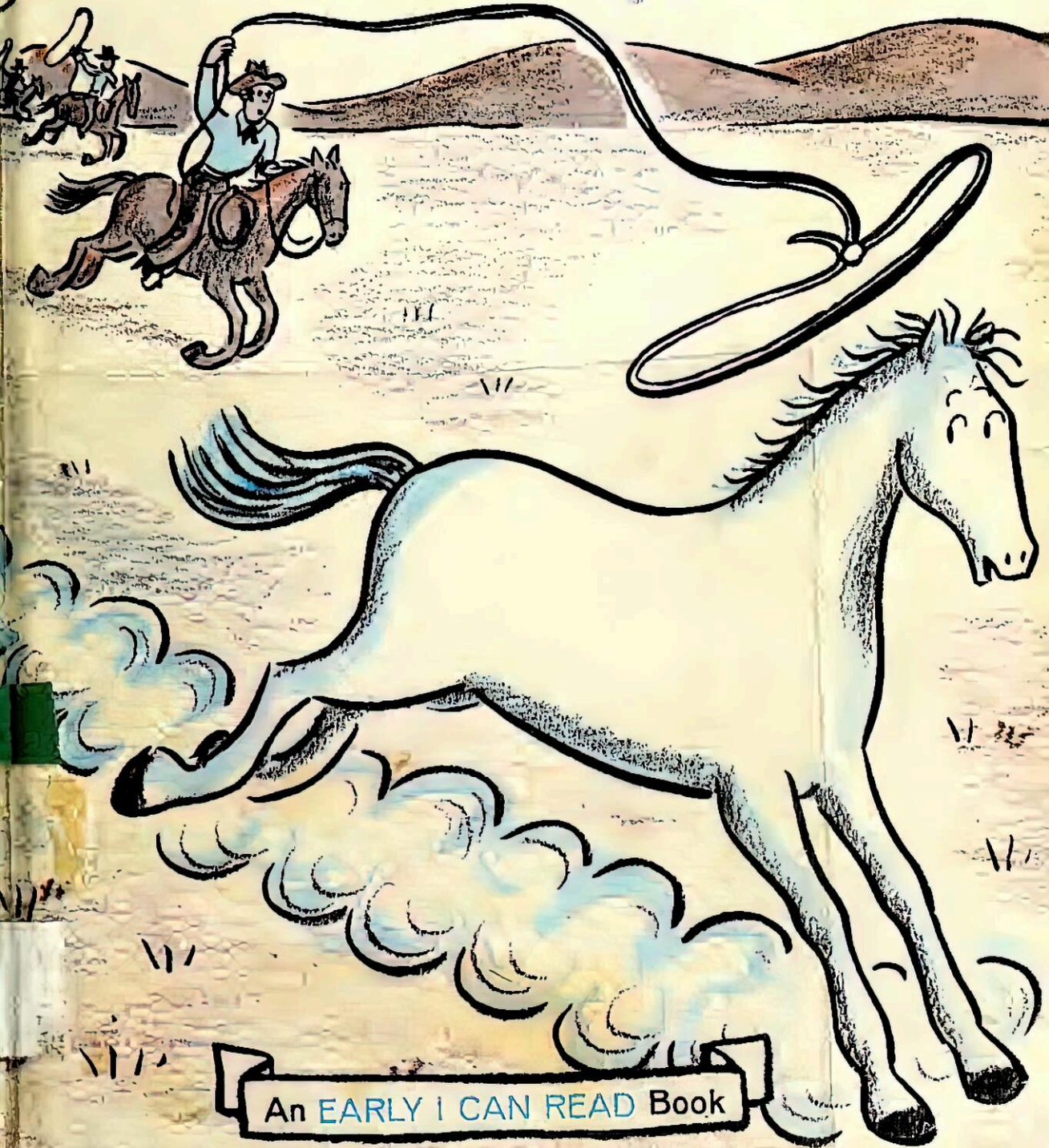


THUNDERHOOF

Story and Pictures by
SYD HOFF

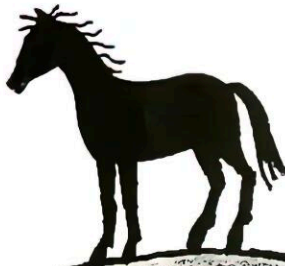


An **EARLY I CAN READ** Book

THUNDERHOOF

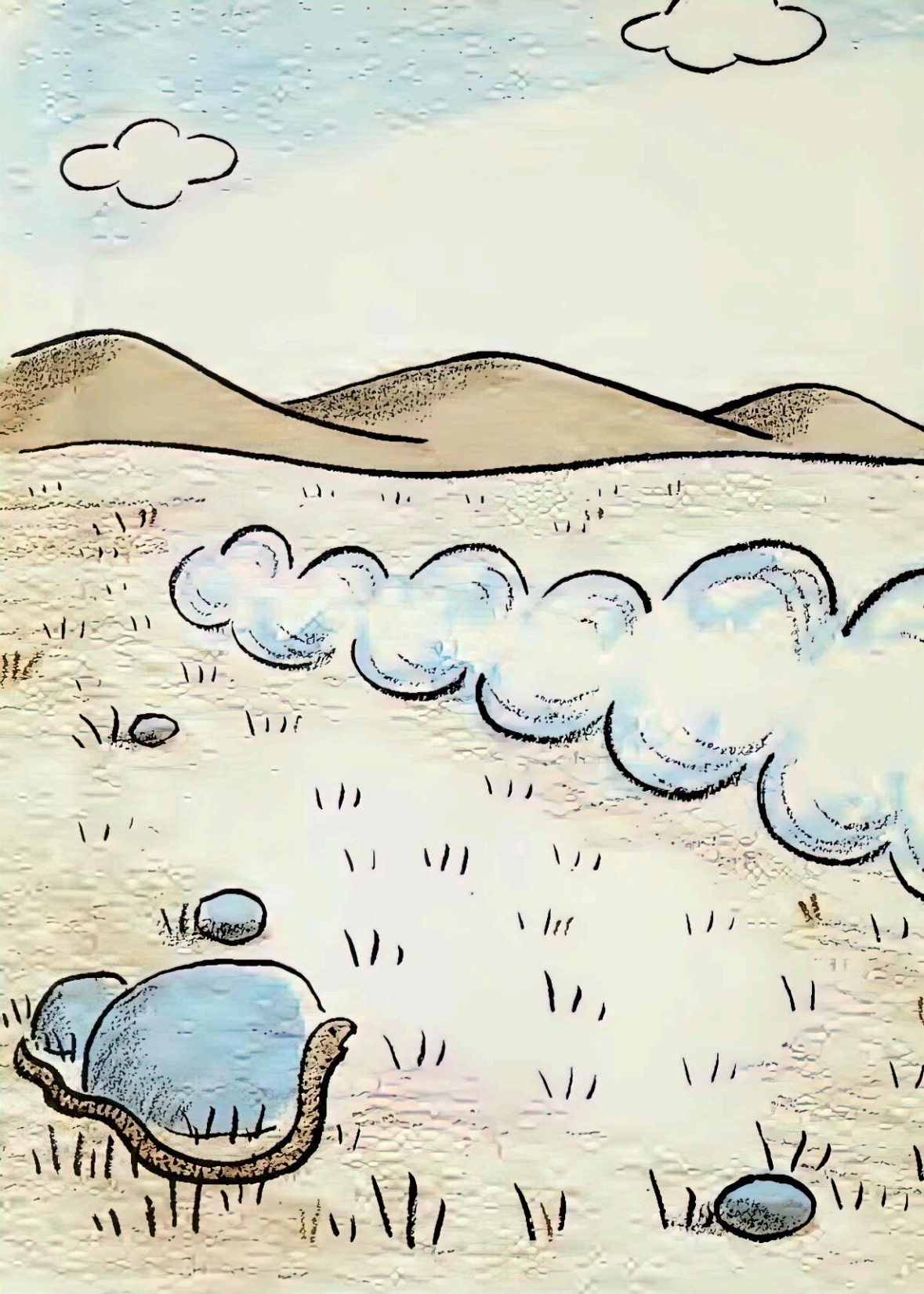
Story and Pictures by
