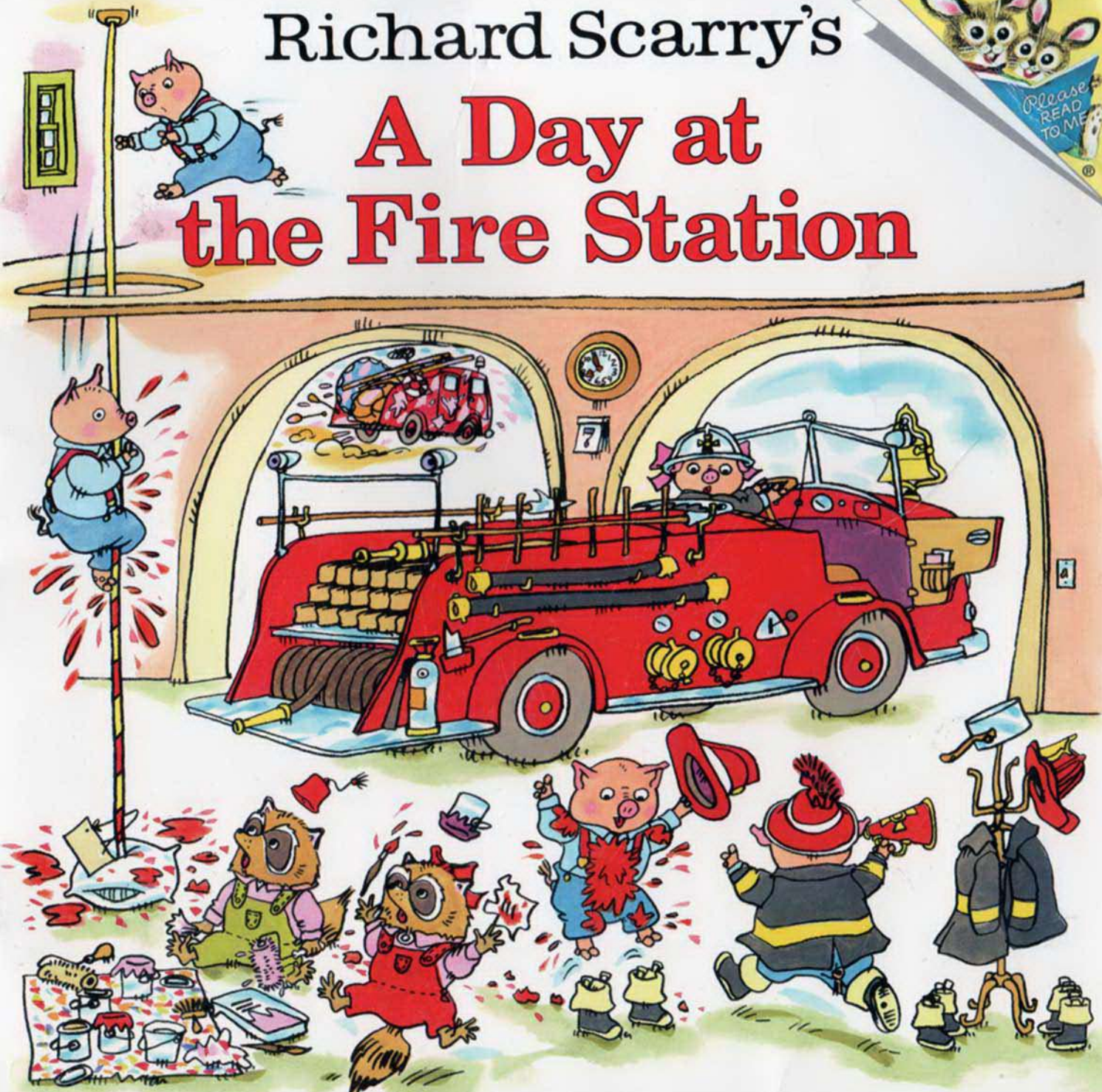
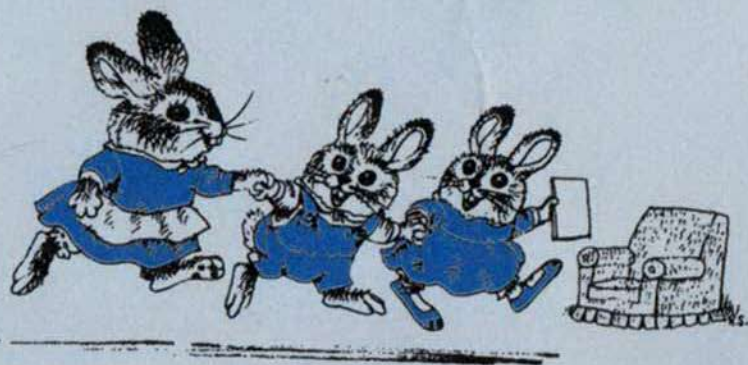


Richard Scarry's

A Day at the Fire Station





This is my book.
my name is


Will you please read it to me?

Thank you.

Richard Scarry's
**A Day at
the Fire Station**



A Random House PICTUREBACK® Book

RANDOM HOUSE  **NEW YORK**

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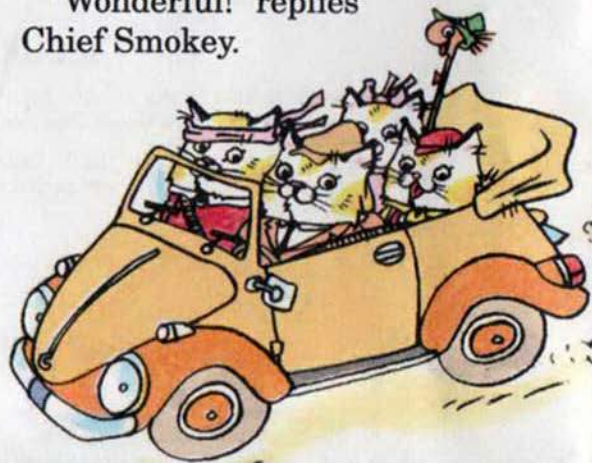
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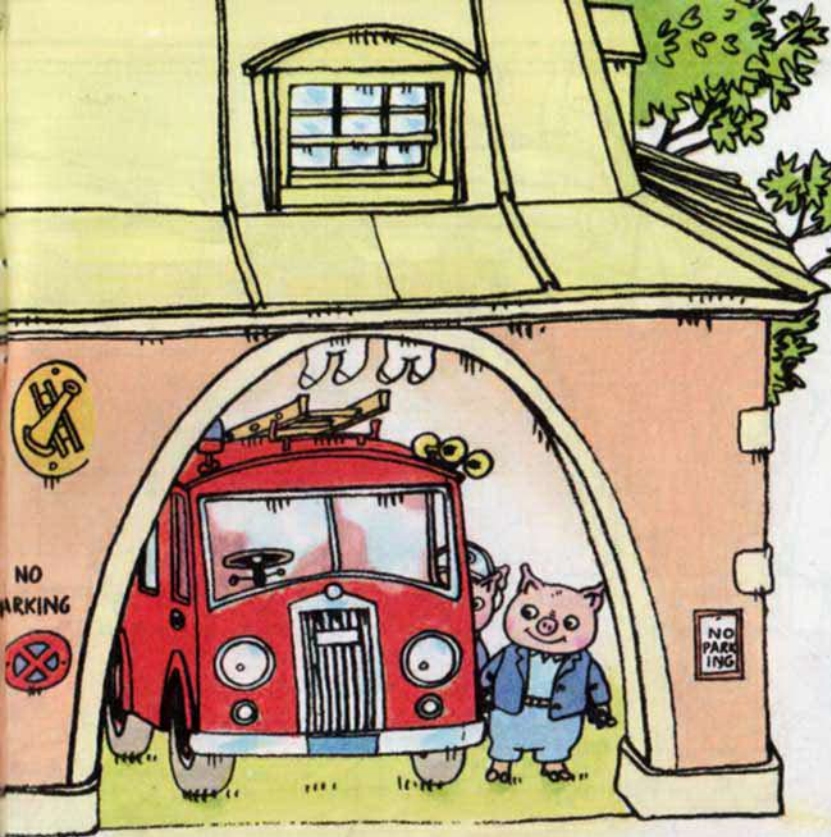
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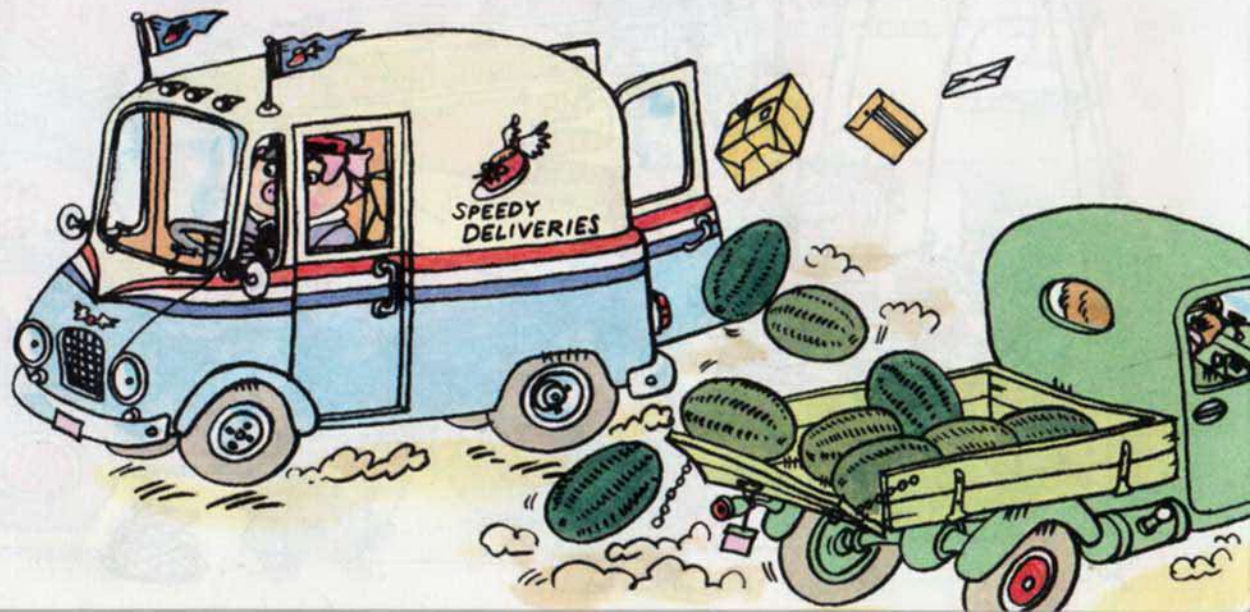
Drippy and Sticky, the housepainters, pull up in front of the Busytown fire station. "We're here to paint the firehouse!" says Drippy.

