

Every Who Down in Whoville  
Liked Christmas a lot...



But the  
Grinch, Who lived  
just north of  
Whoville, Did NOT!

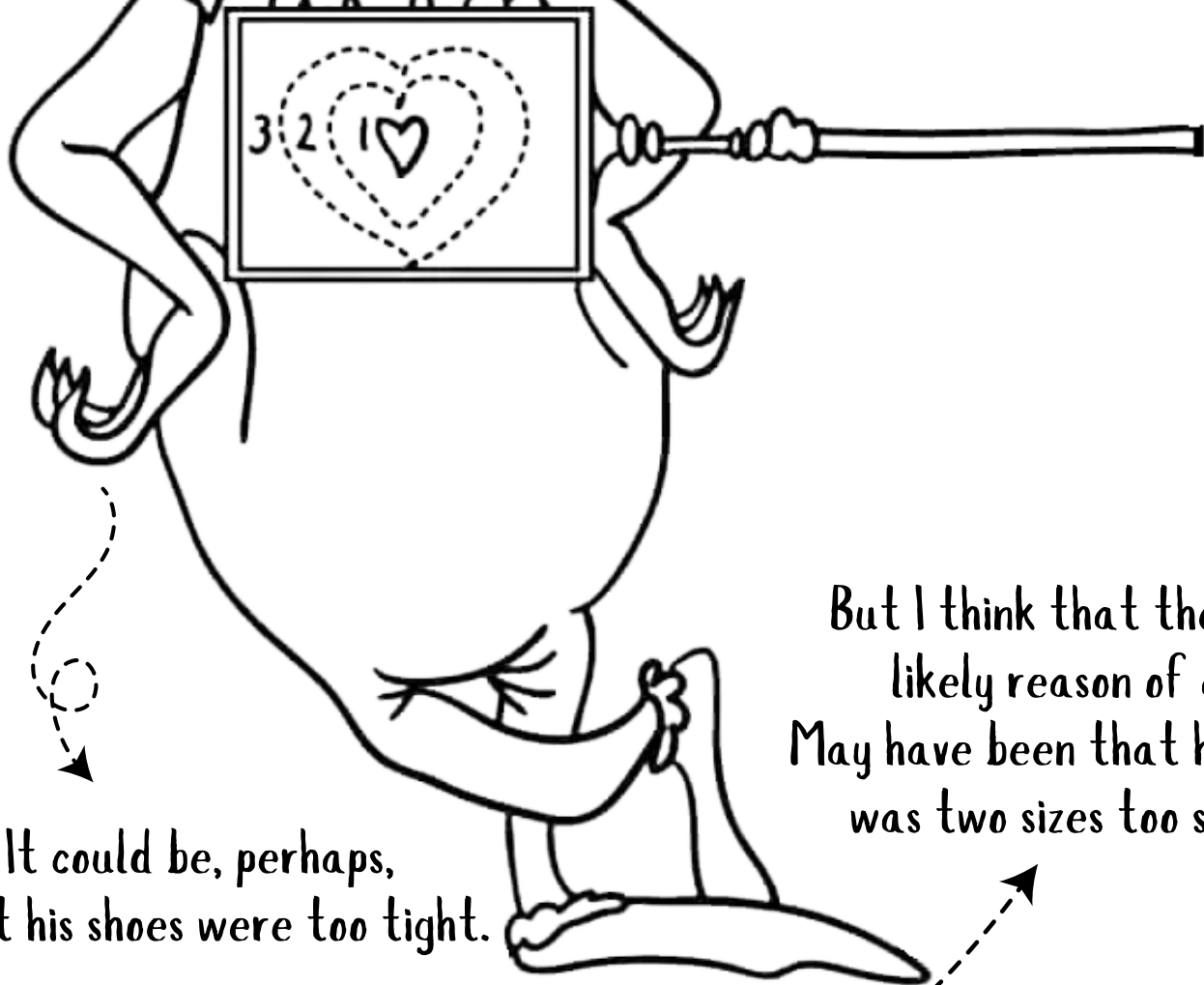


The Grinch hated  
Christmas! The whole  
Christmas season!

Now, please don't ask why.  
No one quite knows the reason.

It could be his

head wasn't screwed on just right.

