



PATRICK



written and illustrated by
QUENTIN BLAKE

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BY QUENTIN BLAKE

One day Patrick set out with his one silver piece to buy a violin. When he had bought it, he ran into the fields, blew the dust off his violin, and began to play. His playing made all kinds of wonderful things happen—fish jumped out of the pond and flew about in the air, ice cream, bananas and slices of hot buttered toast grew on the trees, and the cows became covered with colored stars and started to dance to the music. If you want to know what else happened when Patrick played his violin, you must read the book and find out for yourself.

Quentin Blake is a well-known English artist, and *Patrick* is the first book he has written as well as illustrated. The lighthearted story and the witty and colorful pictures will delight young readers.

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JUST ONE APPLE

“Poor Walter wished for just one apple on his bare apple tree and then nurtured it so that it grew into a monster apple so big that nobody at the market wanted it. This rare phenomenon makes a good modern fairy tale, complete with king and dragon (which is slain by choking on the giant apple). . . . The illustrations set a model example for application of the principles of modern painting to book illustration.”

—*The New York Times*

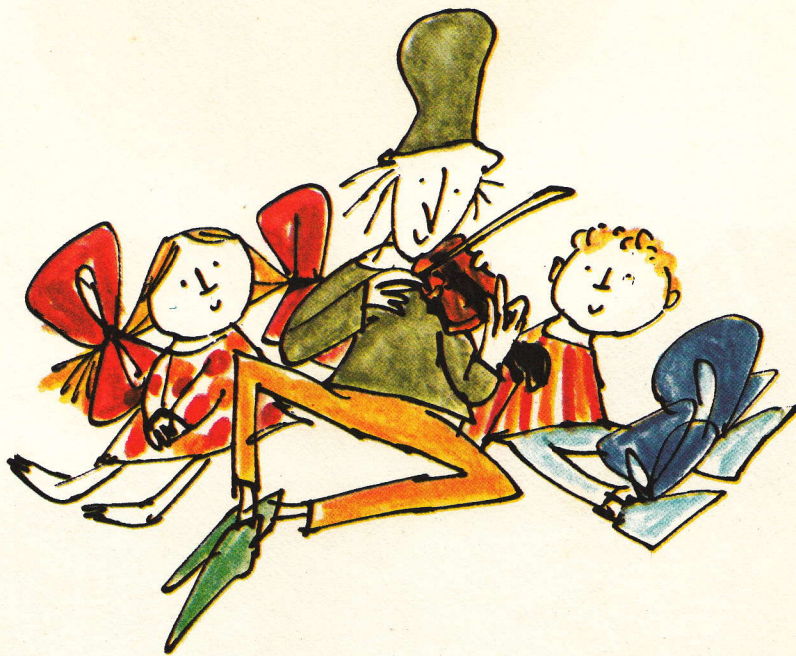
TONIGHT AT NINE

“Tonight at nine a concert is scheduled. One by one we are introduced to the performers: Bruno the dog beating his drum—‘And as he briskly trots along, He barks aloud his marching song’; Lily Goose playing her flute—‘And while she makes this gentle sound, She taps her feet and spins around’; and the others. A four-line verse and a full-page picture in gay but muted colors are devoted to each. . . . The book speaks directly to the small child who will delight in the gently amusing verses and in the pictures.”

