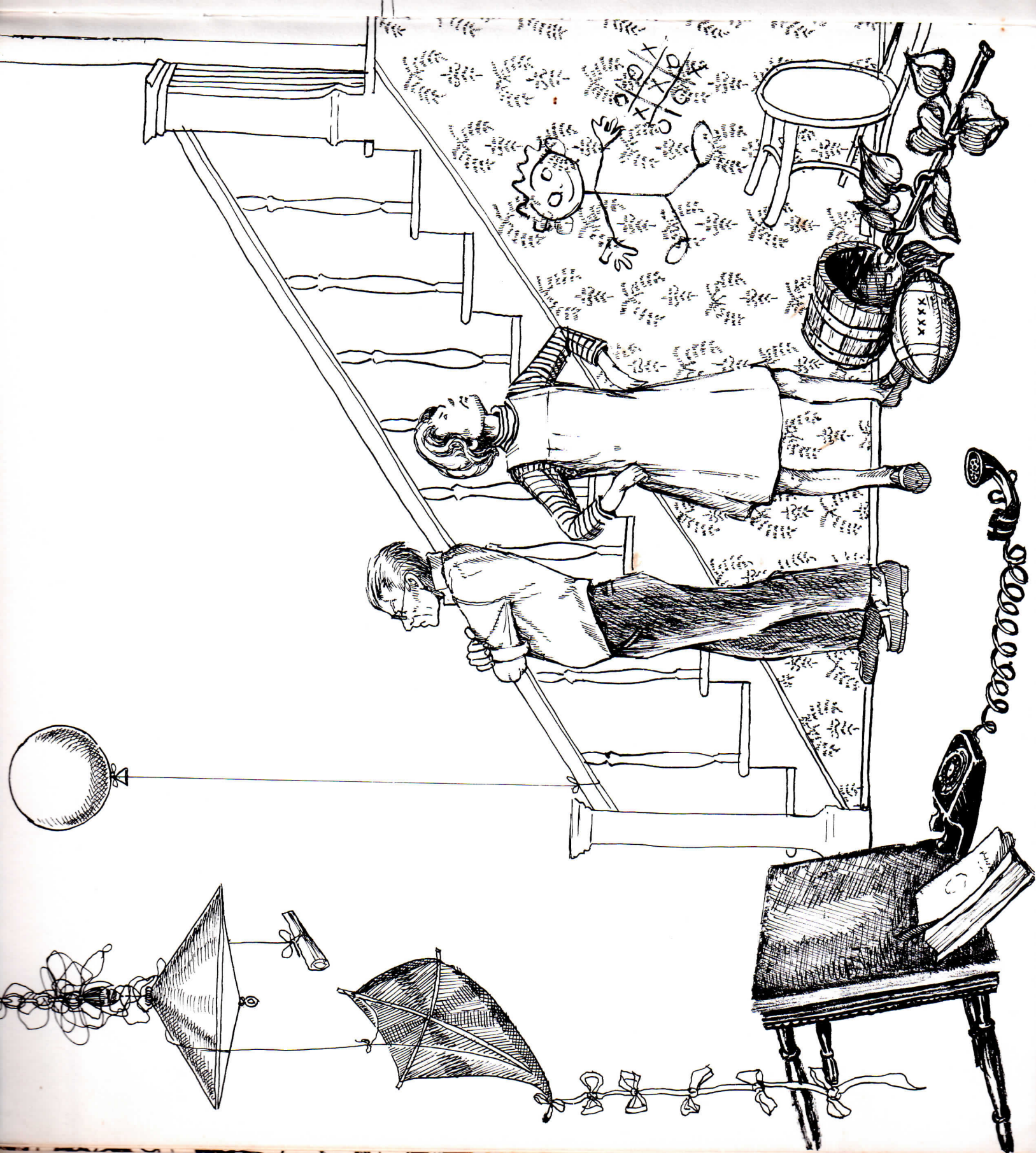
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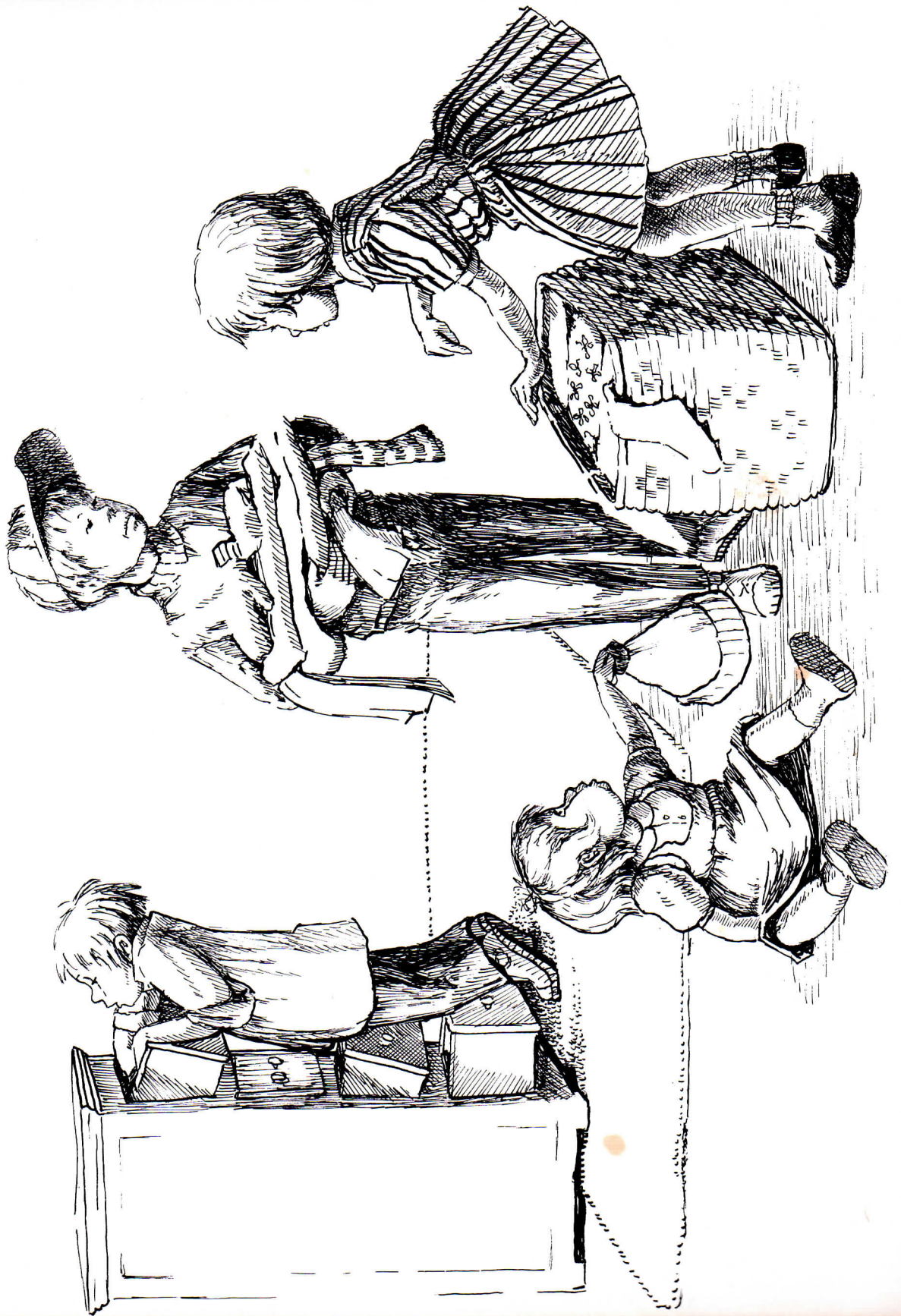
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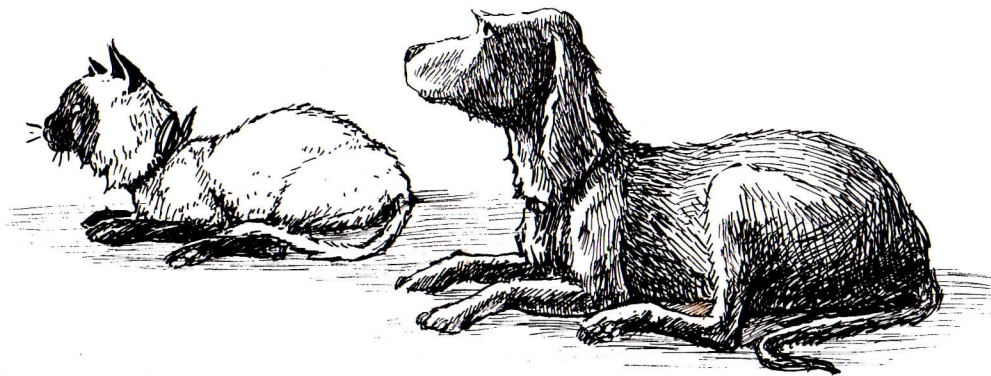
For my mother and my father