"Wonderful!" replies Chief Smokey.



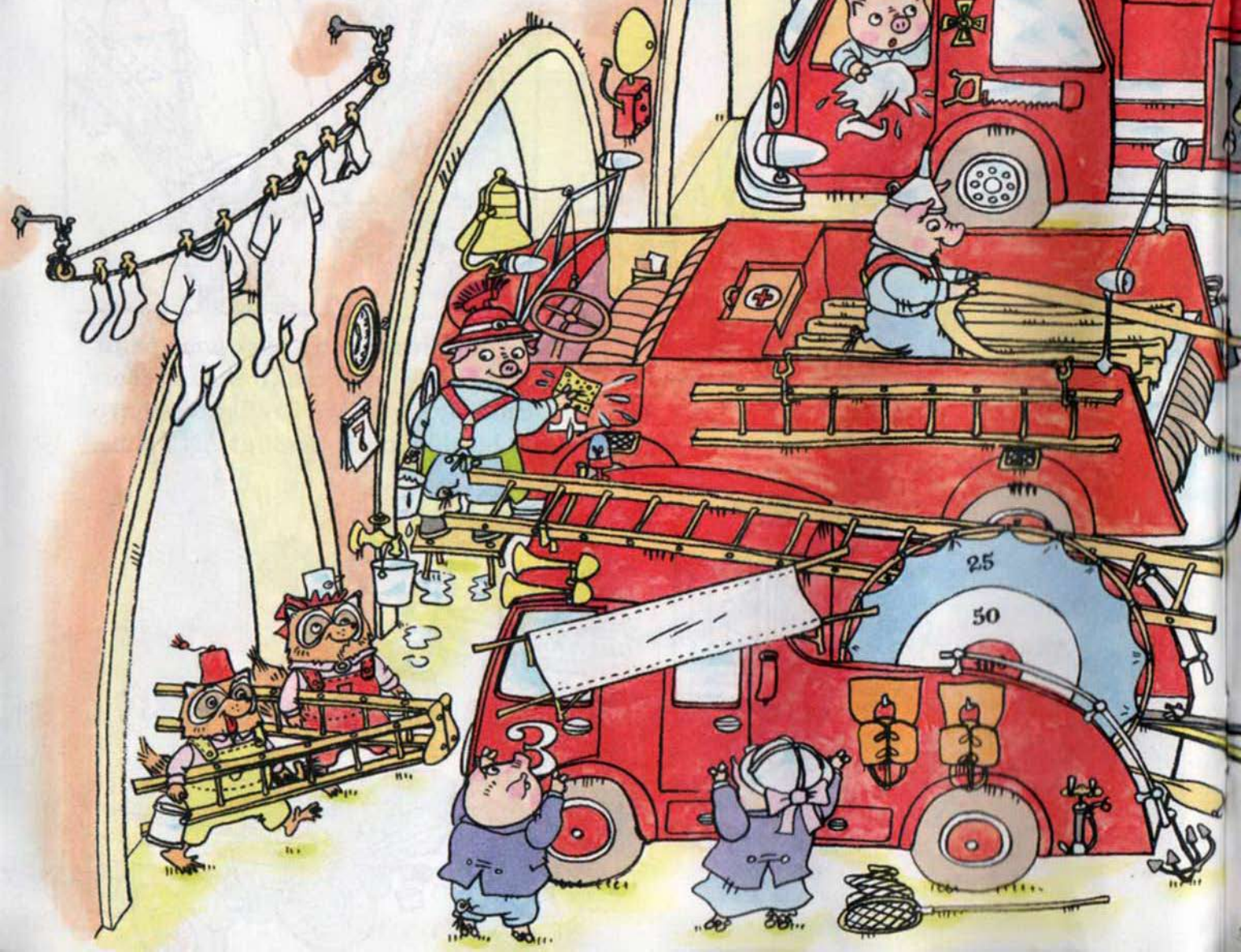


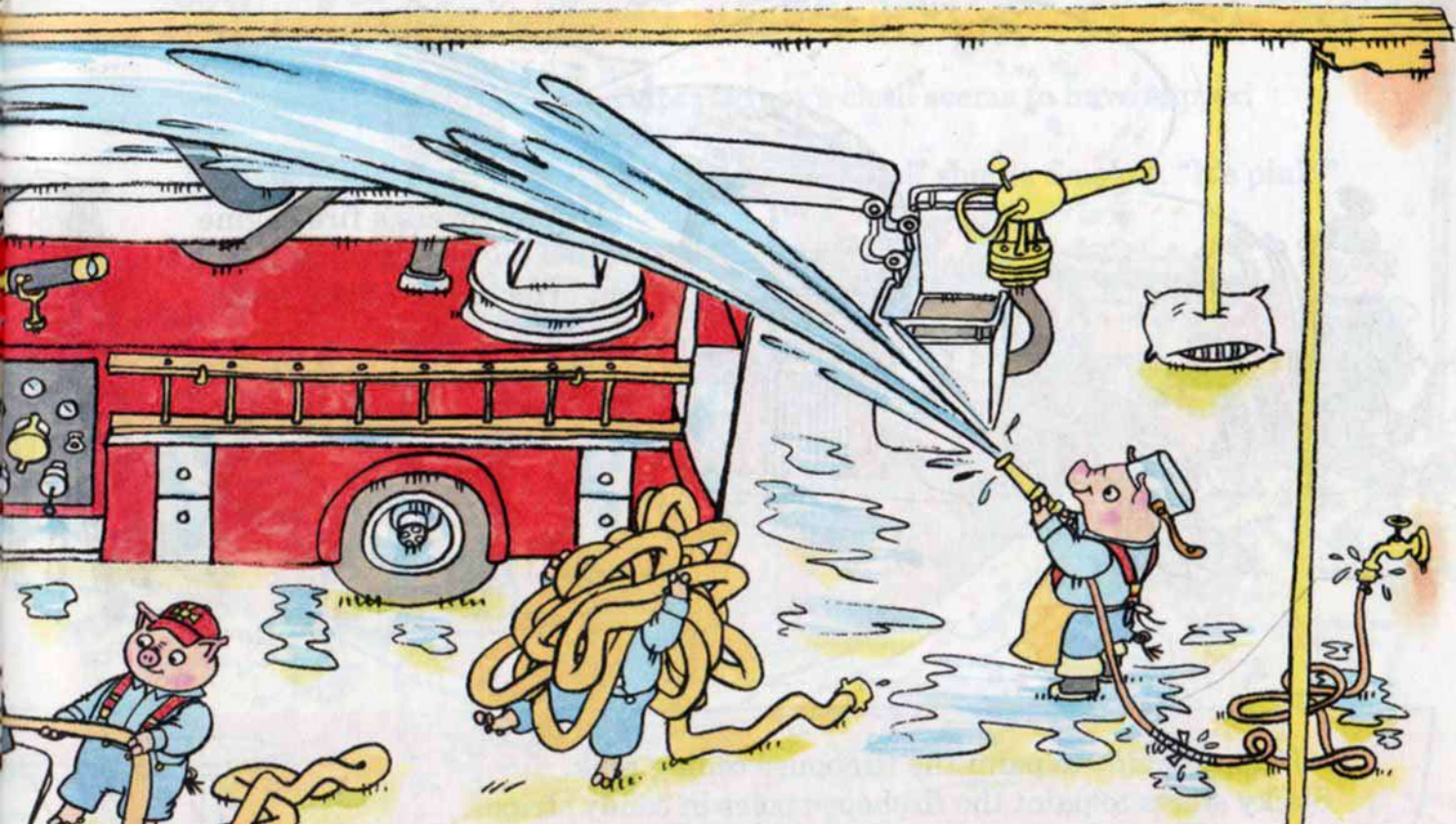
"But please don't park your paint truck in front of the firehouse doors," Smokey says. "We firefighters have to be able to drive out at ANY time."



