

**Robert  
Munsch**

# **MUD PUDDLE**



*Illustrated by*  
**Dušan  
Petričić**

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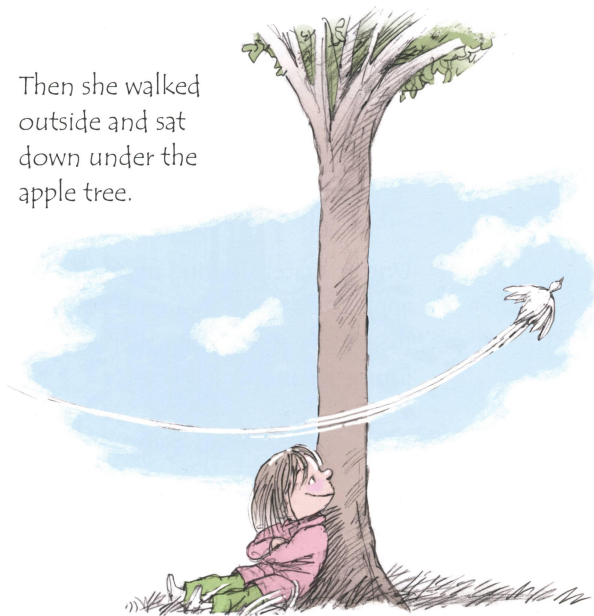
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Jule Ann's mother bought her clean new clothes. Jule Ann put on a clean new shirt and buttoned it up the front. She put on clean new pants and buttoned them up the front.



Then she walked  
outside and sat  
down under the  
apple tree.







Unfortunately, hiding up in the apple tree there was a mud puddle. It saw Jule Ann sitting there and it jumped right on her head.



She got completely all over muddy.  
Even her ears were full of mud.

Jule Ann ran inside, yelling,  
**"Mommy, Mommy! A mud puddle  
jumped on me."**



Her mother picked her up, took off all her  
clothes, and dropped her into a tub of water.

She scrubbed Jule Ann till she was red all over.



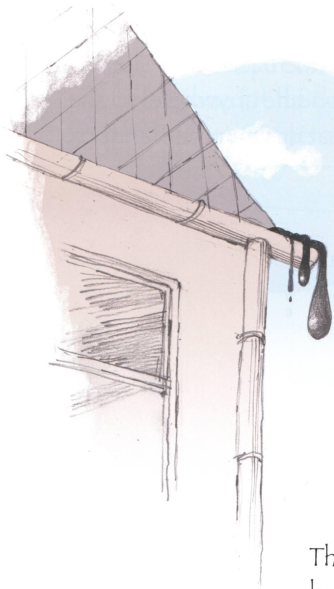
She washed out her ears.  
She washed out her eyes.  
She even washed out her mouth.

Jule Ann put on a clean new shirt and buttoned it up the front. She put on clean new pants and buttoned them up the front.



Then she looked out the back door. She couldn't see a mud puddle anywhere, so she walked outside and sat down in her sandbox.





The sandbox was next to the house, and hiding up on top of the house there was a mud puddle.

It saw Jule Ann sitting  
down there and it  
jumped right on her  
head. She got completely  
all over muddy. Even her  
nose was full of mud.





Jule Ann ran inside, yelling,  
**"Mommy, Mommy! A mud puddle  
jumped on me."**



Jule Ann's mother picked her up, took off all her clothes, and dropped her into a tub of water.

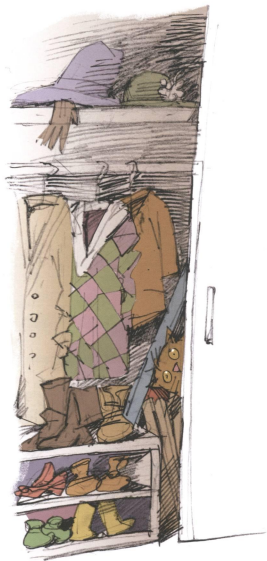
She scrubbed Jule Ann till she was red all over.

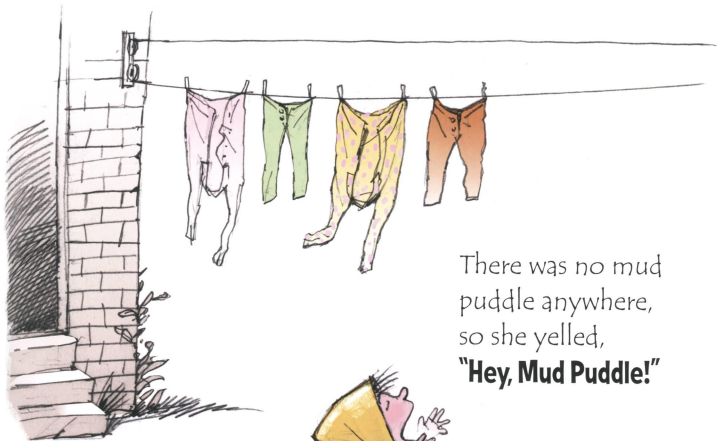


She washed out her ears.  
She washed out her eyes.  
She washed out her mouth.  
She even washed out her nose.