—*Horn Book*



PATRICK

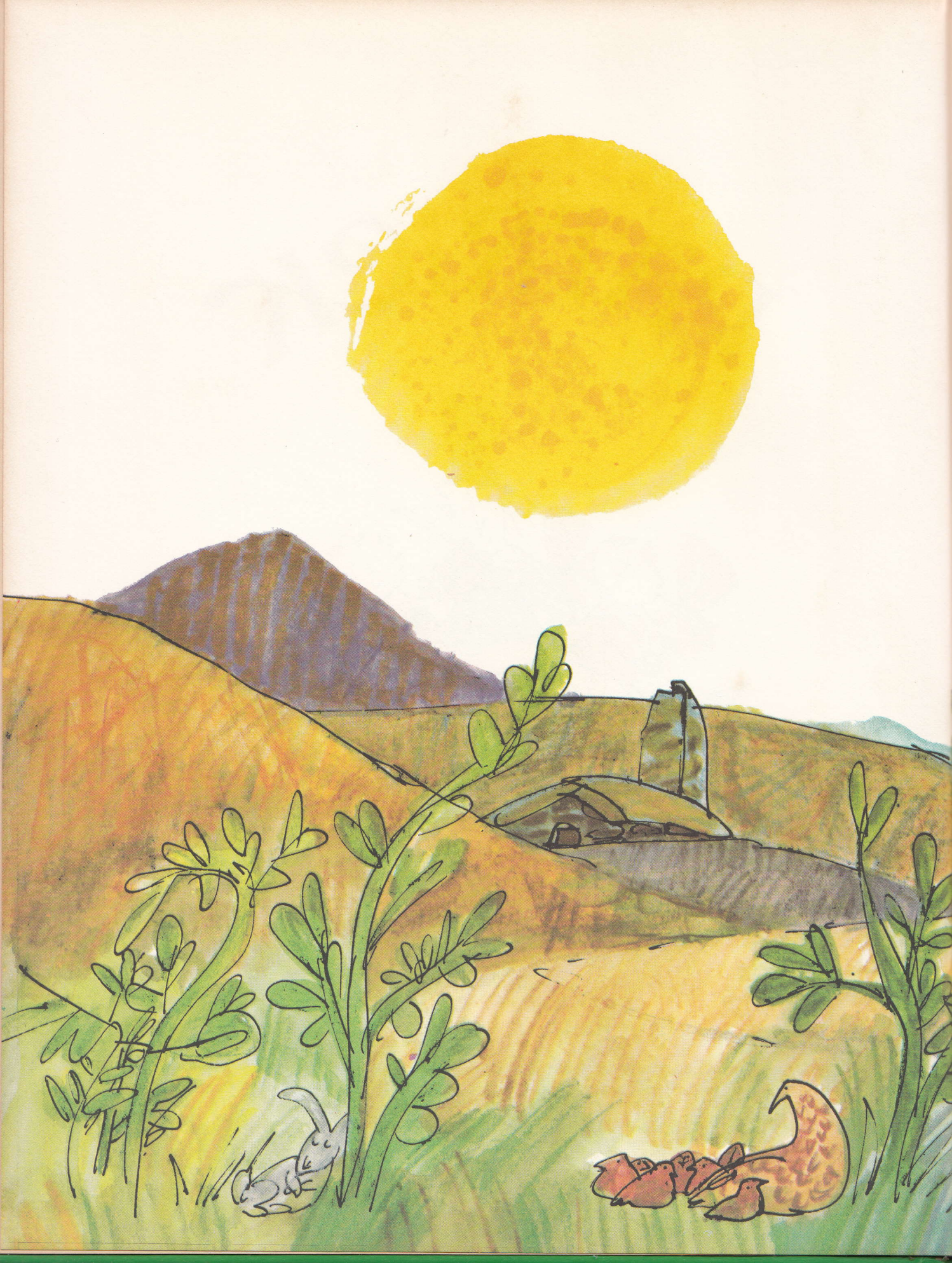


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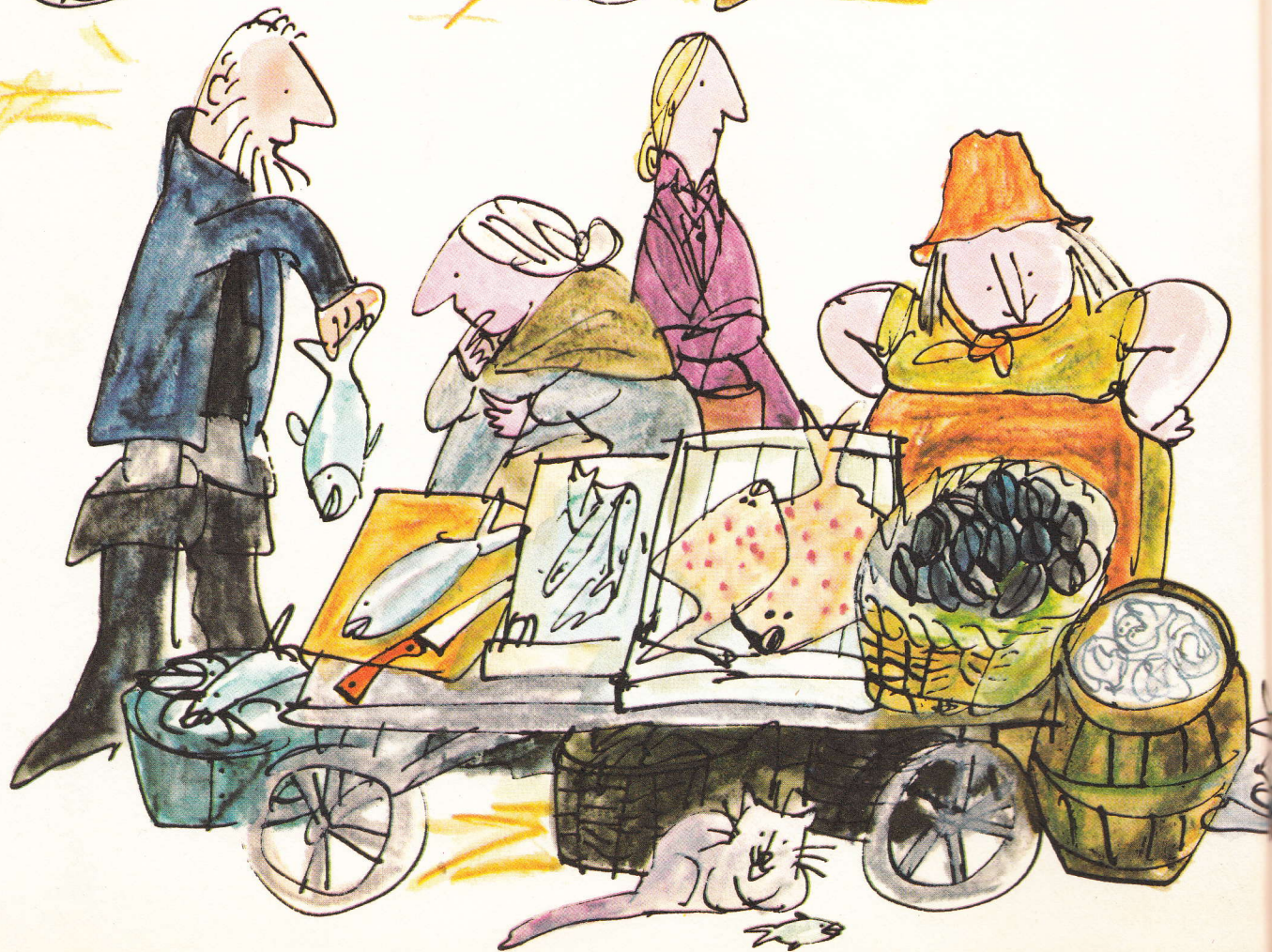
NEW YORK HENRY Z. WALCK, INCORPORATED

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This is a story about a young man called Patrick, who set out from his house one day to buy a violin.







In the town the streets were full of stalls. One sold vegetables, one sold fish and another sold clothes.





These stalls were very interesting but Patrick did not stop until he came to the one kept by Mr Onions. On his stall he had a broken jug, an old lamp, a mouse-trap and all sorts of things that people did not want any more.

“Have you a violin to sell?” asked Patrick.

“You’re in luck,” said Mr Onions, “I have just one.”

Patrick bought the violin with his only silver piece.