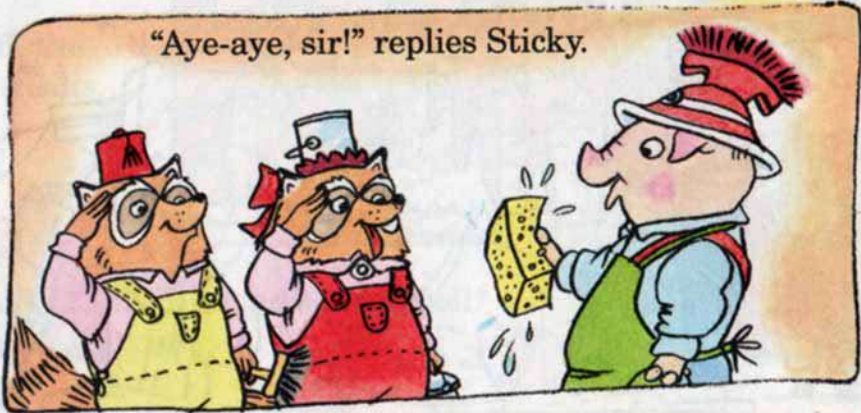
After parking their paint truck out of the way, Drippy and Sticky enter the fire station.

"Wow! What a nifty place!" says Drippy.

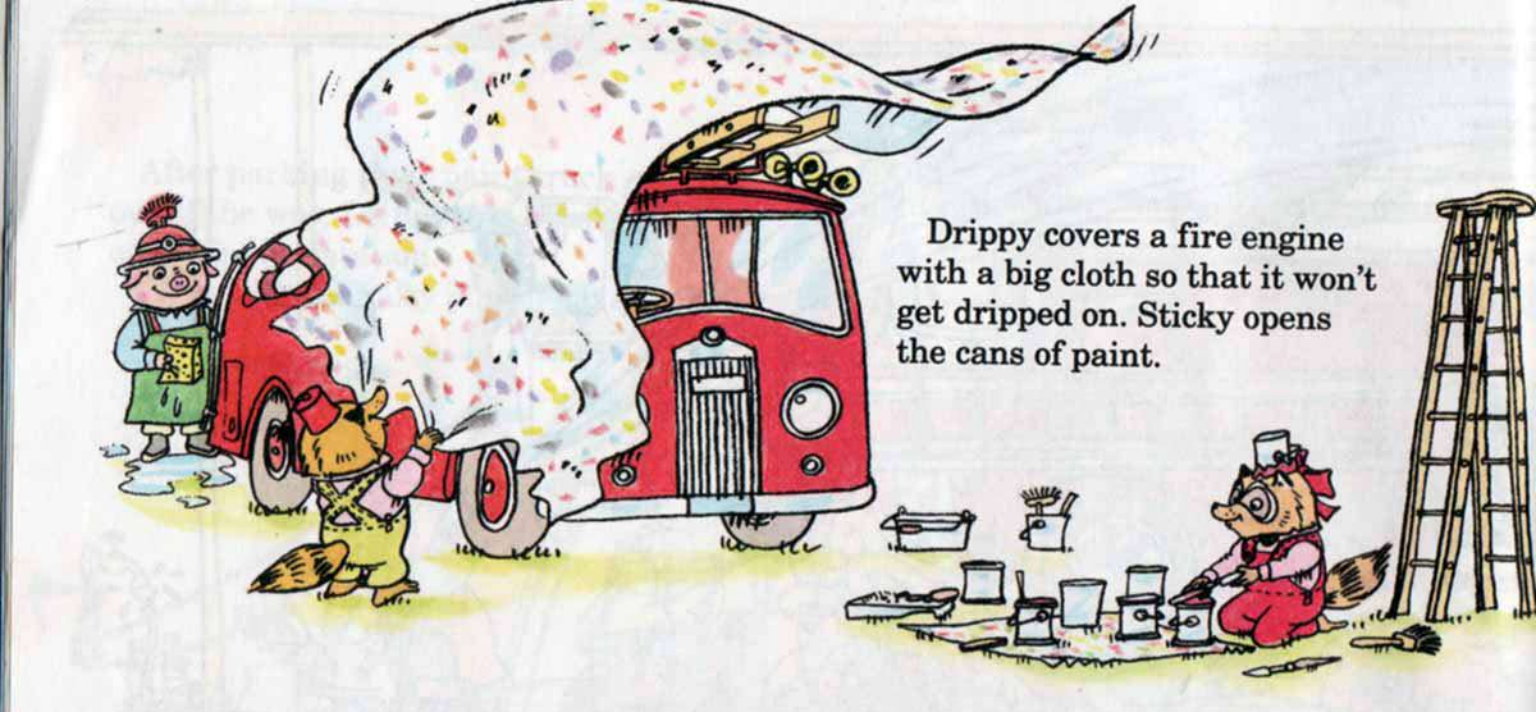




The firefighters are busy cleaning their fire engines. "We firefighters like to keep our engines nice and clean, so please be careful not to get any paint on them," says Smokey.




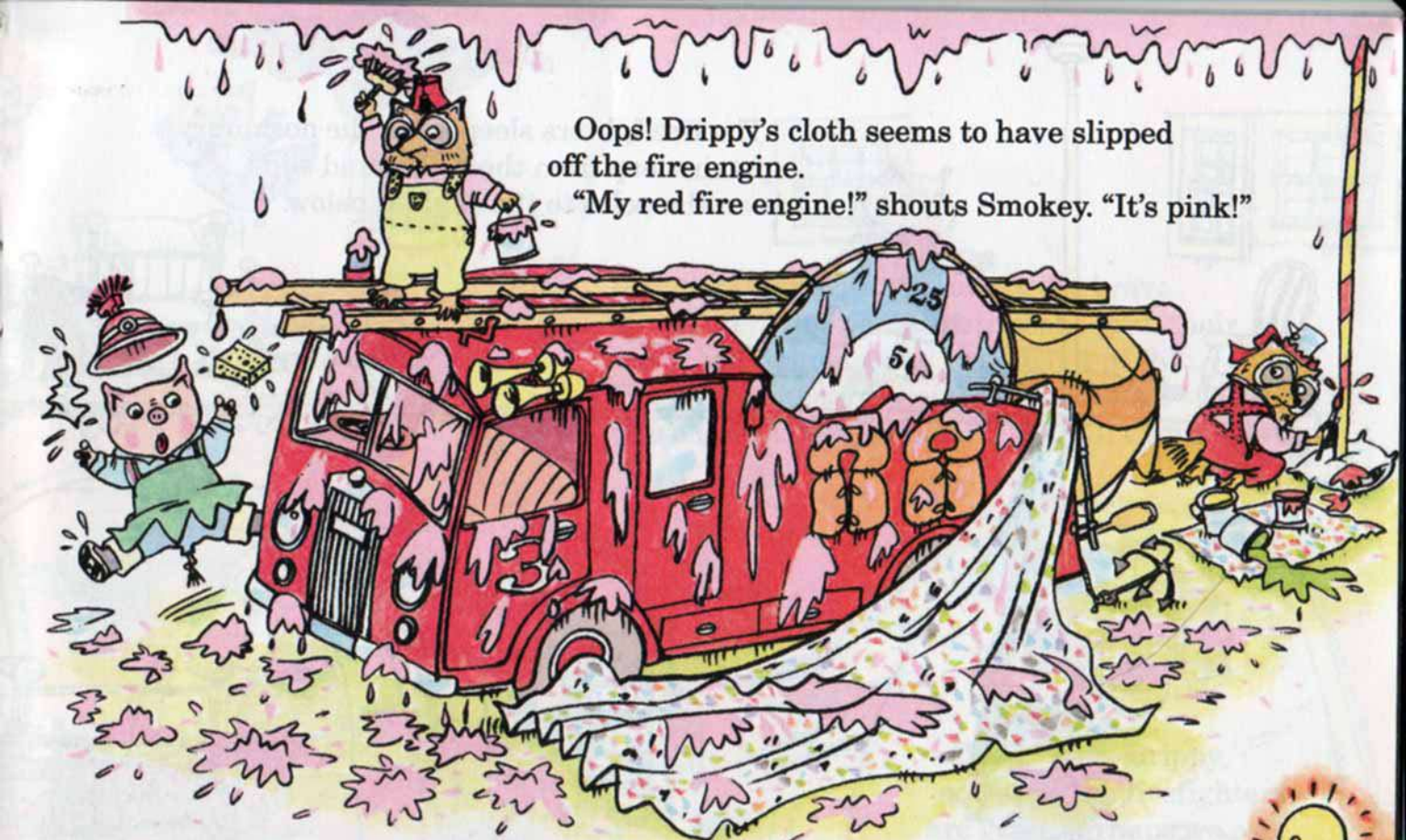
"Aye-aye, sir!" replies Sticky.



Drippy covers a fire engine with a big cloth so that it won't get dripped on. Sticky opens the cans of paint.

Drippy begins to paint the firehouse ceiling pink.
Sticky starts to paint the firehouse poles in candy stripes.