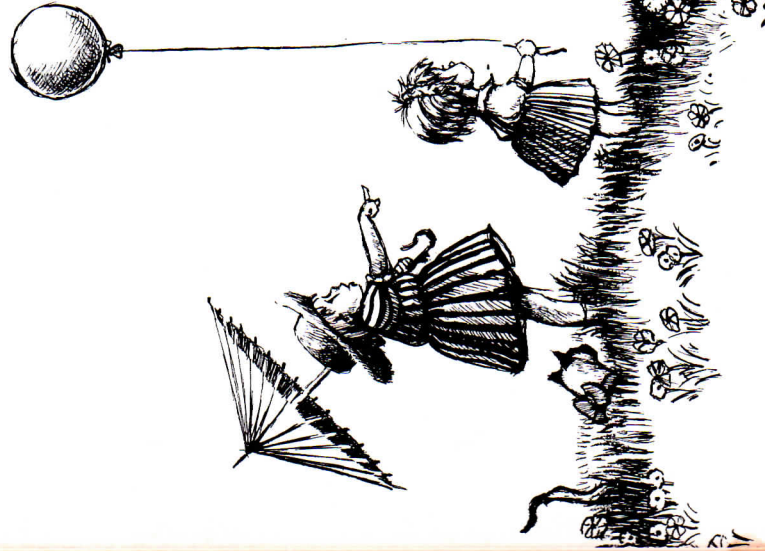




So we packed a bag with
sweaters and socks and scarves
and mittens and woolen caps.



And we moved to a tree.
We liked our tree.



There was always a breeze in the afternoon
that rippled through our roof.
Above in a branch lived a speckled bird
who sang all day for the sake of a song,
and our roof in the autumn turned scarlet and gold.
We liked our tree,





until we tumbled out.







So we packed our bag with
sweaters and socks and scarves and mittens
and scarlet leaves and gold.

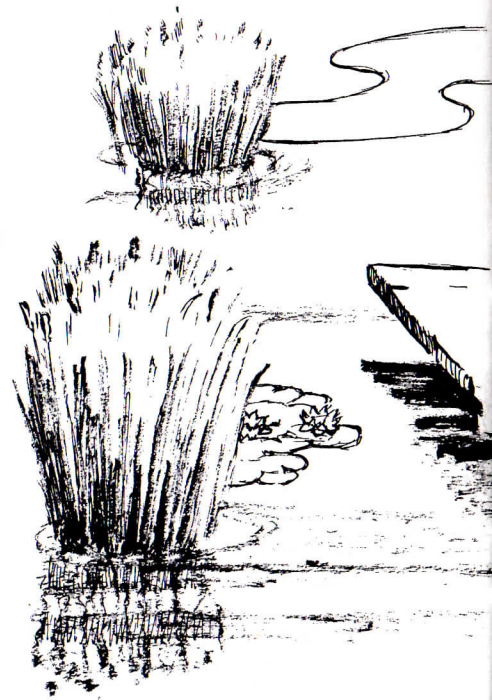


And we moved to a pond.
We liked our pond.