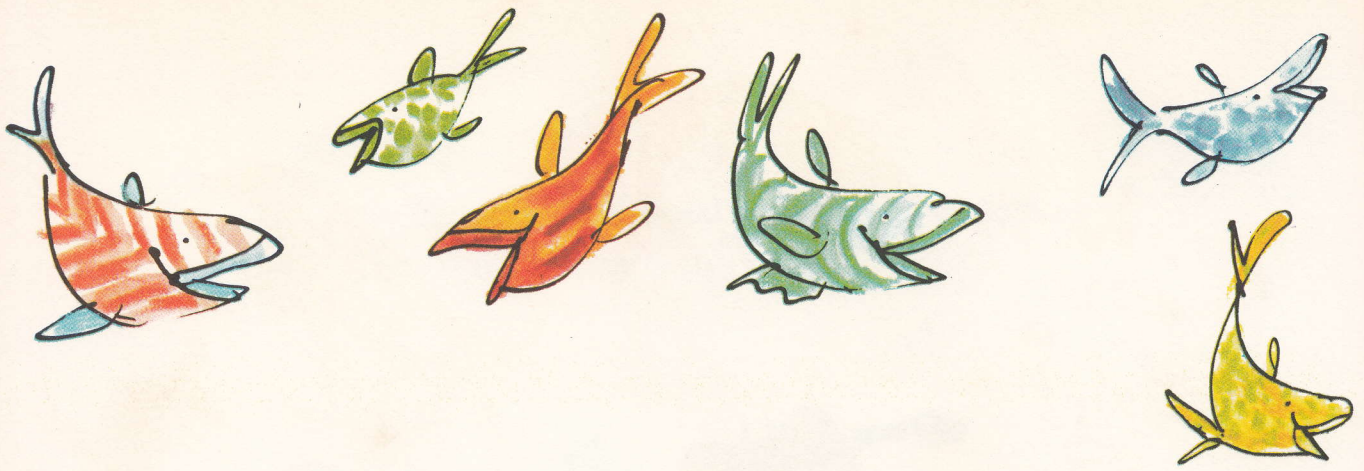


He was so pleased that he ran as fast as
he could out into the fields.





When he got there he blew the dust off his violin.



Then he sat down by a pond and began to play a tune. As he played, the most extraordinary thing happened. One by one the fish in the pond began to jump out and fly about in the air. And what is more, they were all different colours and they were singing to the music.







Just then a girl and a boy came along the road.
Their names were Kath and Mick.

“Did you do that?” asked Mick, pointing to the fish
in the air. And Patrick said, “Yes.”





Then he played another tune, and the string tying
Kath's hair turned into red ribbons and the laces in
Mick's boots turned into blue ribbons.



And so the three went down the road together.
Soon they came to an orchard of apple trees. Patrick
played his violin and the leaves on the trees changed
to all kinds of bright colours.

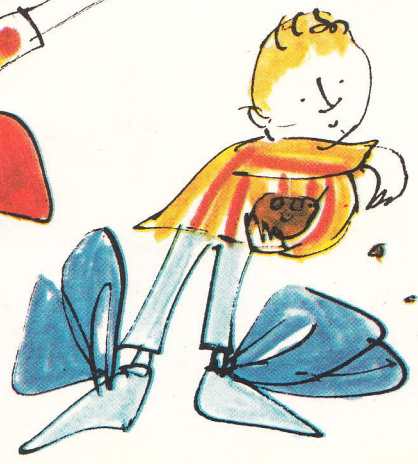
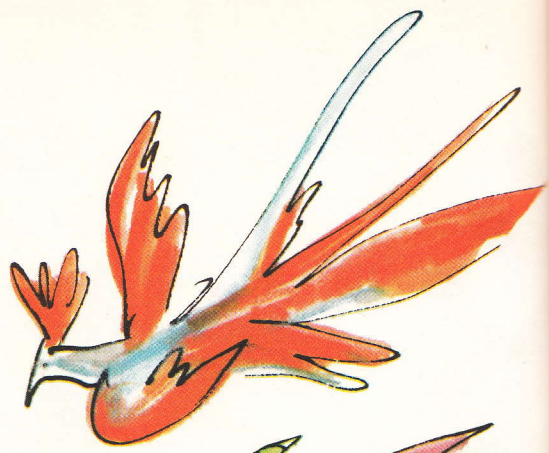






Instead of apples the trees began to grow pears and bananas and cakes and ice-creams and slices of hot buttered toast. Kath and Mick ran about among the trees and helped themselves to whatever they liked.







As they were eating, a flock of pigeons flew down and Patrick played his violin again. The birds began to sprout bright new feathers until they were the most beautiful birds you have ever seen. Kath and Mick fed them on crumbs of chocolate cake.

After Patrick and the children had gone a little farther, they met some cows. They were white with black spots, but when Patrick played his violin the cows became covered with coloured stars and started to dance to the music.





So they all went along the road together, until they met a tramp. The tramp had whiskers and a hat with a broken top where his hair poked through. He was smoking a pipe and every time he gave a puff sparks flew out of it.



