



The
**UGLY
DUCKLING**

Based on a story by
**HANS CHRISTIAN
ANDERSEN**

Rewritten by
MADGE TOVEY

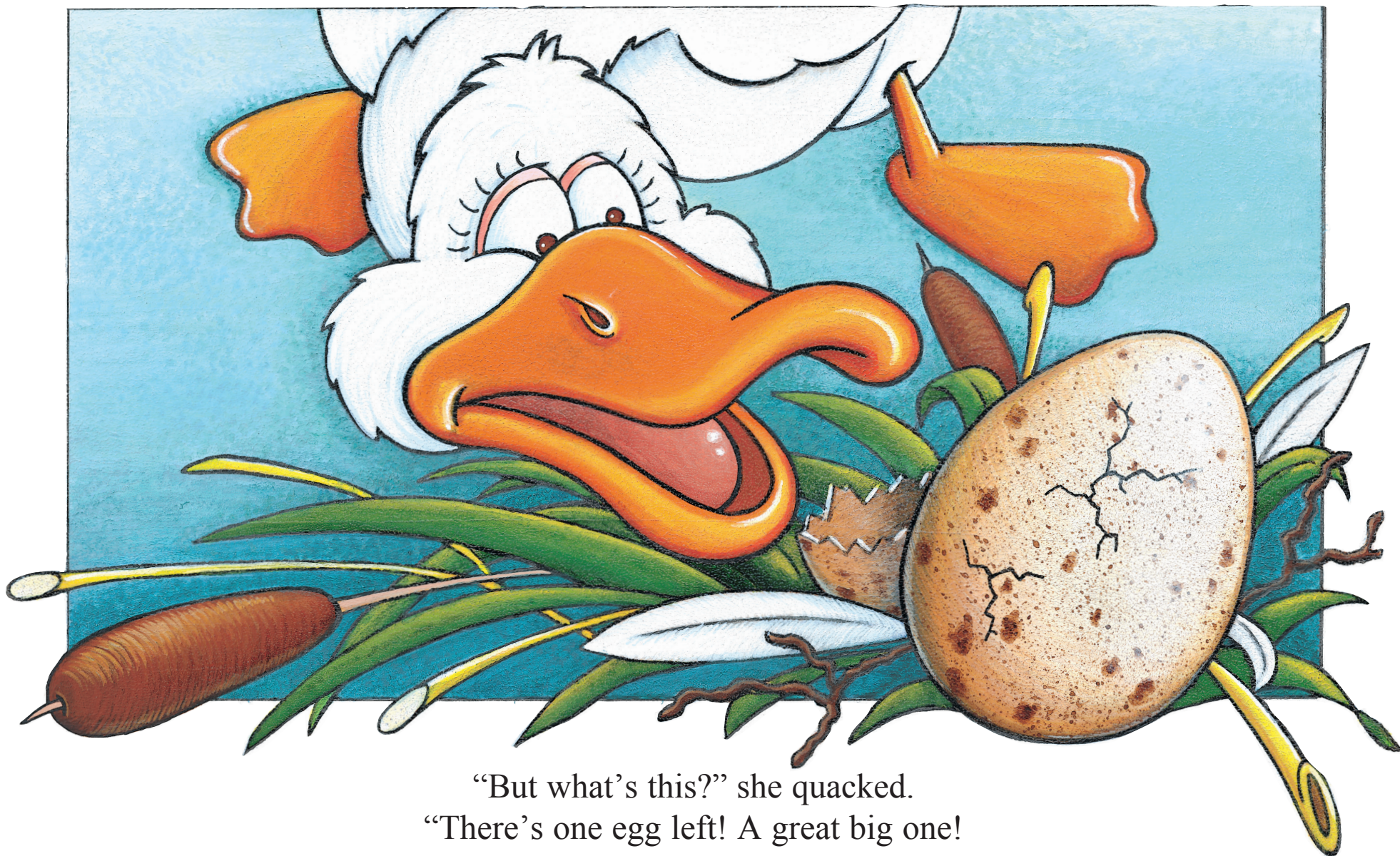
Illustrated by
CINDY DOUGLAS



Mrs. Duck was sitting on her eggs. "Such lovely eggs!" she quacked.
"I can hardly wait for them to hatch!" Suddenly she heard a cracking sound.

The eggs were hatching! Five fuzzy yellow ducklings tumbled out of their shells.
Hop, hop, hop. Peep, peep, peep. Mrs. Duck beamed with happiness.

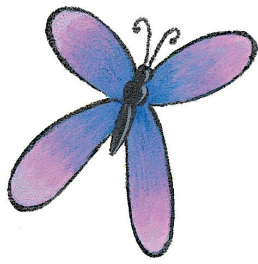




“But what’s this?” she quacked.
“There’s one egg left! A great big one!
And it’s starting to hatch!”

The great big egg cracked open.
Out tumbled the biggest duckling Mrs. Duck had ever seen.
HOP, HOP, HOP! PEEP, PEEP, PEEP!
He was all gray, with huge feet and a long, long neck.