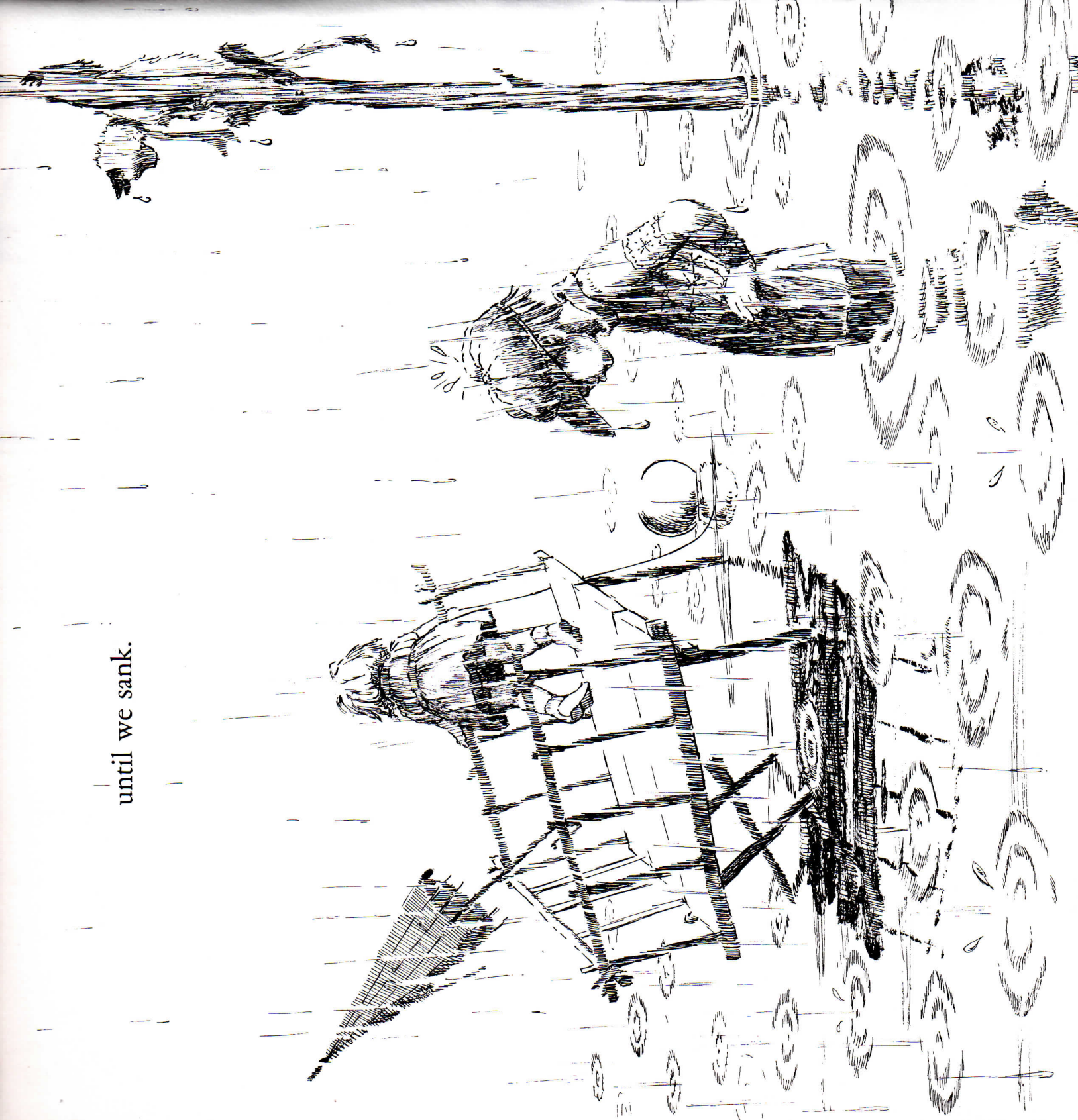


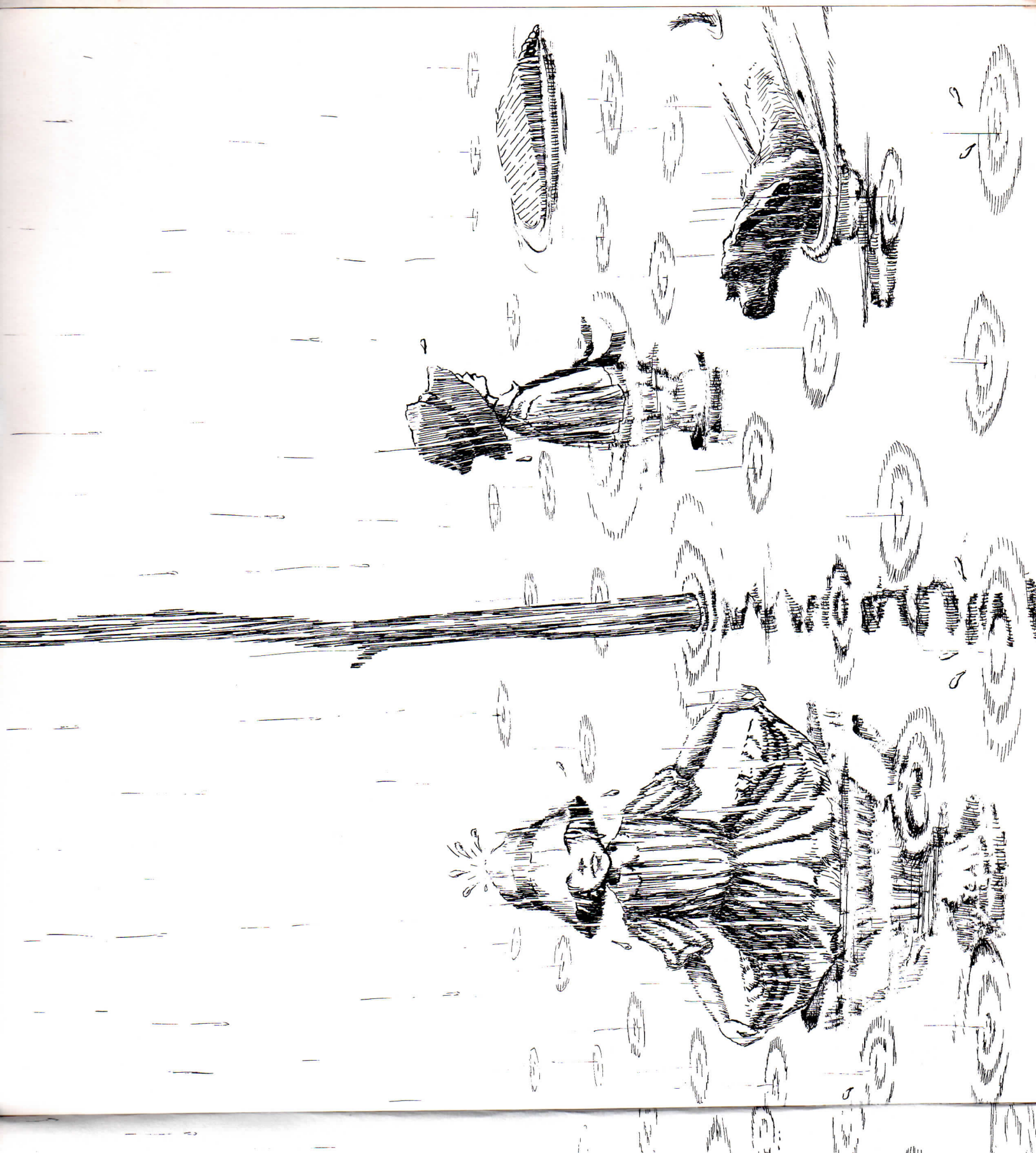
We built a raft and floated about
among the reeds and lily pads.
Below fish darted.
Dragonflies above.
And pond frogs sang with us on summer nights.
We liked our pond,