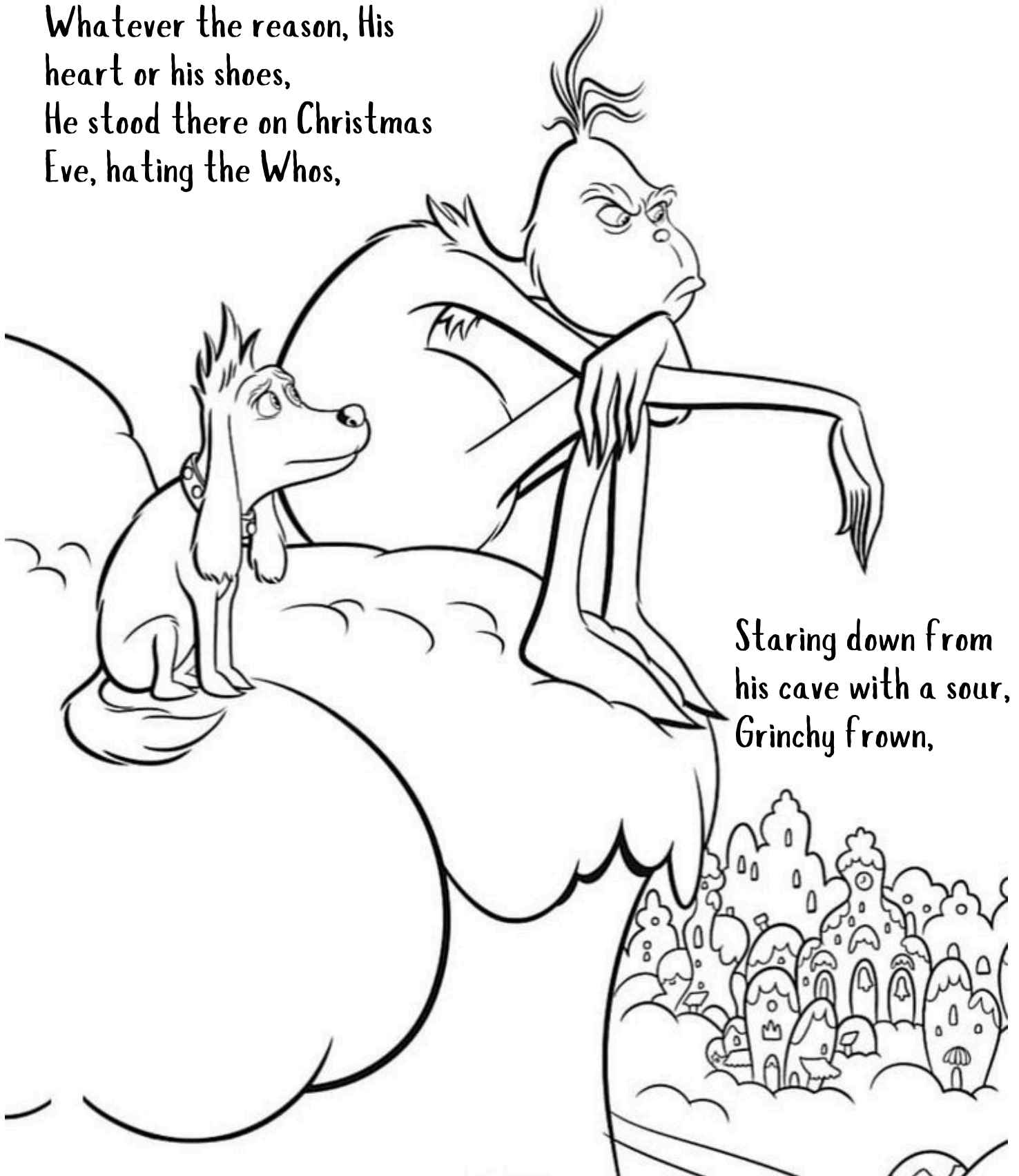


It could be, perhaps,  
that his shoes were too tight.

But I think that the most  
likely reason of all,  
May have been that his heart  
was two sizes too small.



Whatever the reason, His  
heart or his shoes,  
He stood there on Christmas  
Eve, hating the Whos,

