

It was a big job for a small boy. And all of a sudden he saw how small he had become. He was half the size of a daisy! He was smaller than a bird! How would he get home? He could not wade home through the ocean. He could not climb those high mountains. And, just then, he fell into a mouse hole. "Excuse me," he said to the mouse. Then Harold sat down on a pebble to think. After a minute or two he stood up again. "This is only a picture!" he said. And he took his crayon and he crossed it out. "I'm not big or little. I am my usual size!" But how could he be sure about that?