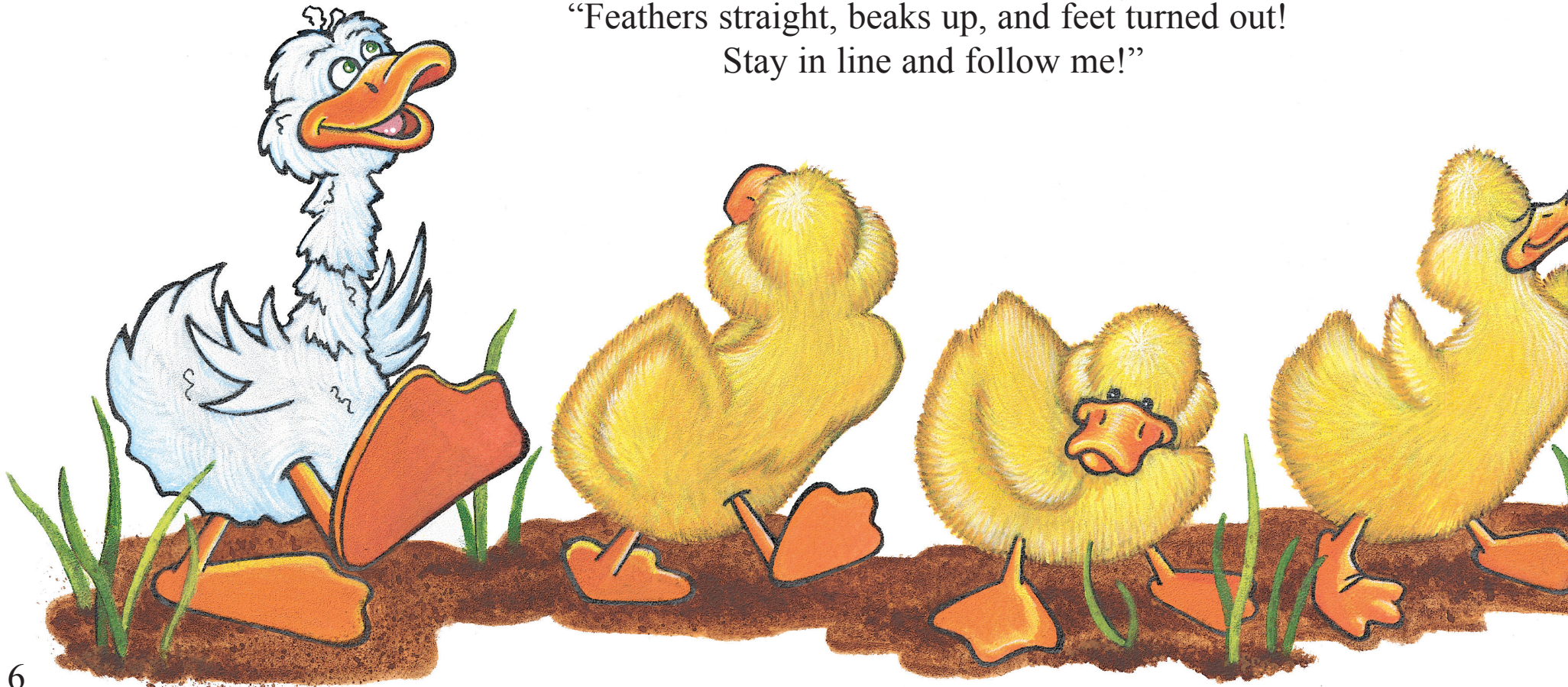


That very day, Mrs. Duck marched her new family to the pond.

“Look smart, ducklings,” she quacked.

“Feathers straight, beaks up, and feet turned out!

Stay in line and follow me!”



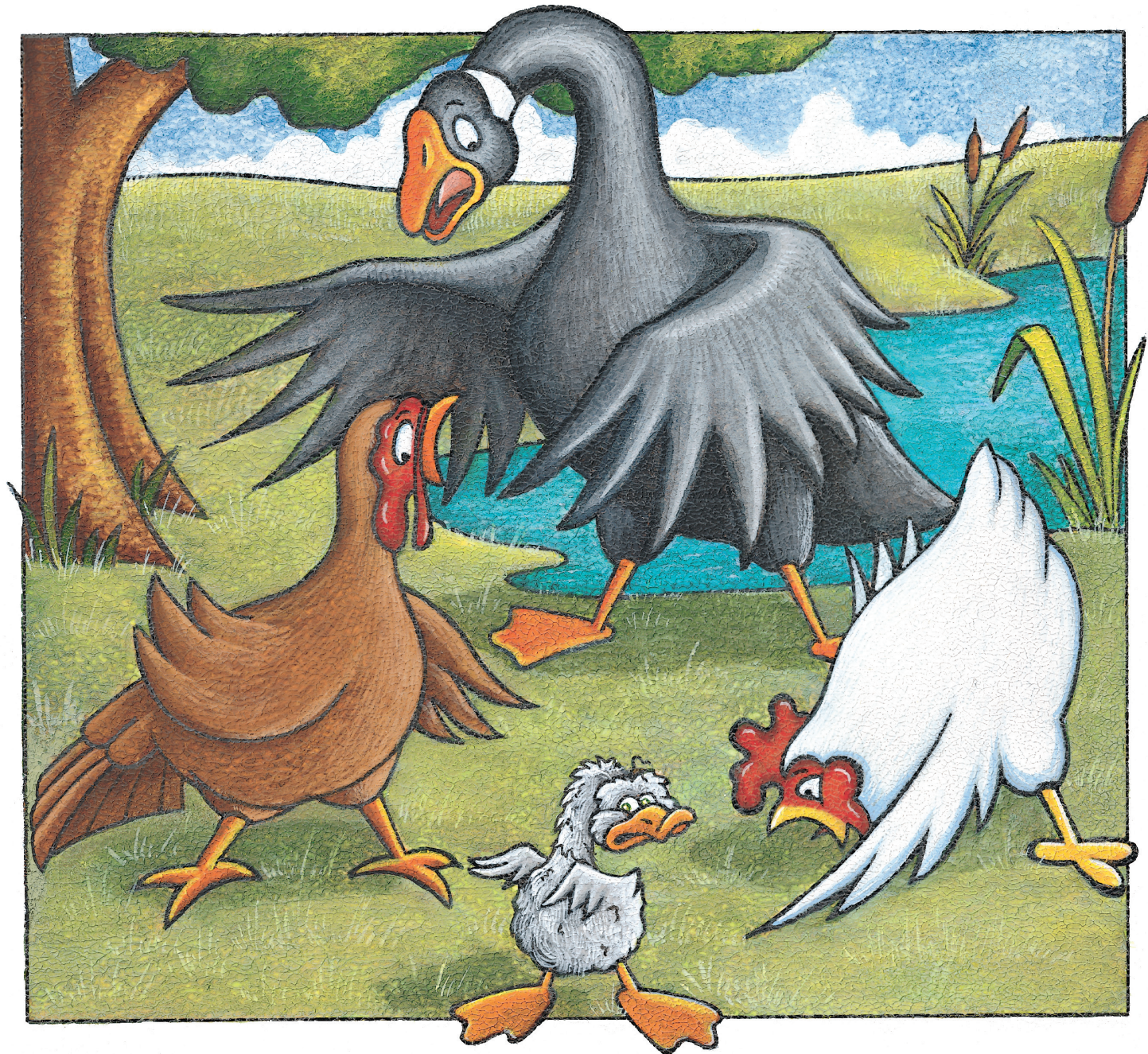




Mrs. Goose, Mrs. Hen, and Mrs. Turkey were already at the pond with their babies.

“What a grand family of little ducklings!” they called to Mrs. Duck.

Then they saw the last duckling.