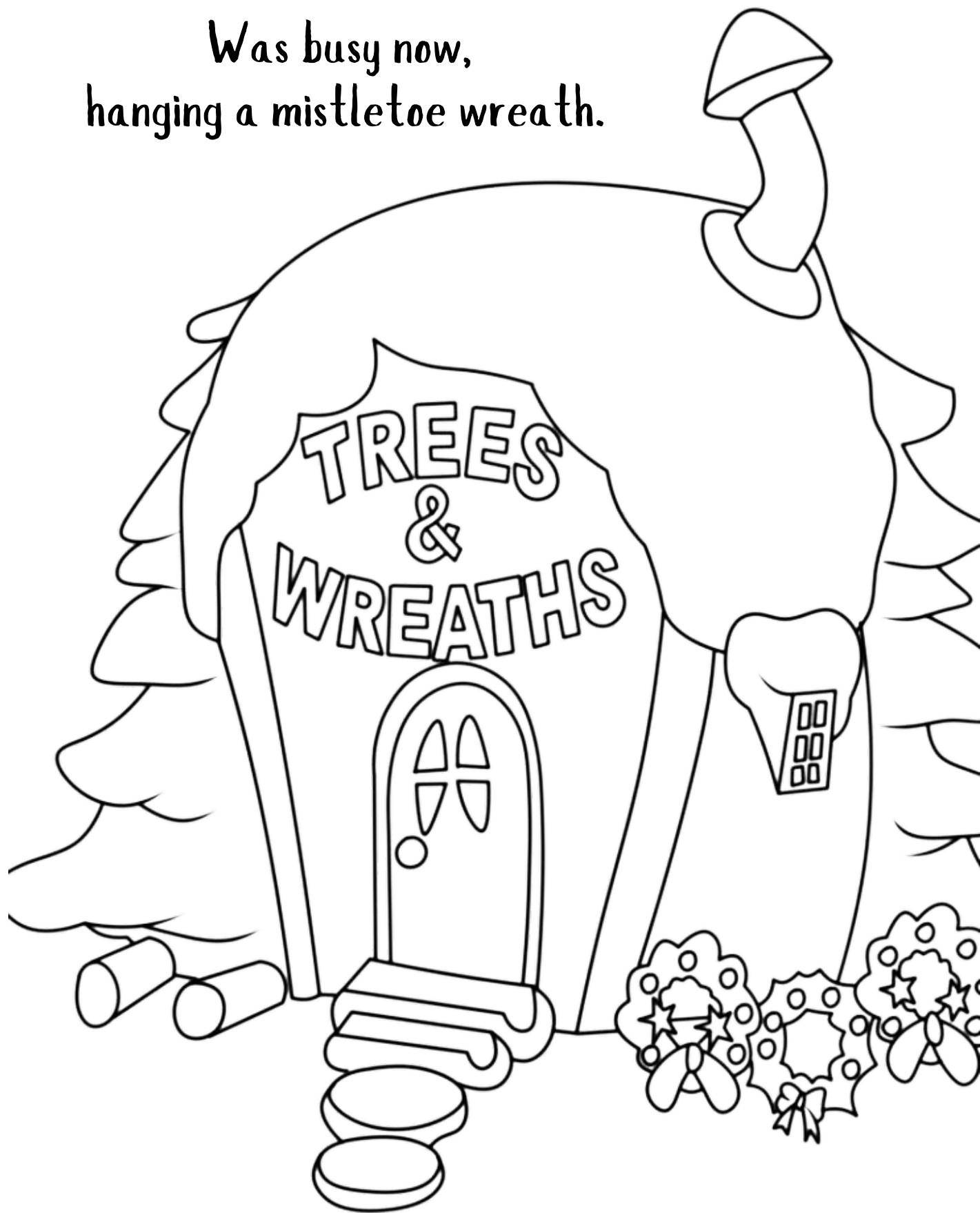


Staring down from  
his cave with a sour,  
Grinchy frown,

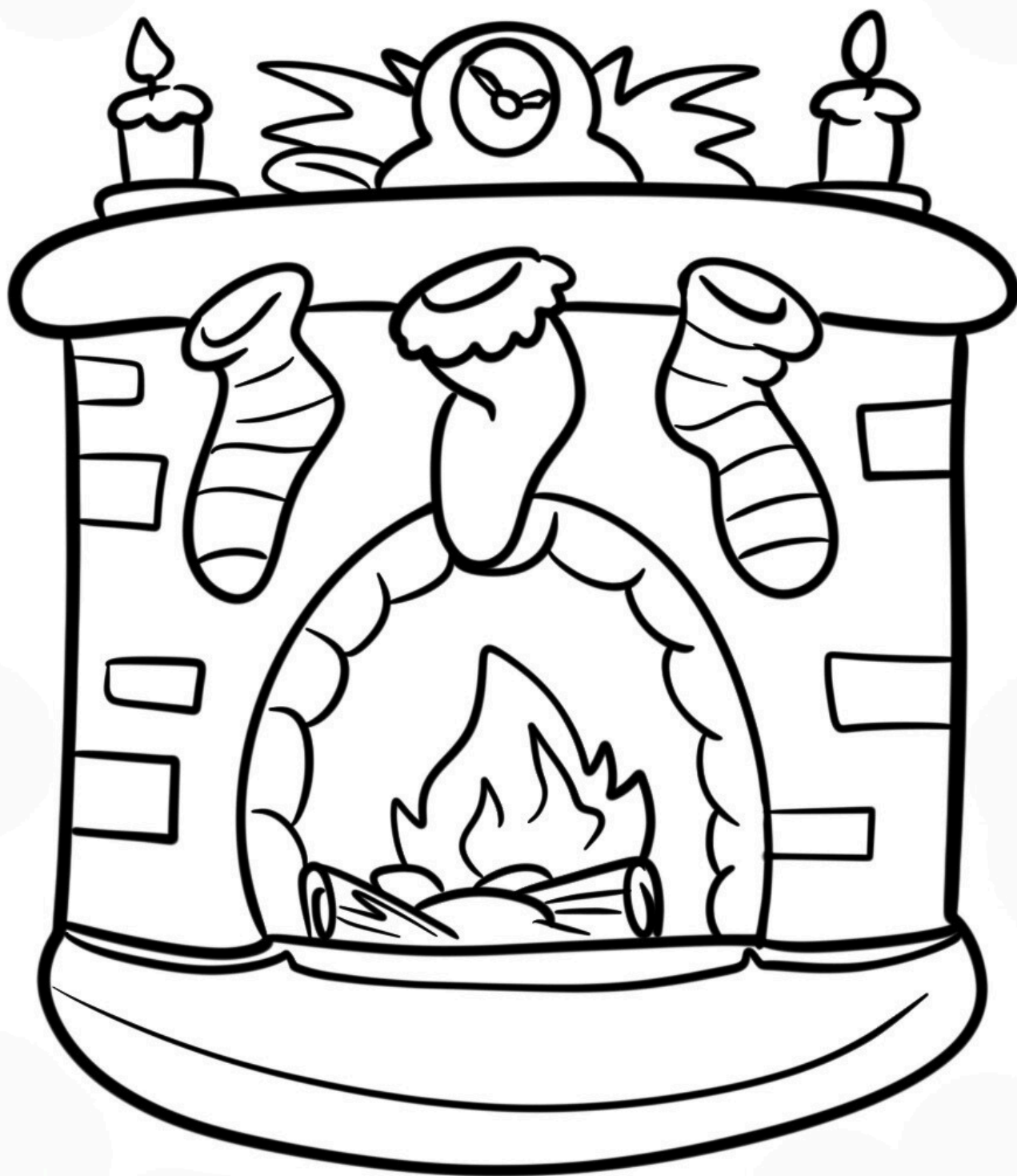
At the warm lighted windows below in their town.  
For he knew every Who down in Whoville beneath,



Was busy now,  
hanging a mistletoe wreath.



