



A New Home, A New Friend

Hans Wilhelm



Random House







Waldo
presents

A New Home, A New Friend

Moving to a new town can be hard. It hurts to say good-bye to your old home and friends. Leaving something familiar and nice and not knowing what the new place will be like can be a little bit scary, too. Grownups always say, "Don't worry," but I know what it feels like to wonder if you'll ever have a friend again.

Michael, the little boy in this story, is sad when he has to move. He wonders what his new house will be like and if there will be anyone there to play with. Little does he know what marvelous adventure is awaiting him!

Your friend,

Waldo




A MERITALES™ Book

A New Home, A New Friend

Written and illustrated by
Hans Wilhelm



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One morning the movers came to Michael's home. Michael watched them carry everything away.

Then he said good-bye to his friends and got into his mother's car.

He and his mother were moving to a new house in a new town. His father was not moving with them.





They drove through many towns on the way to their new place.

Michael looked at the houses and wondered if his new home would be like any of them.

But more than anything he wondered if he would have a friend there.





Finally the car turned into a driveway and stopped.

"Here we are!" said Michael's mother. "Well, what do you think?"

Michael wasn't sure. The house was old and big.

"Once everything's in place it will be lovely. You'll see," his mother said. She started to unload the car.

Michael opened the front door. It was very quiet inside.





And it was dark and gloomy.



The empty rooms were big.
Michael's footsteps echoed in
them. He felt very small.





Michael went upstairs to see his room.
Some of his toys and books were already
there. That made Michael feel a little
better.







Then Michael found the stairs to the attic. He climbed up them and started to open the door. But it creaked and groaned so loudly that Michael turned around and ran down the stairs.

"I'll check the attic later," he promised himself.





The kitchen was stacked with unpacked dishes, and on the table was a plate of Michael's favorite cookies and a glass of milk.

He took a cookie, and then looked through the door. Outside was a big back yard.

"Oh, boy! A back yard," said Michael, and he went out to explore it.





The first thing that caught Michael's eye was an old doghouse in the far corner of the yard.

"I wish I had a dog," he said as he went to the doghouse for a closer look.

Michael saw something inside it that looked like an old shaggy rug—except it moved!





It was a dog! An old, tired dog with matted, dirty fur. It lifted its huge head and looked at Michael with sad eyes. It looked like it didn't have a friend in the whole world.



"I'll take care of you!" said Michael.



"What you need is a good bath," said Michael.

But it wasn't easy getting that big, shaggy lump out of the doghouse and into the washtub.

Finally Michael did it, and as he scrubbed the dog he talked to it gently.

The dog began to perk up. It shook itself and wagged its tail. Then it jumped out of the tub and ran around the yard happily. Michael went chasing and laughing after it.





When the dog was dry it was all white and fluffy. It didn't look anything like the sad creature that Michael had first found.

"Now all you need is a name," said Michael. Then he saw some faded letters on the doghouse: Waldo. Michael wondered if Waldo was this dog's name.

"Here, Waldo!" Michael called.

The dog came right away. Then Waldo ran around the yard twice and back to Michael as if to say, "Now let me show you the place."







Waldo took Michael
through the house.

They played in every
room.

Now the house felt
friendly.







Michael followed Waldo up the stairs to the attic.

Behind the creaky attic door was a room filled with wonderful things to look at and play with.





Michael and Waldo had fun exploring every corner of it.
Then Michael said, "Let's go to my room."



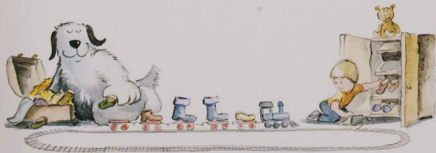


By now most of Michael's things were in his room.
There was a bouncy new mattress on his bed.



Michael began to unpack his toys. Waldo was happy to help.

It was fun.






When they were done, Michael's room looked beautiful. He couldn't wait for his mother to see it.

"She'll be so surprised," he said. "I wish Dad were here to see it too."

Then Michael had an idea. He got some paper and a pencil and began to write.





dear Dad 
MY ROOM IS GREAT.
I Fixed it MYSELF
WITH THE HELP OF WALDO.
WALDO IS MY
New Friend. HE IS
WONDERFUL. I
Found Him







A B C D





These *merry tales* merit a place on the shelf of every young child's home library. Meritales are lively "read-to-me" stories that surprise and delight while they encourage healthy attitudes and values. Let Waldo, the friendly dog that presents each Meritale, bring an added measure of fun and learning into your home!

Meritales now available

A NEW HOME, A NEW FRIEND
DON'T GIVE UP, JOSEPHINE!



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