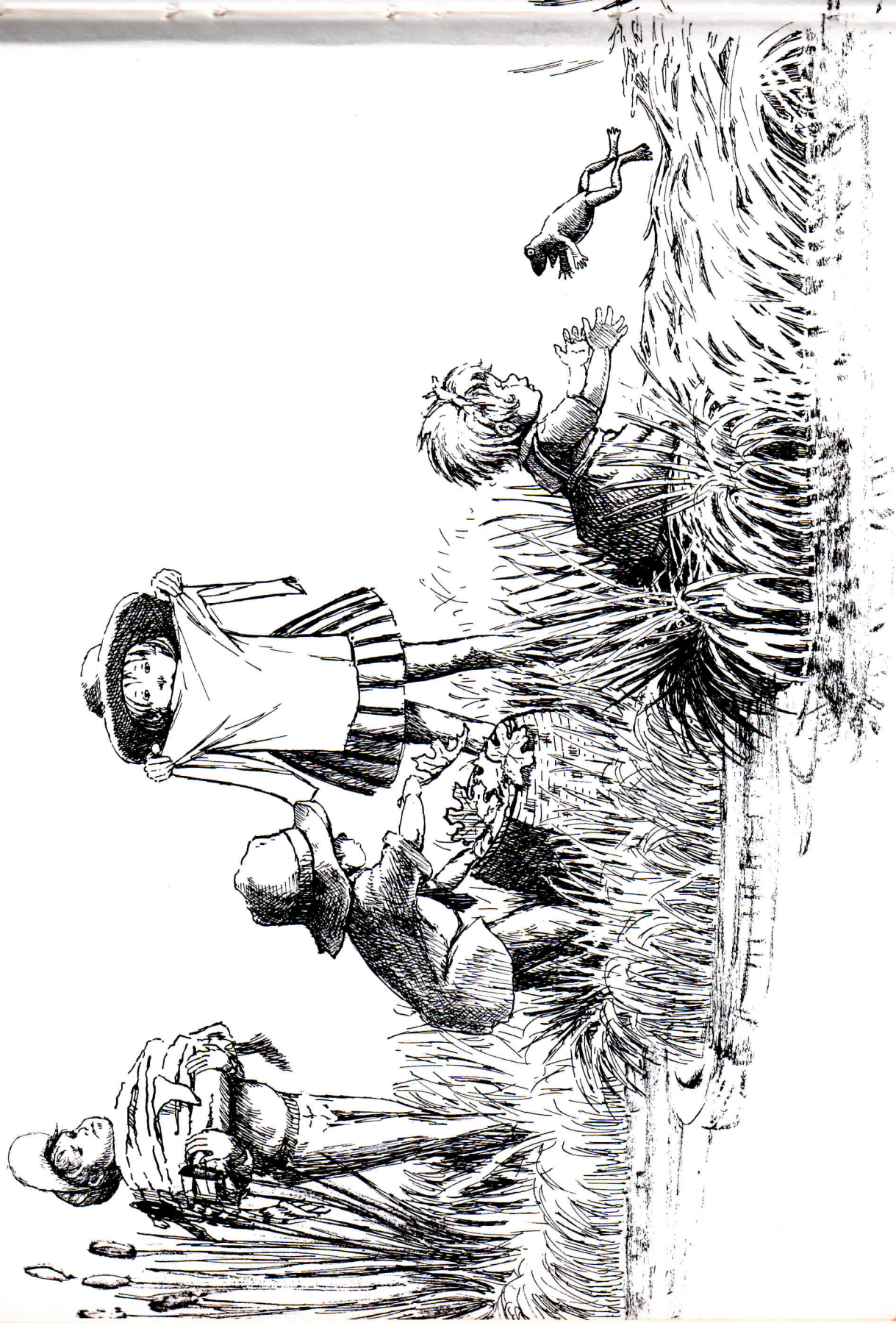




until we sank.