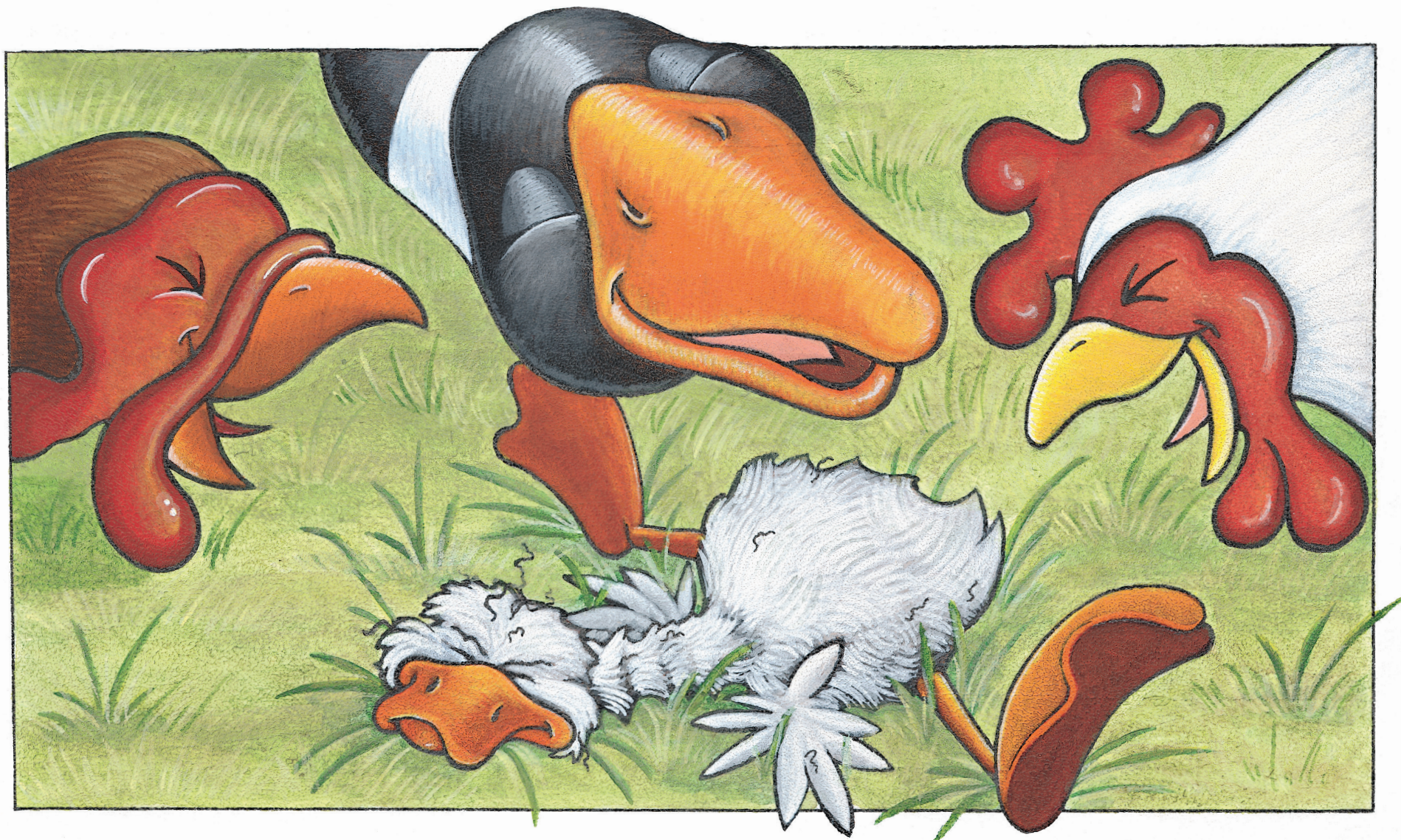


“What a long neck!”
honked Mrs. Goose.

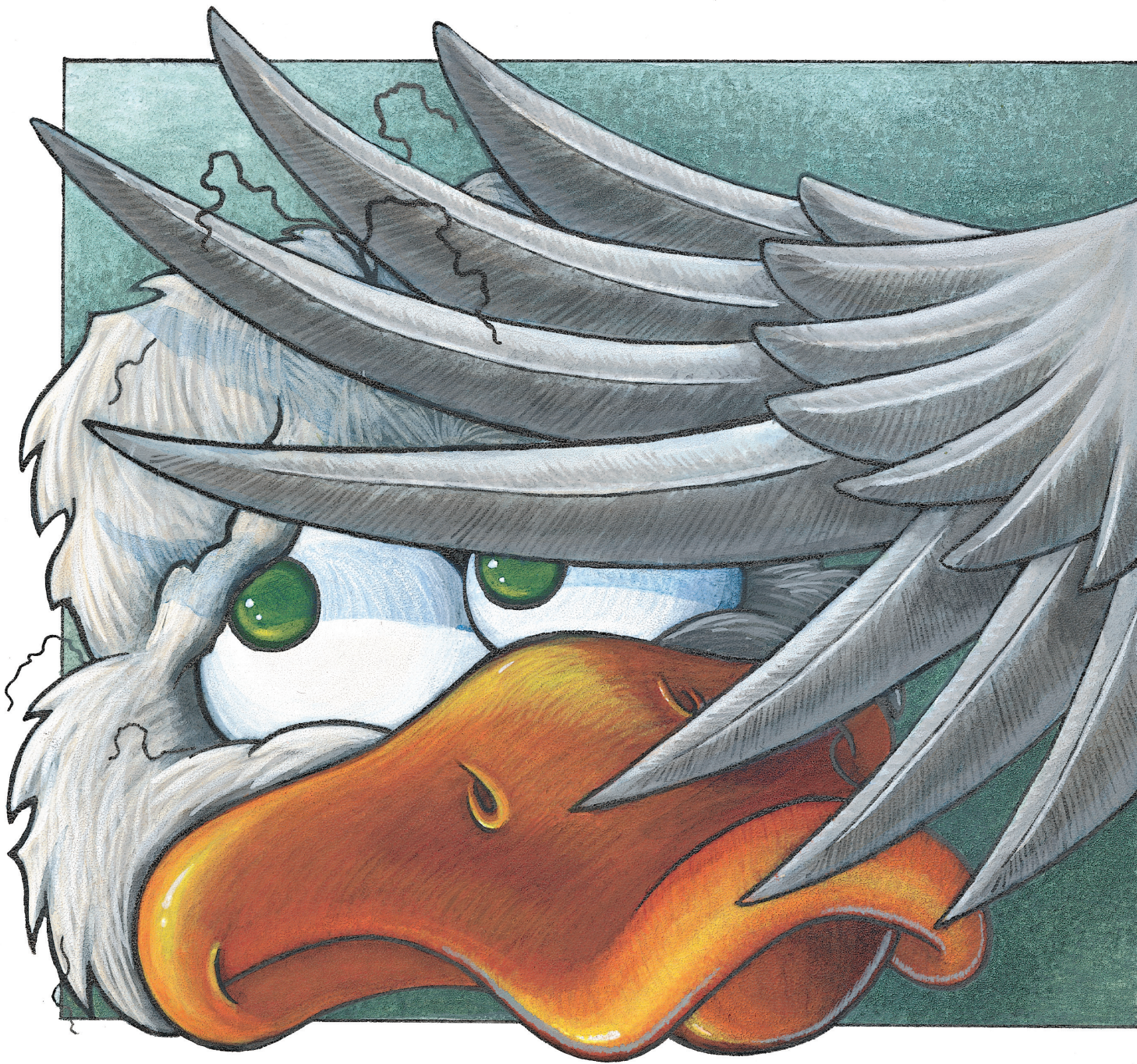
“What big feet!”
cackled Mrs. Hen.

