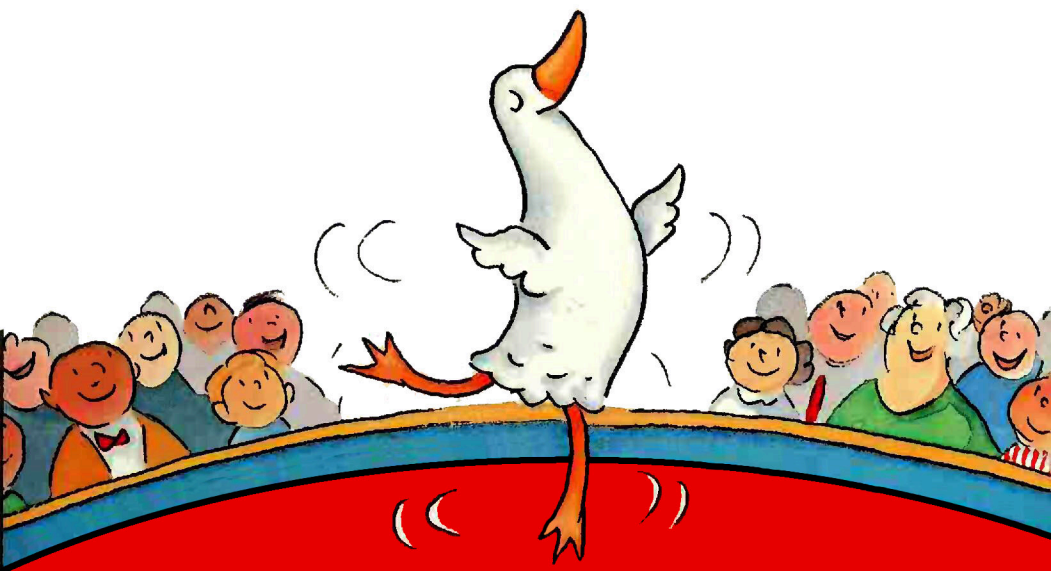


Duncan the Dancing Duck

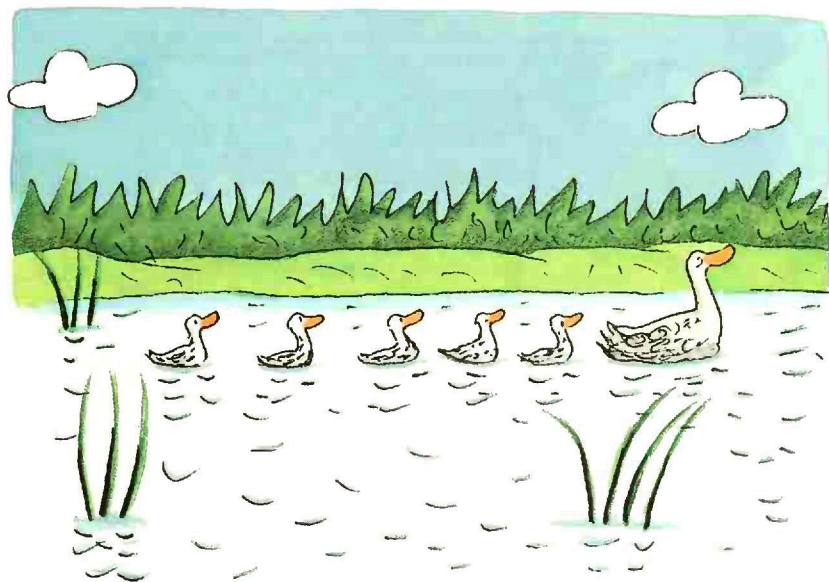
by Syd Hoff



Duncan the Dancing Duck

Written and Illustrated by

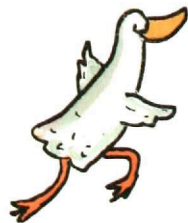
Syd Hoff

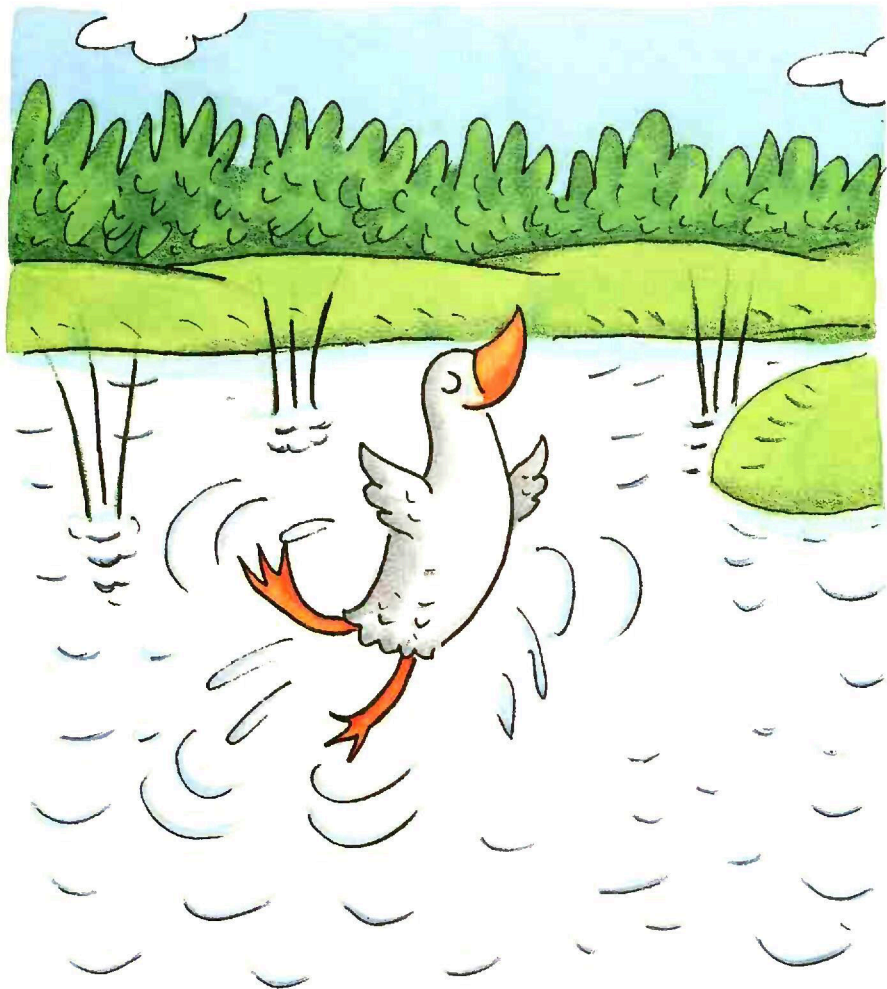