"And they're hanging their stockings!"  
he snarled with a sneer,  
"Tomorrow is Christmas! It's practically here!"



Then he growled, with his Grinch fingers nervously drumming,  
"I MUST find some way to stop Christmas from coming!"



For Tomorrow, he knew, all the Who girls and boys,  
Would wake bright and early. They'd rush for their toys!  
And then! Oh, the noise! Oh, the Noise!  
Noise! Noise! Noise!  
That's one thing he hated! The NOISE!  
NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!





Then the Whos, young and old, would sit down to a feast.  
And they'd feast! And they'd feast! And they'd FEAST!  
FEAST! FEAST! FEAST!

They would feast on Who-pudding, and rare Who-roast beast.  
Which was something the Grinch couldn't stand in the least!  
And THEN They'd do something He liked least of all!  
Every Who down in Whoville, the tall and the small,  
Would stand close together, with Christmas bells ringing.  
They'd stand hand-in-hand. And the Whos would start singing!  
They'd sing! And they'd sing! And they'd SING!  
SING! SING! SING!



And the more the Grinch thought of this Who Christmas Sing,  
The more the Grinch thought, "I must stop this whole thing!"

"Why, for fifty-three years I've put up with it now!"

"I MUST stop this Christmas from coming! But HOW?"

Then he got an idea! An awful idea!

THE GRINCH GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!



The Grinch  
laughed in his  
throat.





And he made a quick  
Santy Claus hat and a coat.  
And he chuckled, and clucked,  
"What a great Grinchy trick!"  
"With this coat and this hat,  
I look just like Saint Nick!"

"All I need is a reindeer..."  
The Grinch looked around.  
But, since reindeer are scarce,  
there was none to be found.

Did that stop the old Grinch?  
No! The Grinch simply said,  
"If I can't find a reindeer,  
I'll make one instead!"

So he called his dog, Max.  
Then he took some red thread,  
And he tied a big horn on the  
top of his head.



THEN He loaded some bags  
And some old empty sacks,  
On a ramshackle sleigh And he hitched up old Max.  
Then the Grinch said, "Giddap!"  
And the sleigh started down,  
Toward the homes where the Whos Lay asnooze in their town.  
All their windows were dark.  
Quiet snow filled the air.  
All the Whos were all dreaming sweet dreams without care.



When he came to the first little house on the square.  
"This is stop number one," the old Grinchy Claus hissed,  
And he climbed to the roof,  
empty bags in his fist.



Then he slid down the chimney. A rather tight pinch.  
But, if Santa could do it, then so could the Grinch.  
He got stuck only once, for a moment or two.

Then he stuck his head out of the fireplace flue.  
Where the little Who stockings all hung in a row.  
"These stockings," he grinned, "are the first things to go!"  
Then he slithered and slunk, with a smile most unpleasant,



Around the whole room, and he took every present!

Pop guns!

And bicycles!

Roller skates!

Drums!

Checkerboards!

Tricycles!

Popcorn!

And plums!



And he stuffed them in bags.

Then the Grinch, very nimbly,  
Stuffed all the bags, one by one,  
up the chimney!

Then he slunk to the icebox.  
He took the Whos' feast!  
He took the Who pudding!

He took the roast beast!  
He cleaned out that  
icebox as quick as a flash.



Why, that Grinch even  
took their last  
can of Who-hash!  
Then he stuffed all the  
food up the chimney with glee.



"And NOW!" grinned the Grinch, "I will stuff up the tree!" And the Grinch grabbed the tree, and he started to shove, When he heard a small sound like the coo of a dove. He turned around fast, and he saw a small Who! Little Cindy-Lou Who, who was not more than two.

The Grinch had been caught by this tiny Who daughter, Who'd got out of bed for a cup of cold water.

She stared at the Grinch and said,  
"Santy Claus, why,"  
"Why are you taking our Christmas tree? WHY?"

