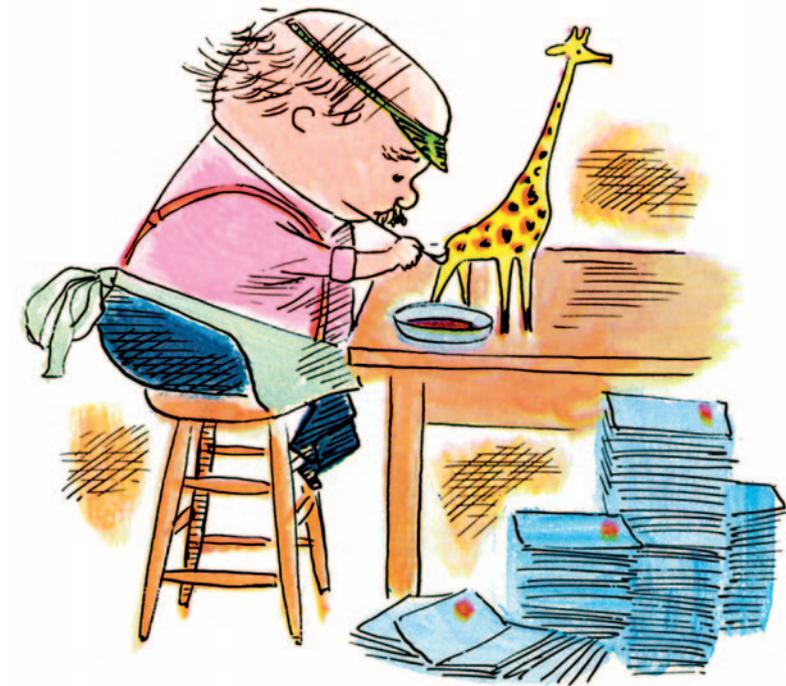


# The Little Old Man Who Could Not Read

IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

Pictures by SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

# The Little Old Man Who Could Not Read



Irma Simonton Black • Pictures by Seymour Fleishman

Purple House Press  
KENTUCKY

For my daughter, Constance Black Engle,  
and her family. I.S.B

Once there was a little old man  
who could not read.  
He just never wanted to learn.  
His wife went to the store  
and bought the food  
but—



—the little old man stayed at home and made beautiful toys out of wood. Children all over the world loved his toys, and many wrote to tell him so. But *still* the little old man never wanted to learn to read.



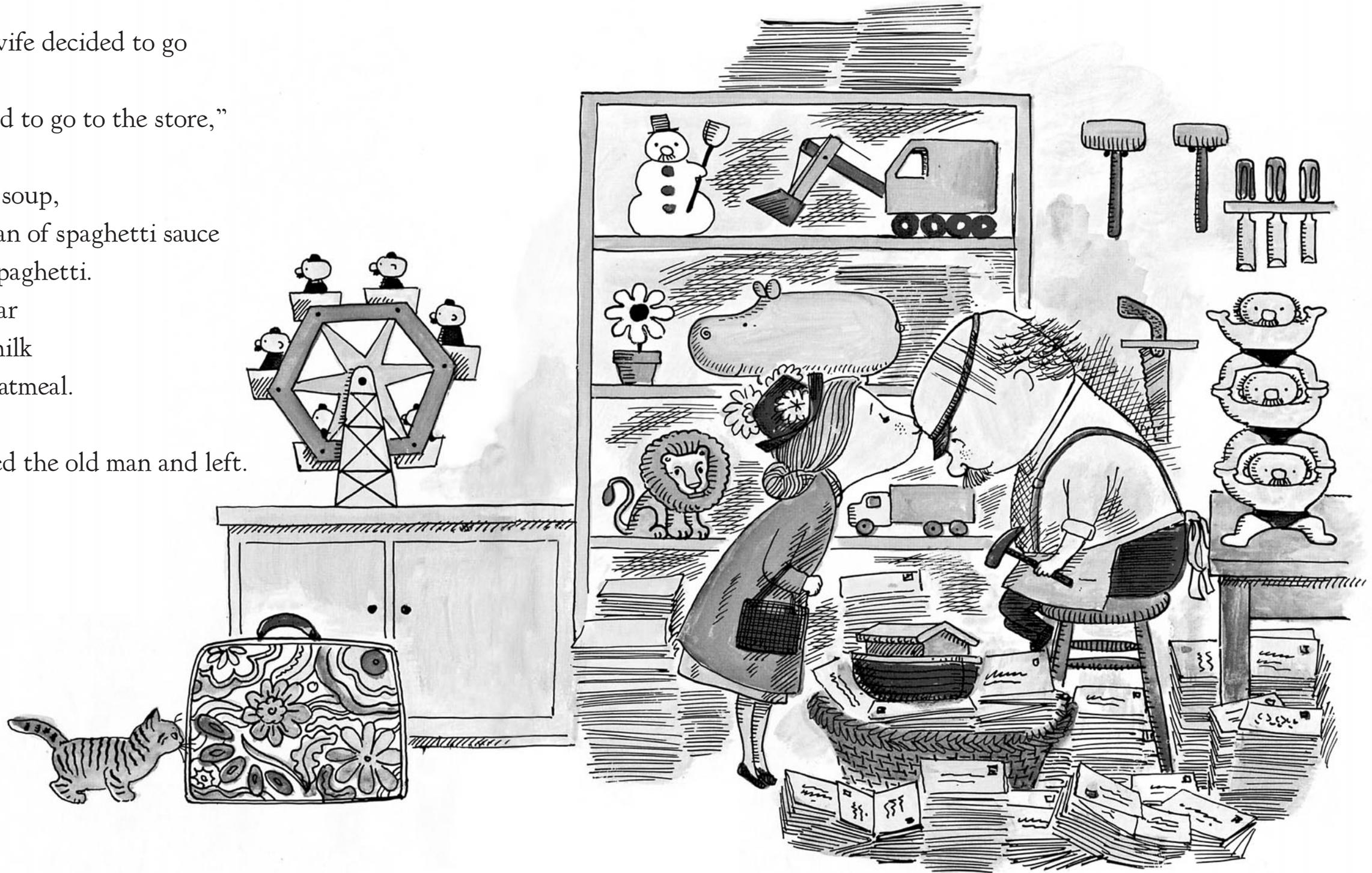
One day his wife decided to go  
on a visit.  
“You will need to go to the store,”  
she said.