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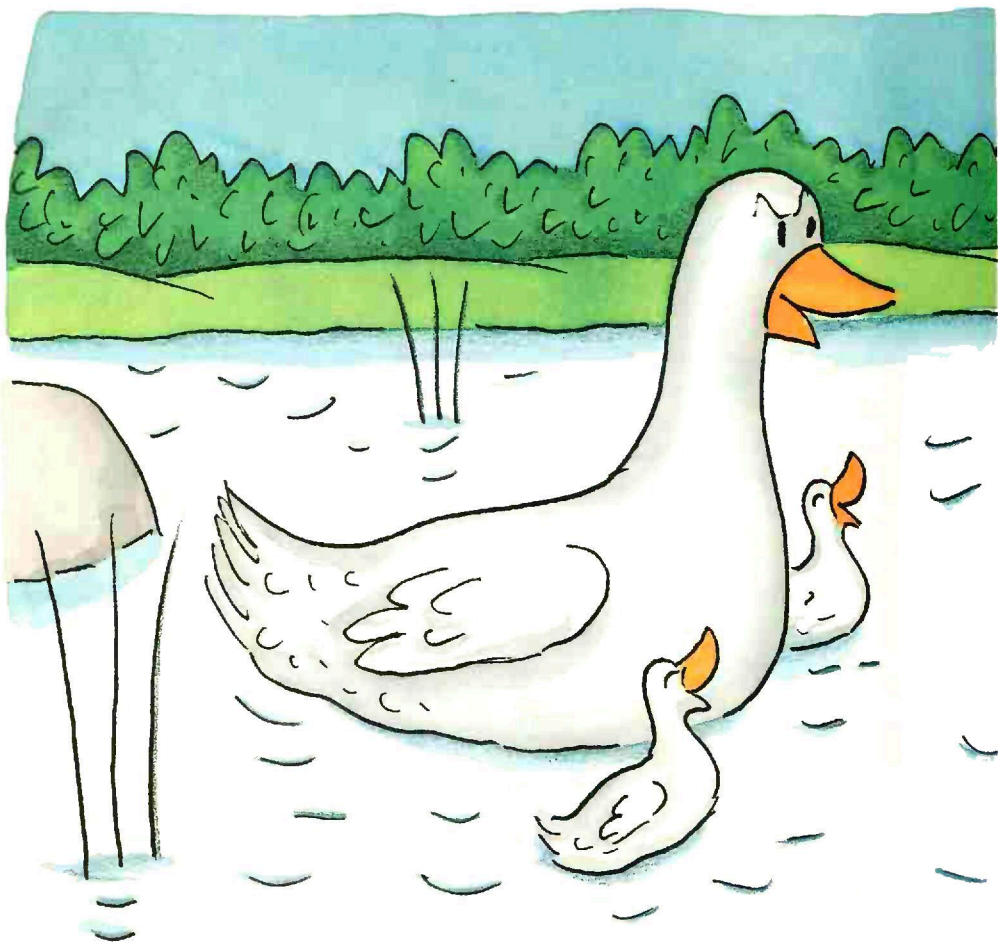
New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney

**For a daughter
who once wanted “quackers” and milk**

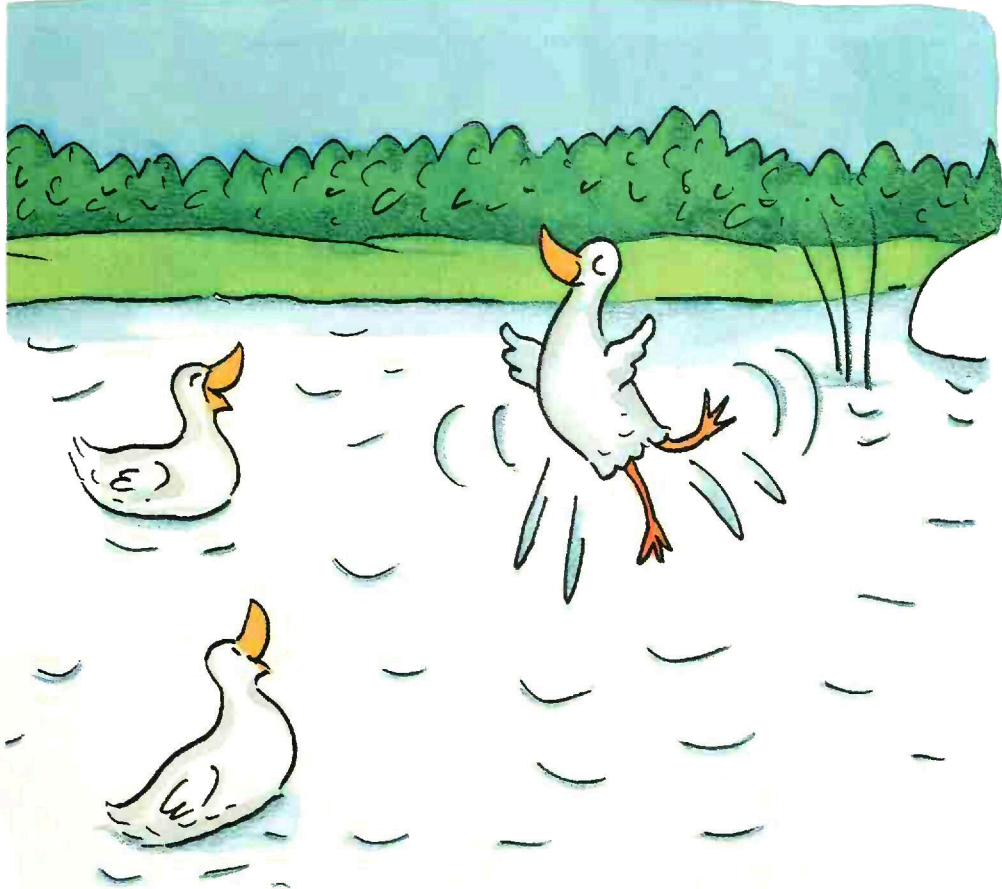




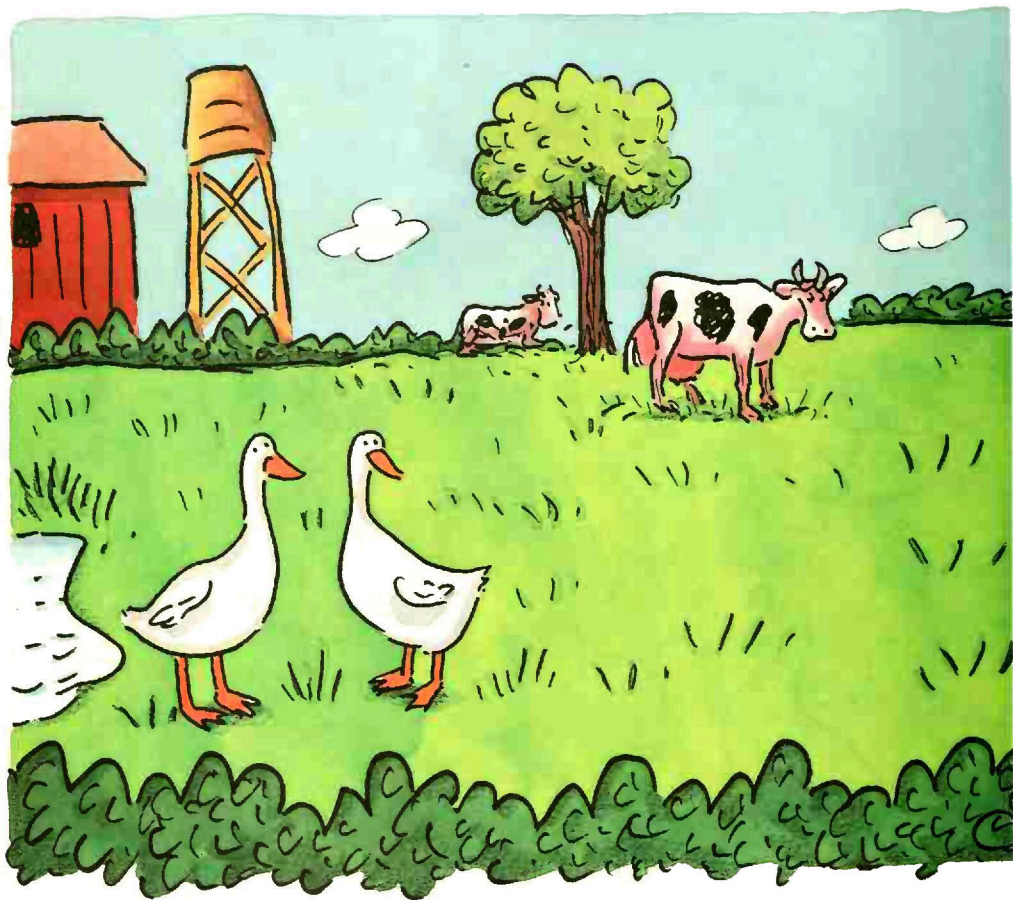
One day, a little duck started dancing in a pond.