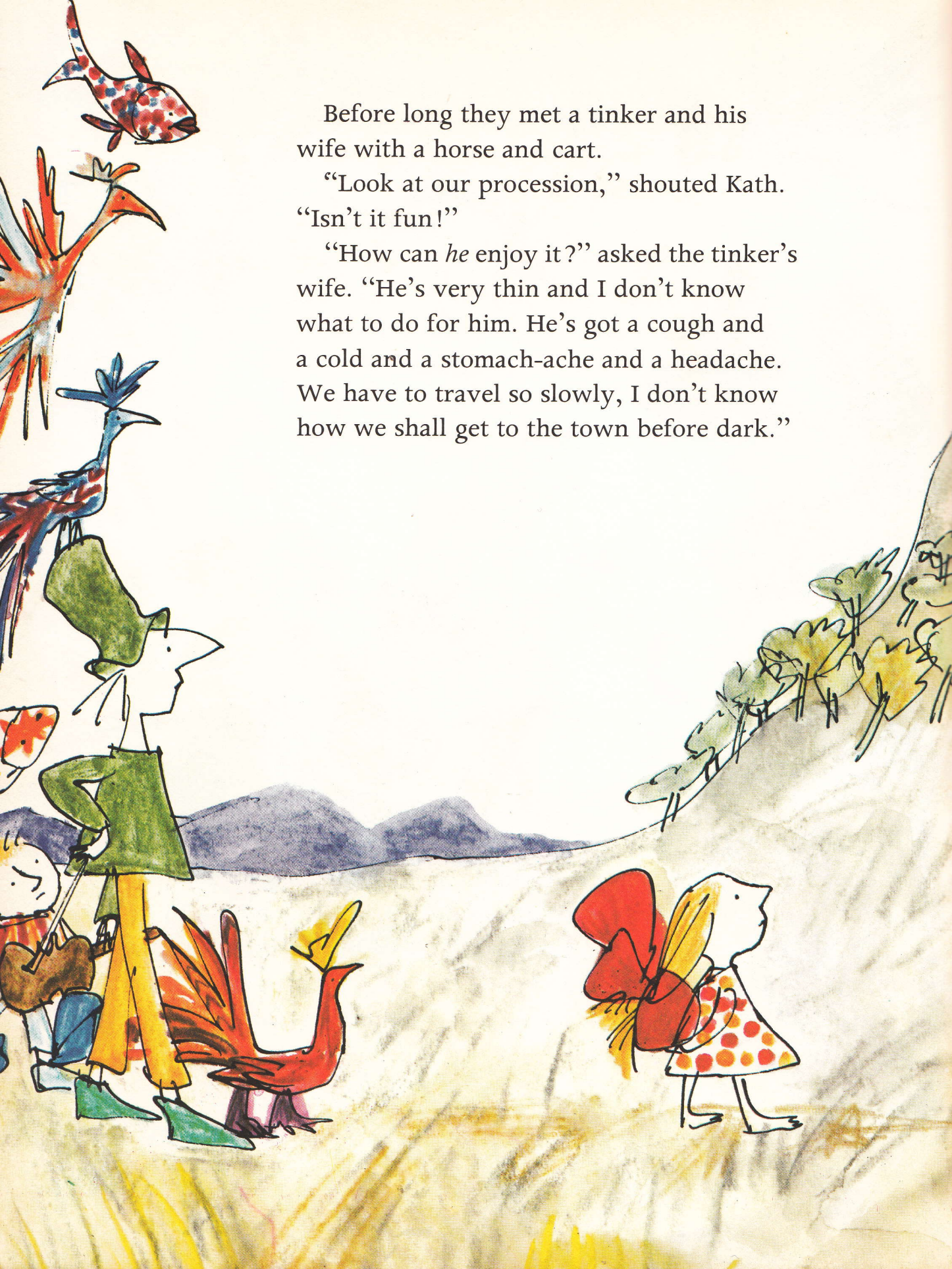
“That’s a lovely tune you’re playing,” said the tramp. “There’s nothing I like better than a tune on the violin.” So Patrick played even harder, and the sparks from the pipe of the whiskery tramp got bigger and brighter until they were showers of fireworks.





On they all went along the road. It was just like a procession – Kath and Mick with their ribbons; the fish and the birds singing; the cows dancing; the whiskery tramp puffing fireworks from his pipe; and Patrick playing on his violin.





Before long they met a tinker and his wife with a horse and cart.

“Look at our procession,” shouted Kath. “Isn’t it fun!”

“How can *he* enjoy it?” asked the tinker’s wife. “He’s very thin and I don’t know what to do for him. He’s got a cough and a cold and a stomach-ache and a headache. We have to travel so slowly, I don’t know how we shall get to the town before dark.”



“Let me play my violin and see what happens,” said Patrick.

So he played a tune, and you can see what happened.



The tinker started to get fatter.