SYD HOFF

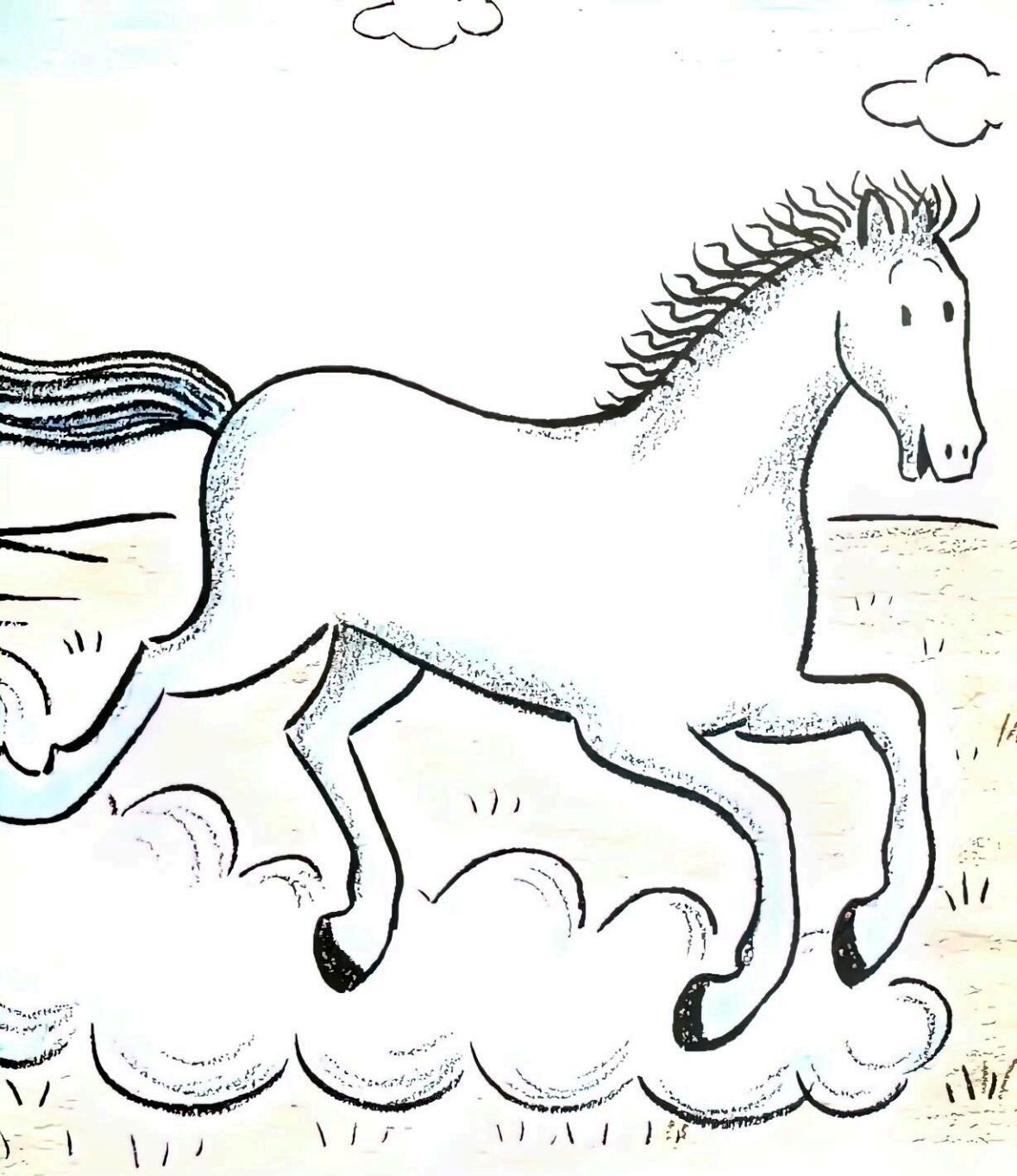
An EARLY I CAN READ Book



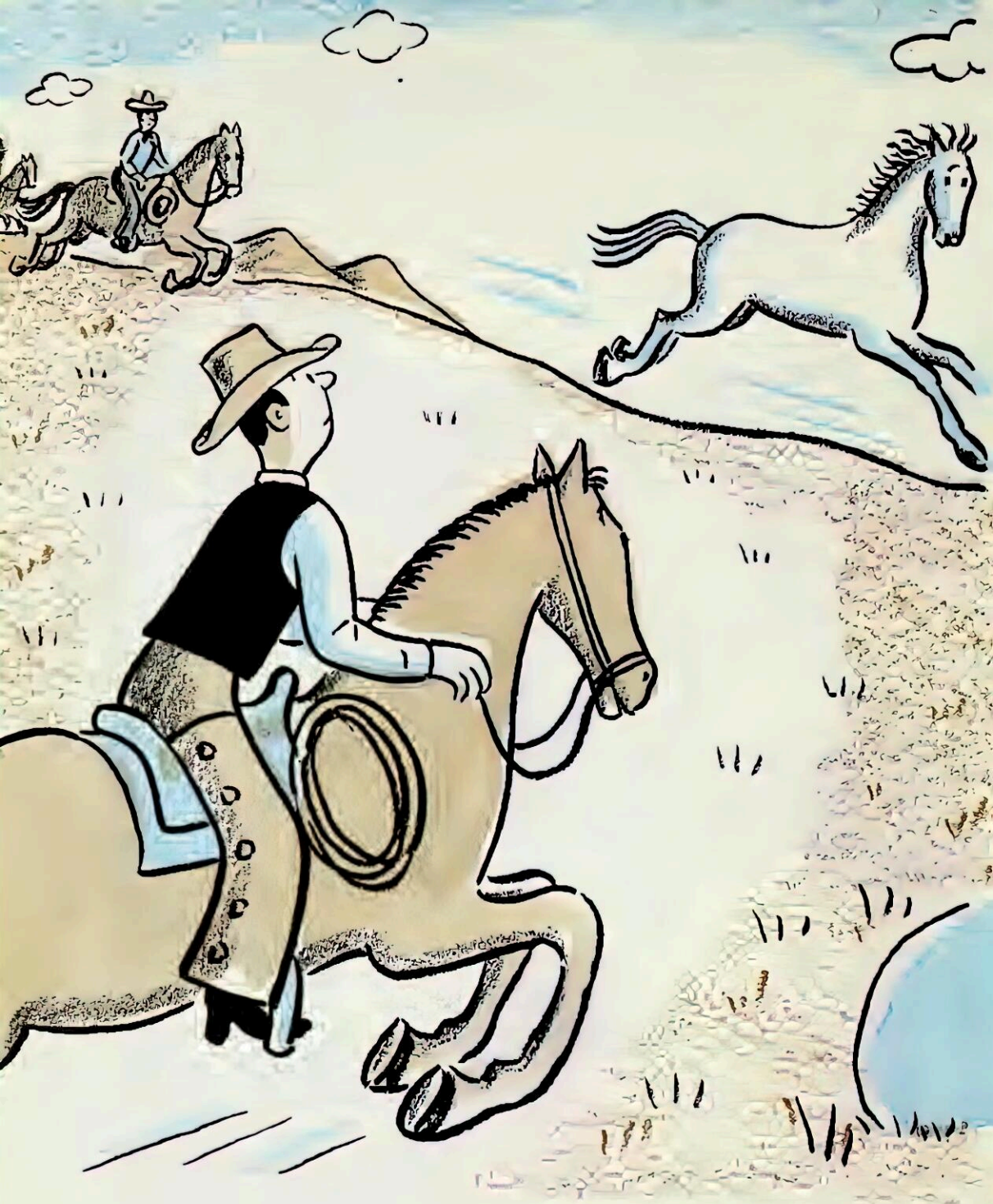
ST. PIUS X LIBRARY

Harper & Row, Publishers
New York, Evanston, San Francisco, London

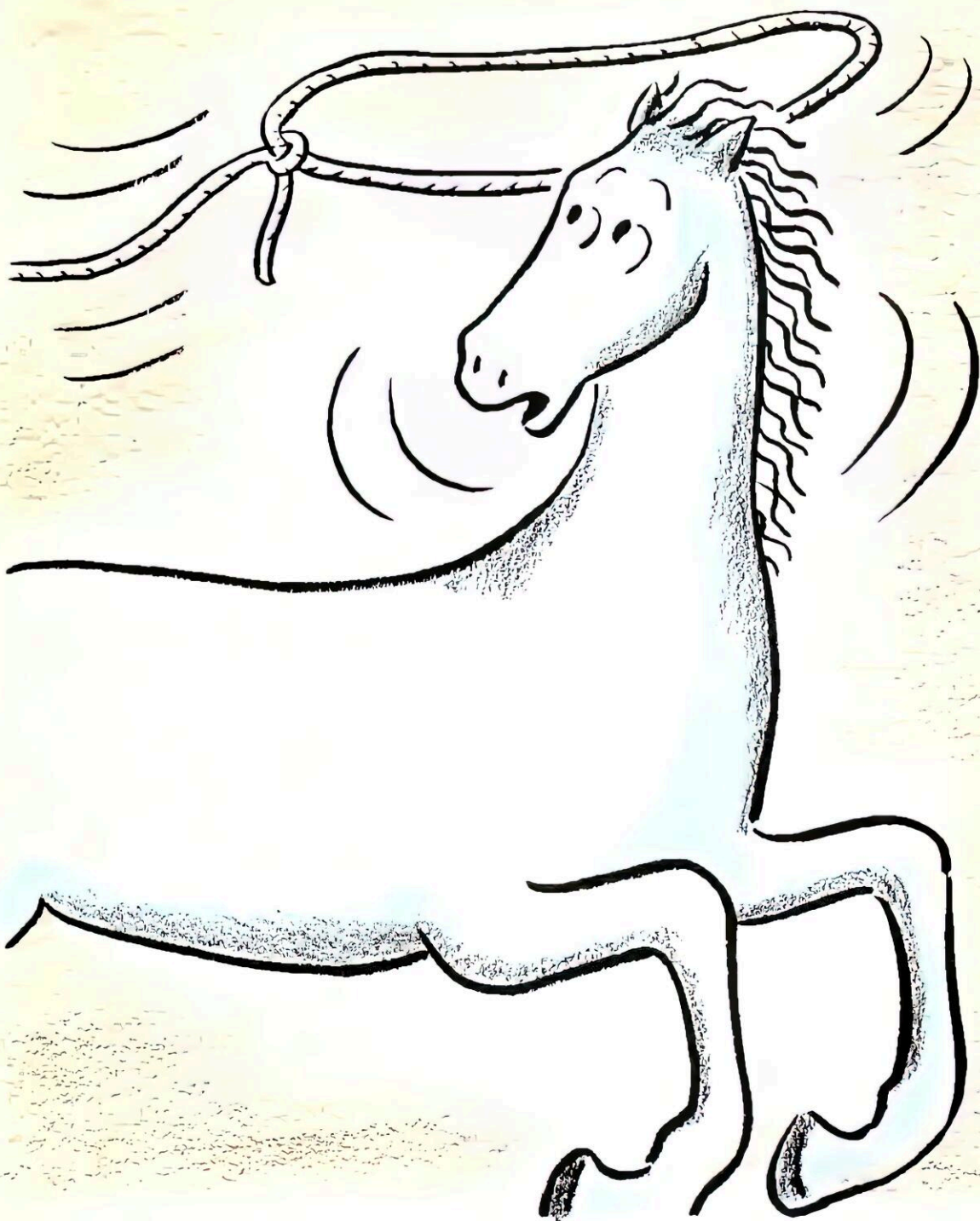