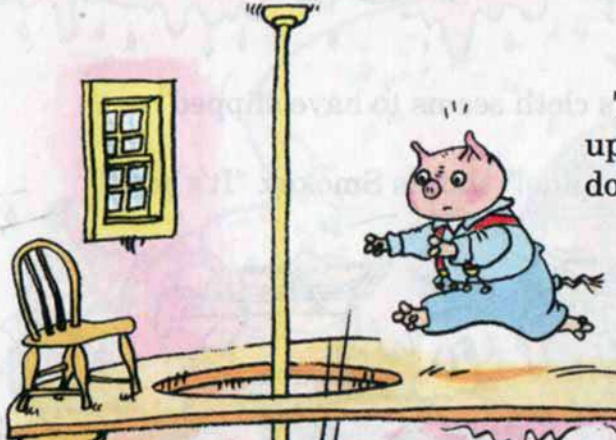


Oops! Drippy's cloth seems to have slipped
off the fire engine.
"My red fire engine!" shouts Smokey. "It's pink!"

"Don't worry," says Drippy.
"We'll have your fire engine
cleaned up in no time."
But instead of rubbing off, the
wet paint smears in long streaks.
What a mess!



RRRINNG! RRRINNG! sounds a loud bell.
It's the fire station alarm!

A pig firefighter in a blue uniform with a red sash is running across a wooden floor in a dormitory. A tall yellow pole stands in the center. To the left is a yellow window and a wooden chair. To the right is a bed with a red blanket and a white pillow. The pig is running towards the pole.

The firefighters sleeping in the dormitory
upstairs leap from their beds and slide
down the poles to the engines below.





But stained uniforms or no, the brave firefighters jump into their boots, grab their coats and helmets, and charge out of the fire station aboard their red—and pink—fire engines. WWWRRRR! CLANG! CLANG!

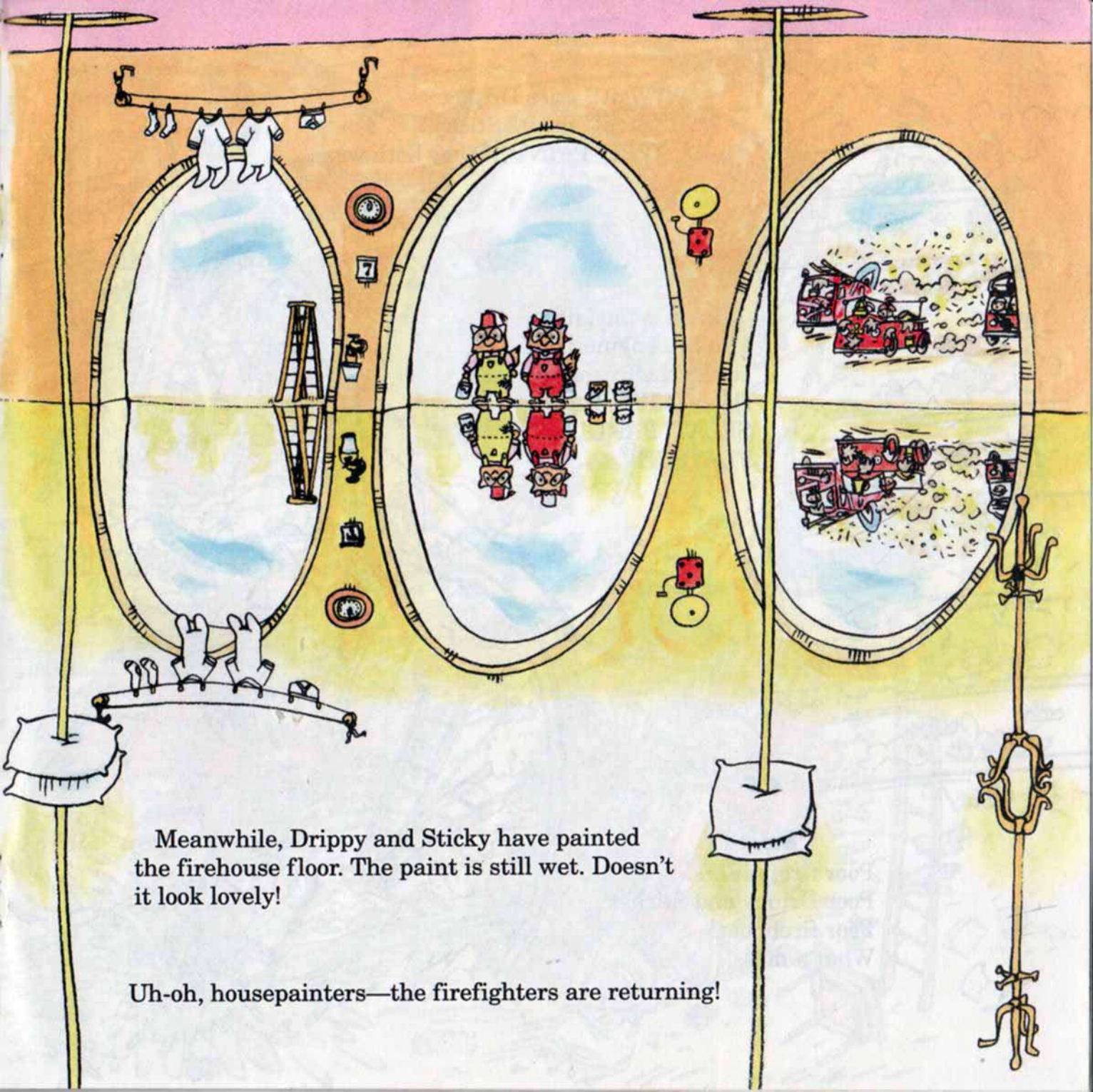


“Well,” says Drippy, “now that the firefighters are gone, perhaps we can get our painting done.”

The firefighters have been called out to a traffic accident. Cecelia's cement mixer bumped into Horace's honey truck and knocked over Farmer Hal's haywagon. What a gooey mess!



Thank goodness for the firefighters! They will have everything cleaned up in no time.



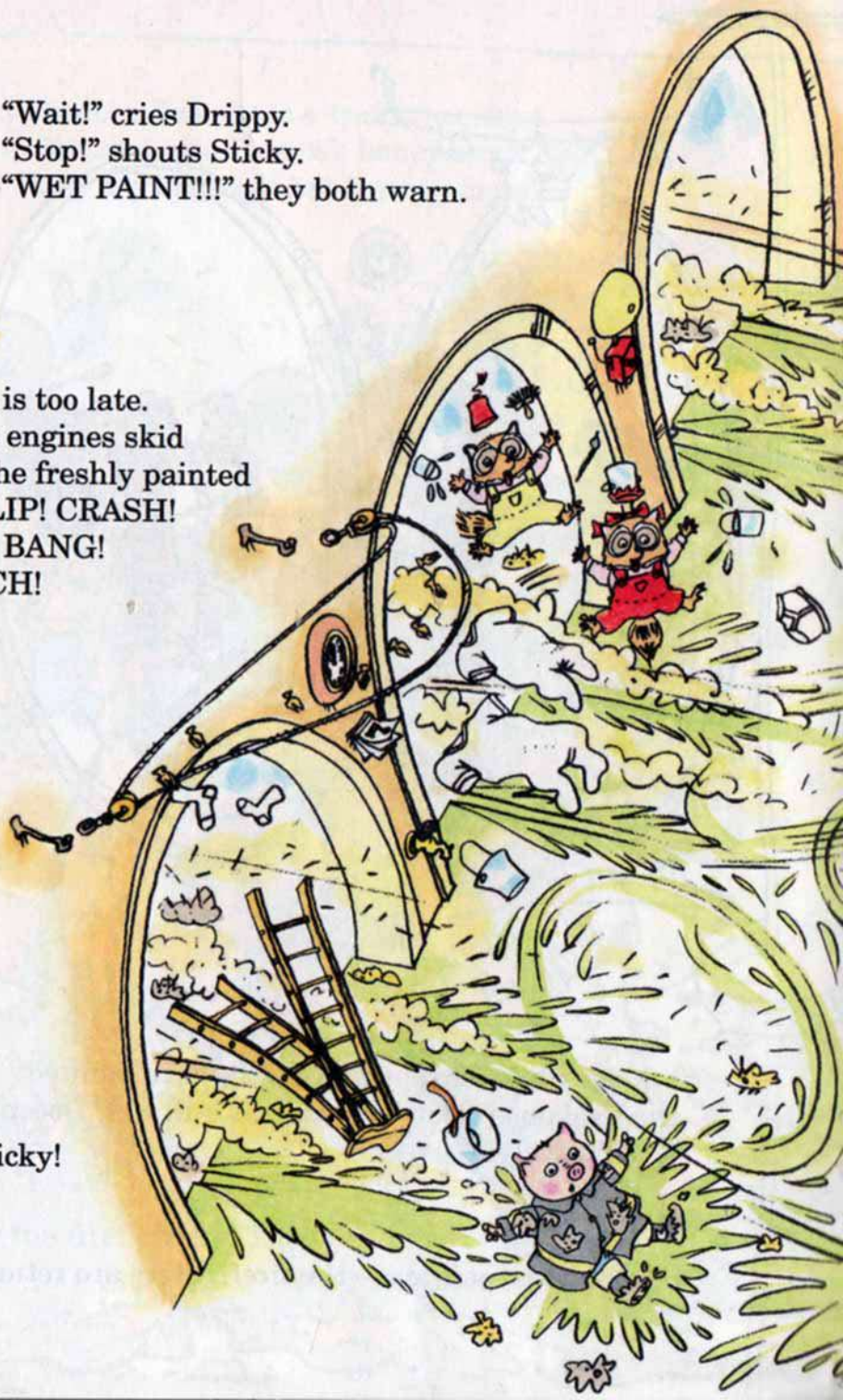
Meanwhile, Drippy and Sticky have painted the firehouse floor. The paint is still wet. Doesn't it look lovely!

