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-seek.**
I'm a good hide-and-seek 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?