“Get a can of soup,  
and a big can of spaghetti sauce  
and some spaghetti.

Get some sugar  
and some milk  
and some oatmeal.

Eat well!”

And she kissed the old man and left.





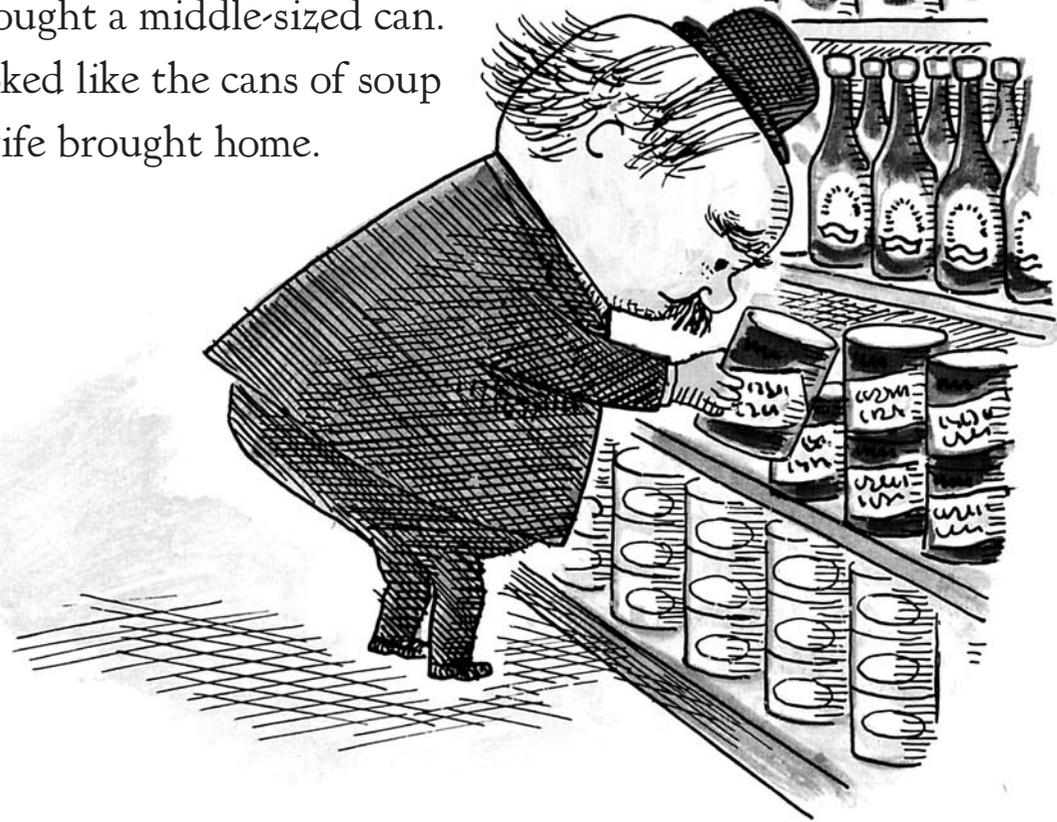
The old man  
went to the store.  
There were rows  
and rows of cans  
with pictures on them.

And there were rows and rows  
of cans and boxes without pictures.

What were they?  
The little old man did not  
know, and he didn't like to ask.



He bought a middle-sized can.  
It looked like the cans of soup  
his wife brought home.



The little old man went to the store to buy  
some food. Of course, he bought all the wrong  
things because he did not know how to read.



“Fiddlesticks and fish fur!” said the little old man.  
“This is not spaghetti. Who wants to eat wax  
paper—even with sauce on it? Not I, for one!”

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