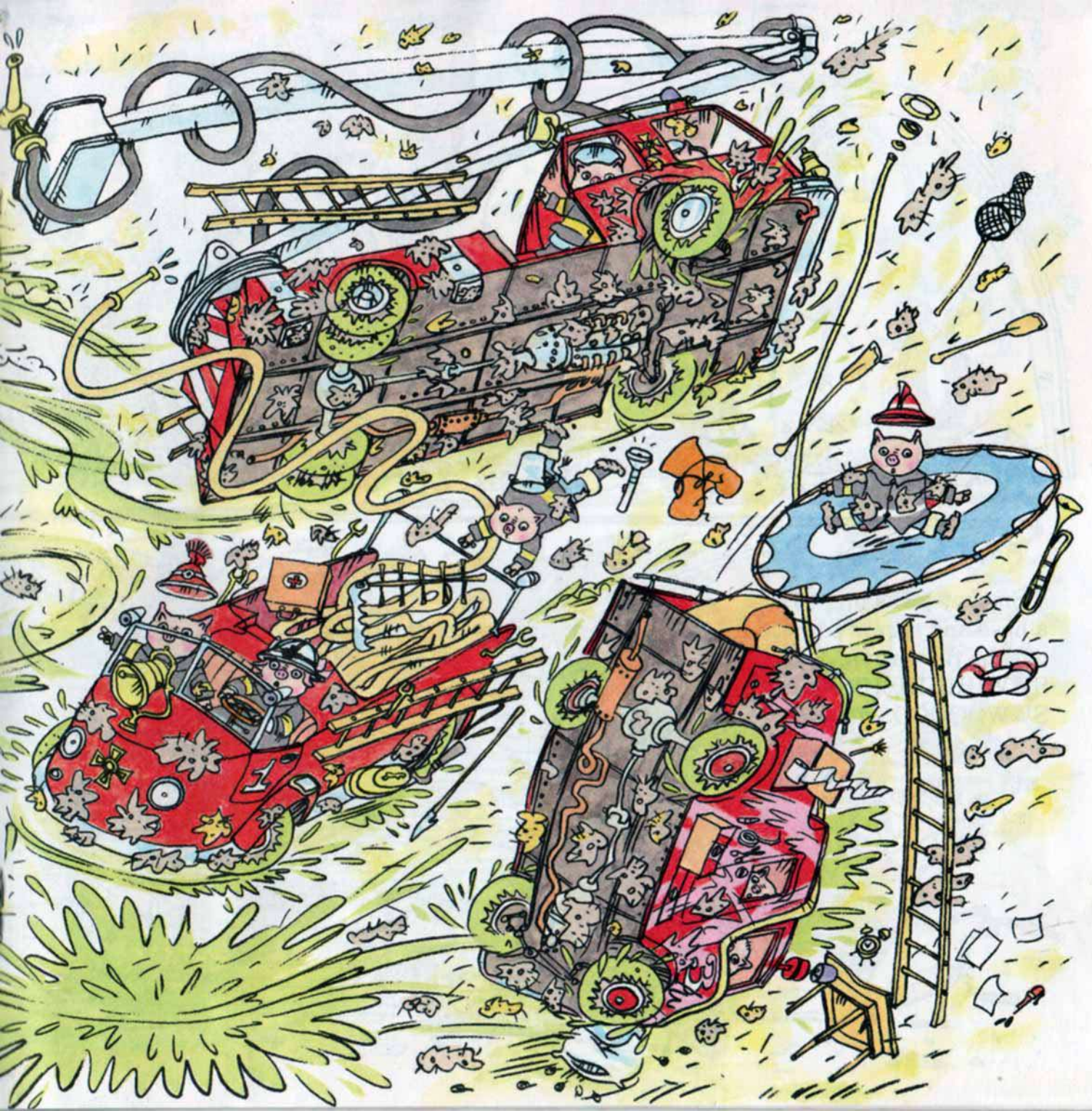
Uh-oh, housepainters—the firefighters are returning!

"Wait!" cries Drippy.
"Stop!" shouts Sticky.
"WET PAINT!!!" they both warn.

But it is too late.
The fire engines skid
across the freshly painted
floor. **ZLIP! CRASH!**
SPLAT! BANG!
FLATSCH!

Poor firefighters!
Poor Drippy and Sticky!
Poor firehouse!
What a mess!





Straw and cement
and honey are
EVERYWHERE.

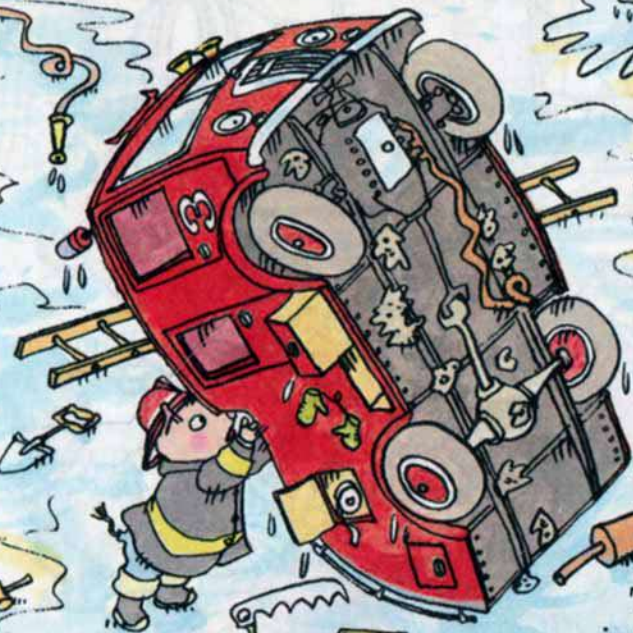


Smokey picks up
a hose and sprays
out the fire station.
SWIIIIIIISH!
SWOOOOOSH!

