



THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING RED MITTEN

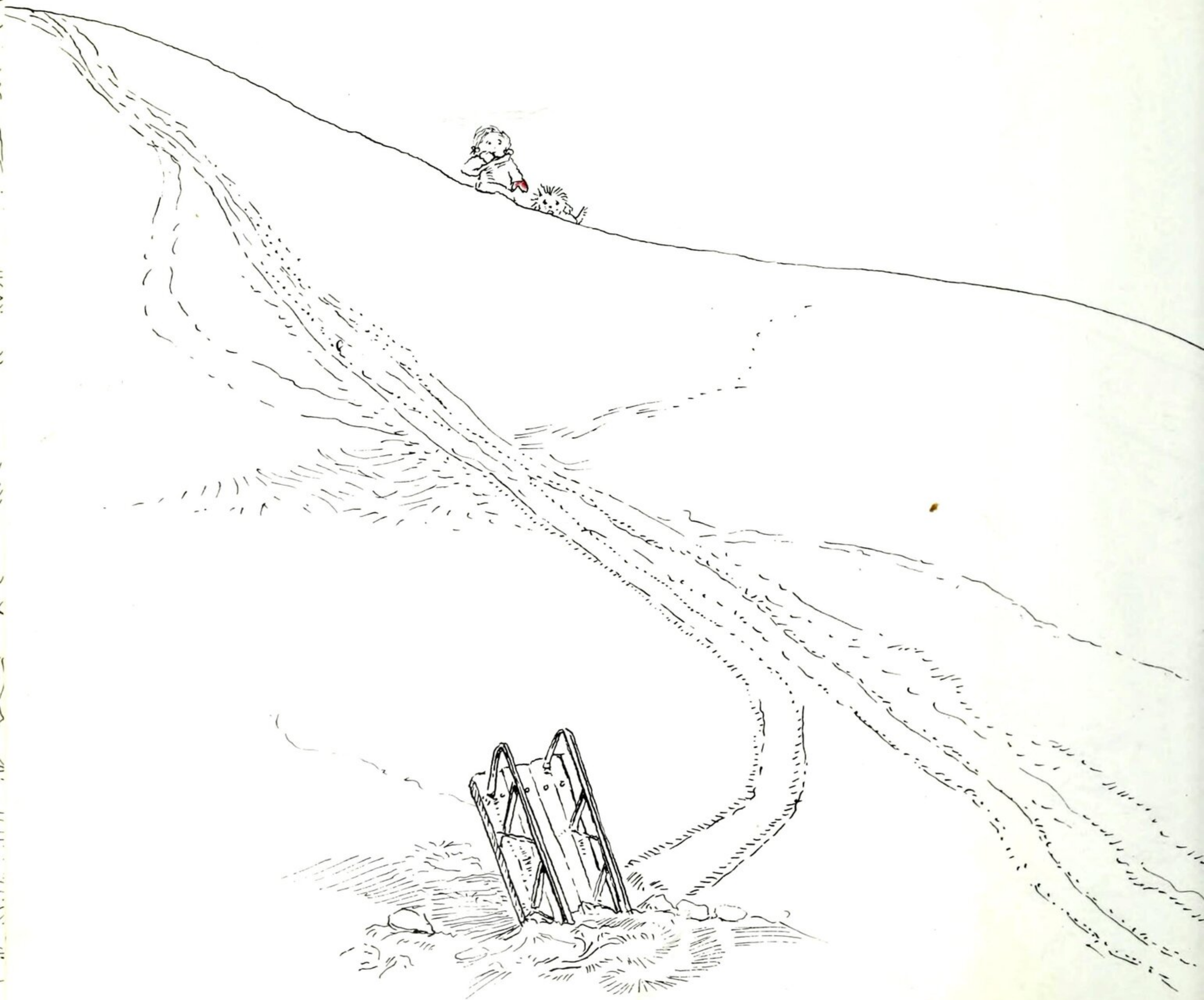
STORY AND PICTURES BY
STEVEN KELLOGG



I'll search every place I played this morning.