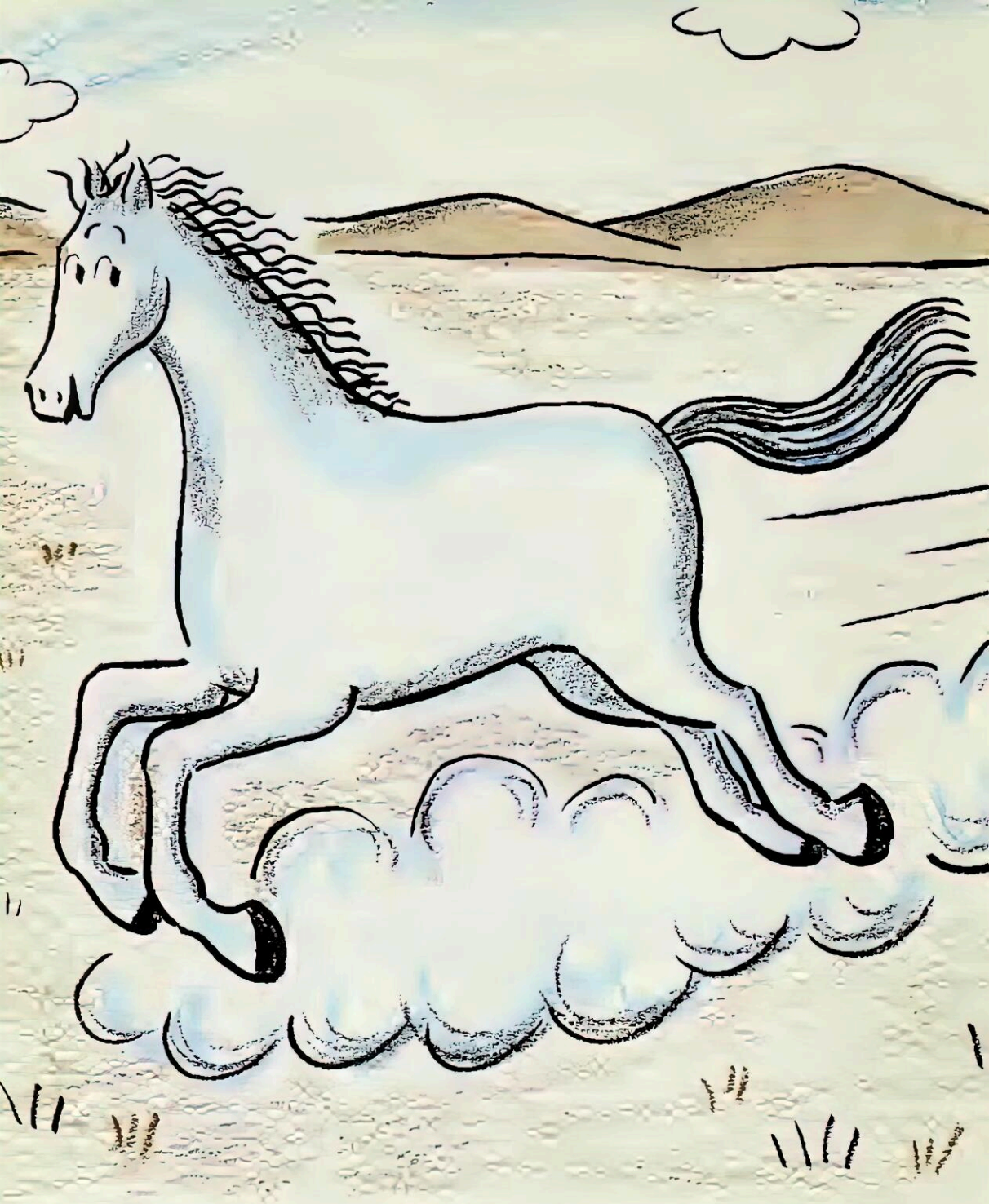
Way out West,
one great horse still ran wild.
His name was Thunderhoof.



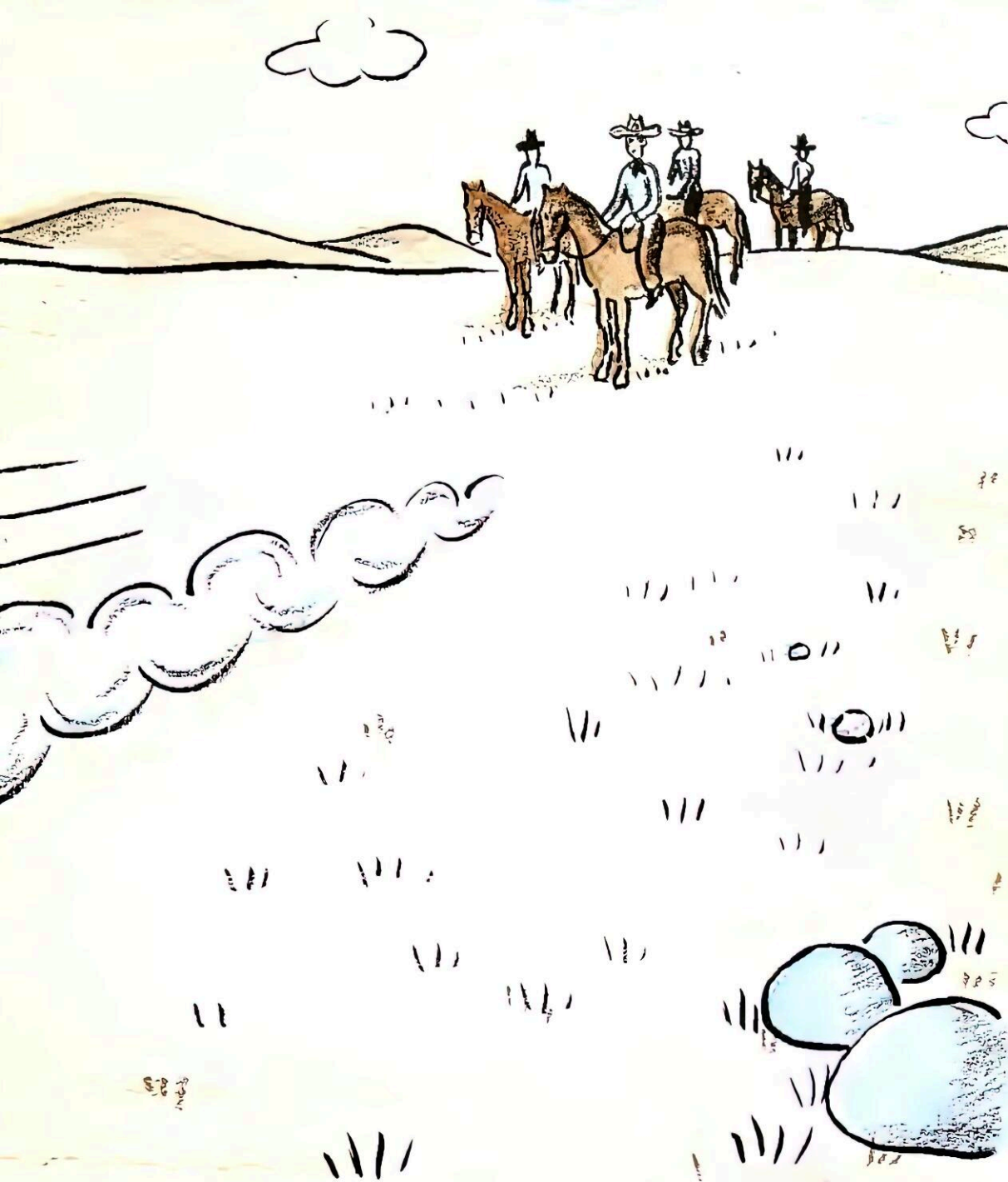
Cowboys tried to catch him.
But he ran too fast for them.



