

said to The-Man-Who-Talks-Too-Much, "Will you PLEASE stop talking?"

Finally, at bedtime,

No one was listening.

No one knows.

What did he talk about?

All through the evening, The-Man-Who-Talks-Too-Much talked on.



ate dinner in peace.

At dinner time,

put a large bandaide over The-Man-Who-Talks-Too-Much's mouth.

He talked about aardvarks and bees and camels and digitaries.

He talked about rain and snow and Kokomajo.

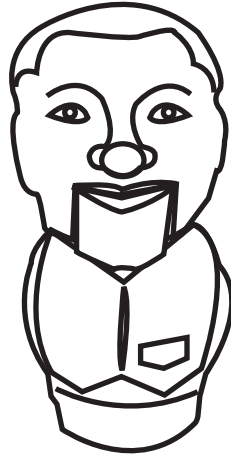
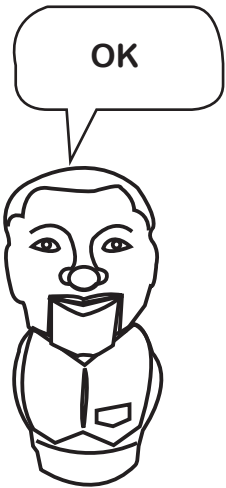
He talked about stories. He talked about art. He talked about the price of tea in China.

The-Man-Who-Talks-Too-Much was waiting for



When he got home from school,

And The-Man-Who-Talks-Too-Much said



and
The-Man-Who-Talks-Too-Much



One fine day, The-Man-Who-Talks-Too-Much came to visit

As soon as he woke up in the morning, The-Man-Who-Talks-Too-Much started talking.

He talked about the weather. He talked about food. He talked about what he wanted for Christmas.

He talked about toys. He talked about mushrooms. He talked about politics.

He was glad when it was time to go to school.

Fortunately, The-Man-Who-Talks-Too-Much was NOT allowed to come to school with