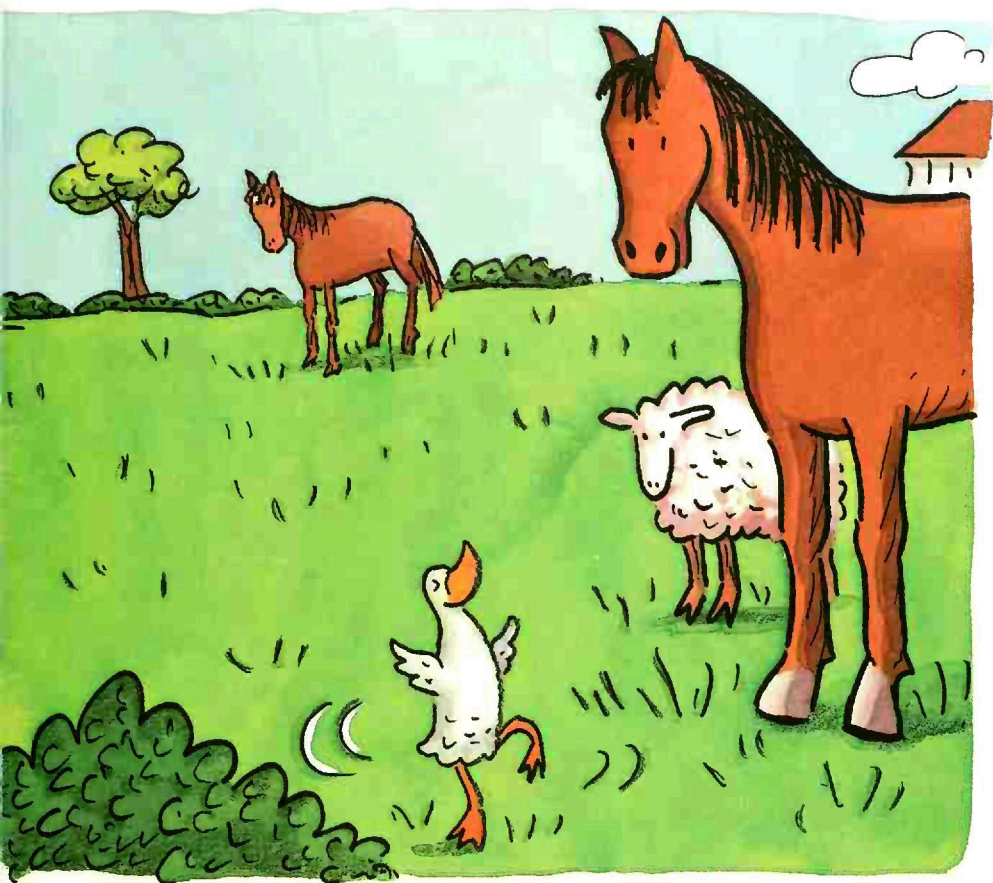
The other little ducks looked at him and laughed.
But their mother didn't think it was funny.



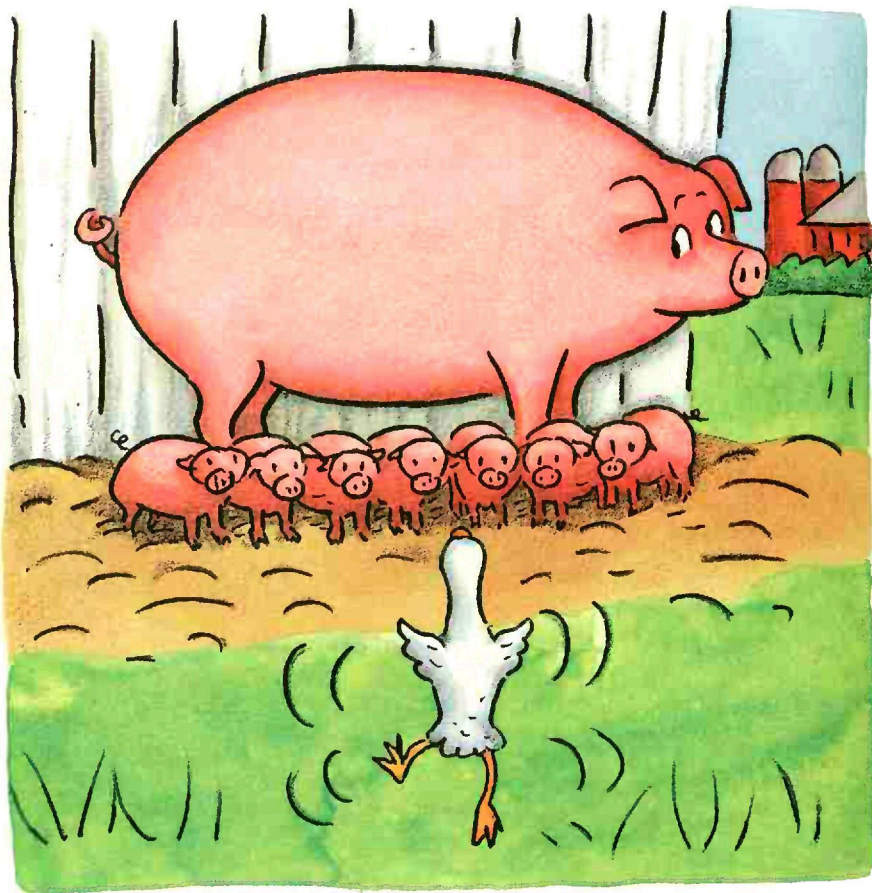
“Please, Duncan,” she said,
“stay in line with your brothers and sisters.”
But Duncan was having too much fun.