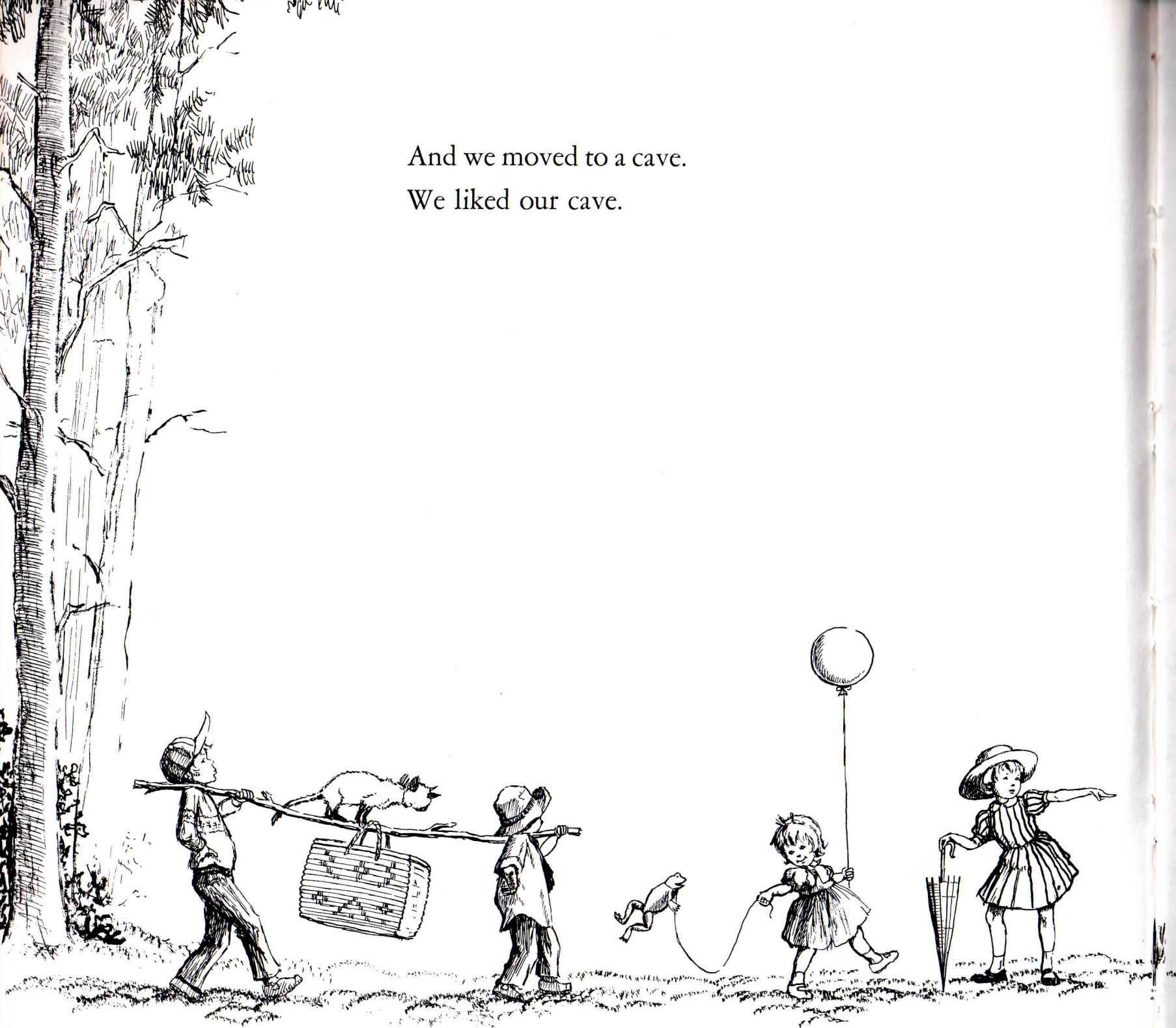




So we packed our bag with
sweaters and socks and scarves
and scarlet leaves and gold
and a frog who was a particular friend.



And we moved to a cave.
We liked our cave.





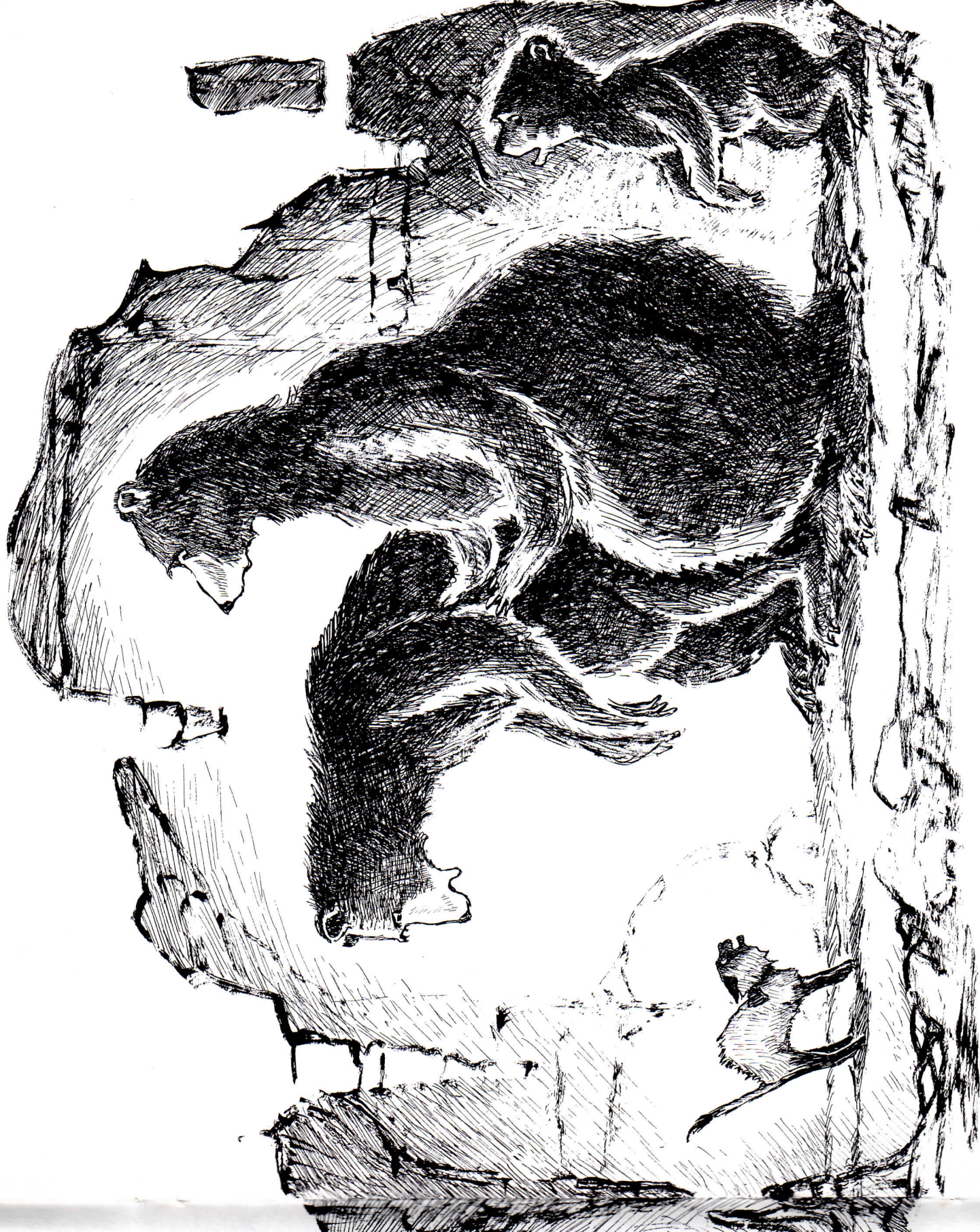
We slept on beds of cool green moss.
We hunted for blackberries in the woods.
We dipped our water from the brook
and roasted walnuts over a fire.
When we weren't busy,
we explored.
We liked our cave,