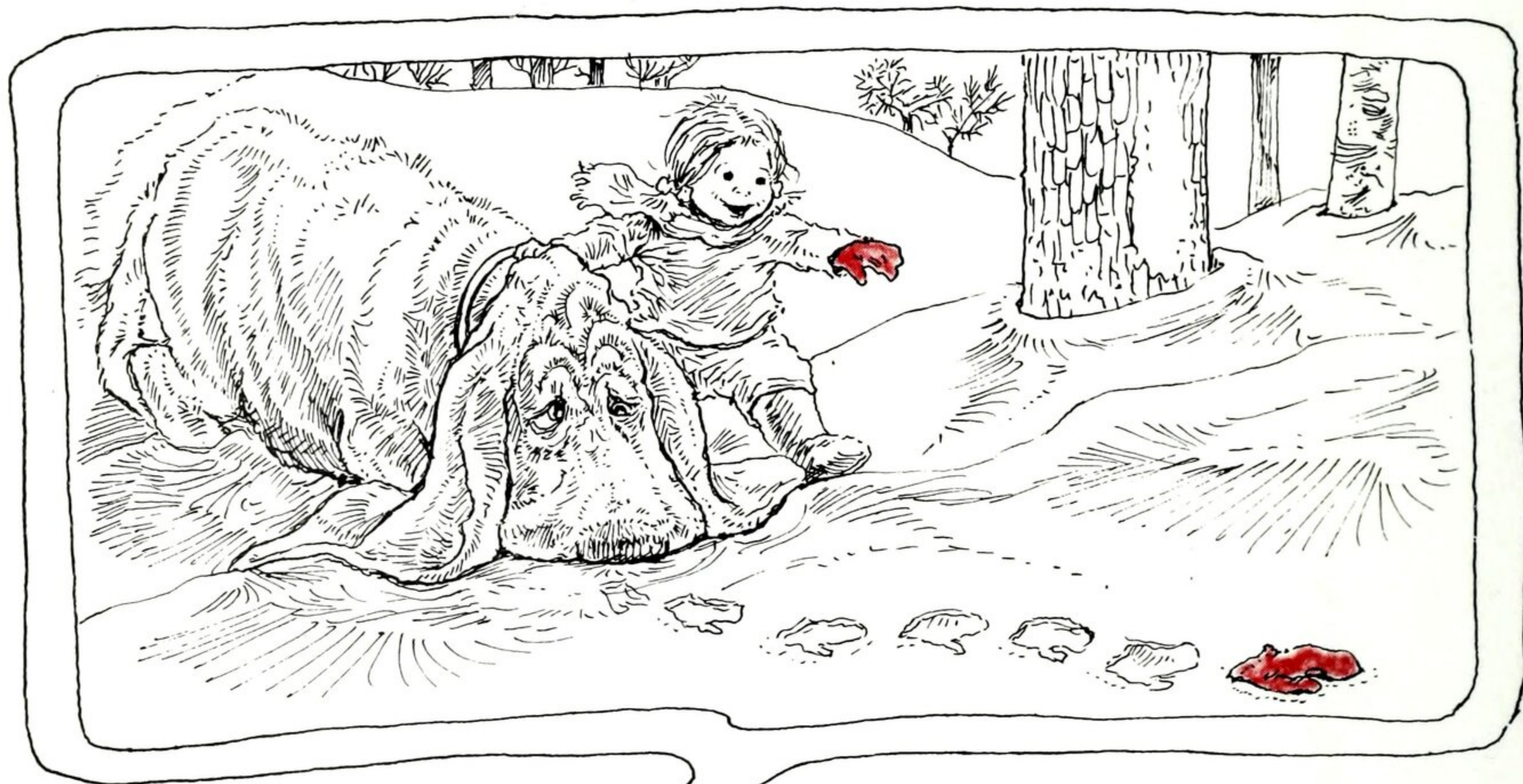
First I went sledding with Ralph.





Here's Ralph's boot, but there's no mitten.

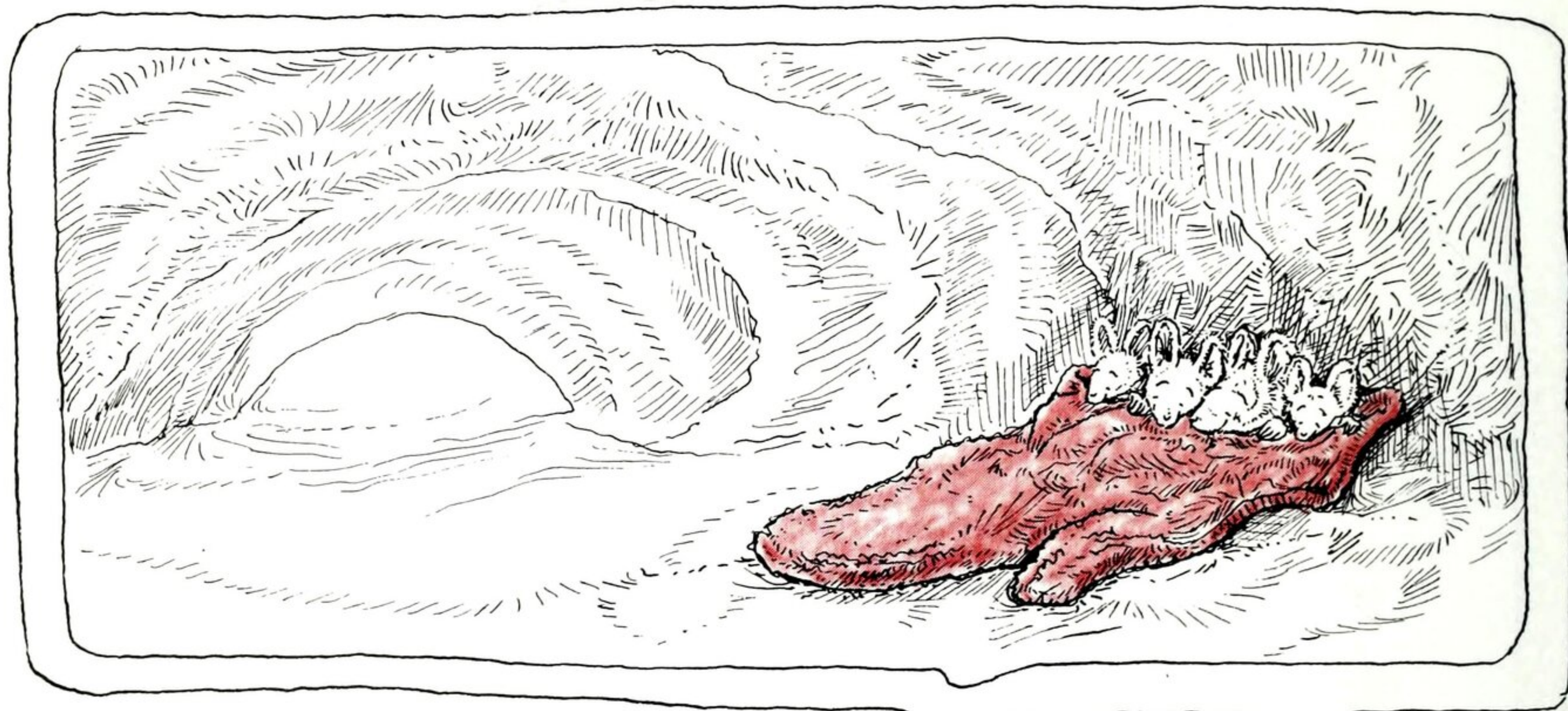
Oscar, if you were a bloodhound, you could track
down my mitten.