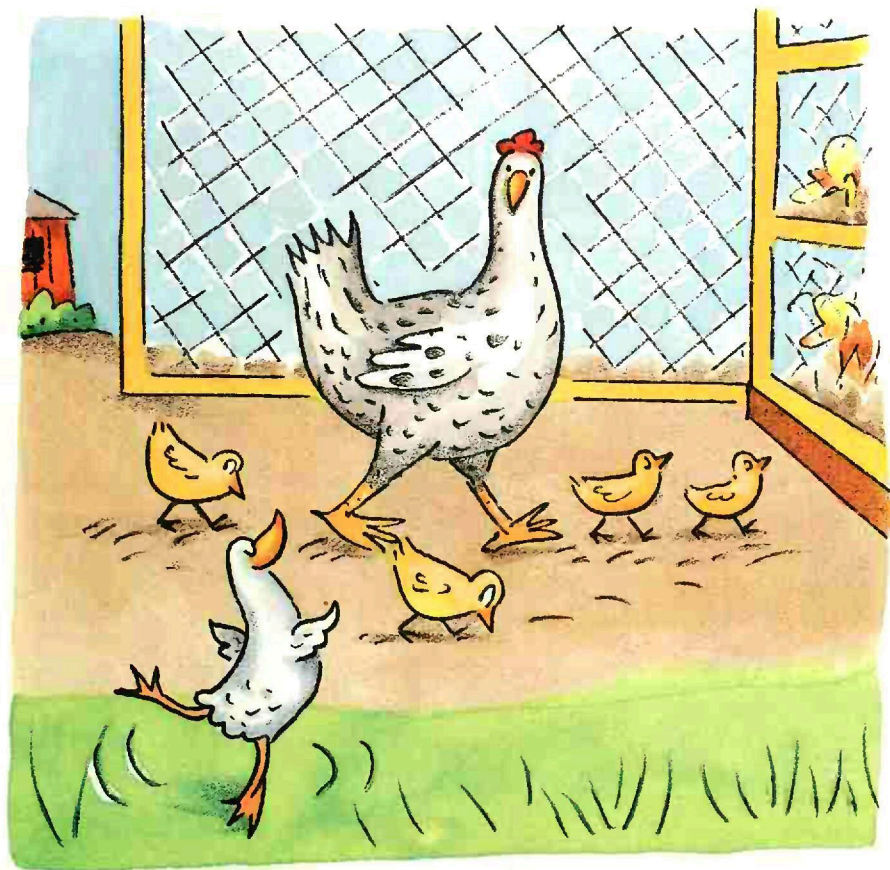
He danced out of the pond



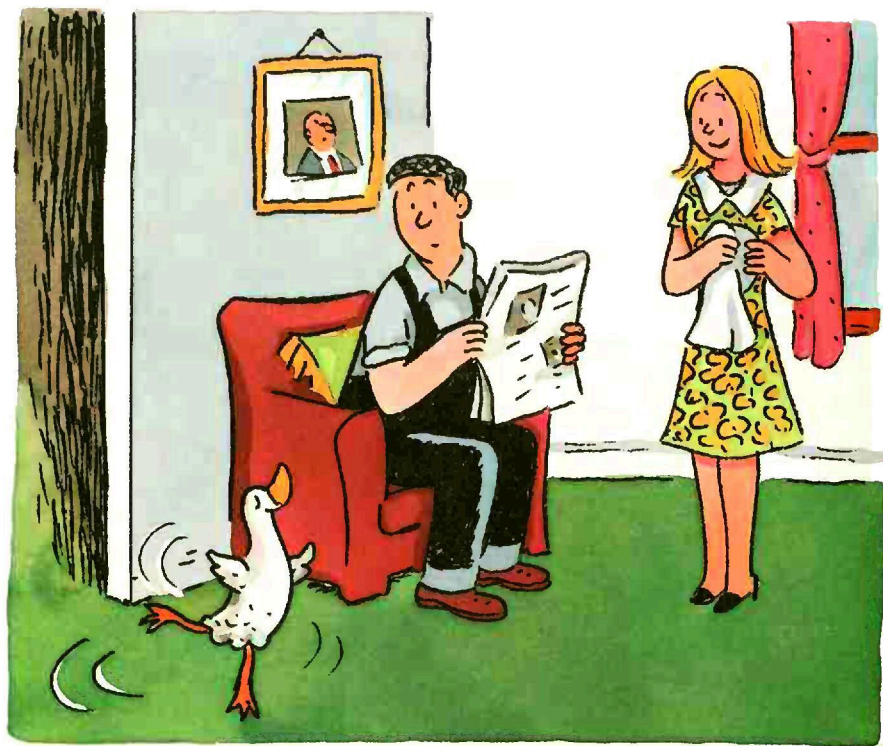
and all around the farm.



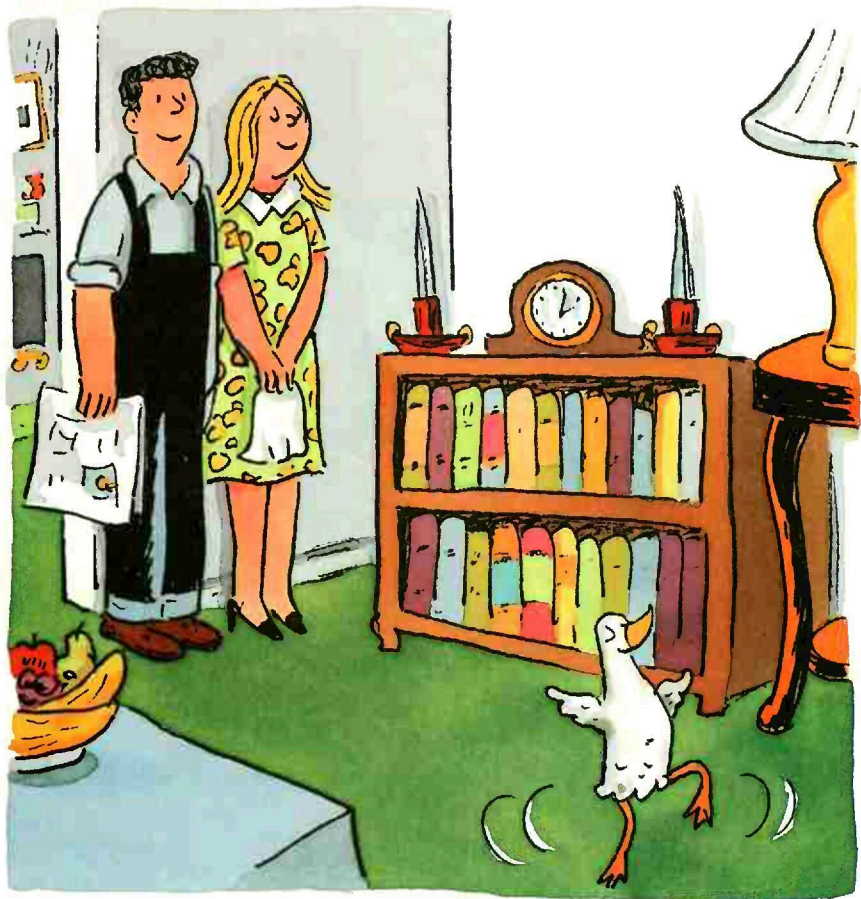
The little pigs saw him,
and stayed in the mud with their mother.