If they got a rope around his neck,
he shook it off.



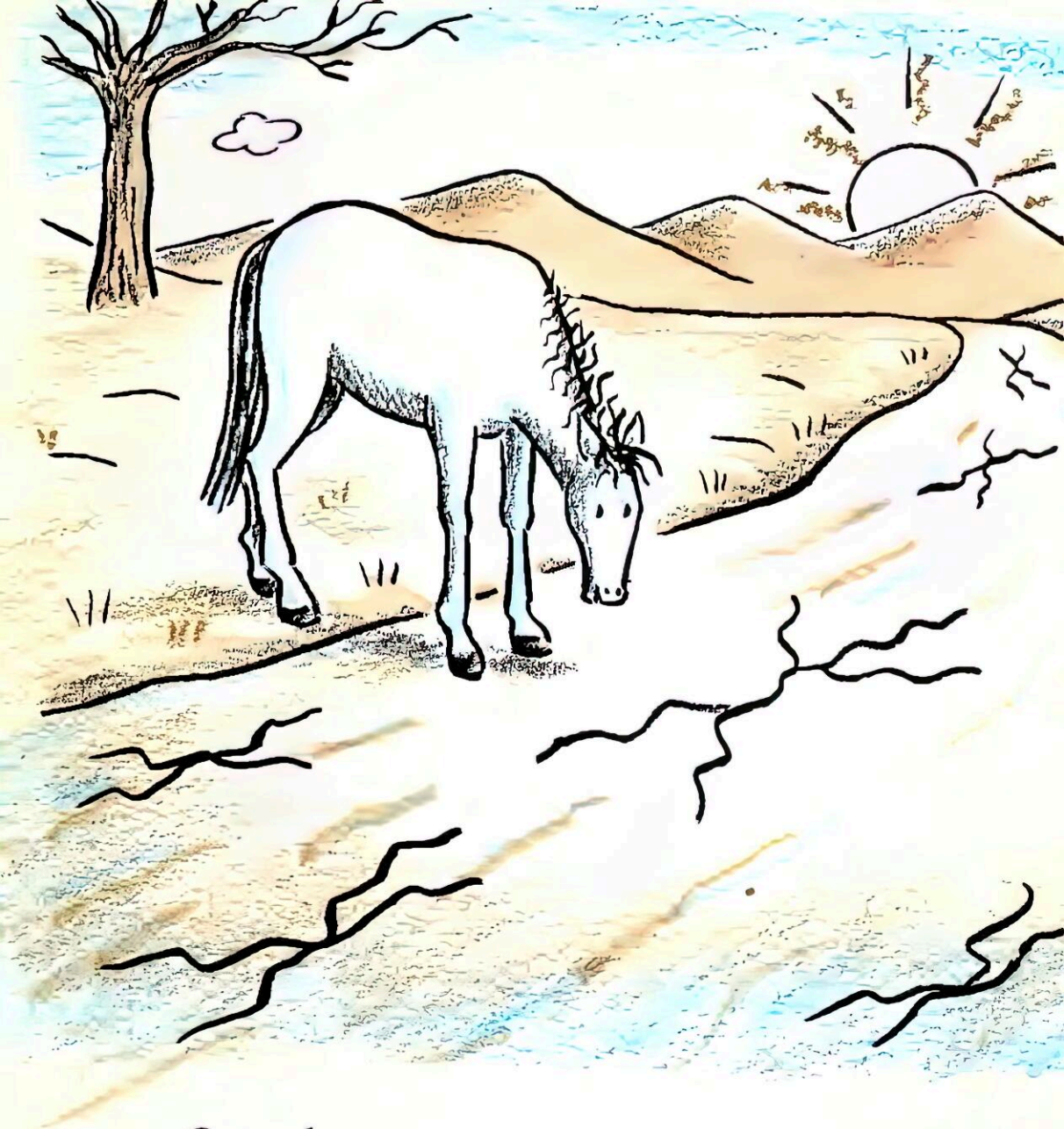
“Nobody will ever catch me,”
said Thunderhoof.



And he went on running
across the open range.



Every night
he slept under the blue sky.



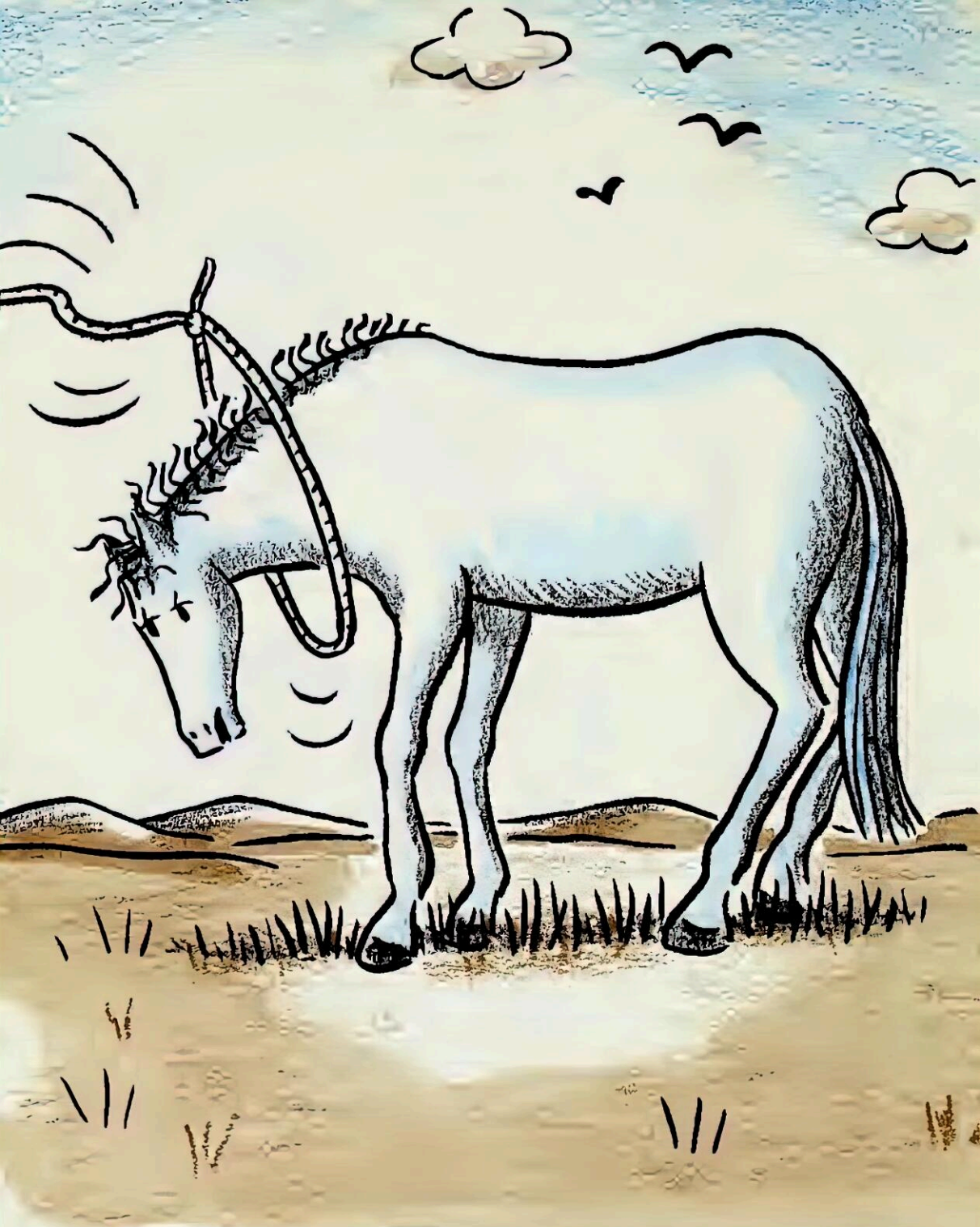
One day,
when Thunderhoof woke up,
he found the rivers dry.
There was no water left to drink.