“What happened to his
feathers?” gobbled
Mrs. Turkey.

“Oh, dear, what an
ugly duckling!” agreed
all the farmyard fowl.



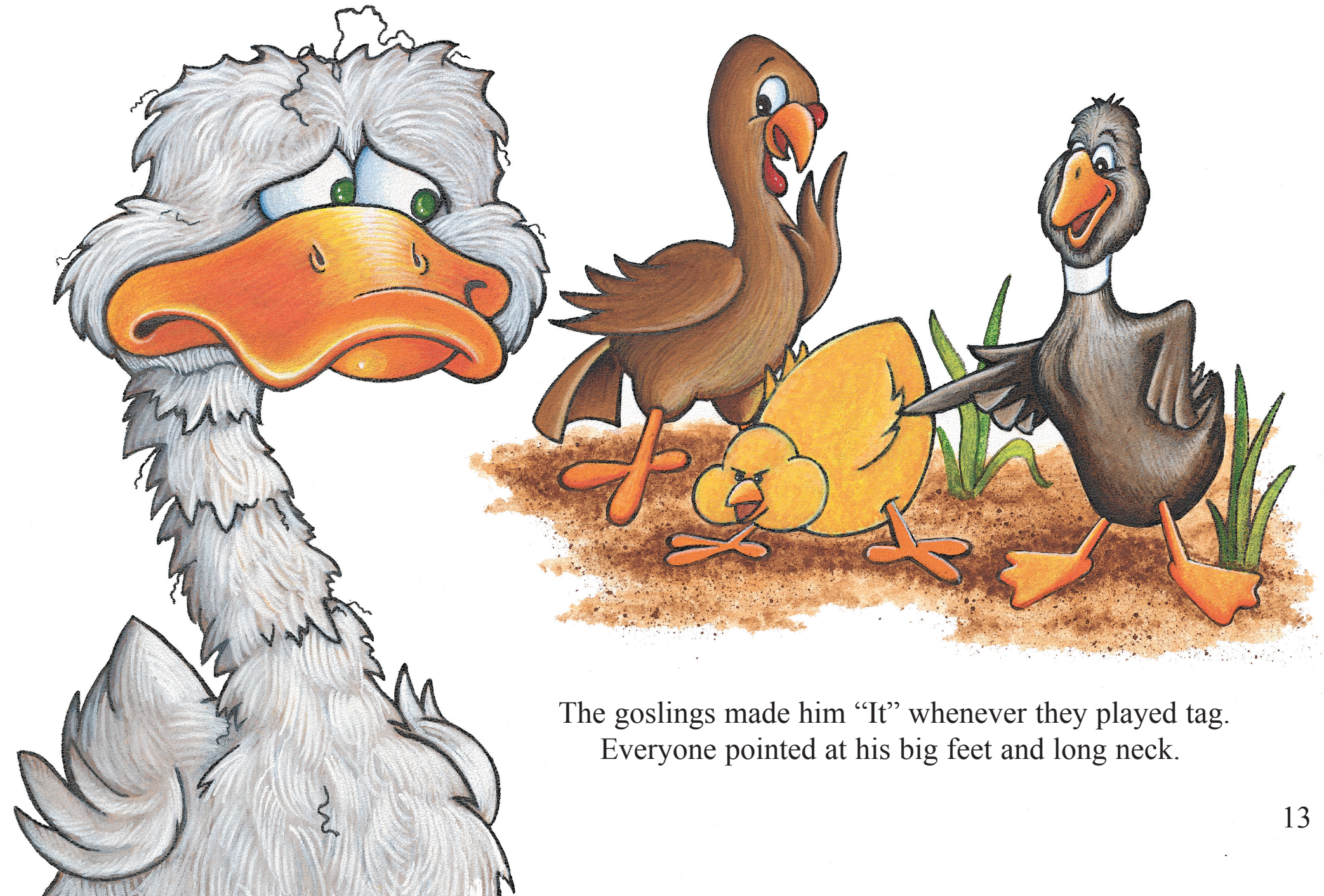
Just then the ugly duckling tripped over his own big feet and fell on his beak.
Everyone laughed.



Poor Ugly Duckling.
He hid his head under
his wing.



That was just the start of Ugly Duckling's troubles.
Nobody in the barnyard liked him.
The chicks wouldn't share their corn with him.
The baby turkeys tripped him when he ran after a bug.