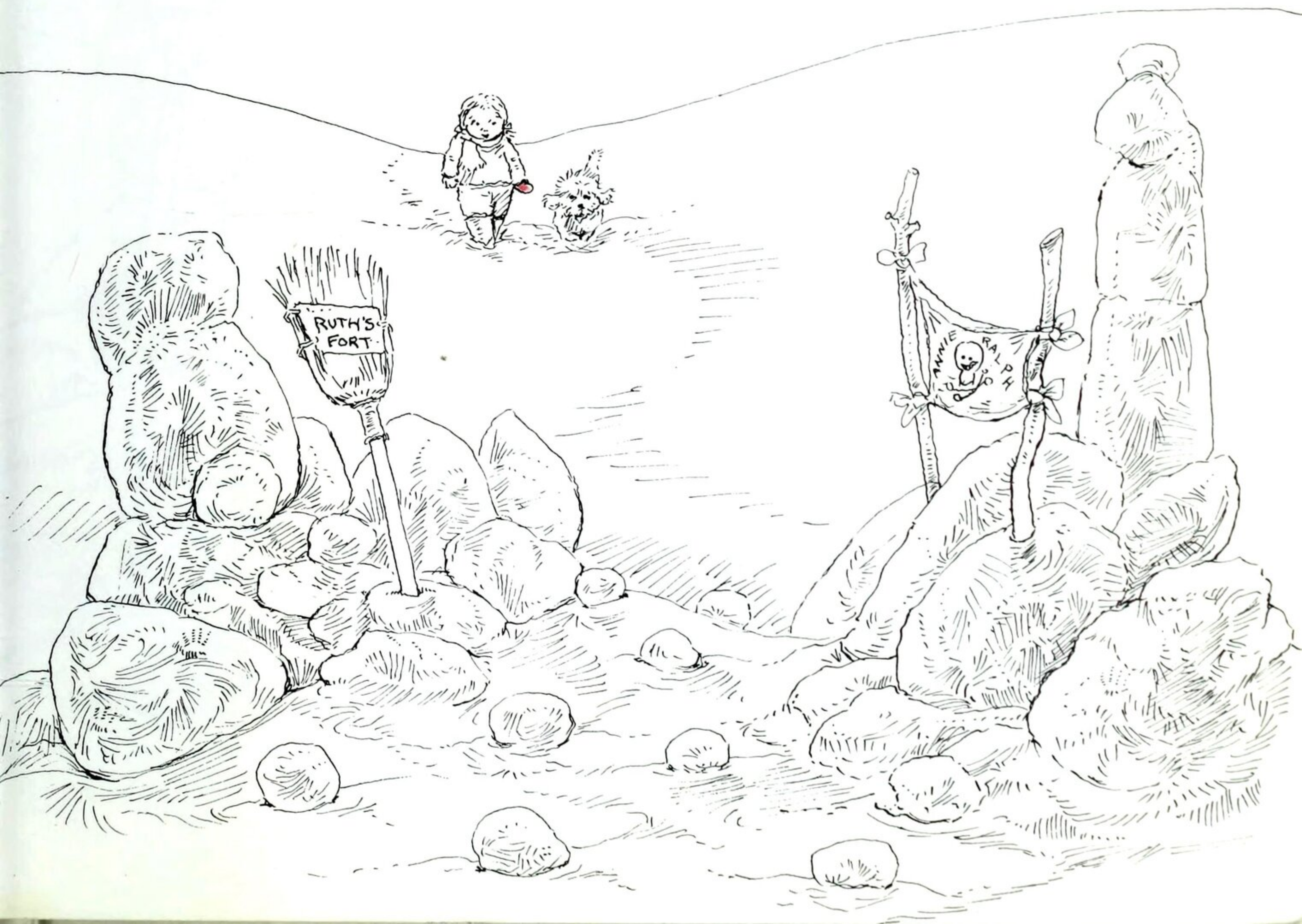
Look! Mouse tracks.