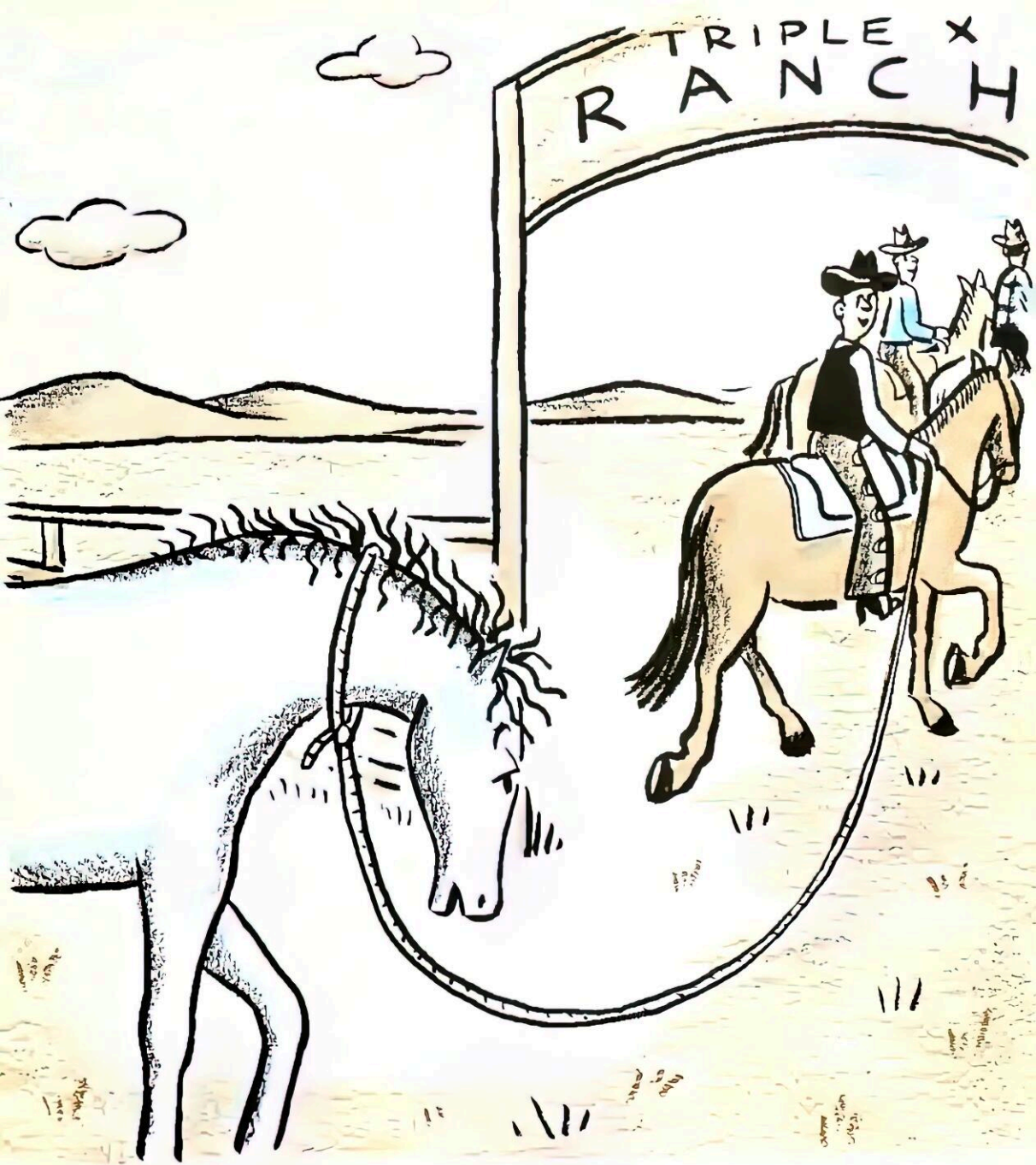
He got so weak he could not run.



He got so weak he could hardly walk.



When a rope landed on his neck,
he could not shake it off.



“Come with us,” said some cowboys.
They took Thunderhoof back
to the ranch.

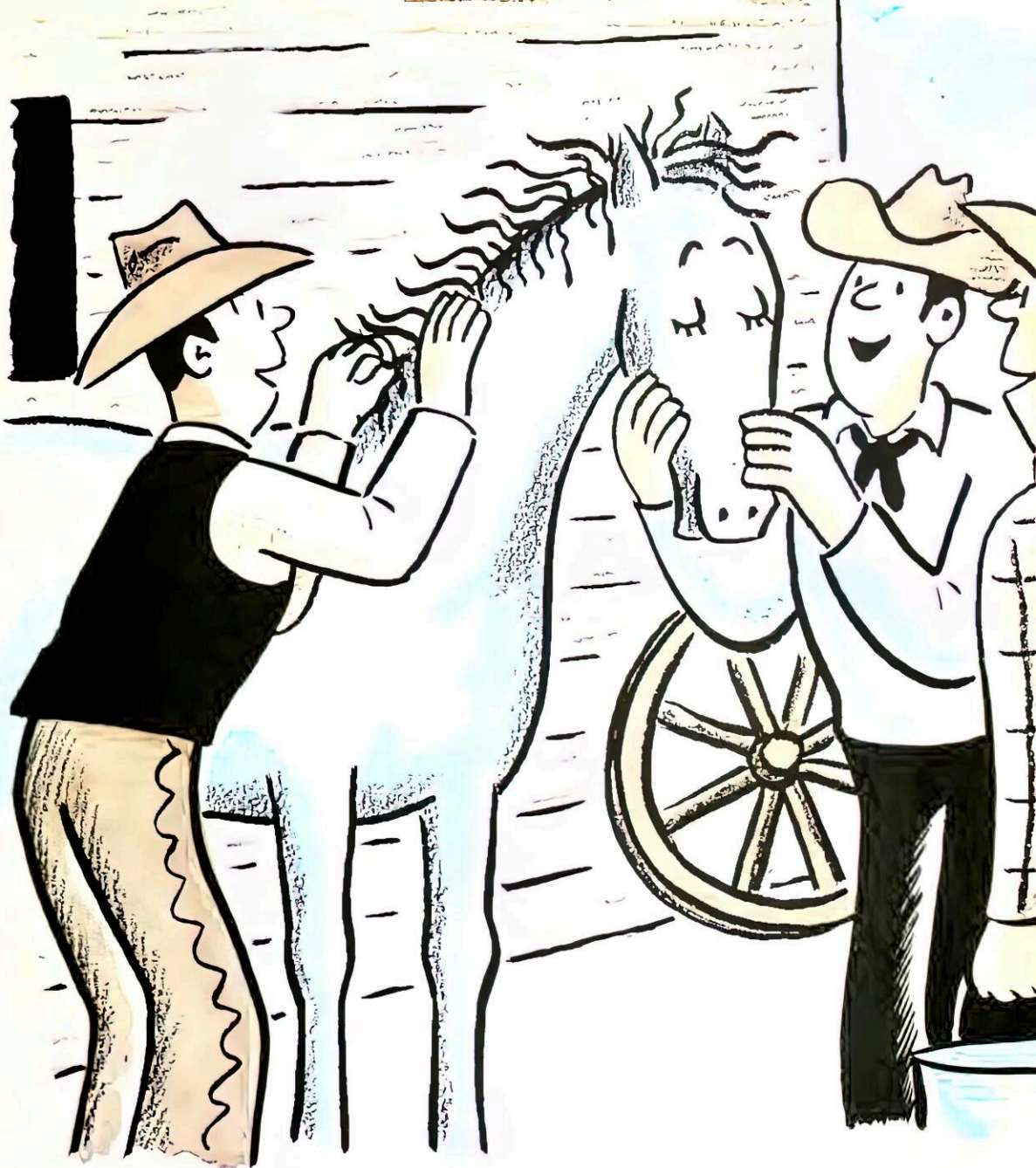


They gave him water.

They gave him hay.