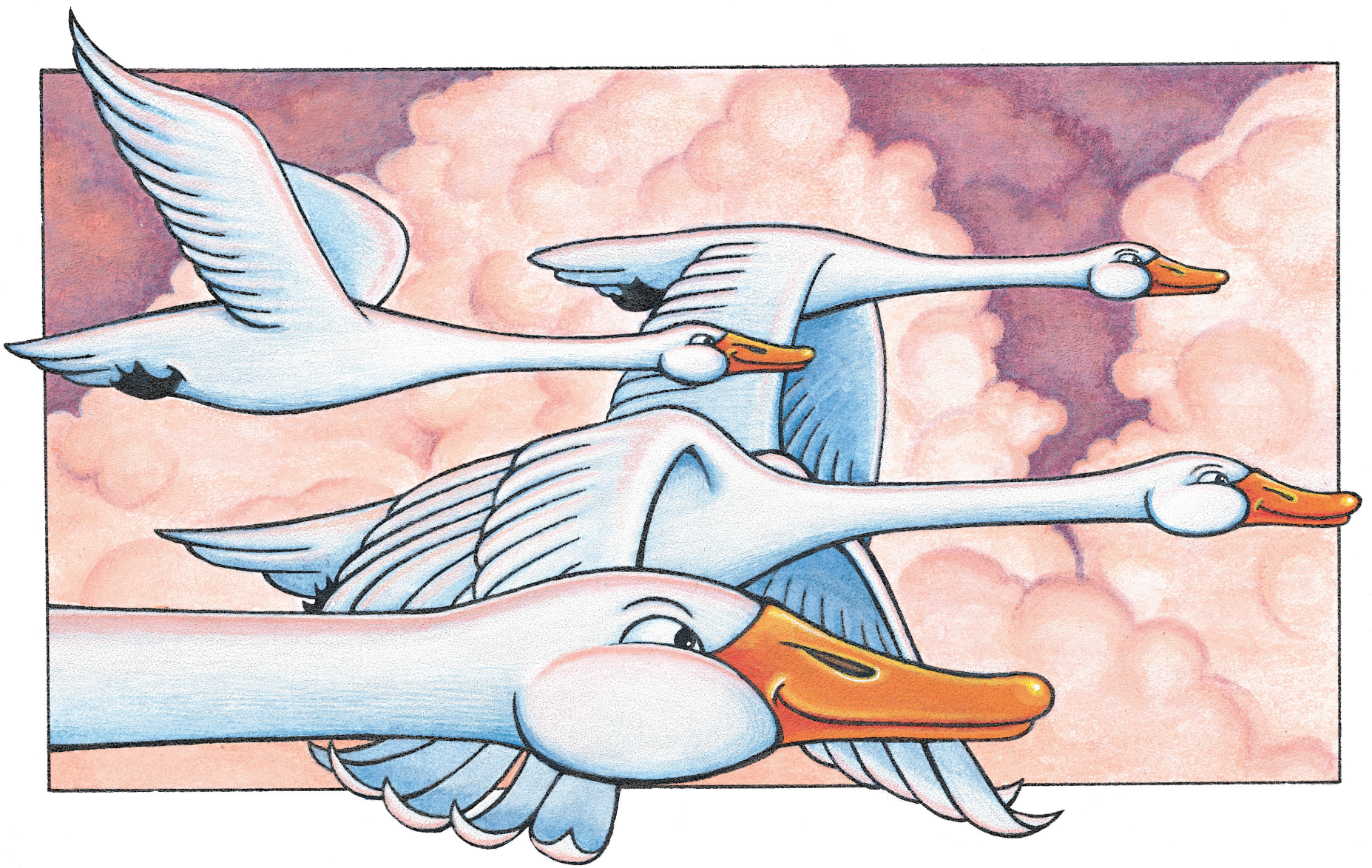


The goslings made him “It” whenever they played tag.
Everyone pointed at his big feet and long neck.

Ugly Duckling spent most of his time paddling in the pond by himself. He sighed when he looked at his reflection in the water.

“What’s wrong with me?” he asked himself. “Why doesn’t anybody want to be my friend?”