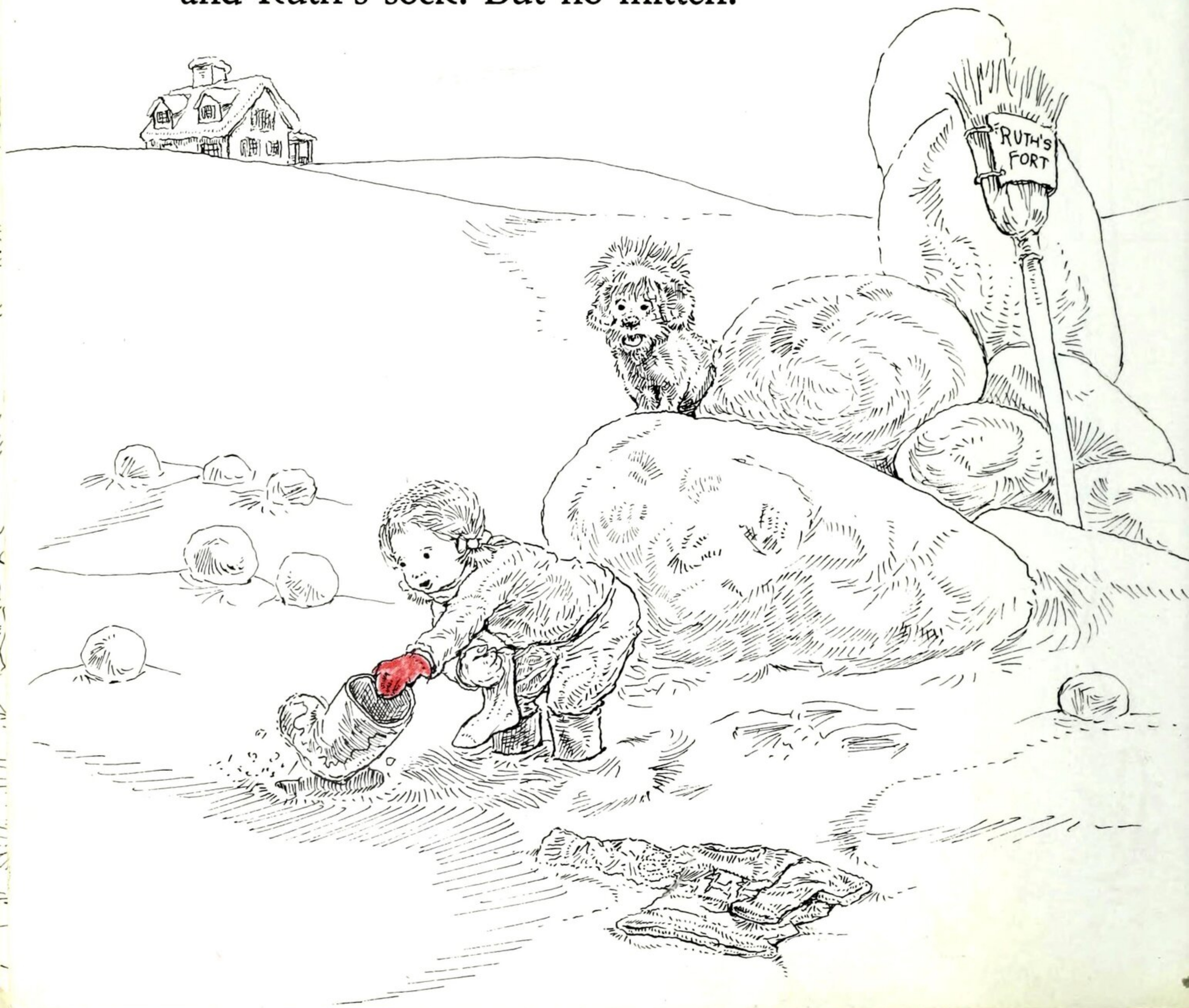
Do you think that the mouse and his family are
using my mitten for a sleeping bag?



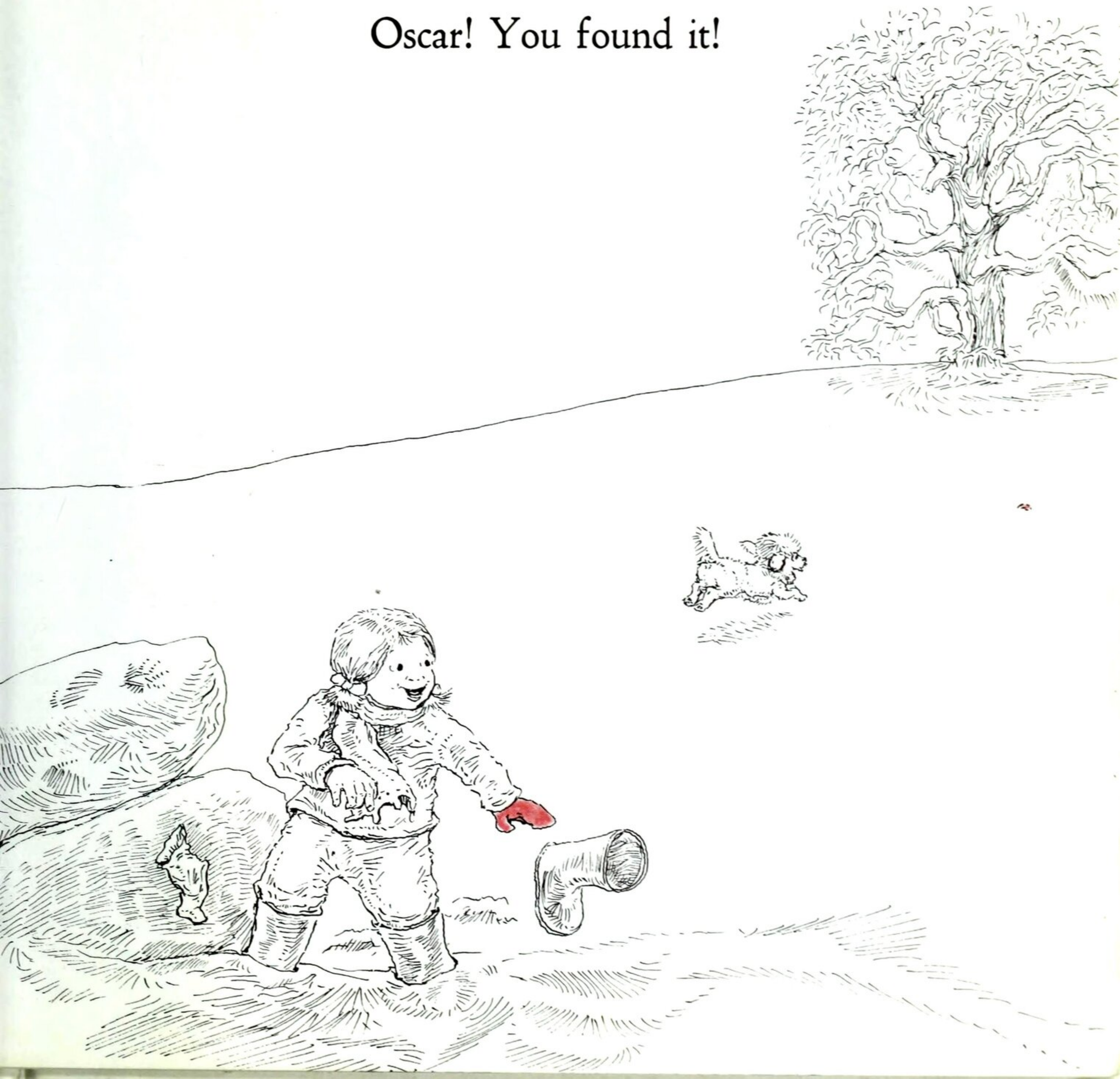
I'll look around the castles we built with
Herman and Ruth.