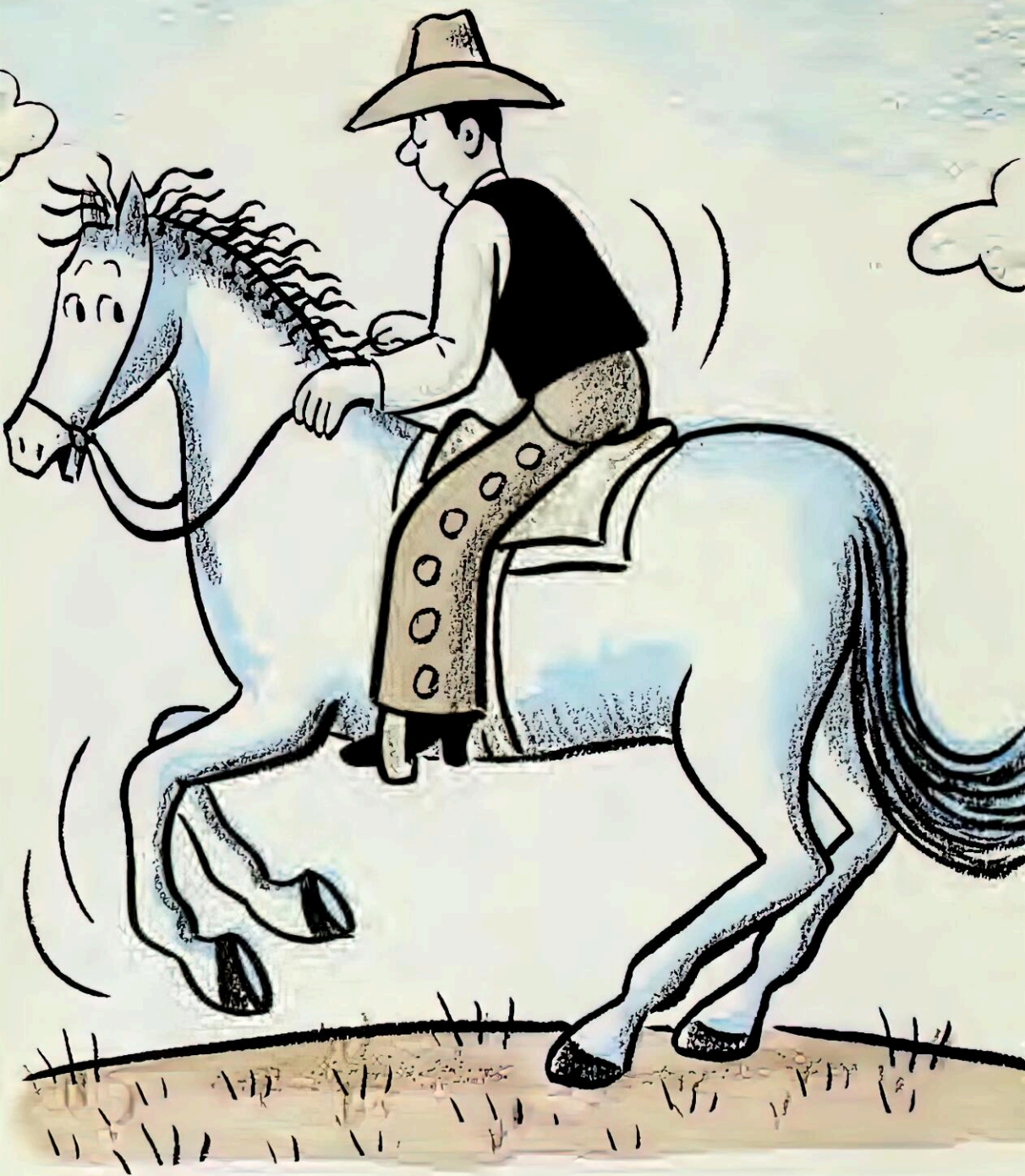
They brushed him.

They rubbed his nose.



They took the burrs out of his mane
and said,

“Nice horse, nice old feller.”



Then they put a saddle on Thunderhoof
and tried to ride him.



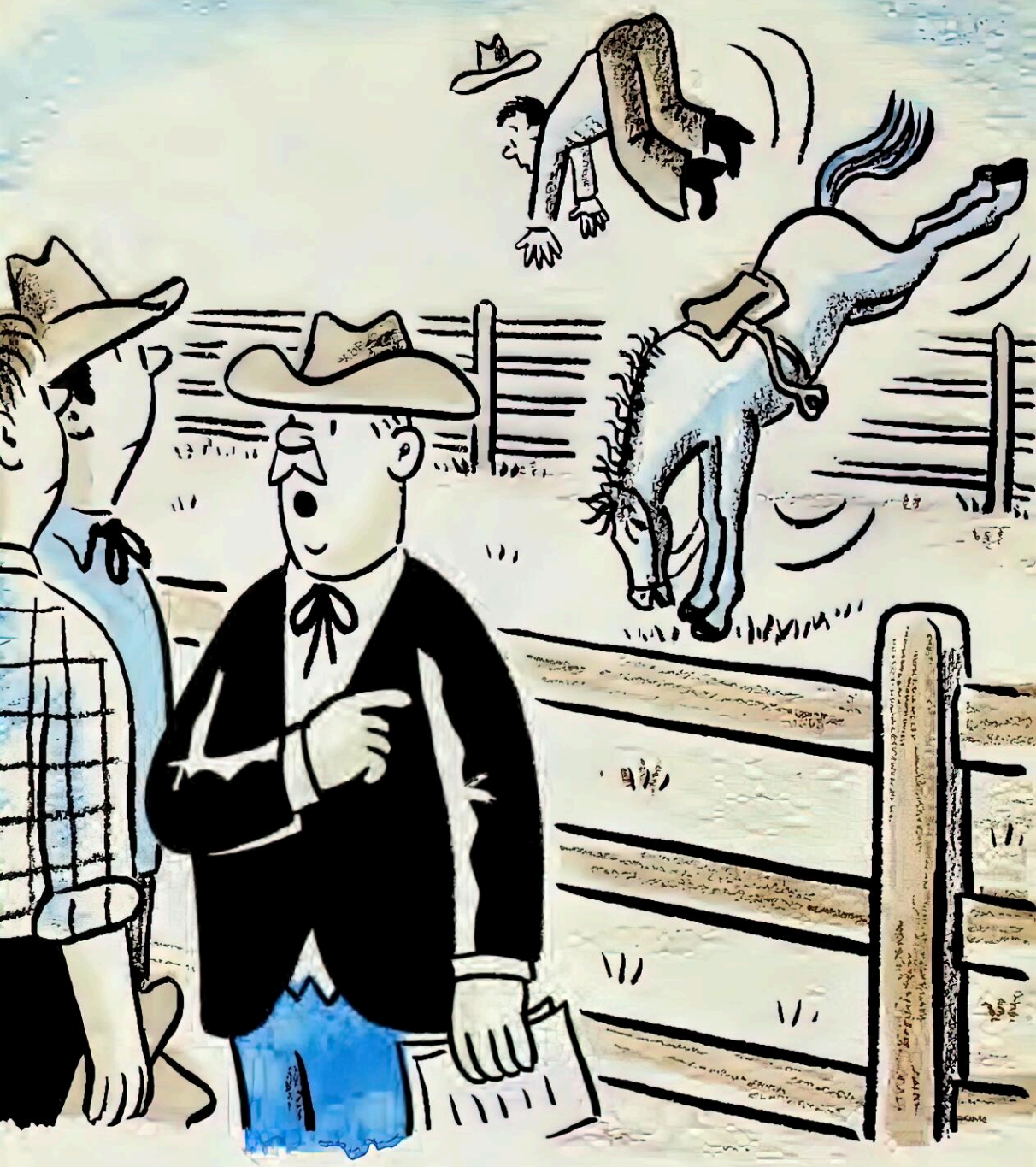
Off went one cowboy.



Off went another cowboy.