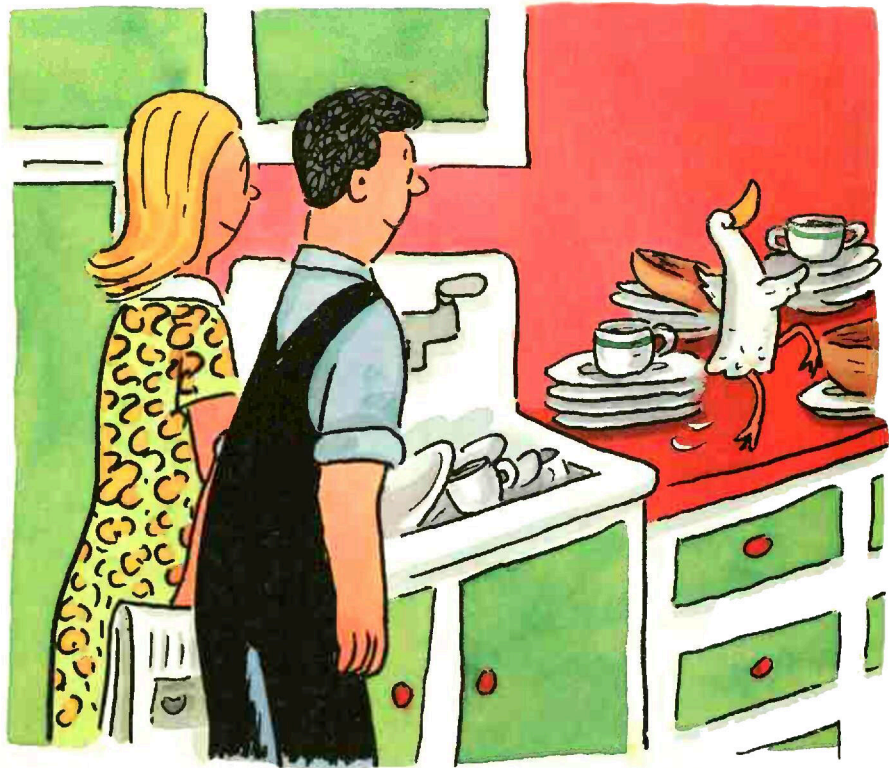
The little chickens saw him,
and just kept going about their business.
That didn't stop Duncan!



He went dancing into the farmhouse.
“Well, well, what do we have here?”
asked the farmer.
“It looks like a dancing duck,”
said the farmer’s wife.



They watched Duncan dance from room to room without bumping into furniture.



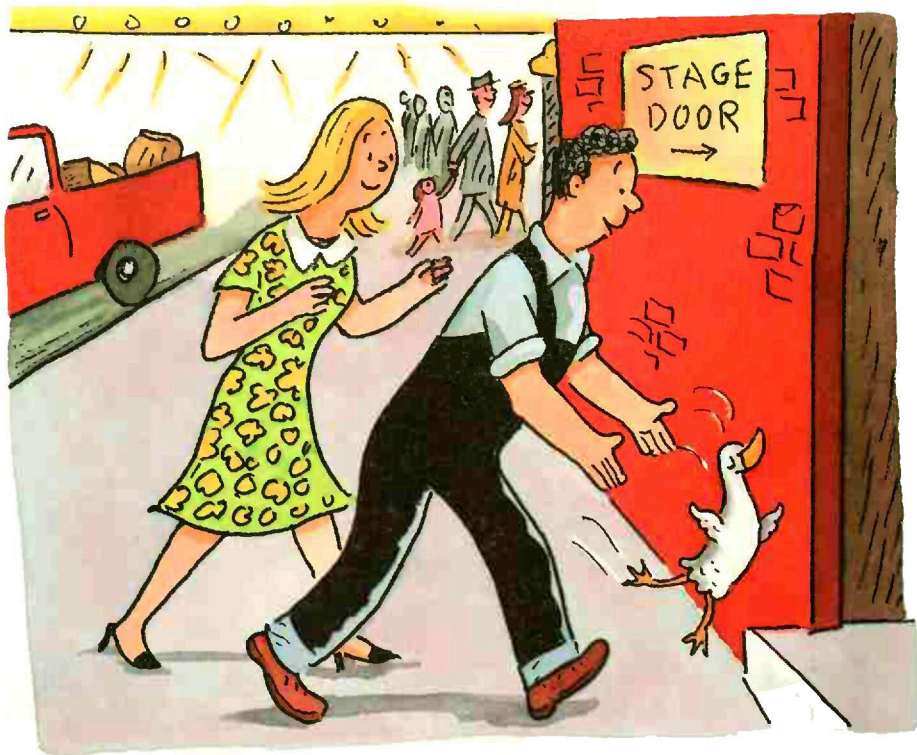
They watched him dance around the kitchen
without breaking a dish.

“He’s good,” said the farmer.

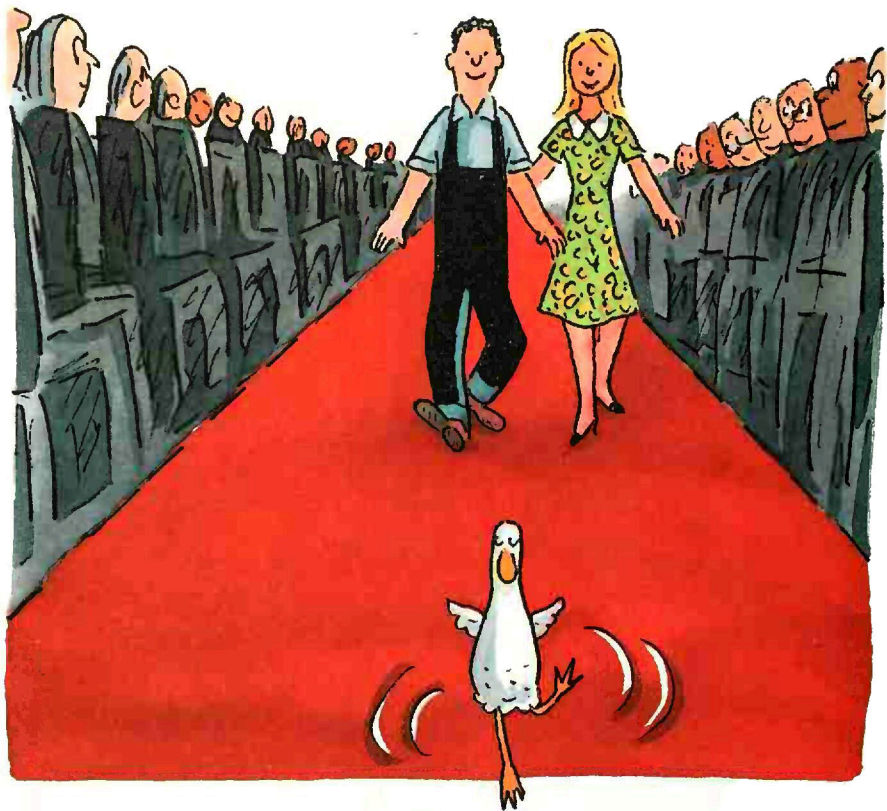
“Everybody should see him,”
said the farmer’s wife.