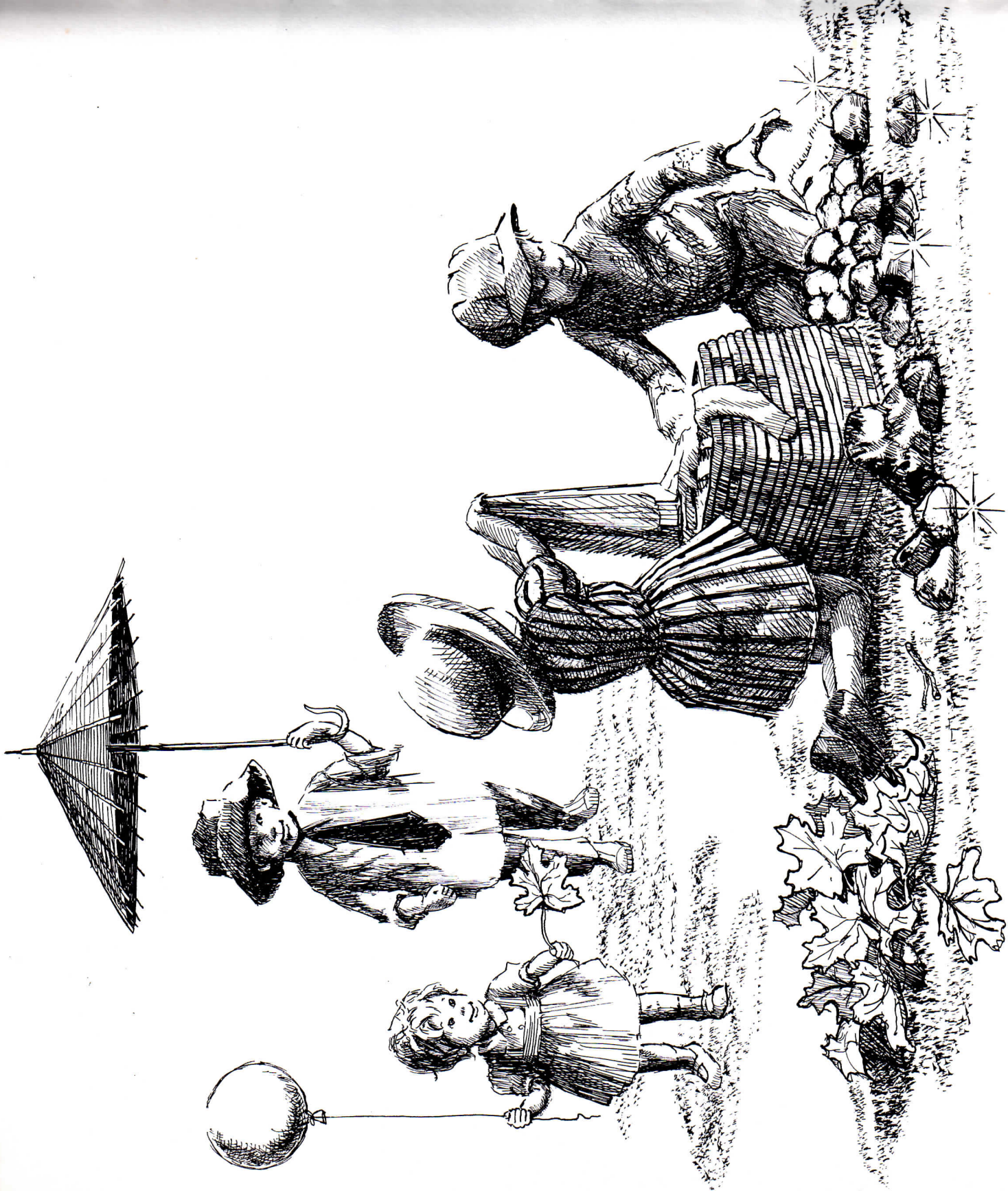




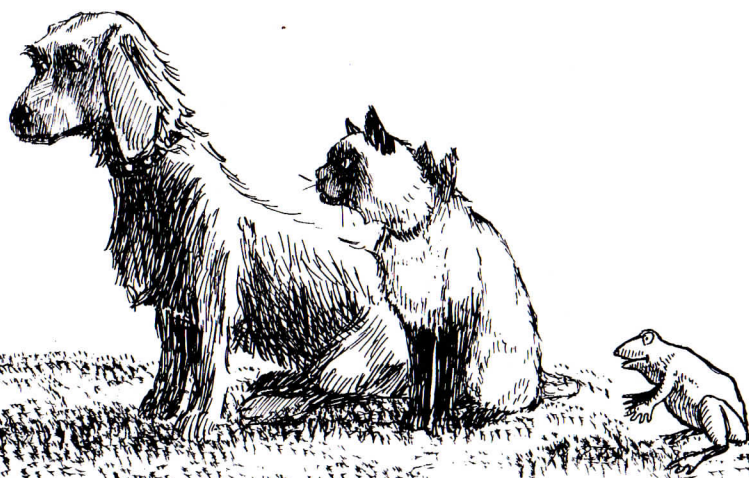
until we met the bears.