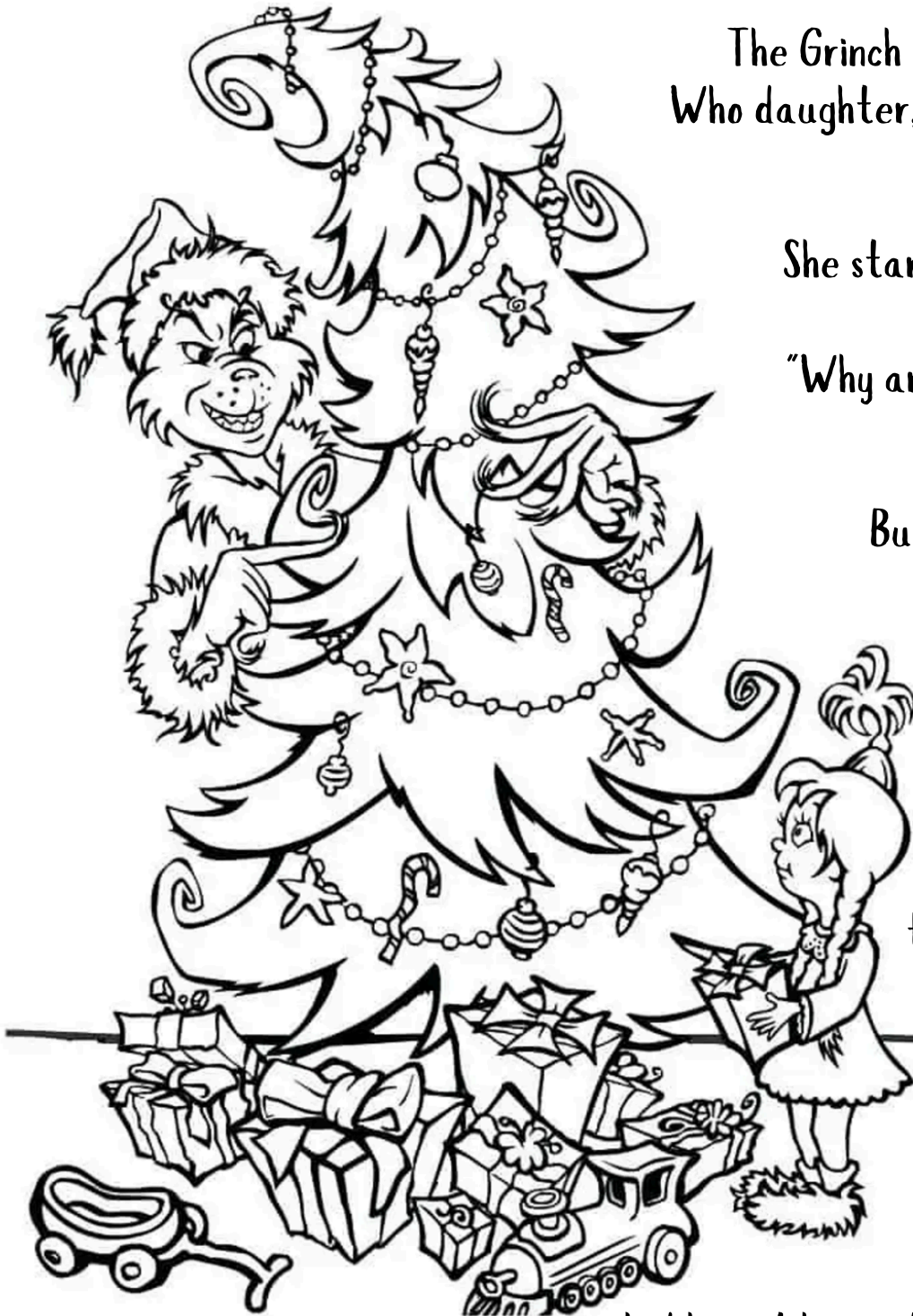
But, you know, that old Grinch was so smart and so slick,  
He thought up a lie,  
and he thought it up quick!

"Why, my sweet little tot,  
"the fake Santy Claus lied,  
"There's a light on this tree  
that won't light on one side."

"So I'm taking it home  
to my workshop, my dear."

"I'll fix it up there.  
Then I'll bring it back here."  
And his fib fooled the child.

Then he patted her head,  
And he got her a drink and he sent her to bed.