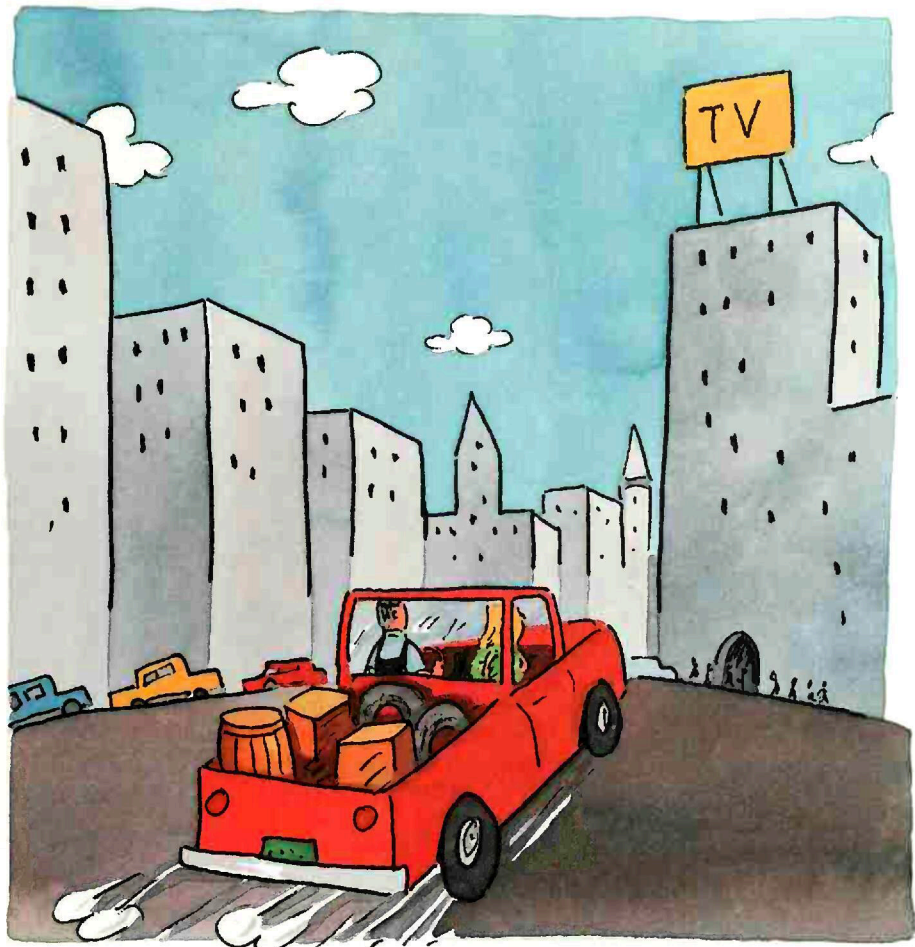
They took Duncan to town in their truck.



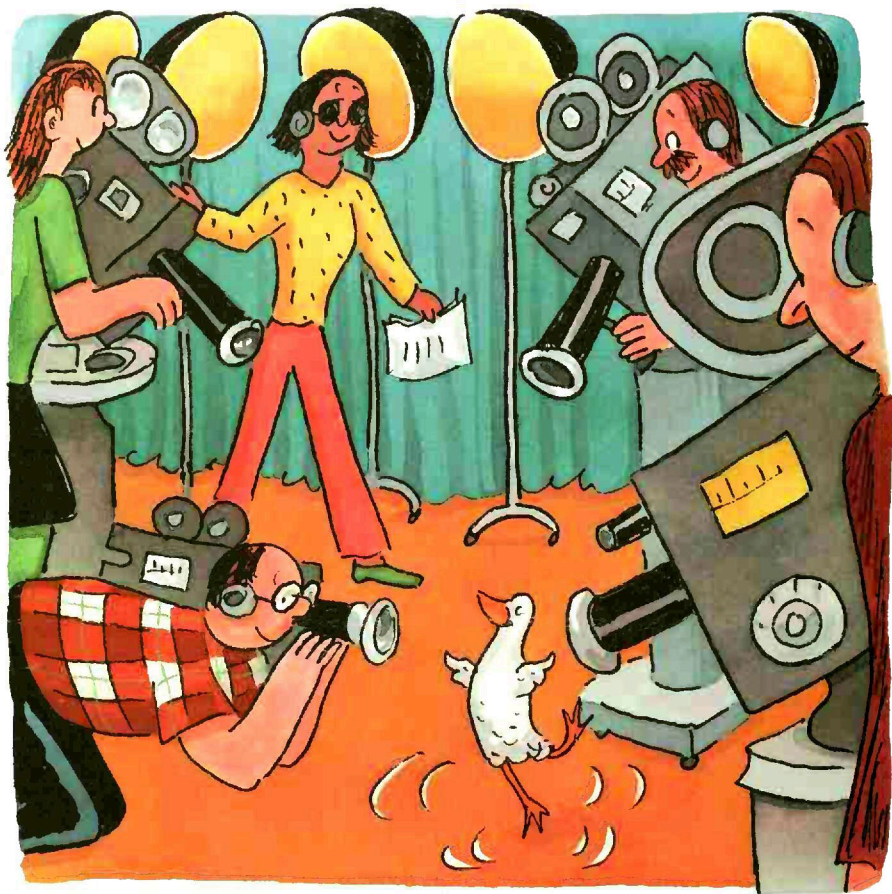
They took him where there were bright lights
and people going in to see a show.
“Now get out there and do your stuff,”
said the farmer.



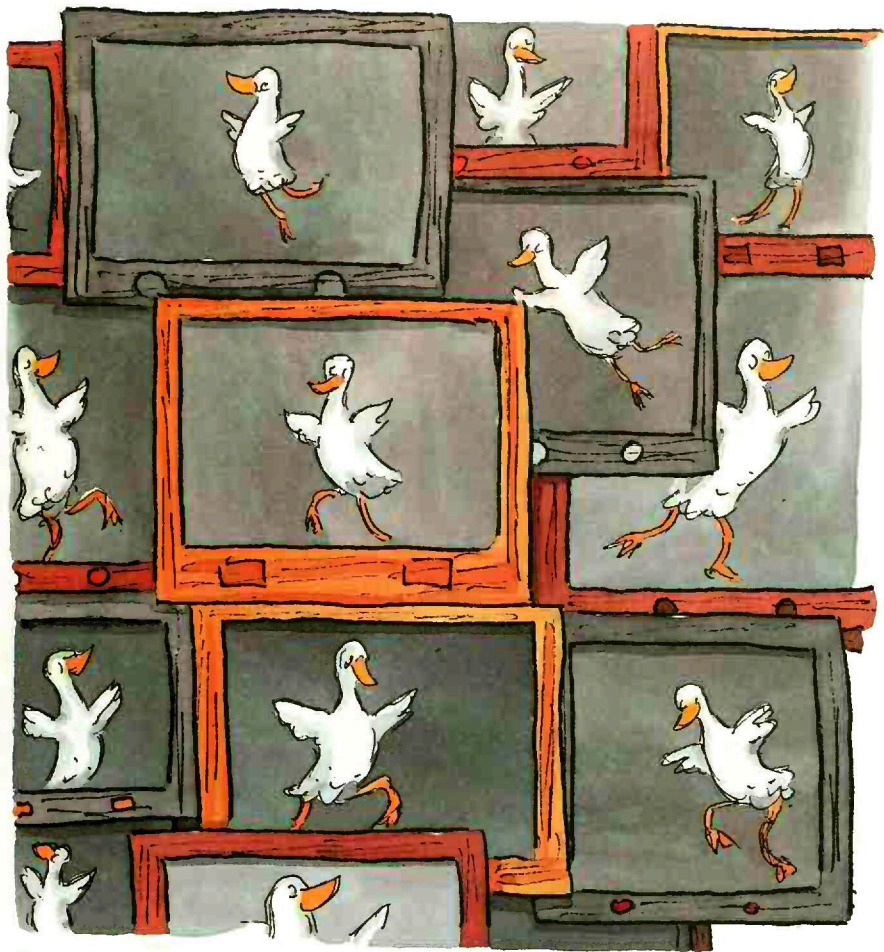
He danced in the aisles.
“Hooray for the dancing duck!”
everybody shouted.
“He should have national coverage,”
said the farmer’s wife.