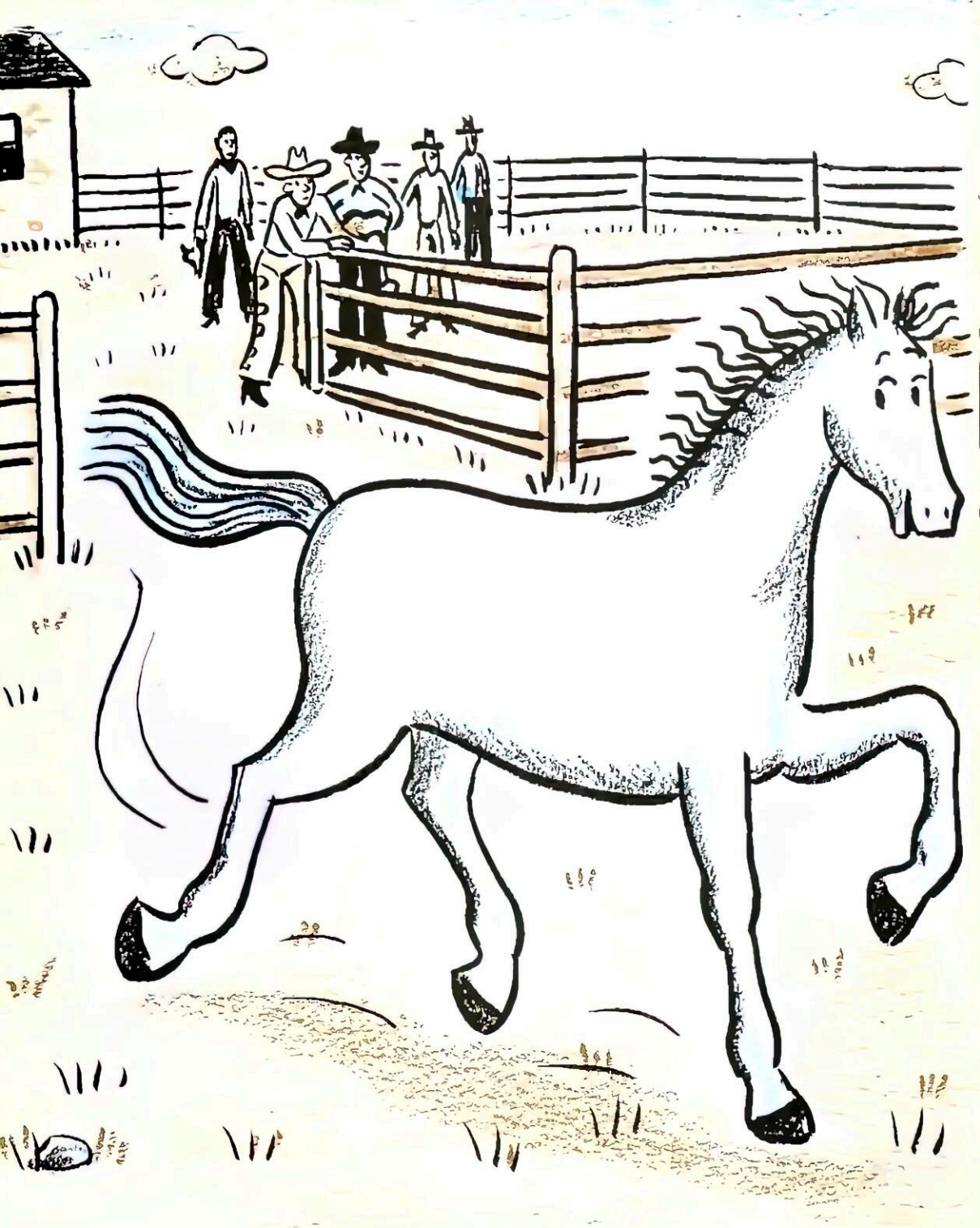


Nobody could stay on Thunderhoof
very long.



“It is no use keeping that horse,”
said the ranch owner.

“We might as well turn him loose.”



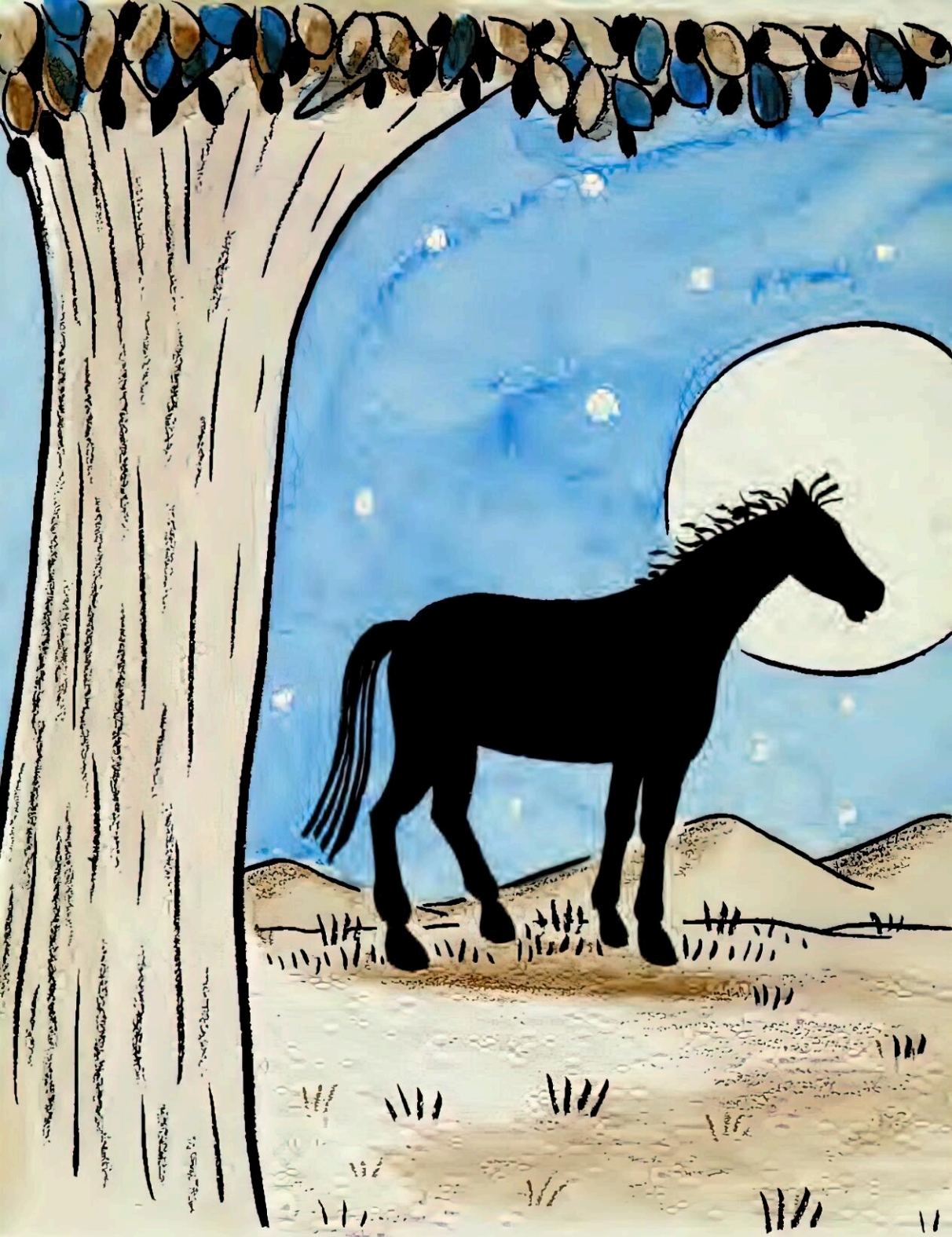
They took the saddle off Thunderhoof
and let him go.



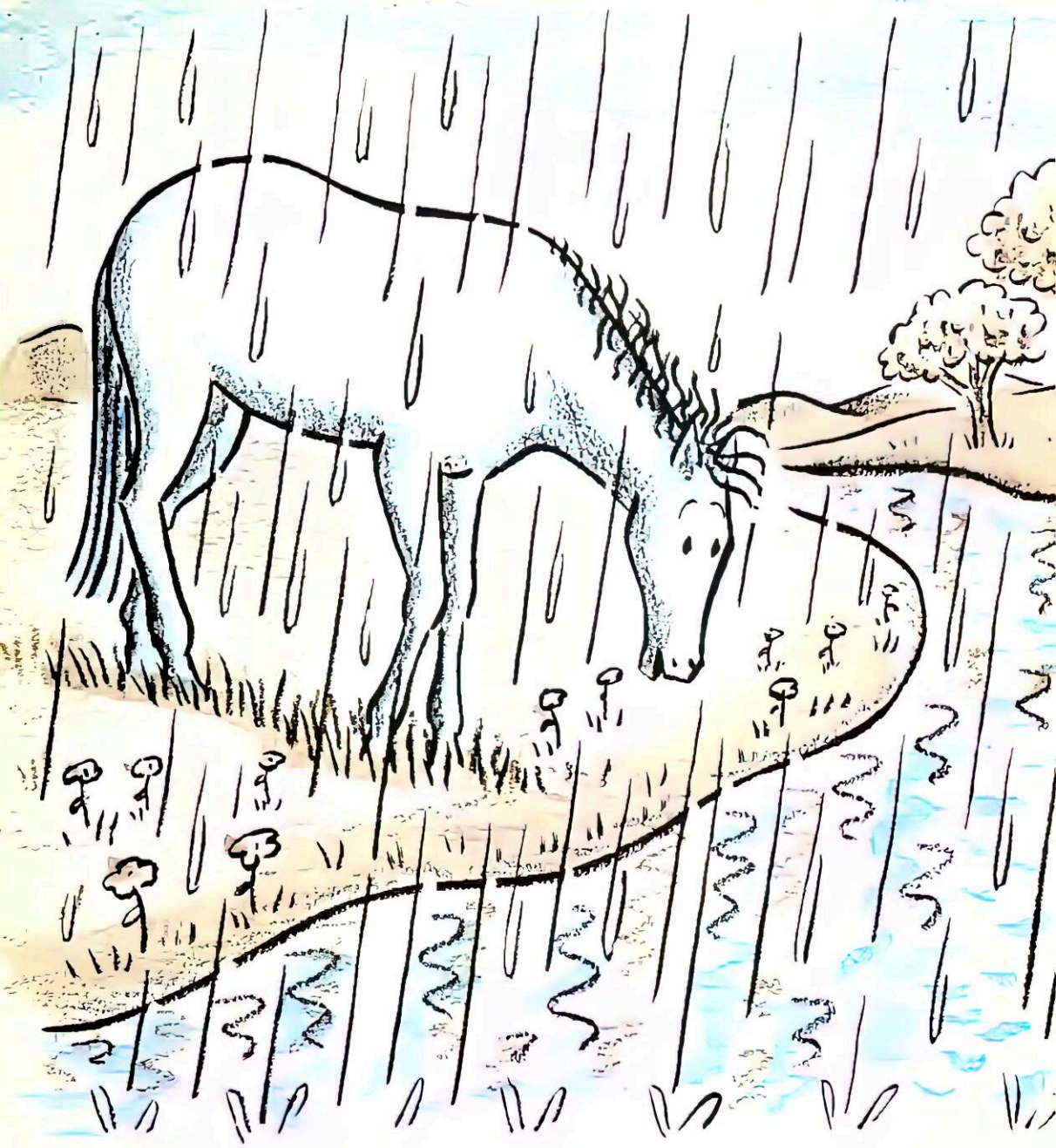
Thunderhoof went back
to the open range.