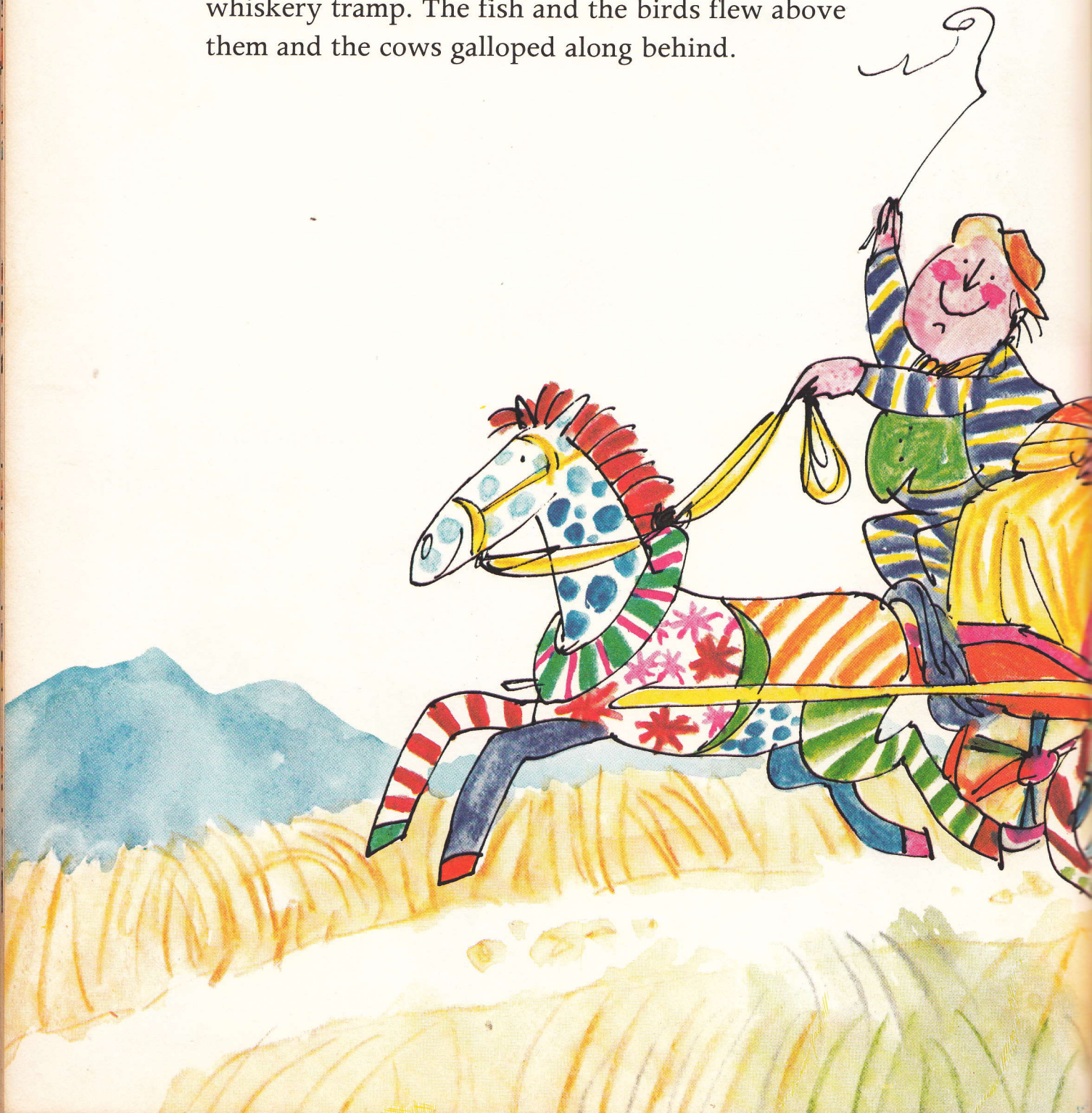




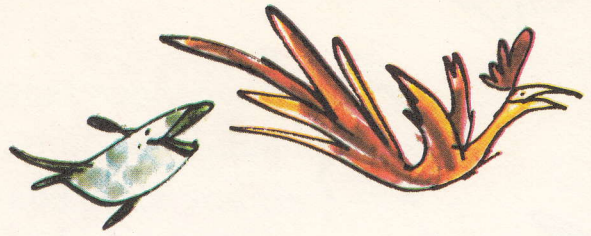
He lost his cough, and his cold, and his stomach-ache, and his headache; until he was well and smiling and happy again.



And not only that. Look what happened to his horse and cart! The tinker and his wife climbed on, and so did Patrick and Kath and Mick and the whiskery tramp. The fish and the birds flew above them and the cows galloped along behind.







And they all got back to the town before dark.