Here's Ralph's other boot and Herman's sweater
and Ruth's sock. But no mitten.



Oscar! You found it!

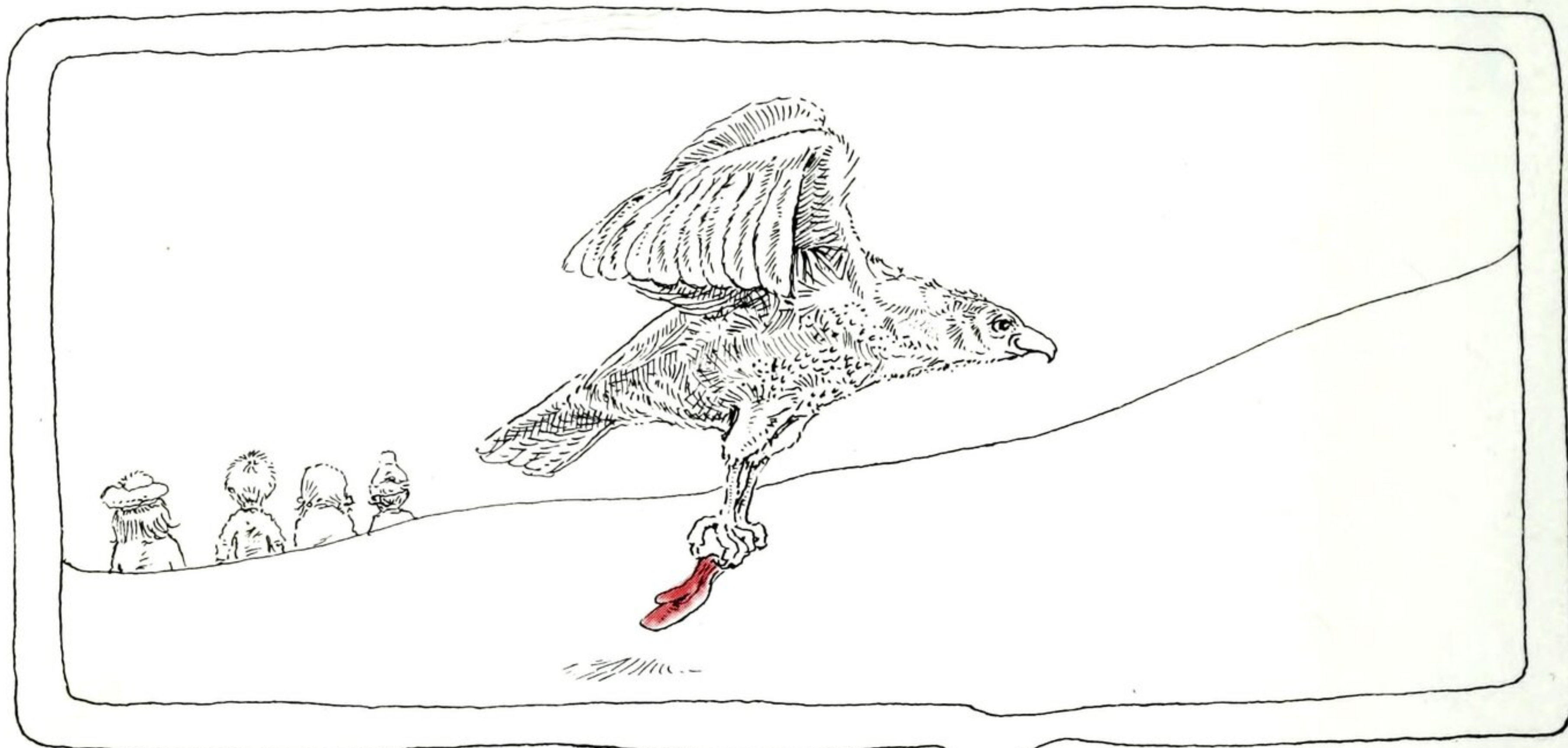






Little bird, did you take my mitten?