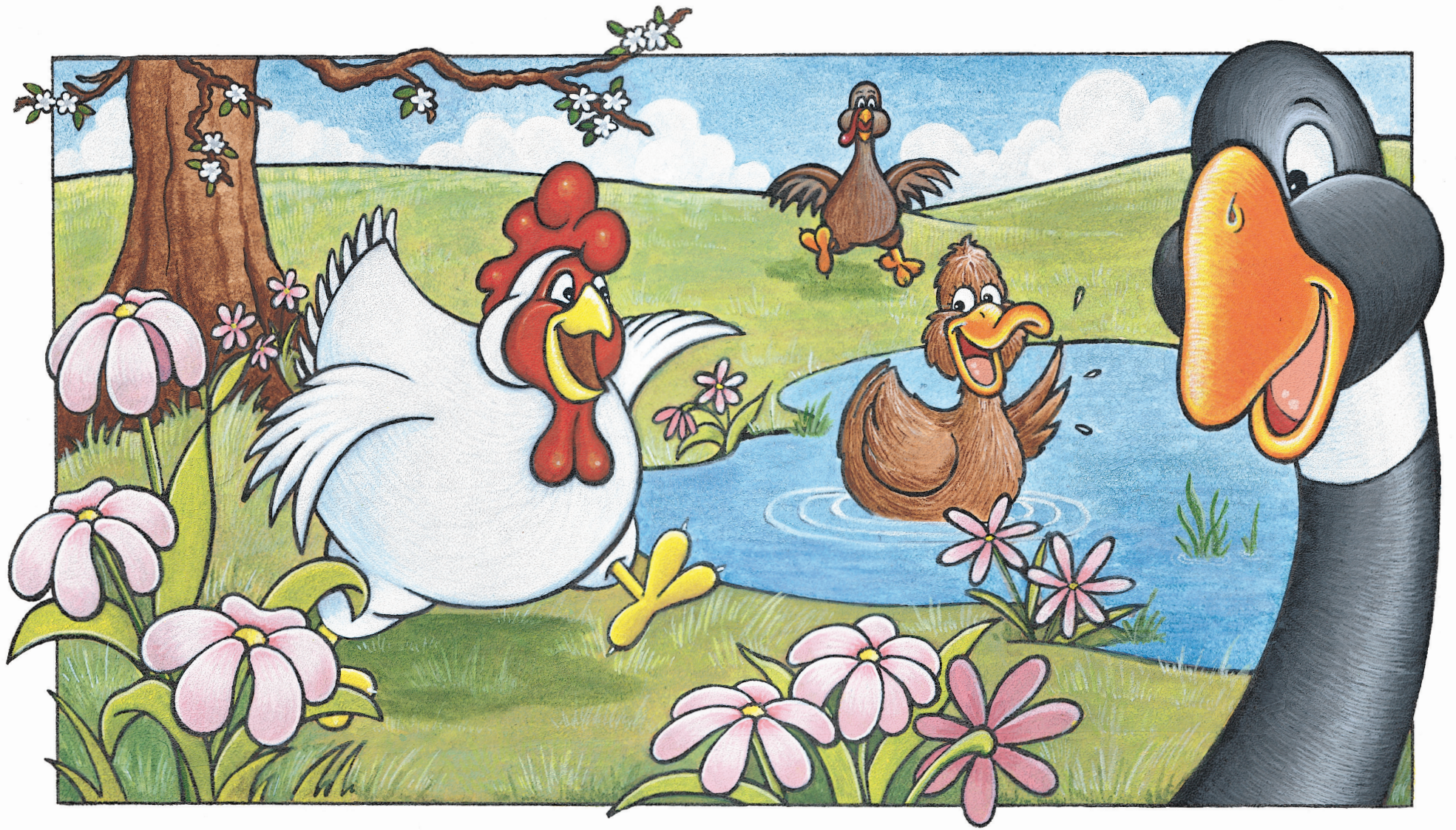




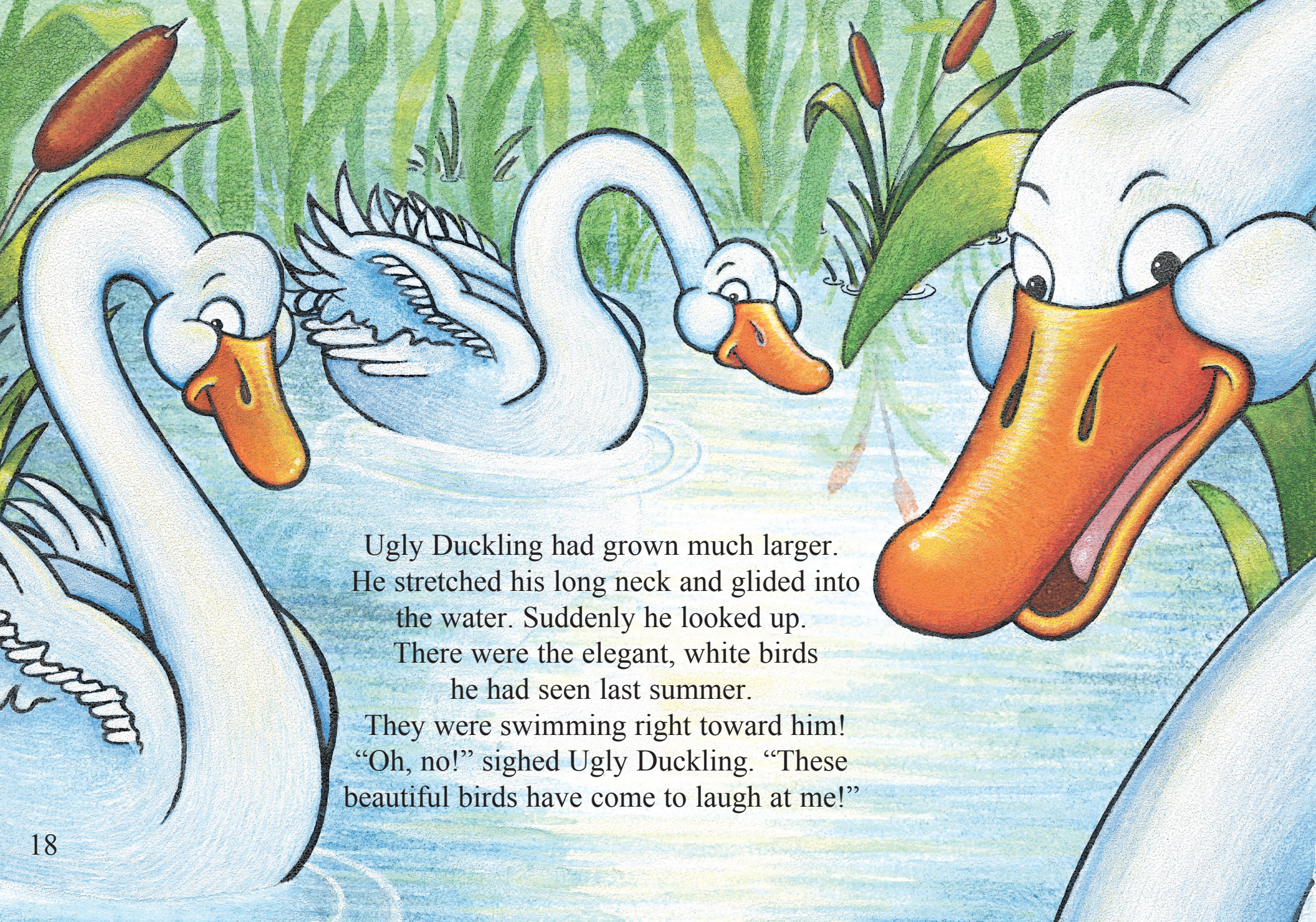
One day a flock of birds with elegant wings, snowy white feathers,
and long necks flew over the pond.
Ugly Duckling had never seen anything so beautiful.
Why couldn't he be like them?

The days were getting shorter. The nights were getting colder. But Ugly Duckling was not welcome in the warm barn. He paddled across the pond. He hid in the long grass with his head under his wing. He stayed there through the long, icy winter.



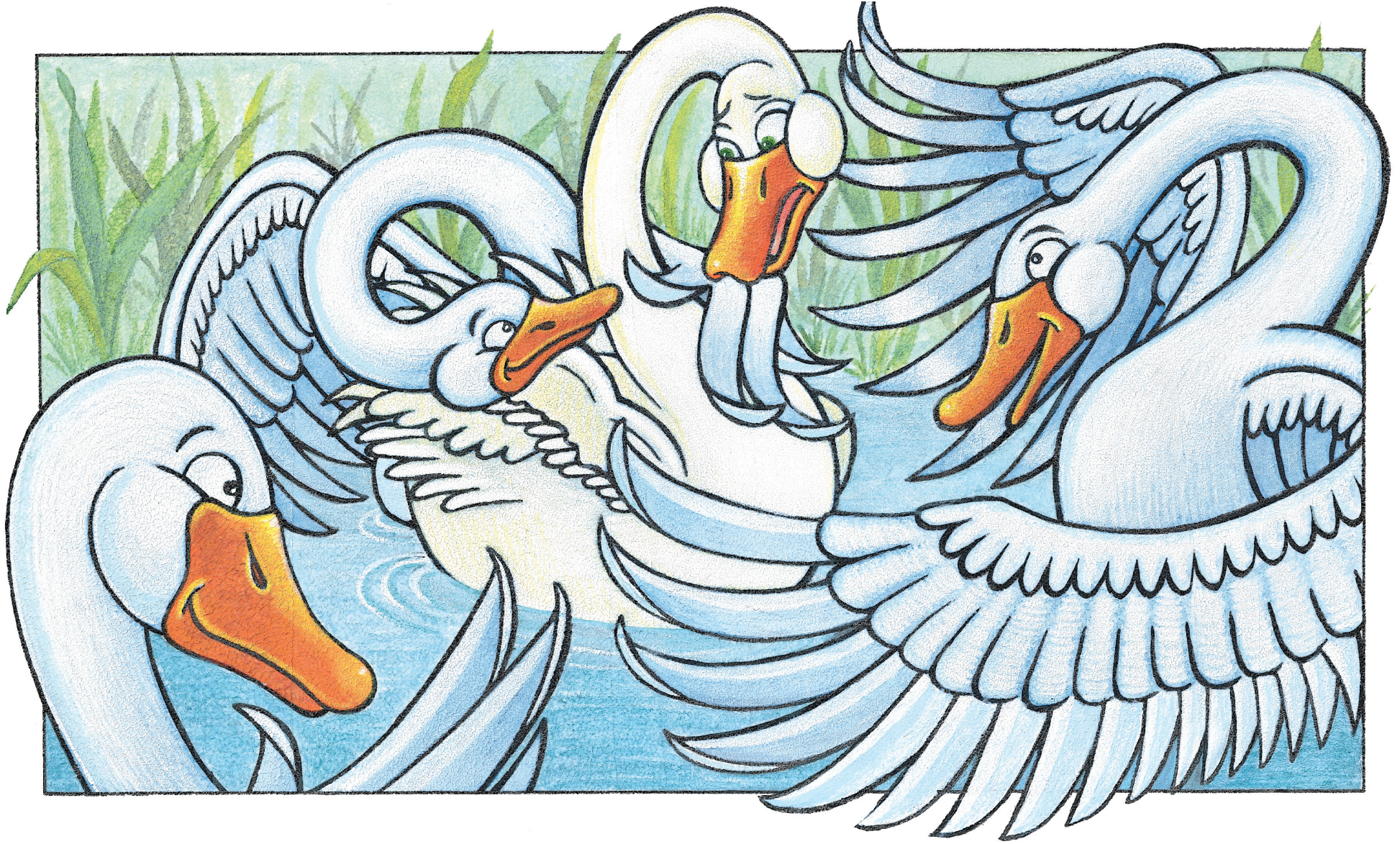


At last, warm spring days brightened the pond.
All the barnyard fowl came back to swim and play and visit.



