

# Clifford The Big Red Dog

(Story and pictures by Norman Bridwell)

I'm Emily Elizabeth, and I have a dog.  
**My dog is a big red dog.**



Other kids I know have dogs, too. Some are big dogs.  
And some are red dogs.  
But I have the biggest, reddest dog on our street.

This is my dog-Clifford.



We have fun together. **We play games.**  
I throw a stick, and he brings it back to me.  
**He makes mistakes sometimes.**



**We play hide-and-peek.**  
I'm a good hide-and-peek player.  
I can find Clifford, no matter where he hides.



We play camping out, and **I don't need a tent.**



**He can do tricks,** too.  
He can sit up and beg.



Oh, I know he's not perfect.  
**He has some bad habits.**

**He runs after cars.** He catches some of them.  
**He runs after cats,** too. We don't go to the zoo anymore.  
He digs up flowers.



**Clifford loves to chew shoes.**



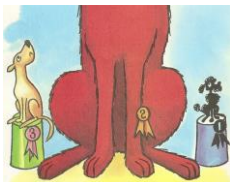
It's not easy to keep Clifford.  
**He eats and drinks a lot.**  
His house was a problem, too.



But **he's a very good watch dog.**  
The bad boys don't come around anymore.



One day **I gave Clifford a bath.**  
And I combed his hair, and took him to **the dog show.**  
I'd like to say Clifford won first prize.  
But he didn't.



I don't care.  
You can keep all your small dogs.  
You can keep all your black, white, brown, and spotted dogs.  
**I'll keep Clifford....**Wouldn't you?