They took Duncan to a TV station.



Duncan danced for the cameras.



He appeared on a million sets.



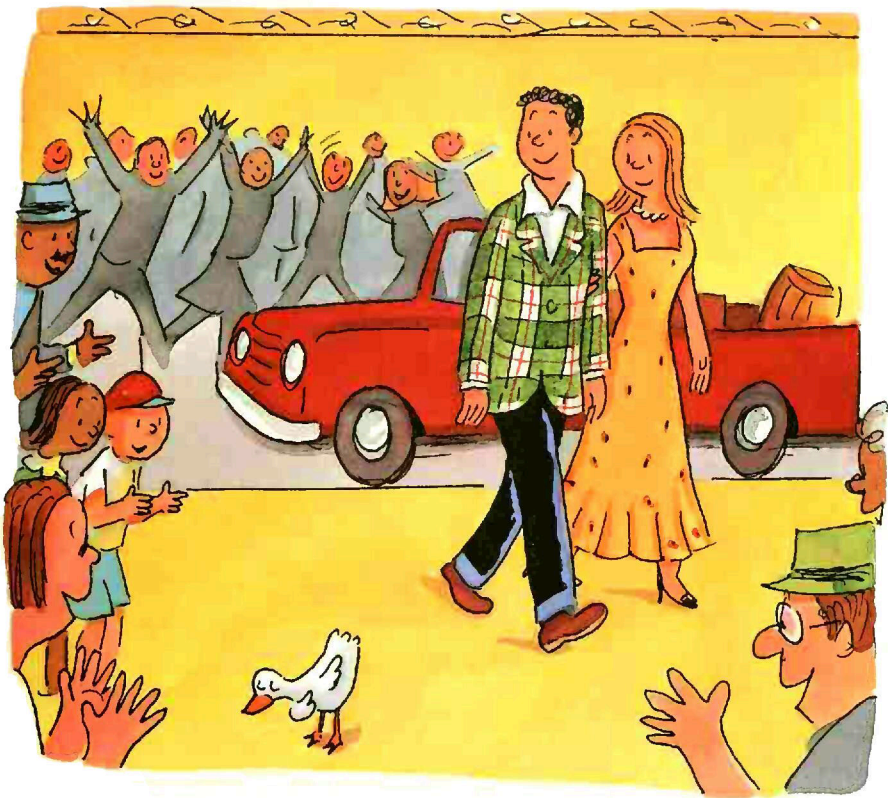
Duncan became so famous,
people chased after him in the street.
They wanted him to sign his name for them.
They wanted one of his feathers.



There were Duncan Fan Clubs everywhere—
even in the Antarctic.

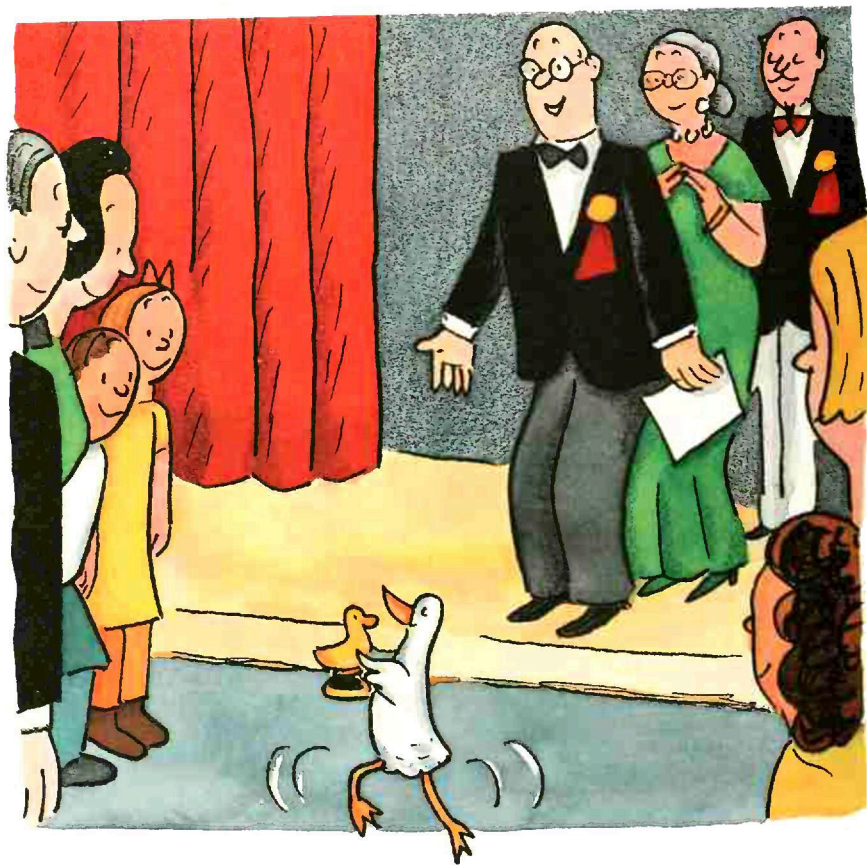


The night of the big show business award,
crowds of fans lined the street in Hollywood.
They cheered as their favorite stars
arrived in limousines.



When Duncan arrived in the truck,
the fans went wild.

“Duncan, Duncan, Duncan!”
they chanted.



The judges gave Duncan a Golden Duck Award.
“Thank you,” said Duncan,
and he started dancing.



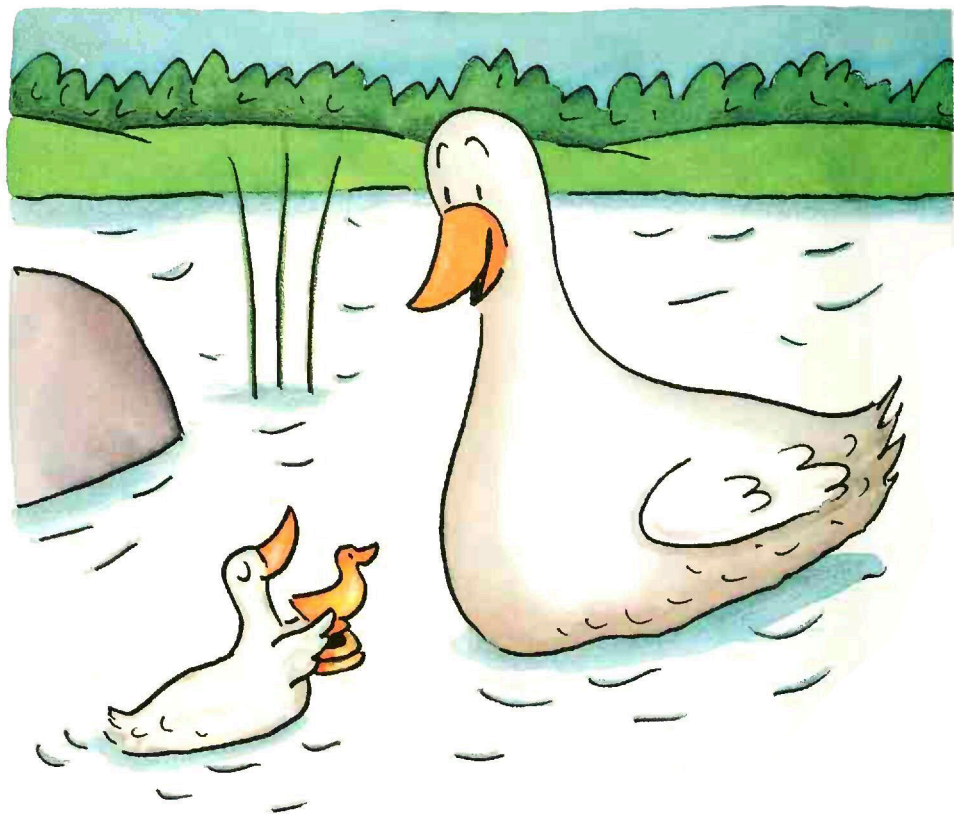
He danced and he danced until he got so tired,