Ugly Duckling had grown much larger.
He stretched his long neck and glided into
the water. Suddenly he looked up.
There were the elegant, white birds
he had seen last summer.

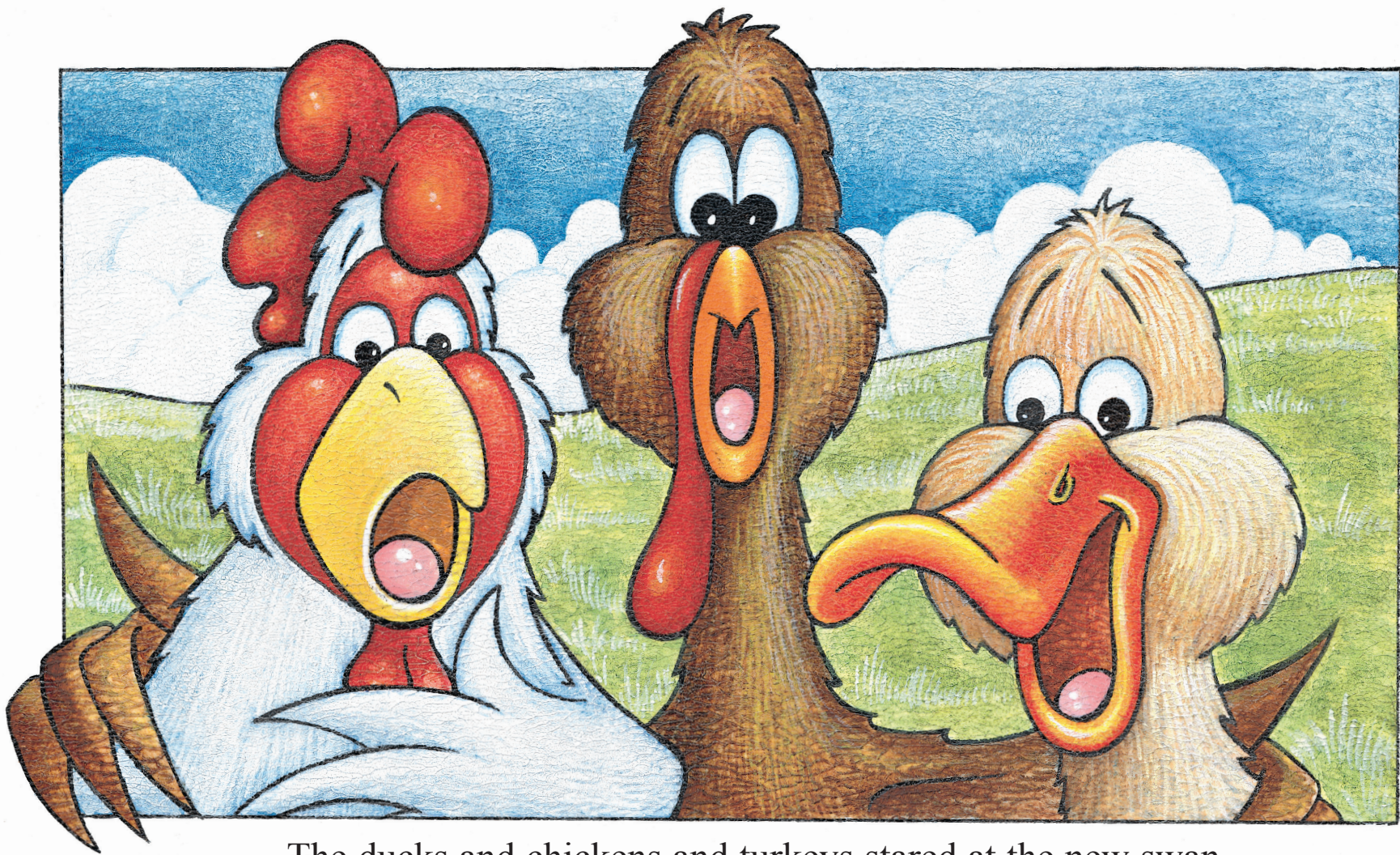
They were swimming right toward him!
“Oh, no!” sighed Ugly Duckling. “These
beautiful birds have come to laugh at me!”



But the birds didn't laugh at Ugly Duckling. They swam all around him, making friendly sounds and stroking him with their beaks. He looked at their snowy white feathers. He looked at their long, graceful necks. Then he looked at his own reflection in the pond.

He had snowy white feathers. He had a long, graceful neck. He was no longer an ugly, awkward duckling. He was a beautiful swan.





