



Harold knew that the higher up he went, the farther he could see. So he decided to make the hill into a mountain. If he went high enough, he thought, he could see the window of his bedroom. He was tired and he felt he ought to be getting to bed. He hoped he could see his bedroom window from the top of the mountain. But as he looked down over the other side he slipped- And there wasn't any other side of the mountain. He was falling, in thin air. But luckily, he kept his wits and his purple crayon. He made a balloon and he grabbed on to it. he he made a basket under the balloon big enough to stand in. He had a fine view from the balloon but he couldn't see his window. He couldn't even see a house.