MADELINE

story & pictures by

Ludwig Bemelmans

PUFFIN BOOKS
Madeleine, smallest and naughtiest of the twelve little charge of Miss Clavel, wakes up one night with an attack of appendicitis.

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data
Bemelmans, Ludwig. Madeleine
Summary: Madeleine, smallest and naughtiest of the twelve little charges of Miss Clavel, wakes up one night with an attack of appendicitis.

Manufactured in the U.S.A.
In an old house in Paris
that was covered with vines
lived twelve little girls in two straight lines.
In two straight lines they broke their bread
and brushed their teeth
and went to bed.
They smiled at the good
and frowned at the bad
and sometimes they were very sad.
They left the house
at half past nine
in two straight lines
in rain
or shine—
the smallest one was Madeline.
She was not afraid of mice—
she loved winter, snow, and ice.
To the tiger in the zoo
Madeline just said, "Pooh-pooh,"
and nobody knew so well
how to frighten Miss Clavel.
In the middle of one night
Miss Clavel turned on her light
and said, "Something is not right!"
Little Madeline sat in bed,
cried and cried—her eyes were red.
And soon after Dr. Cohn
came, he rushed out to the phone,
and he dialed: DANton-ten-six—

"Nurse," he said, "it's an appendix!"
Everybody had to cry—
not a single eye was dry.

Madeline was in his arm
in a blanket safe and warm.
In a car with a red light
they drove out into the night.
Madeline woke up two hours later, in a room with flowers.
Madeline soon ate and drank.
On her bed there was a crank,
and a crack on the ceiling had the habit of sometimes looking like a rabbit.
Outside were birds, trees, and sky—
and so ten days passed quickly by.
One nice morning Miss Clavel said,

"Isn't this a fine—"
day to visit
Madeline."
VISITORS FROM TWO TO FOUR

read a sign outside her door.
Tiptoeing with solemn face,
with some flowers and a vase,
in they walked and then said, "Ahhh," when they saw the toys and candy and the dollhouse from Papa.
But the biggest surprise by far—
on her stomach
was a scar!
“Good-bye,” they said, “we’ll come again,”
and the little girls left in the rain.
They went home and broke their bread

brushed their teeth
and went to bed.
In the middle of the night
Miss Clavel turned on the light
and said, "Something is not right!"
And afraid of a disaster
Miss Clavel ran fast
and faster,
and she said, "Please children do—
tell me what is troubling you?"
And all the little girls cried, "Boohoo, we want to have our appendix out, too!"
"Good night, little girls! 
Thank the Lord you are well! 
And now go to sleep!"

said Miss Clavel.

And she turned out the light—
and closed the door—
and that's all there is—
there isn't any more.