Jule Ann put on a clean new shirt and buttoned it up the front. Then she put on clean new pants and buttoned them up the front.

Then she had an idea. She reached way back into the closet and got a big yellow raincoat. She put it on and walked outside.





There was no mud puddle anywhere, so she yelled,

**"Hey, Mud Puddle!"**



Nothing happened, so she yelled even louder,  
**"Hey, Mud Puddle!!"**

Jule Ann was standing in the sunshine in her raincoat, getting very hot. She pulled back her hood. Nothing happened. She took off her raincoat.



As soon as she took off her coat, out from behind the doghouse there came the mud puddle. It ran across the grass and jumped right on Jule Ann's head. She got completely all over muddy.



Jule Ann ran inside, yelling,  
**"Mommy, Mommy! A mud puddle  
jumped on me."**



Her mother picked her up, took off all her clothes, and dropped her into a tub full of water.

She scrubbed Jule Ann till she was red all over.



She washed out her ears.  
She washed out her eyes.  
She washed out her mouth.  
She washed out her nose.  
She even washed out her belly button.





Jule Ann put on a clean new shirt and buttoned it up the front. She put on clean new pants and buttoned them up the front.

Then she sat by the back door because she was afraid to go outside.



Then she had an idea.



She reached up to the sink and took a bar of smelly yellow soap. She gave it a smell—yecch! She took another bar of smelly yellow soap and gave it a smell—yecch! She put the smelly yellow soap in her pockets.

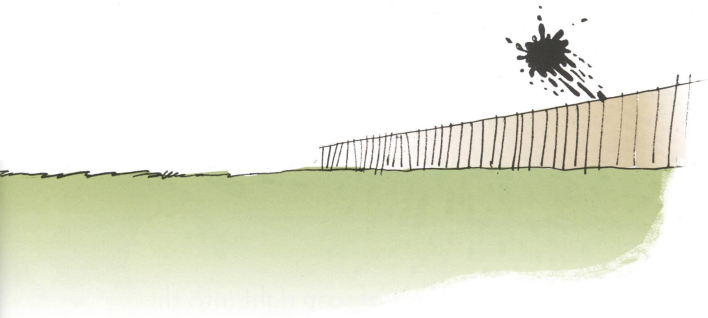




Then she ran out into the middle  
of the backyard and yelled,

**"Hey, Mud Puddle!"**

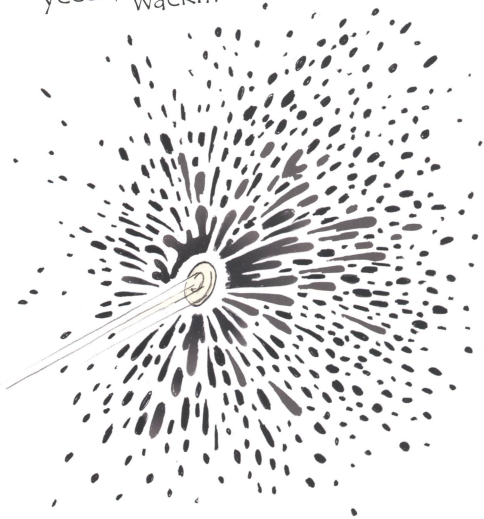
The mud puddle jumped over the  
fence and ran right toward her.





Jule Ann threw a bar of soap right into the mud puddle's middle. The mud puddle stopped.

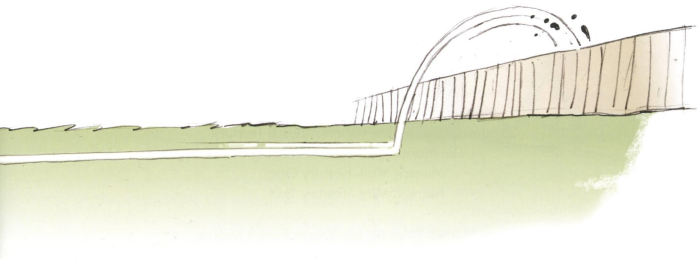
Jule Ann threw the other bar of soap right into the mud puddle. The mud puddle said, "Awk, yecch, wackh!"







It ran across the grass, jumped over  
the fence, and never came back.





*To Jeffrey*

*—R.M.*

*In memory of my mother*

*—D.P.*

*A fresh new look for a well-loved classic.*

**Whenever Jule Ann goes outside, a mud puddle jumps on her and gets her muddy all over. But she defeats the mud puddle with cheerful ingenuity and two bars of smelly yellow soap. As in all Munsch stories, the child is the hero!**

Beloved storyteller **ROBERT MUNSCH** has written dozens of books for children, including *The Paper Bag Princess* and *Mortimer*. He lives with his family in Guelph, Ontario.

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