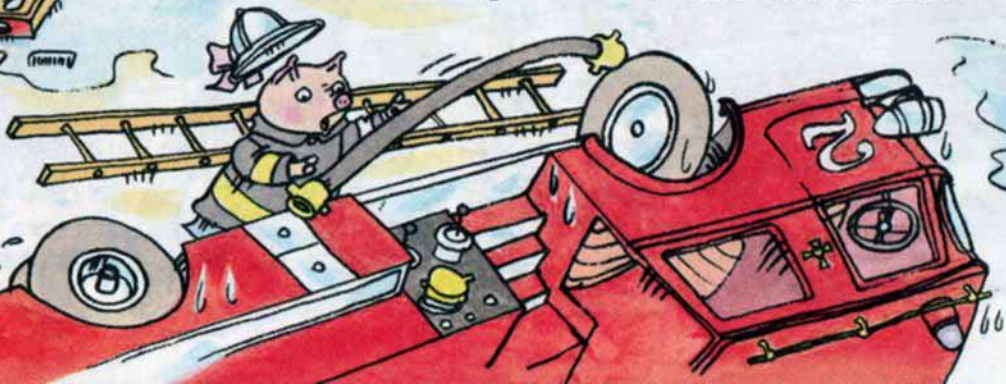


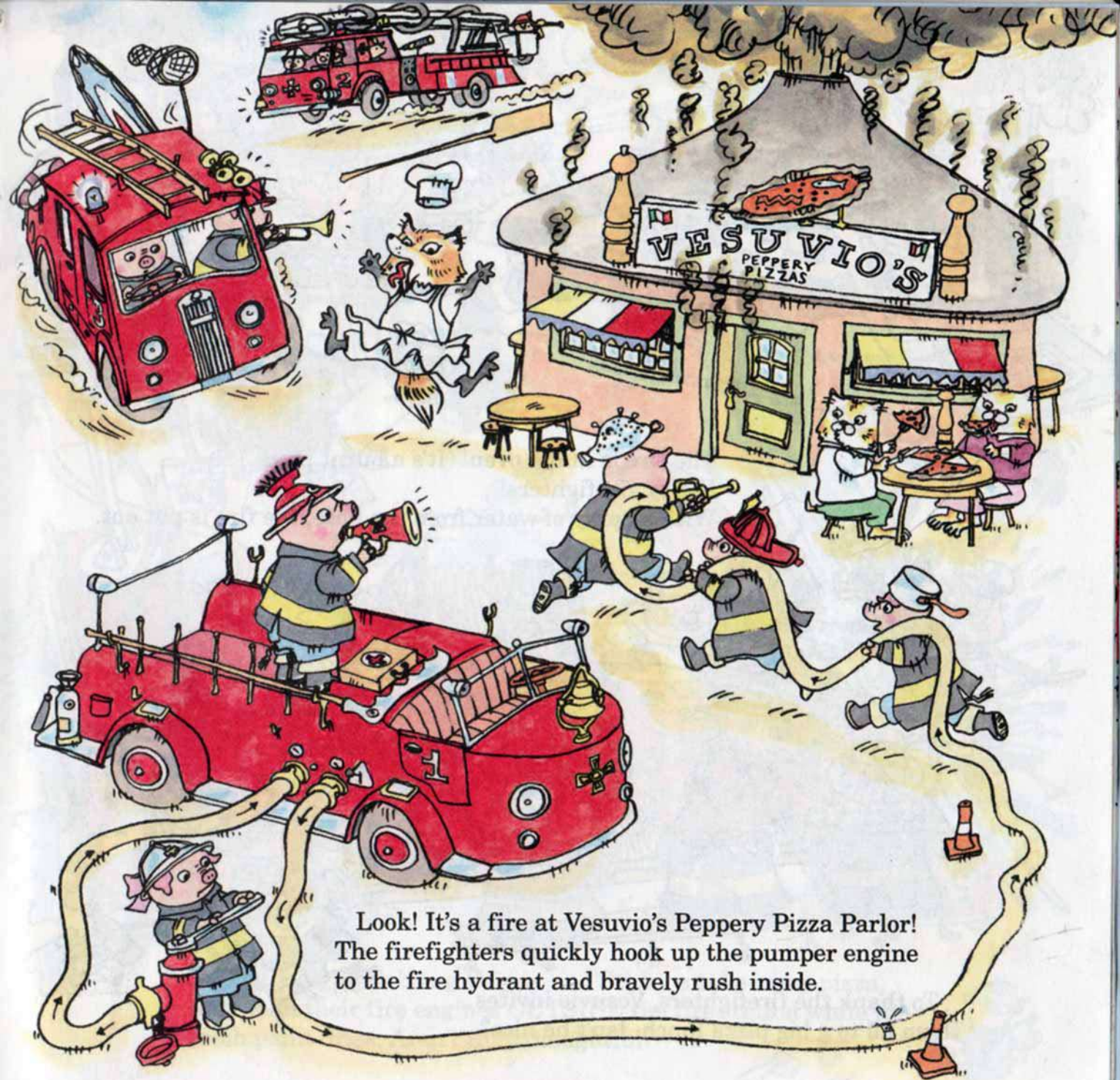


Suddenly, there is another alarm.
This time, it's a fire!



The firefighters throw all their equipment
into the fire engines and are off to the rescue.

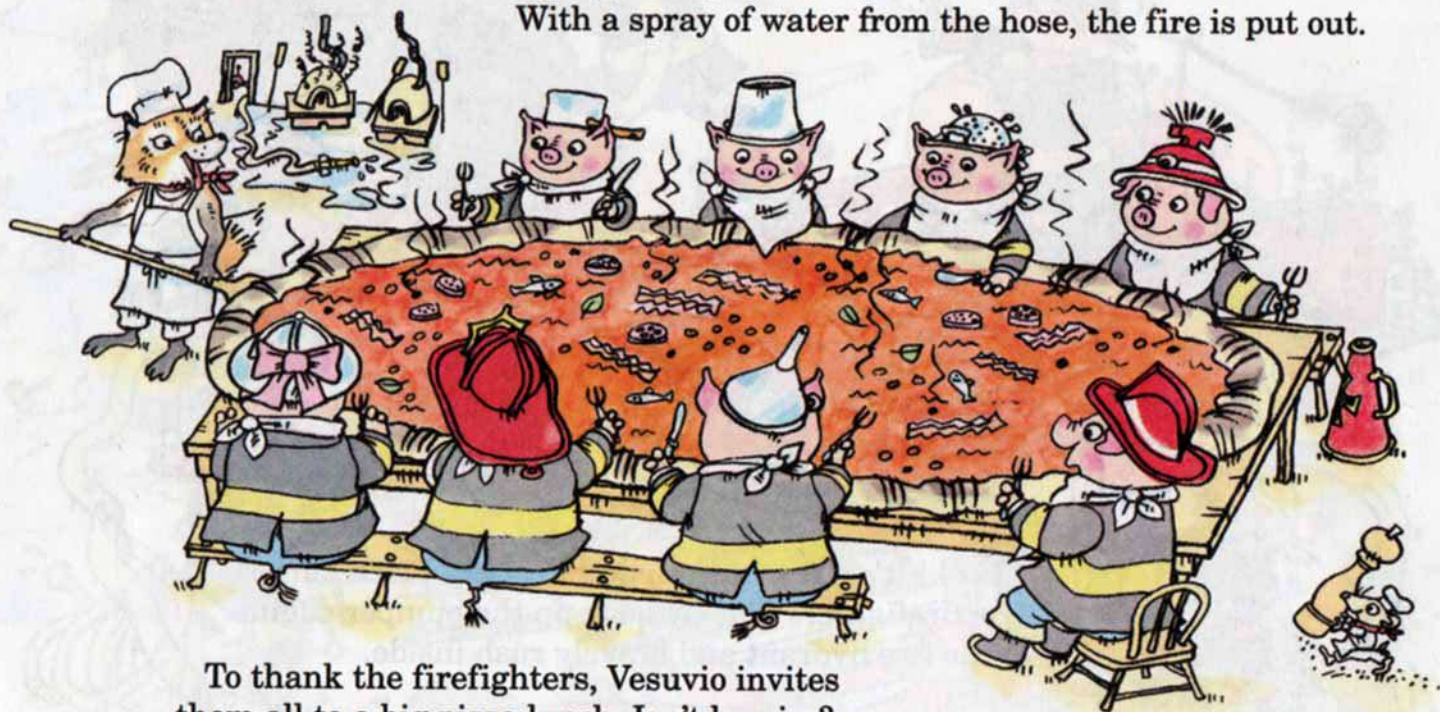




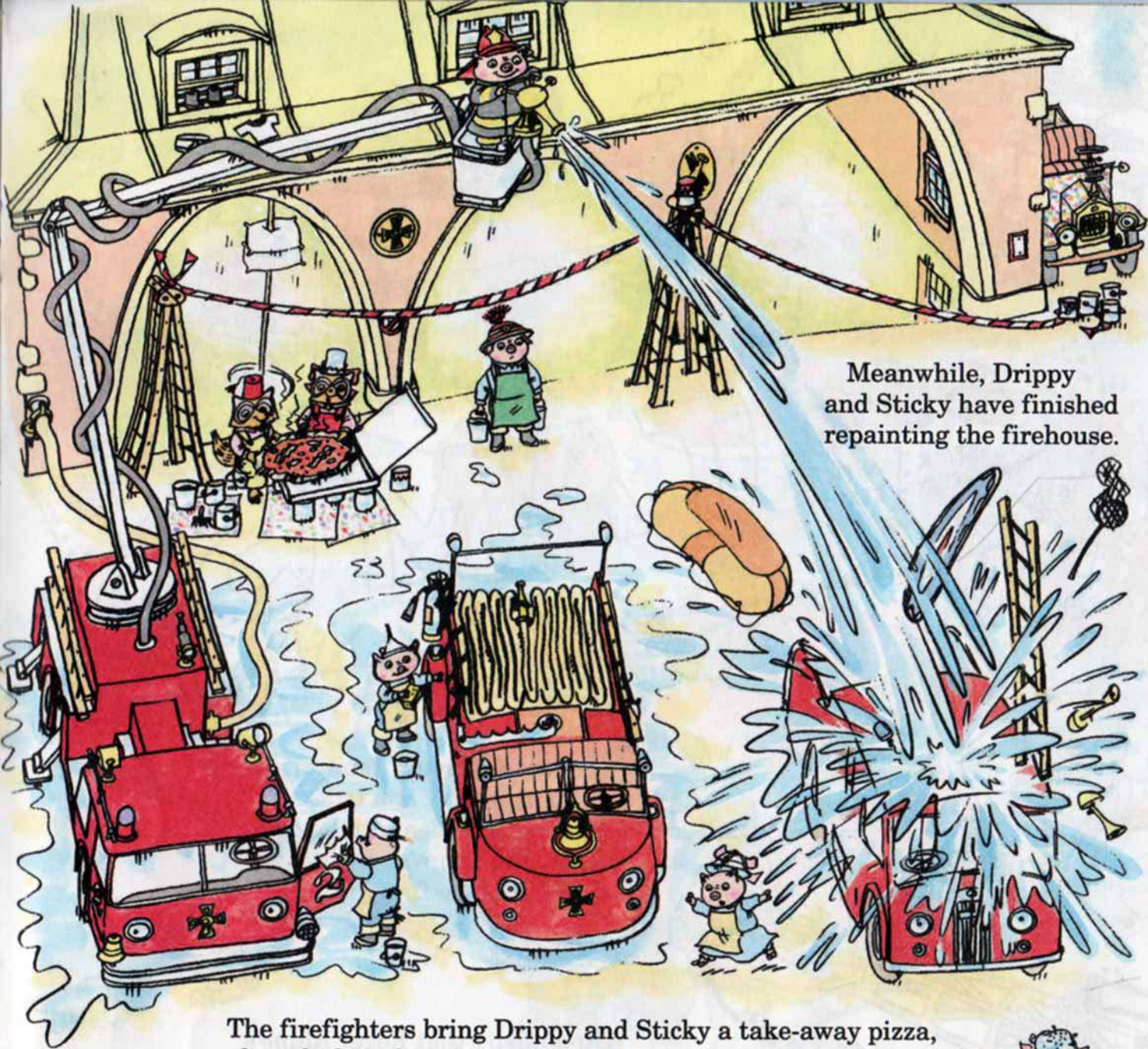
Look! It's a fire at Vesuvio's Peppery Pizza Parlor!
The firefighters quickly hook up the pumper engine
to the fire hydrant and bravely rush inside.