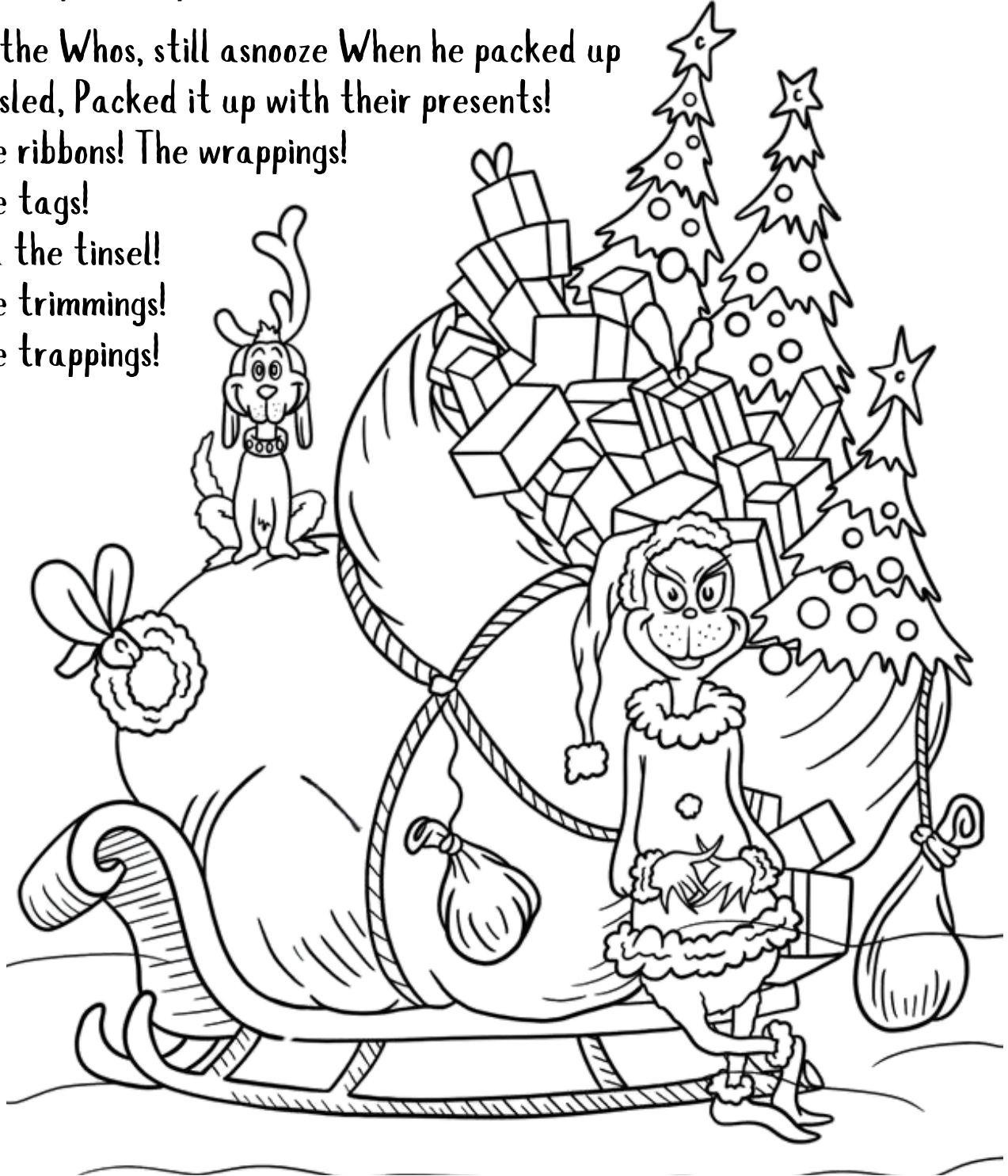


And when Cindy-Lou Who went to bed  
with her cup, HE went to the chimney  
and stuffed the tree up! Then the  
last thing he took was the log for  
their fire!



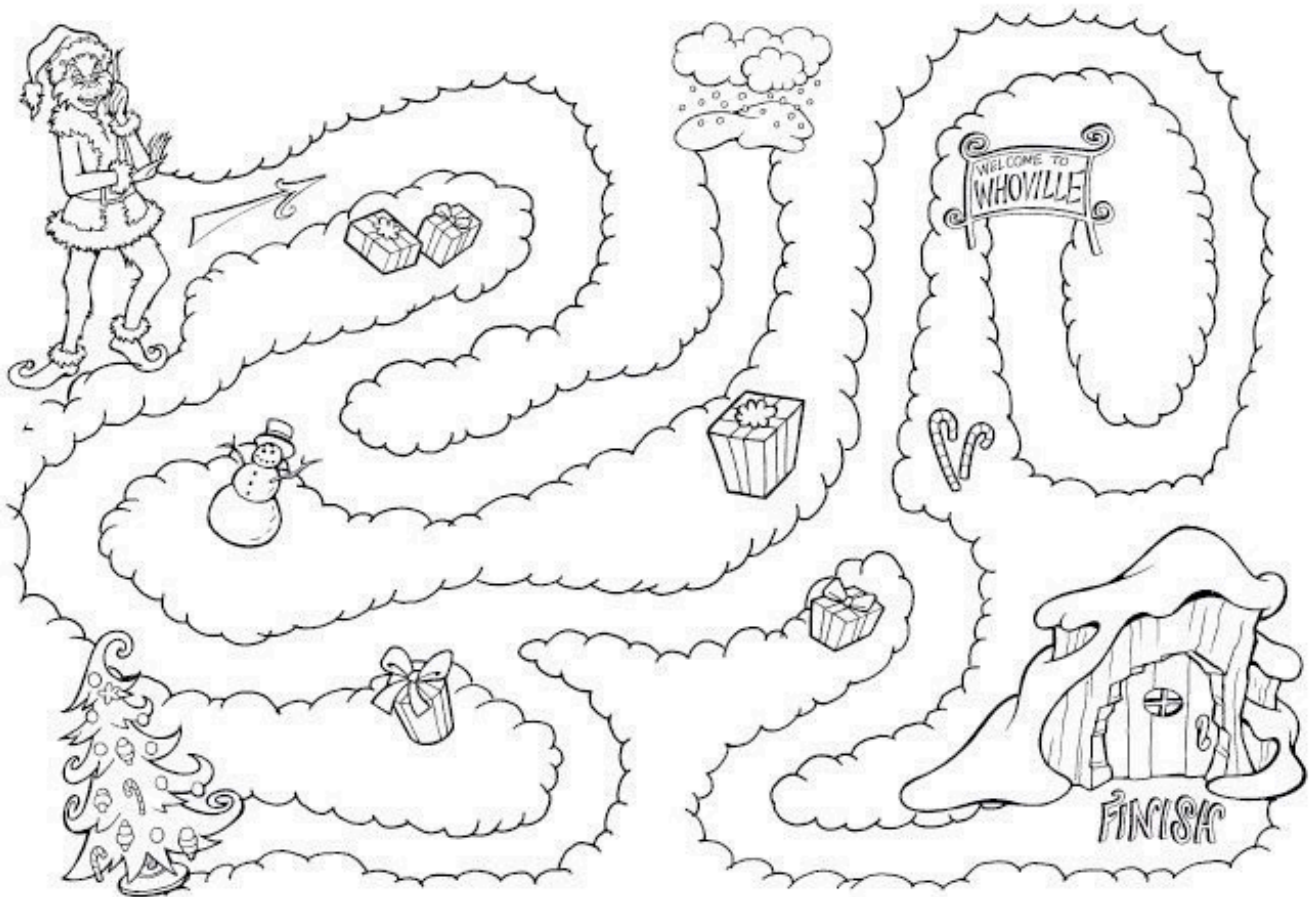
Then he went up the chimney, himself, the old liar.  
On their walls he left nothing but hooks and some wire.  
And the one speck of food That he left in the house,  
Was a crumb that was even too small for a mouse.  
Then He did the same thing To the other Whos' houses  
Leaving crumbs Much too small For the other Whos' mice!  
It was quarter past dawn... All the Whos, still a-bed,