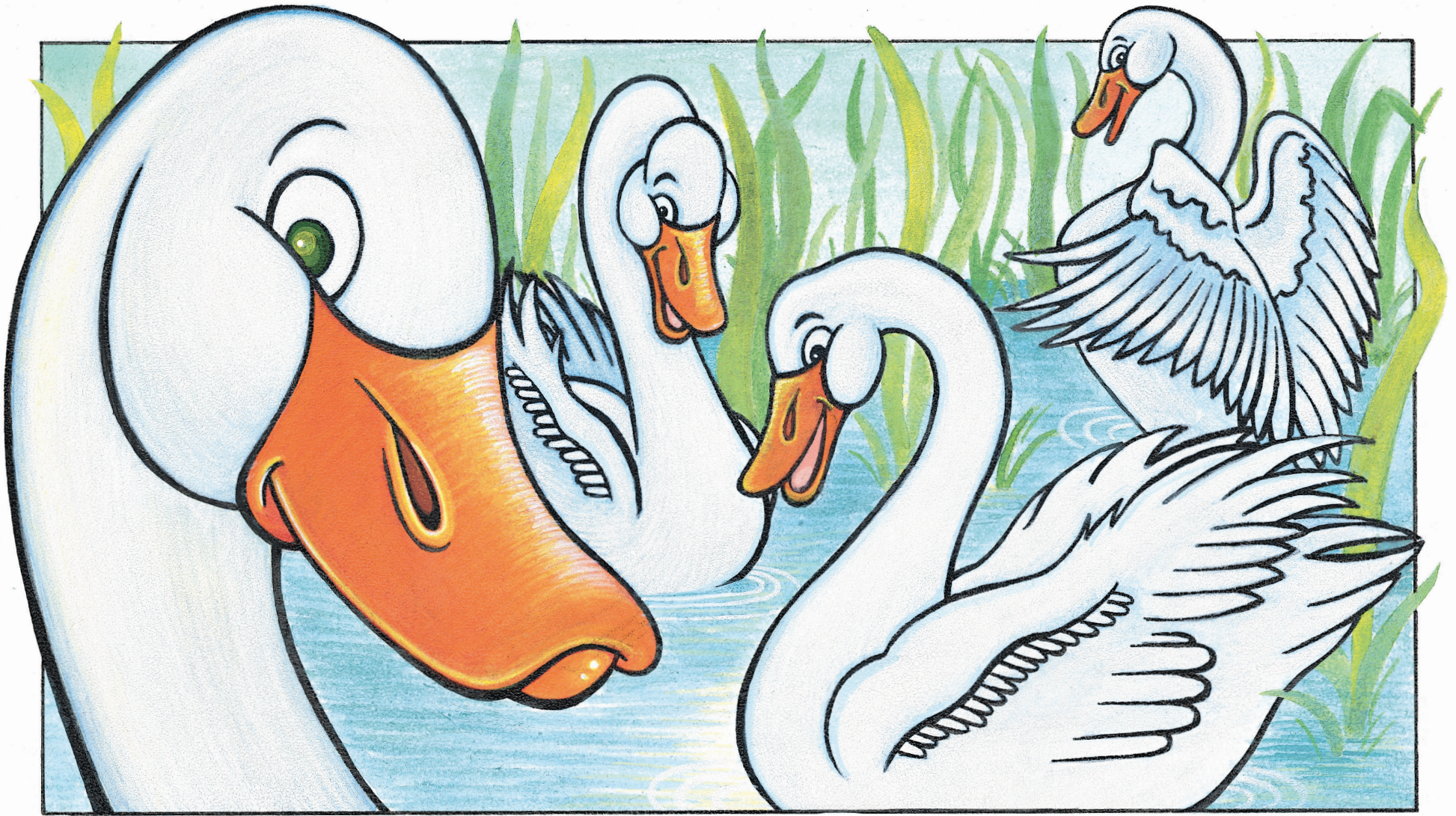
The ducks and chickens and turkeys stared at the new swan.

“He’s the grandest swan I’ve ever seen,” clucked a chicken.

“Look at his lovely white feathers,” gobbled a turkey.

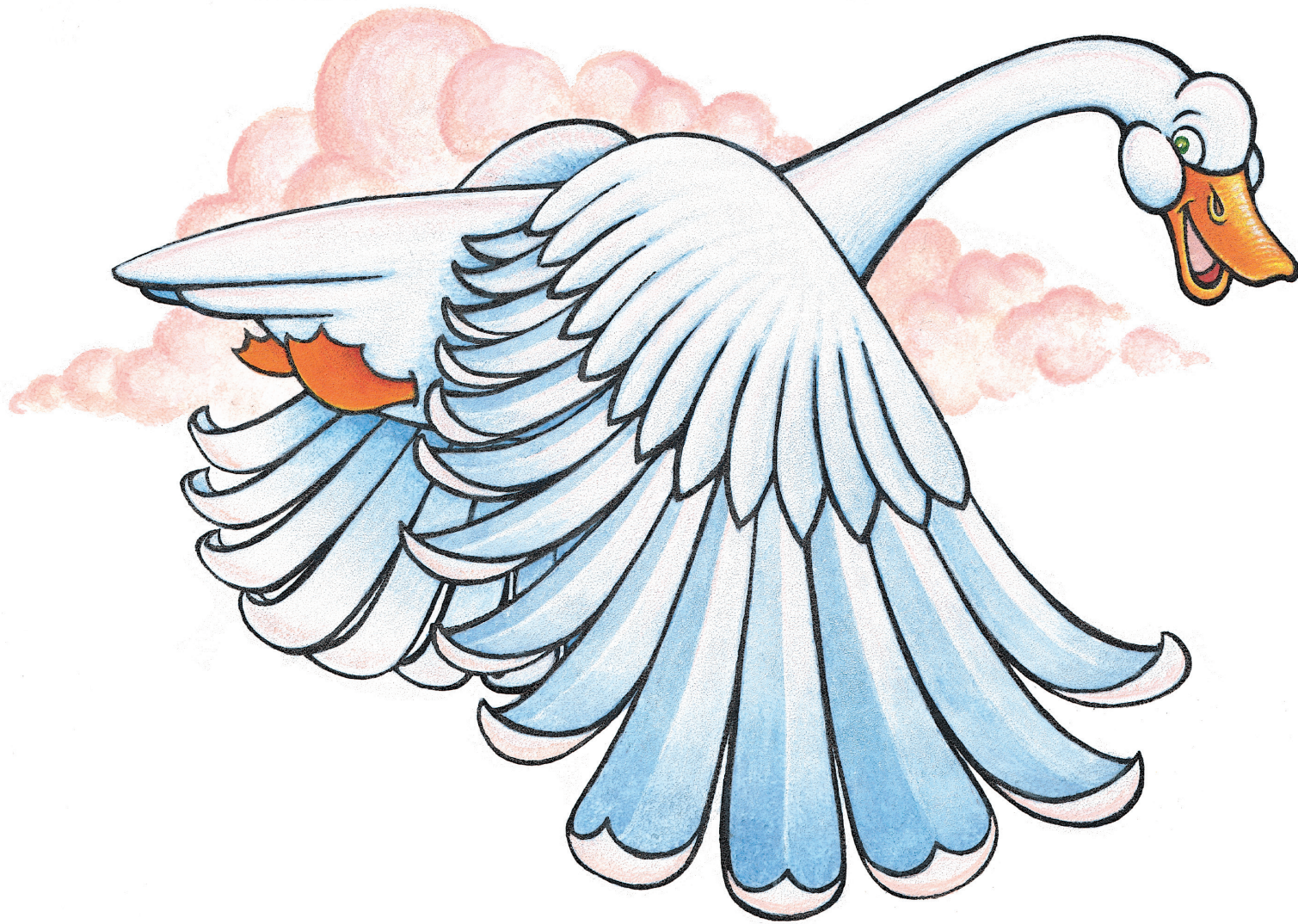
“What an elegant neck!” quacked one of the ducks.

“I wonder where that swan came from!”



The swan swam and played with his new friends. He was beautiful now. But he would never forget how it felt to be an ugly duckling.

And he would always remember that plain feathers can hide a noble heart.



The End

Reading

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