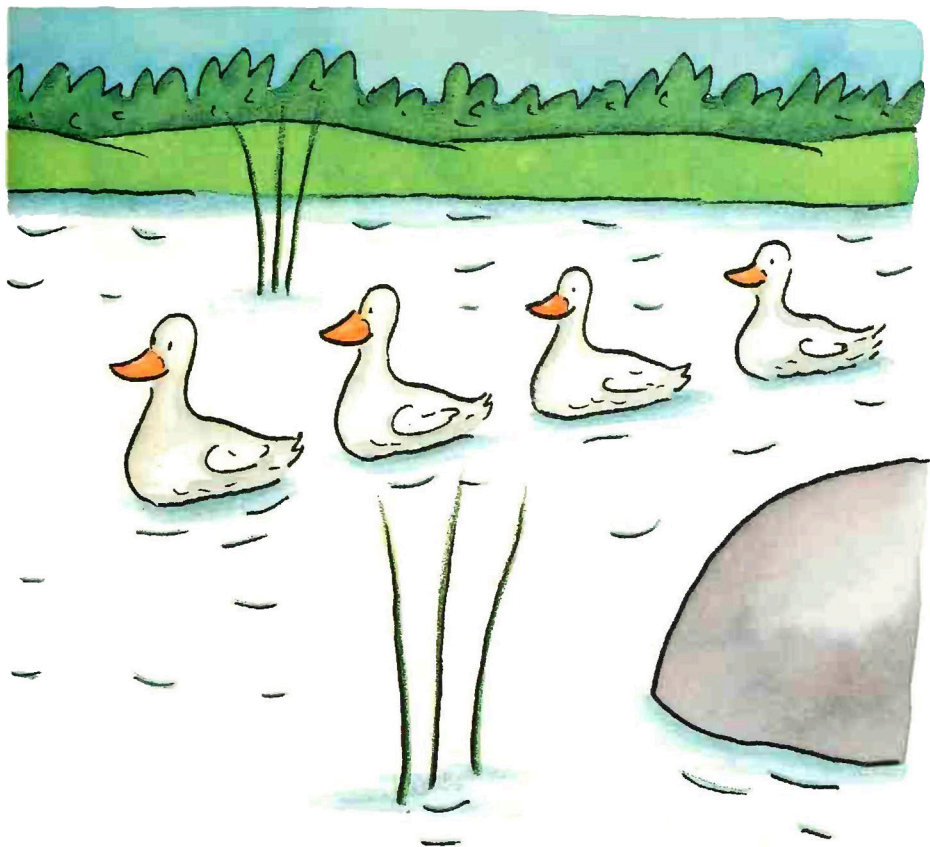
the farmer and his wife had to carry him.
They took Duncan back to the farm.



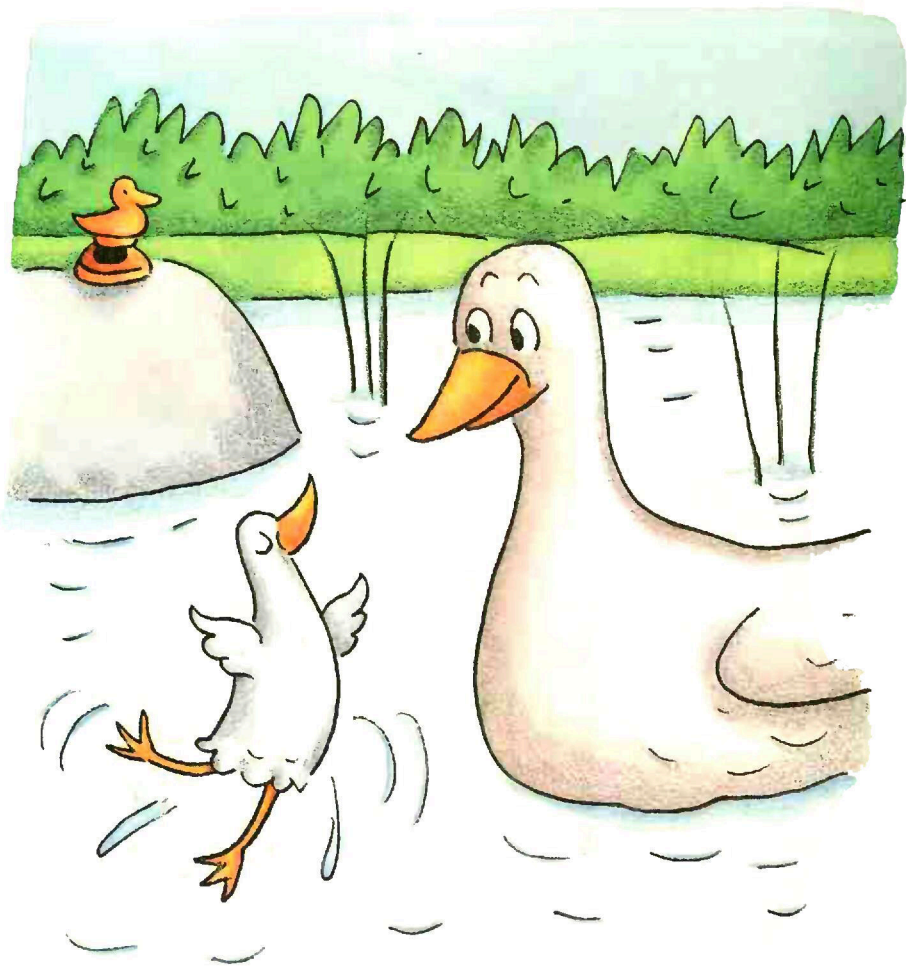
Duncan hurried to the pond.
All he wanted now was
to swim, swim, swim with his family.



“Welcome home, Duncan,” said his mother.
“You’re a good little duck, and I’m proud of you.”

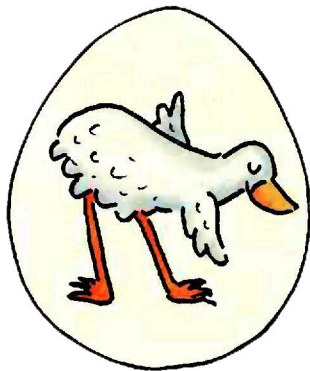


“Now please stay in line
with your brothers and sisters.”
Duncan was so happy,



he did one more dance
—just for his mother.

All Duncan wants to do is dance. He dances for everyone on the farm. Then the farmer and his wife take Duncan to the city. Duncan becomes so famous that he gets a big show business award. Duncan is happy. But he is tired of dancing. So he goes back to the pond. And he does one last dance, just for his mother.



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