All the Whos, still asnooze When he packed up  
his sled, Packed it up with their presents!  
The ribbons! The wrappings!  
The tags!  
And the tinsel!  
The trimmings!  
The trappings!



Three thousand feet up! Up the side of Mt. Crumpit,  
He rode with his load to the tiptop to dump it!  
"PoohPooh to the Whos!" he was grinchishly humming.  
"They're finding out now that no Christmas is coming!"  
"They're just waking up! I know just what they'll do!"  
"Their mouths will hang open a minute or two,  
Then the Whos down in Whoville will all cry BooHoo!"

**Help the Grinch Get Back to His Cave!**



"That's a noise," grinned the Grinch,  
"That I simply **MUST** hear!"  
So he paused. And the Grinch put his hand to his ear.  
And he did hear a sound rising over the snow.

It started in low.  
Then it started to grow.  
But the sound wasn't sad!  
Why, this sound  
sounded merry!



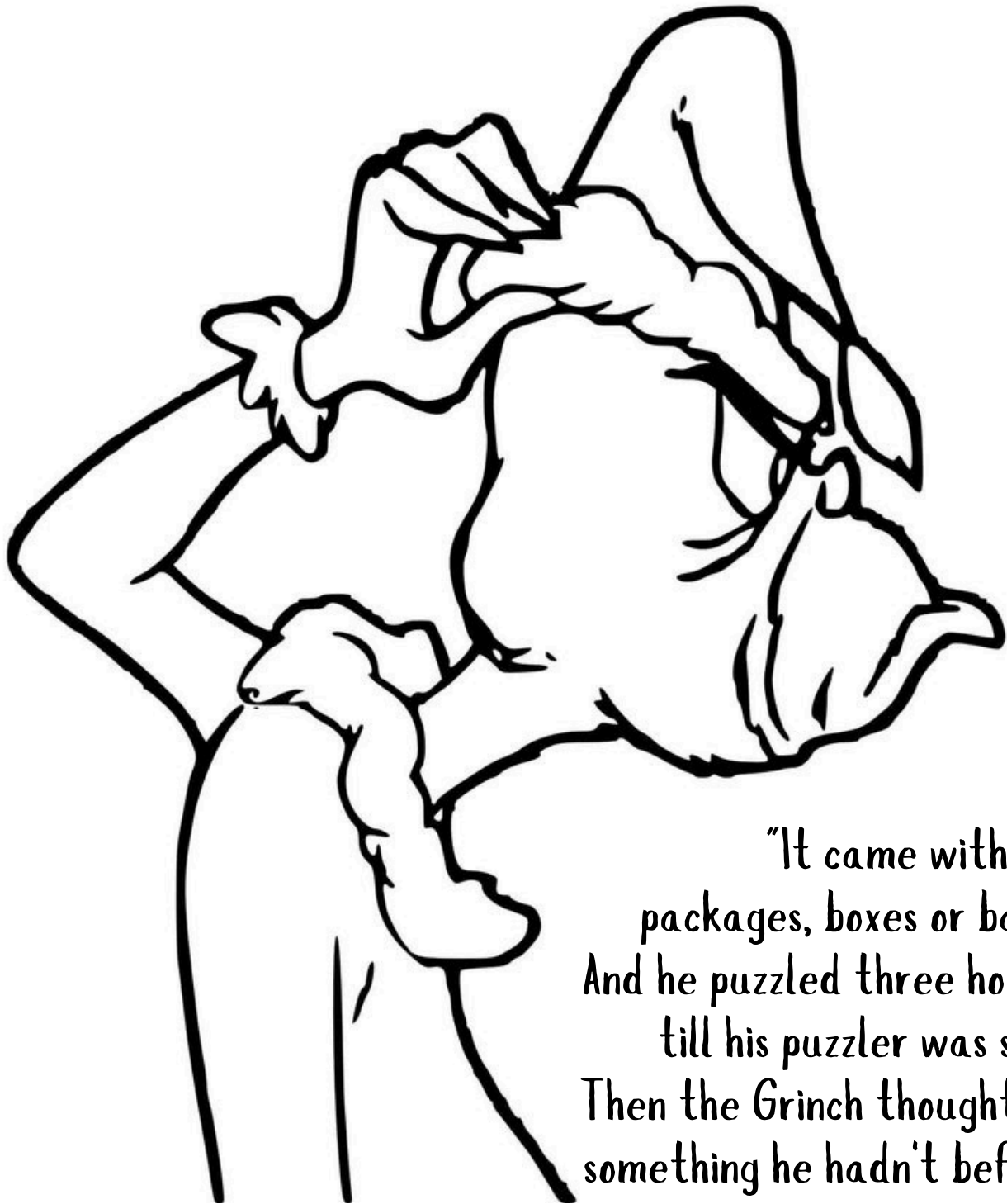
It couldn't be so! But it **WAS** merry! **VERY!** He stared  
down at Whoville! The Grinch popped his eyes!  
Then he shook!