Maybe a *hawk* did!



Do you think a hawk took my mitten to keep his
baby's head warm?



I wonder if I dropped my mitten while I was making the snowman to surprise Miss Seltzer.





Hi, Miss Seltzer. Have you seen my mitten?

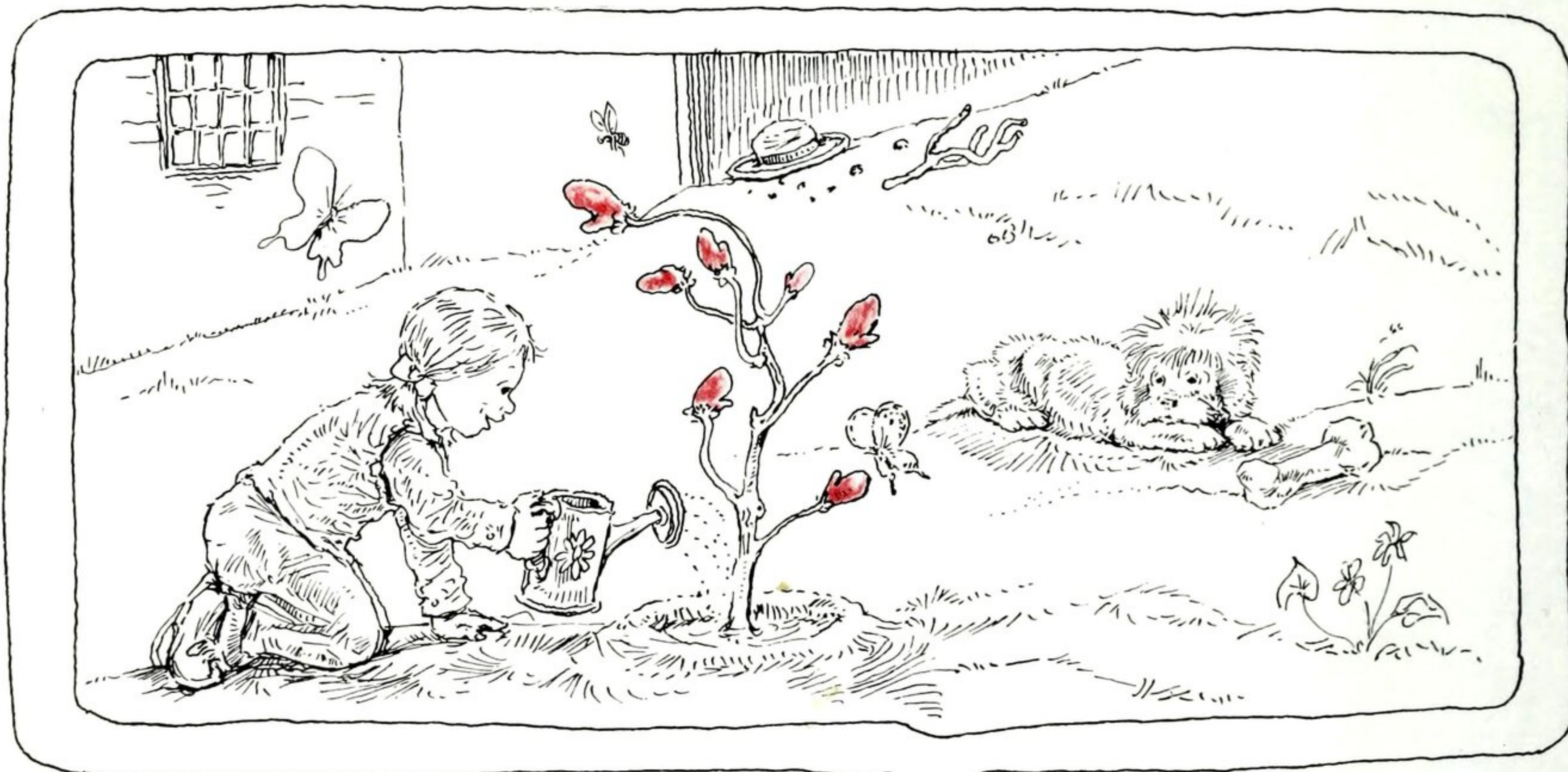
No, Annie, but why don't you look in the garden where you were making snow angels?