So we packed our bag with sweaters and socks
and scarlet leaves and gold
and a frog who was a particular friend
and precious stones that caught and held the sun.

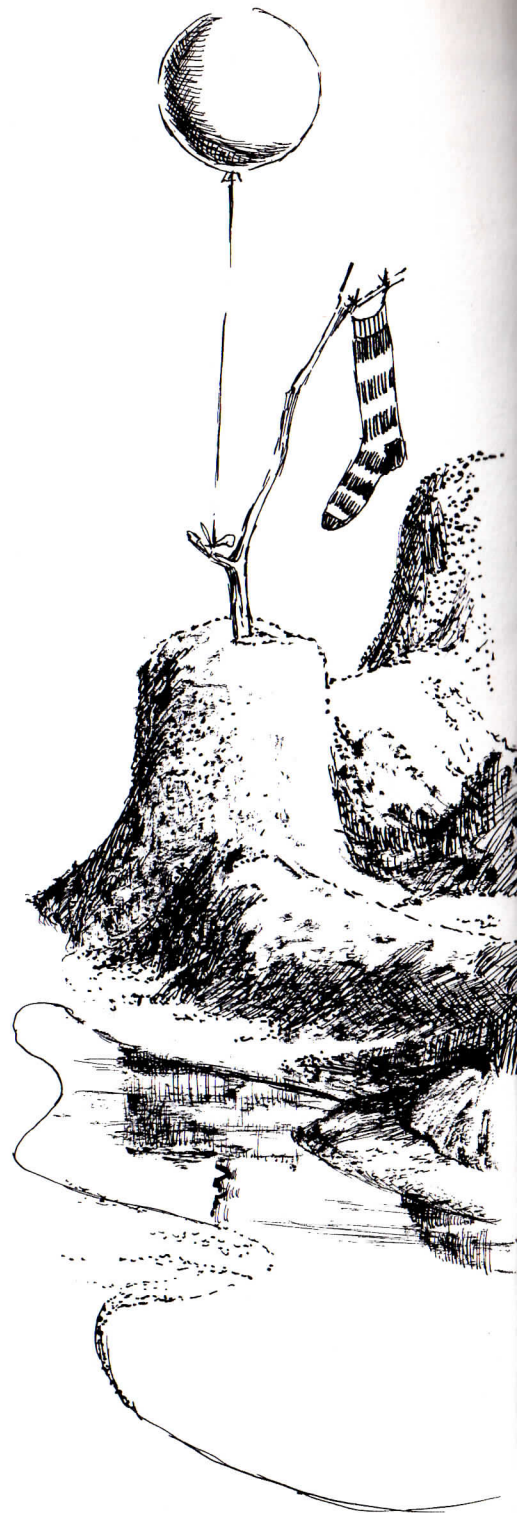


And we moved to the sea.
We liked the sea.





We built a castle on the shore
from salty water and warm sea sand
with turrets and towers and moats about.
We hunted for treasure and dove in the waves
and slept to the pleasant songs of the surf.
We liked our castle on the shore,

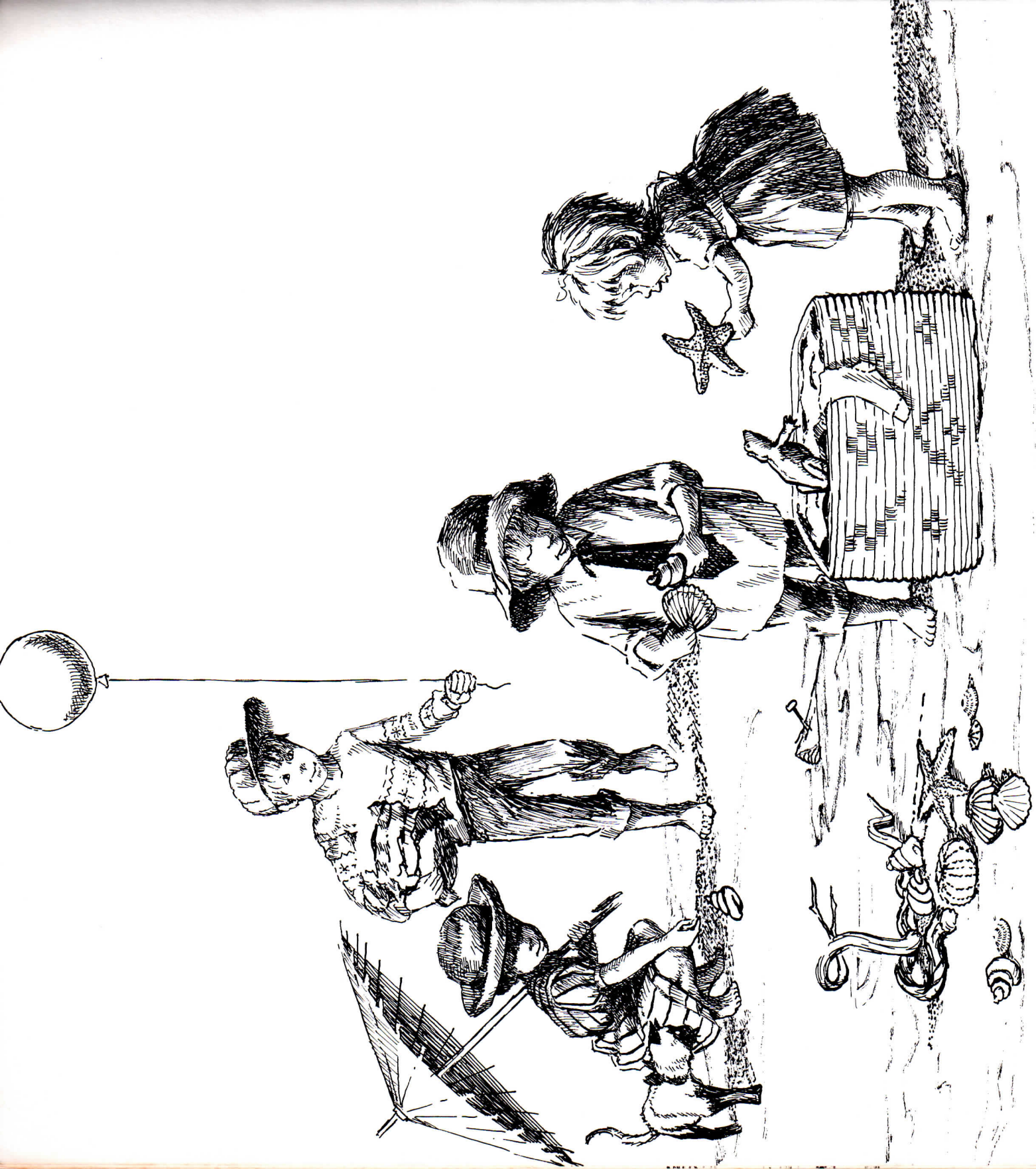




but the tides kept washing us out to sea.