The fire is in the oven! (It's a burnt pizza.)
Hurry, firefighters!
With a spray of water from the hose, the fire is put out.

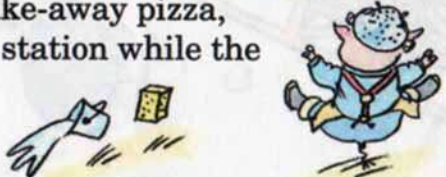


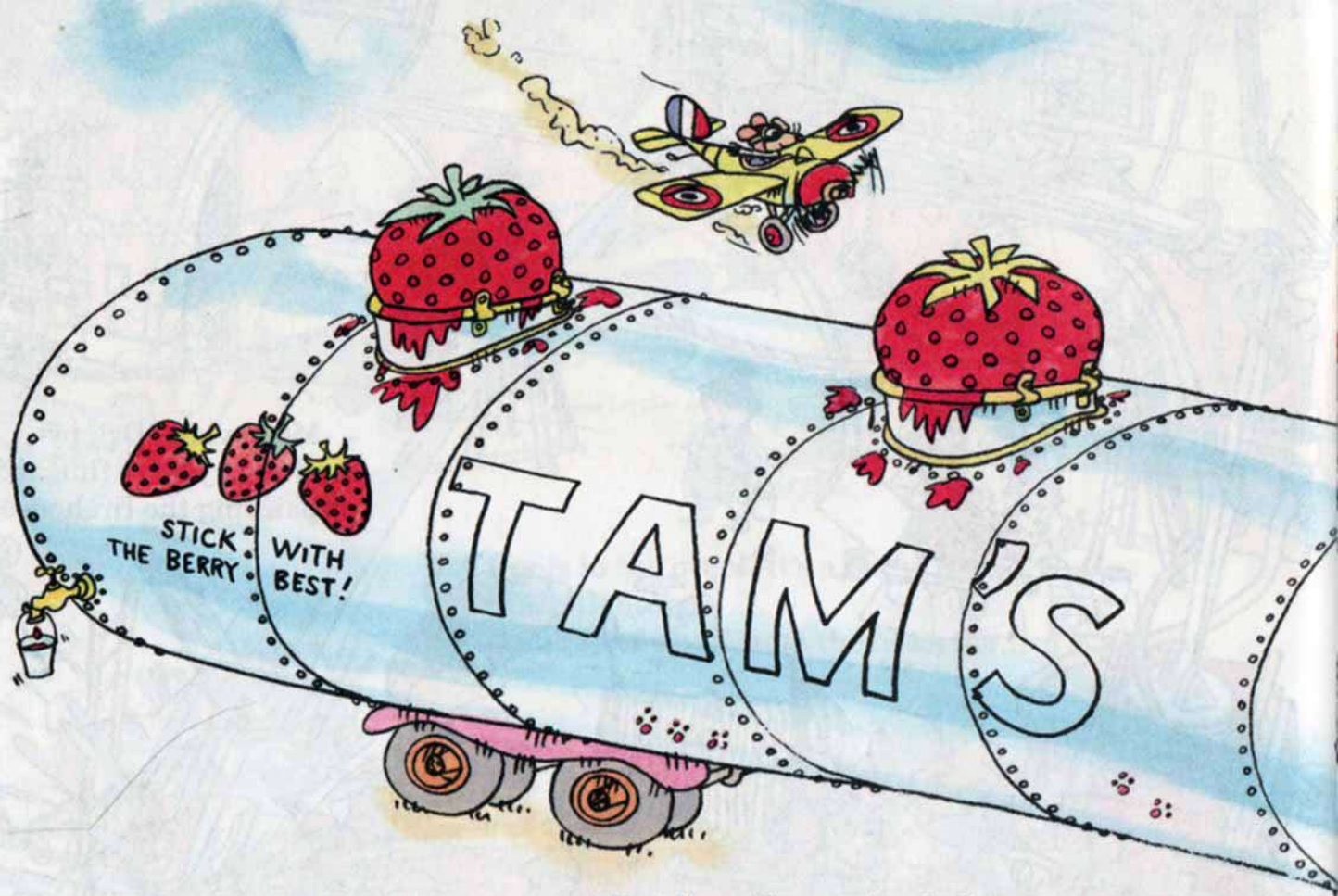
To thank the firefighters, Vesuvio invites them all to a big pizza lunch. Isn't he nice?



Meanwhile, Drippy and Sticky have finished repainting the firehouse.

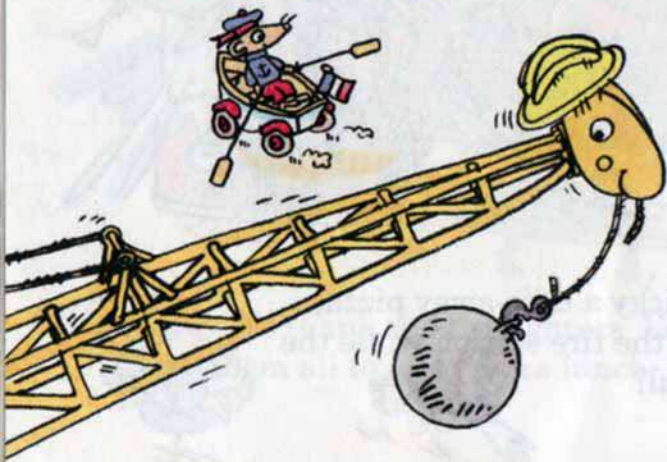
The firefighters bring Drippy and Sticky a take-away pizza, and wash their fire engines OUTSIDE the fire station while the fresh paint dries. Aren't they thoughtful?





Just then, Tammy Tapir drives up in her strawberry jam truck.

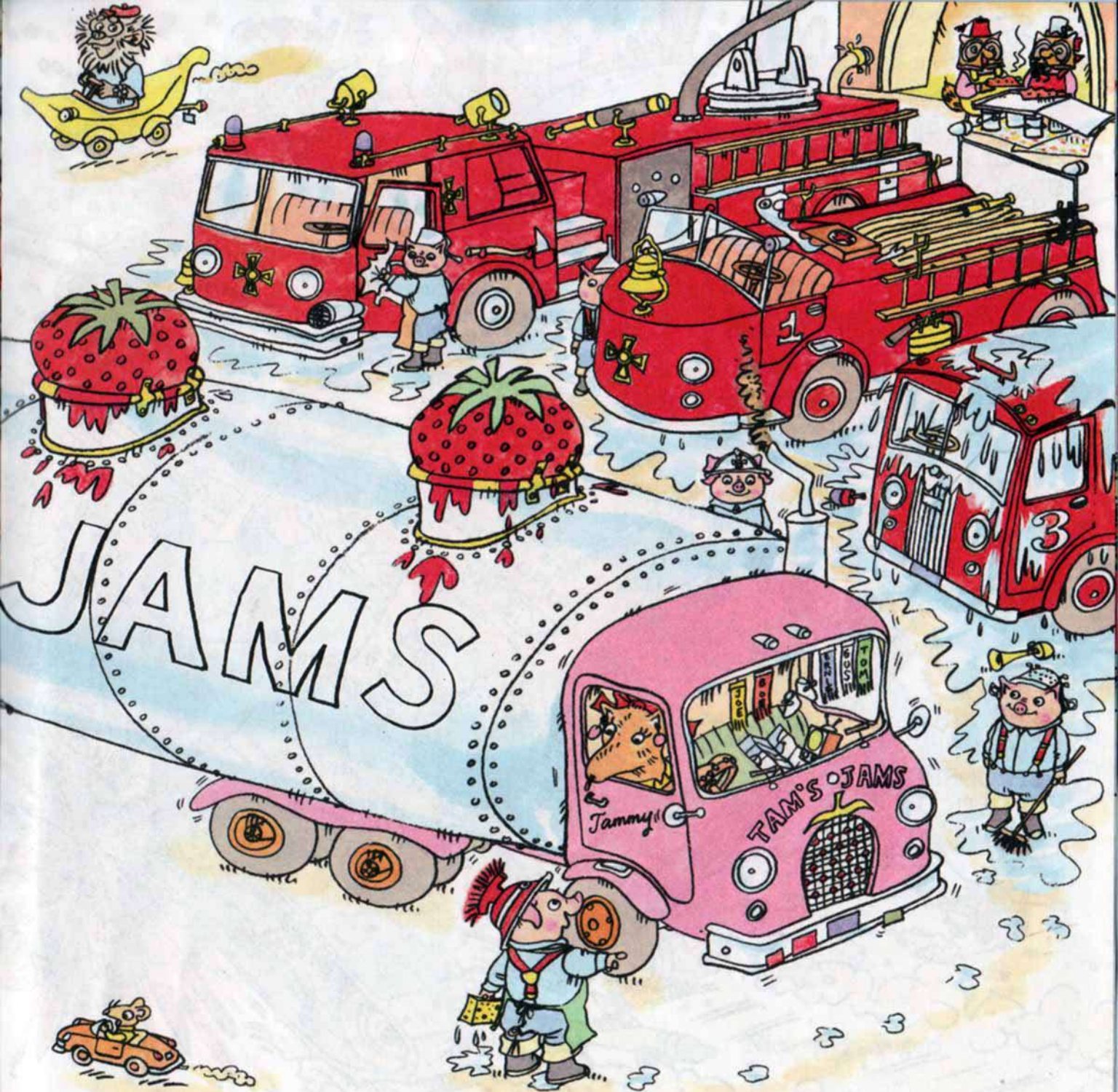
"Can anyone please tell me how to get to the thruway from here?" Tammy asks the firefighters.