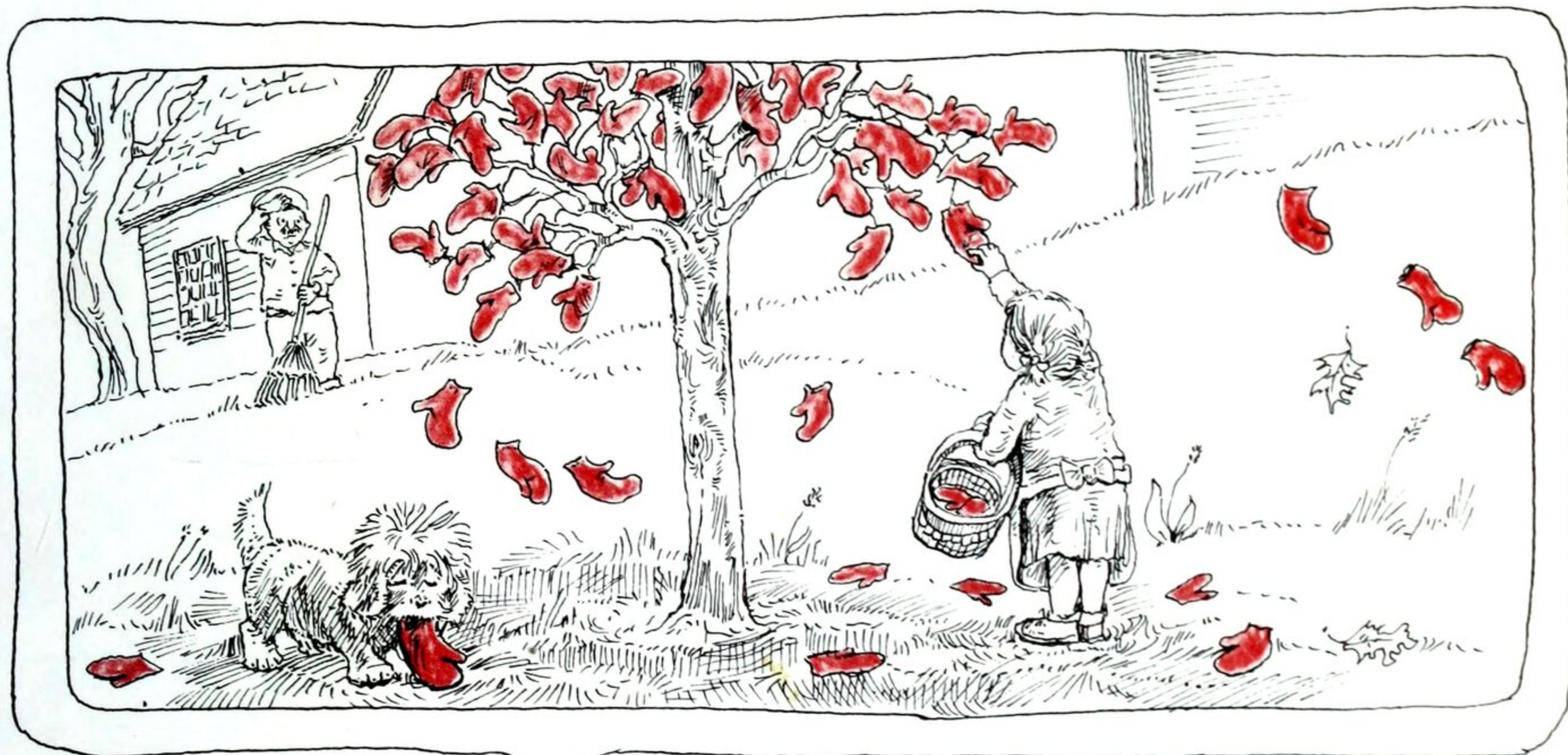
I wonder what would happen if I planted this
other mitten.



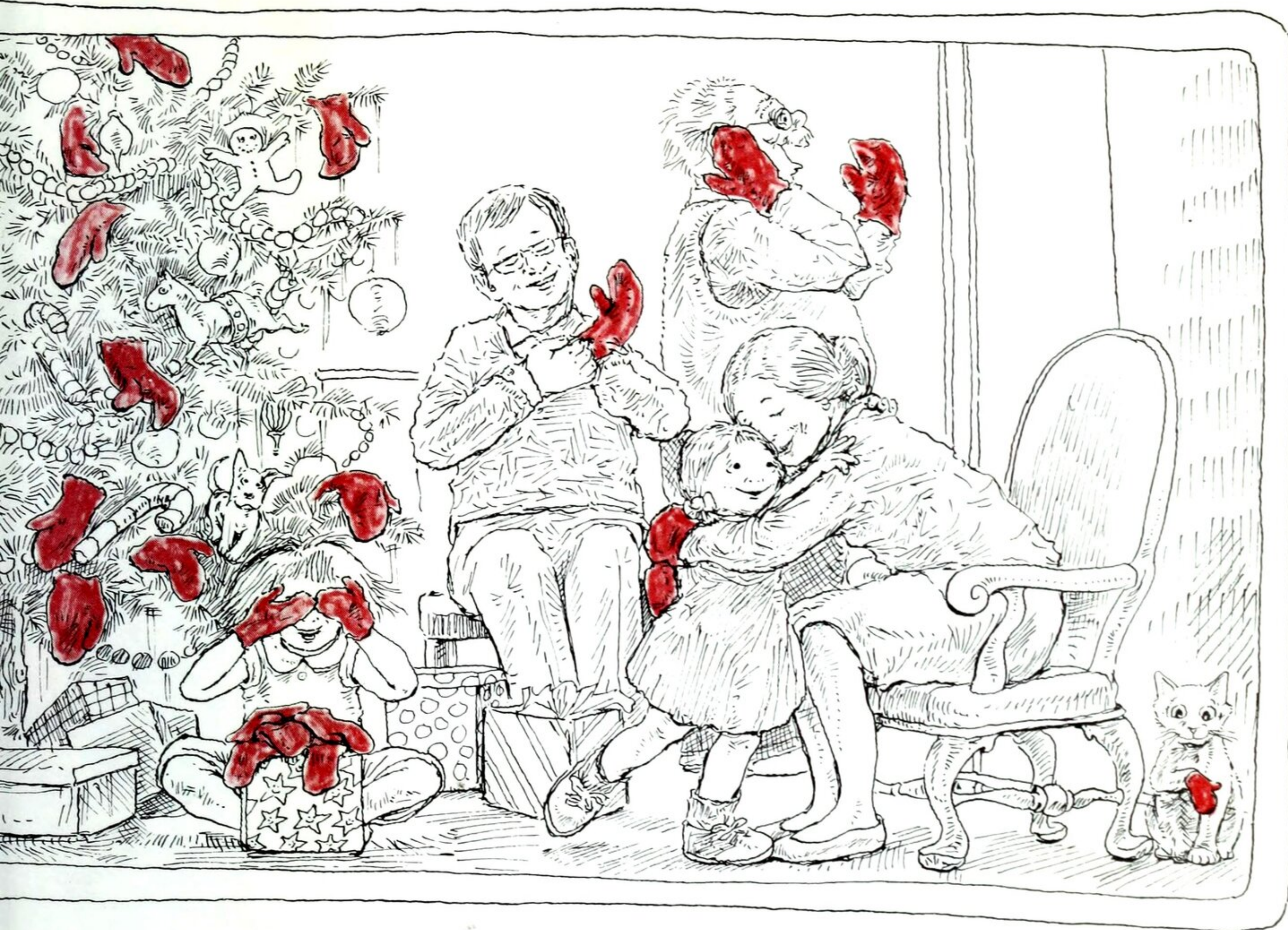
Maybe in the spring a mitten tree would grow.