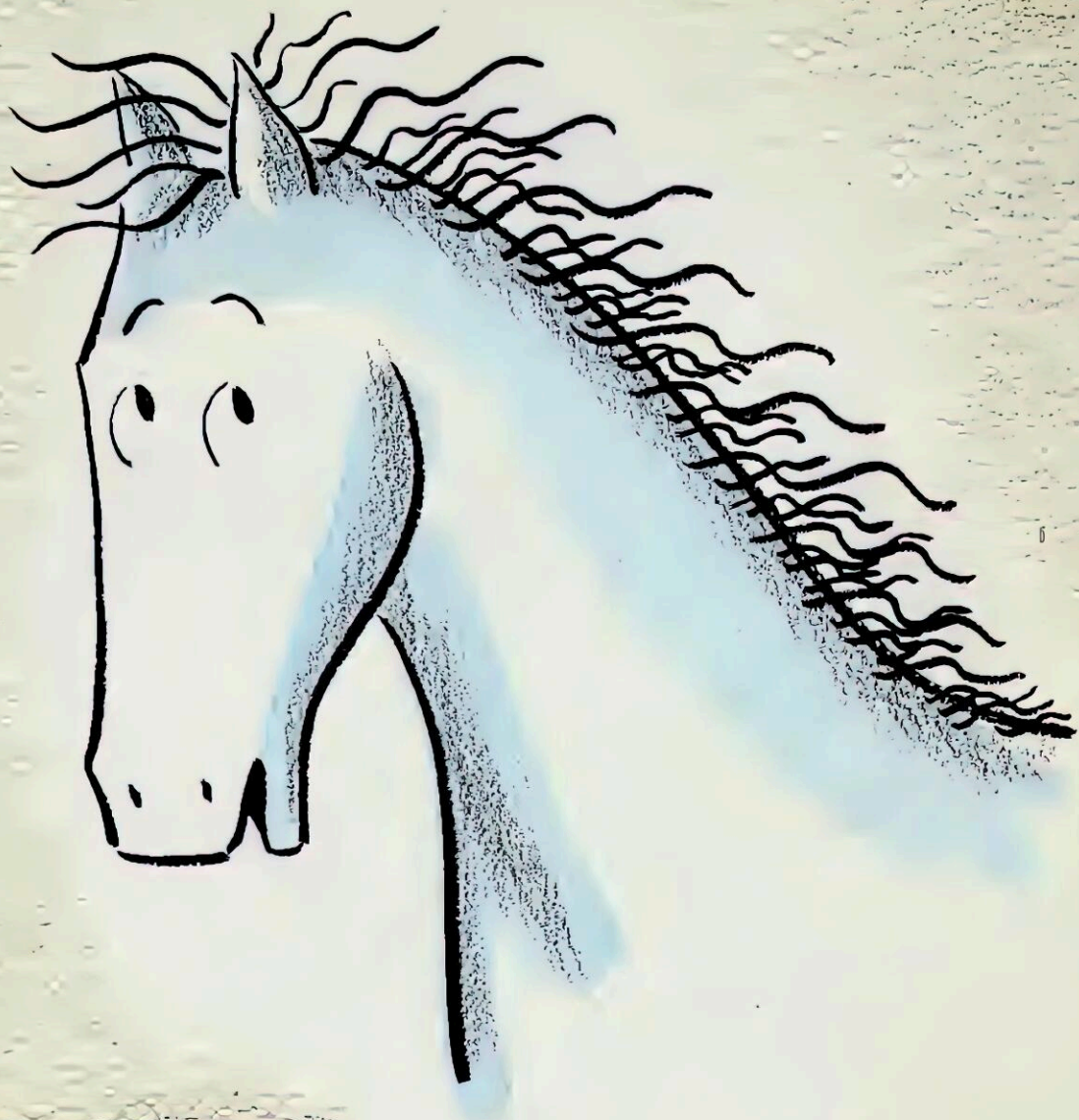
Once more he ran wild.



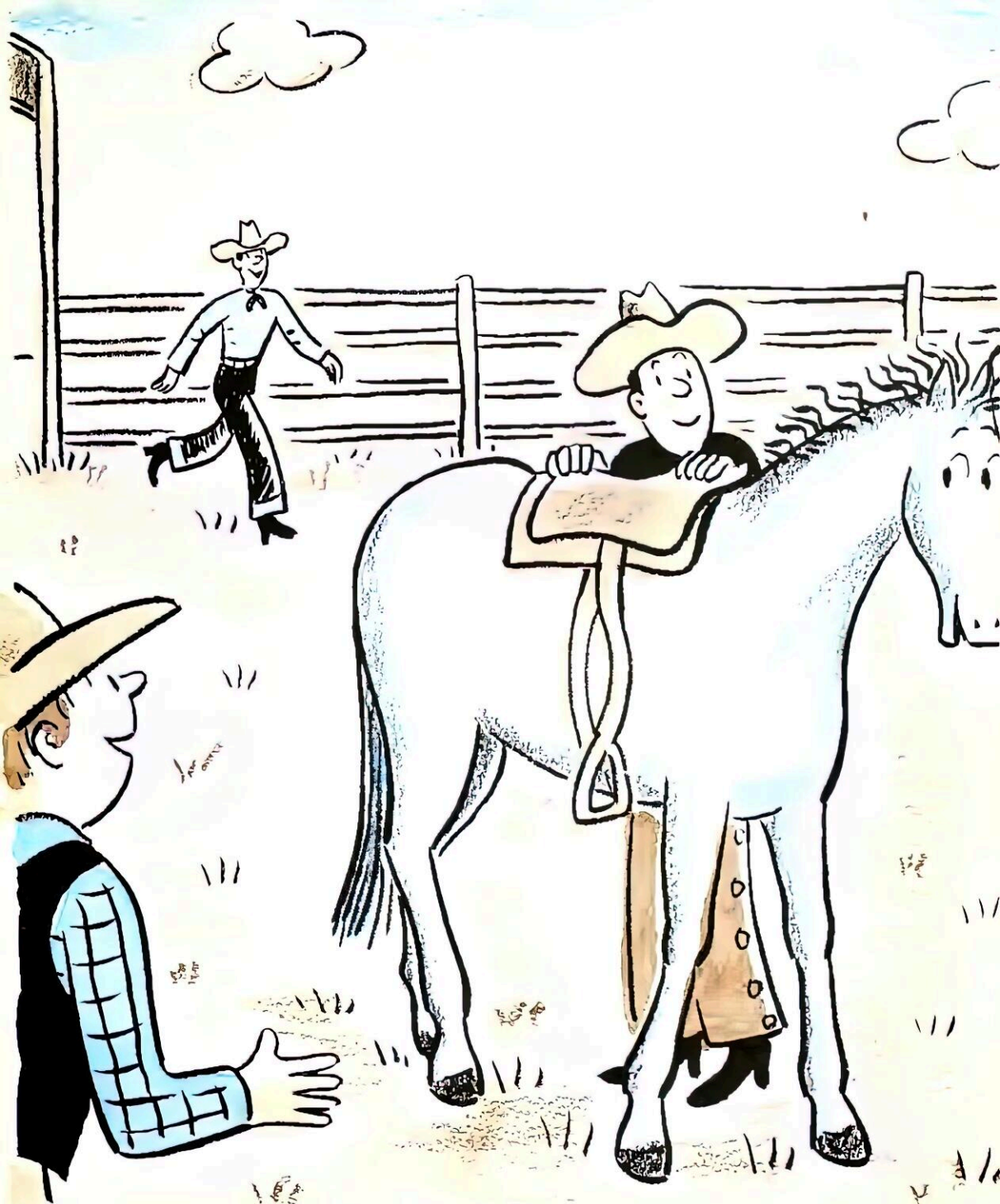
Once more he slept under the blue sky.



It rained,
and there was water to drink.
But Thunderhoof was not happy.



He missed having someone brush him,
rub his nose,
take the burrs out of his mane,
and say,
“Nice horse, nice old feller.”



Thunderhoof went back to the ranch.

He let them put on that saddle.



This time
he let the cowboys ride him.



“I think I will stay here,”
said Thunderhoof.

“I think I will stay for good.”



And he did.