Uh-oh. Isn't that Roger Rhino's wrecking crane coming?

Hey, slow down there, Roger!



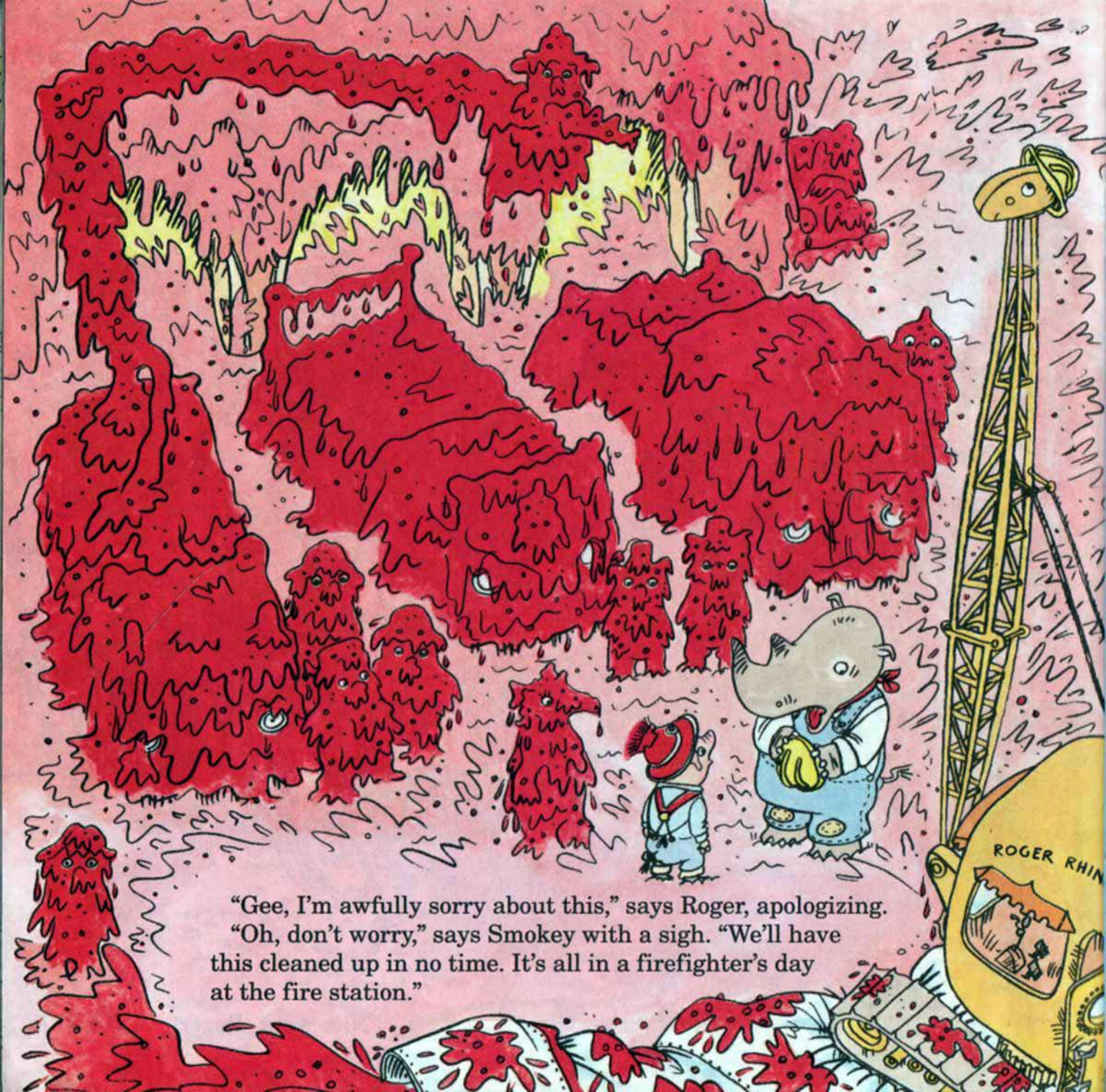


Oh, dear.
CRUNCH!
SQUISH!
SPLOOSH!
SPLAT!



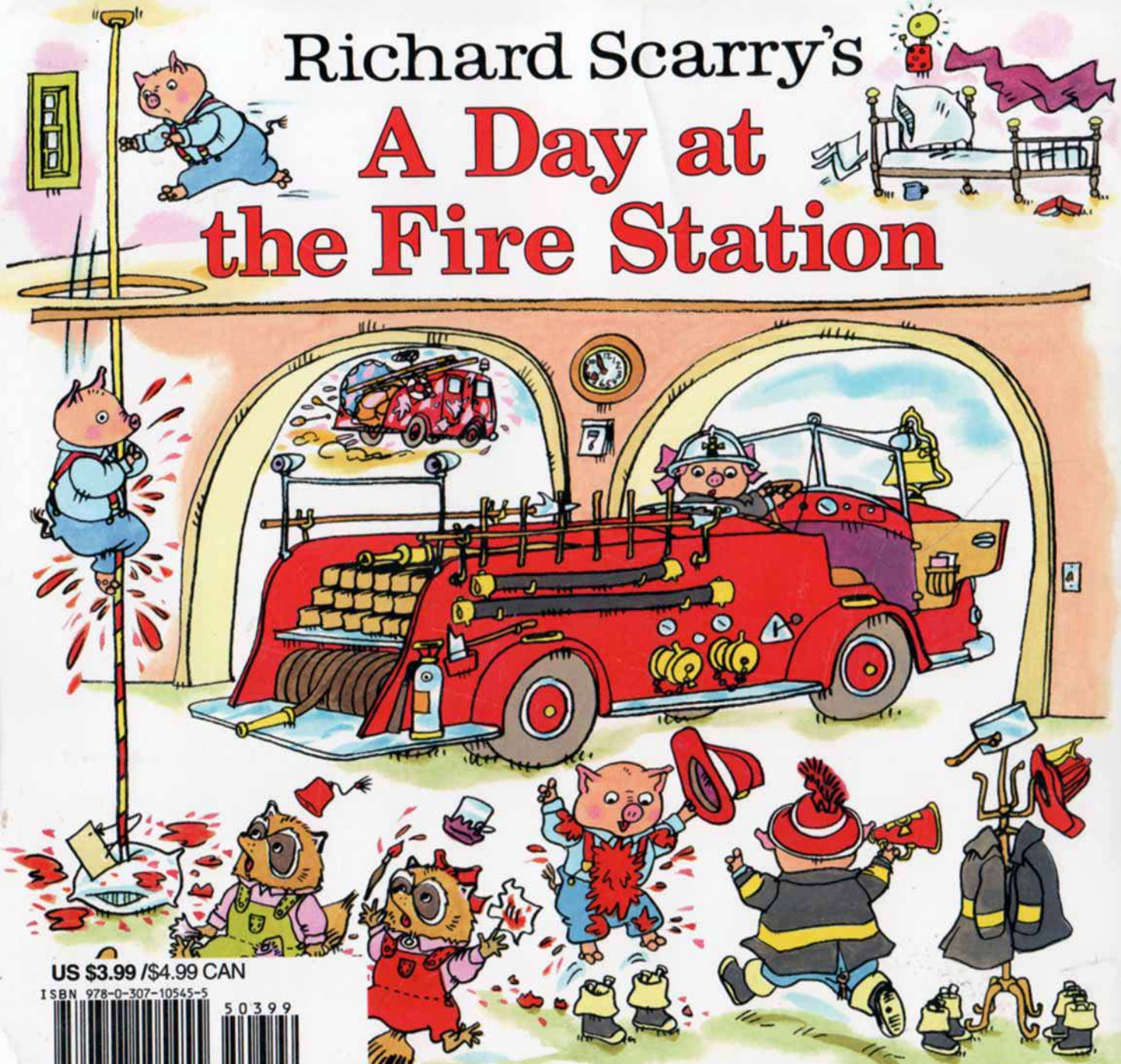


Nice work, Roger!



“Gee, I’m awfully sorry about this,” says Roger, apologizing.
“Oh, don’t worry,” says Smokey with a sigh. “We’ll have this cleaned up in no time. It’s all in a firefighter’s day at the fire station.”

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