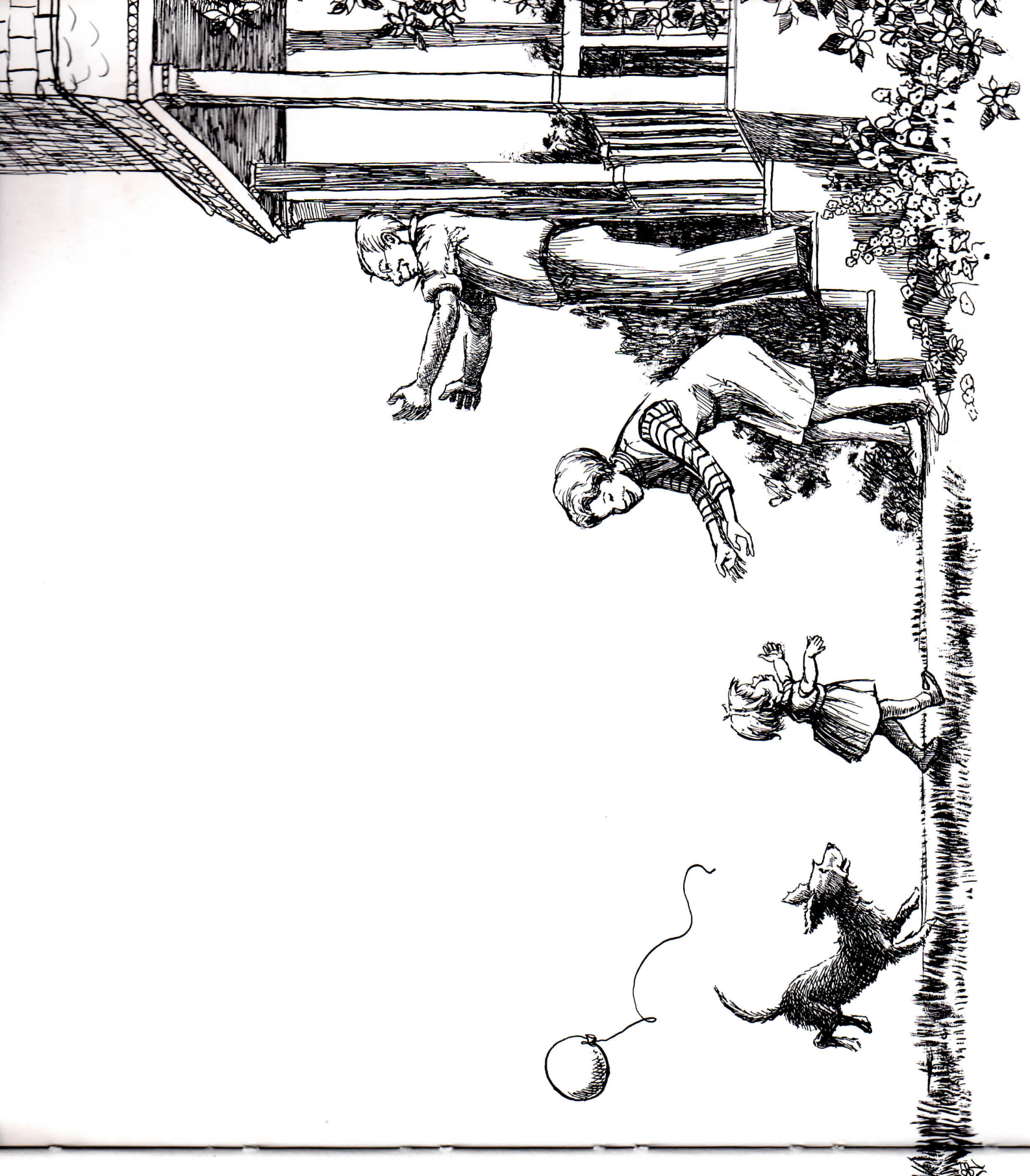


So we packed our bag with sweaters
and scarlet leaves and gold
and a frog who was a particular friend
and precious stones that caught and held the sun
and seashells stinging like the surf.



And we went home to live in a house.





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born in Germany of American parents, Liesel Moak Skorpen returned to the United States at the age of one and a half years and grew up in Cleveland, Ohio. She attended Wells College in Aurora, New York, and later studied philosophy at Yale University, where she met her husband, Erling, a professor of philosophy.

For a number of years, the Skorpens lived in Nevada before moving to Maine, where they now make their home. They have six children. Kim, who is eight, came to them from Korea, and Andrew, the youngest, is an American Indian.

Mrs. Skorpen is the author of several other children's books for young boys and girls including *If I had a Lion* and *That Mean Man*.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Since she was nine years old and first set foot on a small island in Puget Sound, Doris Burn wanted to live on an island.

She lived in Portland, Oregon, where she was born, and she attended the universities of Oregon, Hawaii and Washington, where she received her degree, before she found her island home on Waldron in Washington.

Andrew Henry's Meadow, her first book for children, was created on Waldron. The island has no electricity, telephones, running water, or stores of any kind. Everything has to be brought in on the mail boat from the mainland, including the paper, pens, brushes and inks for her work.

Mrs. Burn is the author-illustrator of *The Summerfolk* and the illustrator of an old Celtic folktale by Joseph Jacobs, *Hudden and Dudden and Donald O'Neary*.




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