In the fall I'd pick the ripe mittens.







And on Christmas I'd give mittens to my family and my friends.



Oscar, my hands are getting cold.

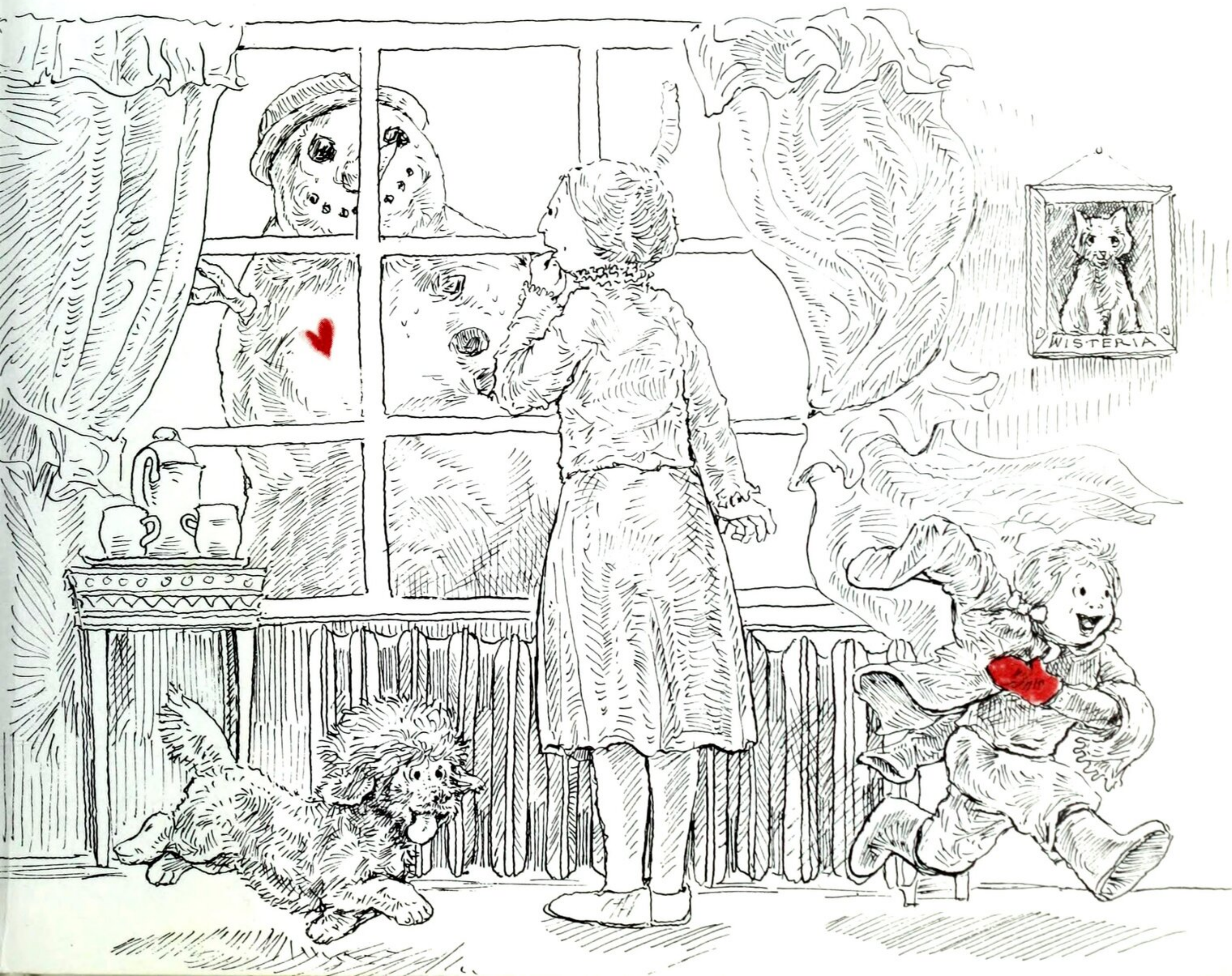


Come on, Annie. I made some hot chocolate to warm you up.

Miss Seltzer, the snowman is melting. What's
that spot on his chest?



A snowman with a heart!



My mitten was the heart of the snowman!





THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING RED MITTEN



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STORY AND PICTURES BY

Steven Kellogg



LOWER MILLS



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FOR LAURIE



Oscar, I lost my other mitten. That makes five mittens this winter. I'm in big trouble.