What he saw was a shocking surprise!  
Every Who down in Whoville,  
the tall and the small,  
Was singing! Without any presents at all!





He HADN'T stopped Christmas from coming! IT CAME!  
Somehow or other, it came just the same!  
And the Grinch, with his grinch-feet ice-cold in the snow,  
Stood puzzling and puzzling: "How could it be so?"  
"It came with out ribbons! It came without tags!"



"It came without  
packages, boxes or bags!"  
And he puzzled three hours,  
till his puzzler was sore.  
Then the Grinch thought of  
something he hadn't before!

"Maybe Christmas," he thought, "doesn't come from a store."  
"Maybe Christmas...perhaps...means a little bit more!"  
And what happened then? Well...in Whoville they say,

That the Grinch's  
small heart  
Grew three sizes that  
day!

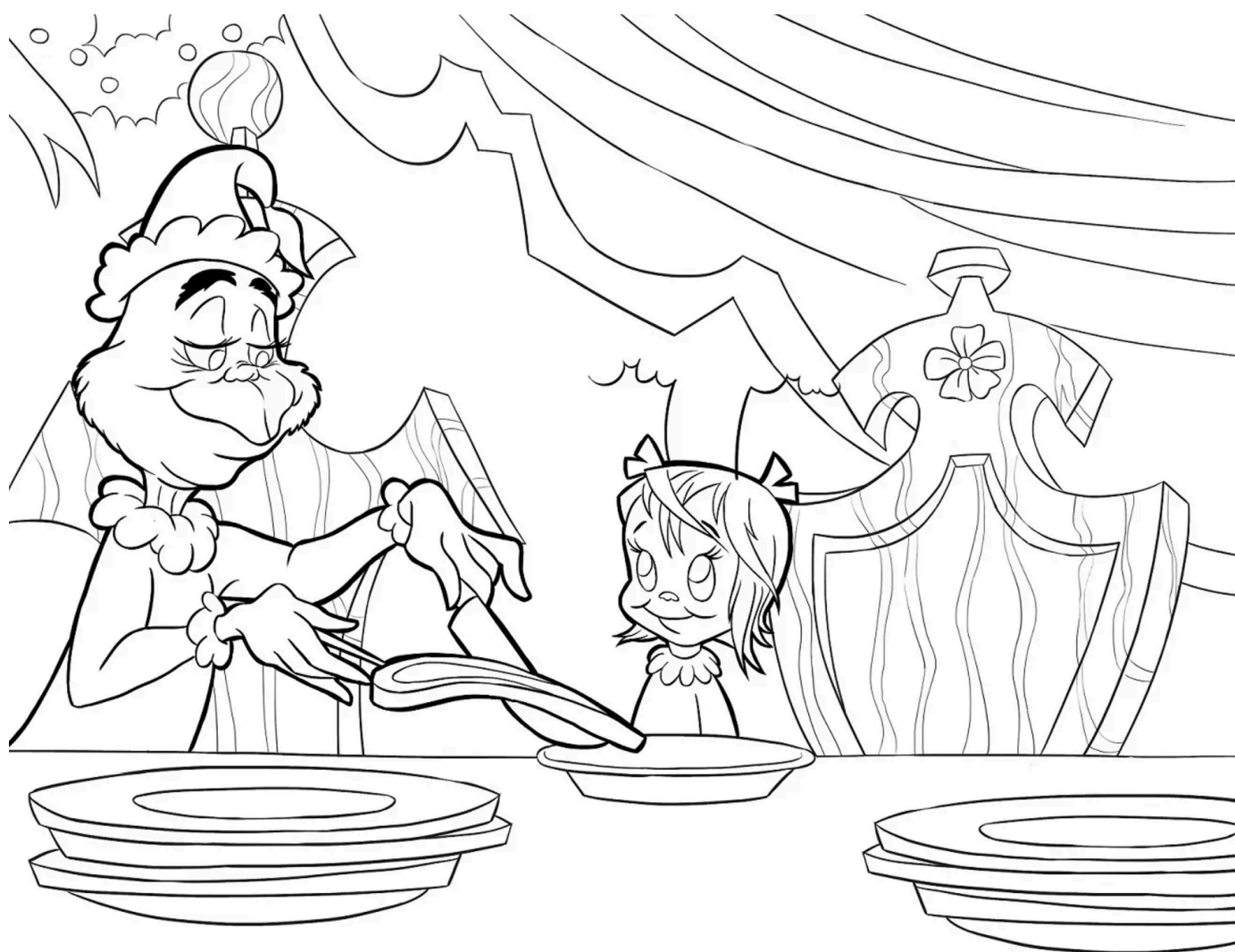


And the minute his heart didn't feel quite so tight,  
He whizzed with his load through the bright morning light,





And he brought back the toys! And the food for the feast!  
And he, HE HIMSELF! The Grinch carved the roast beast!





The  
End