

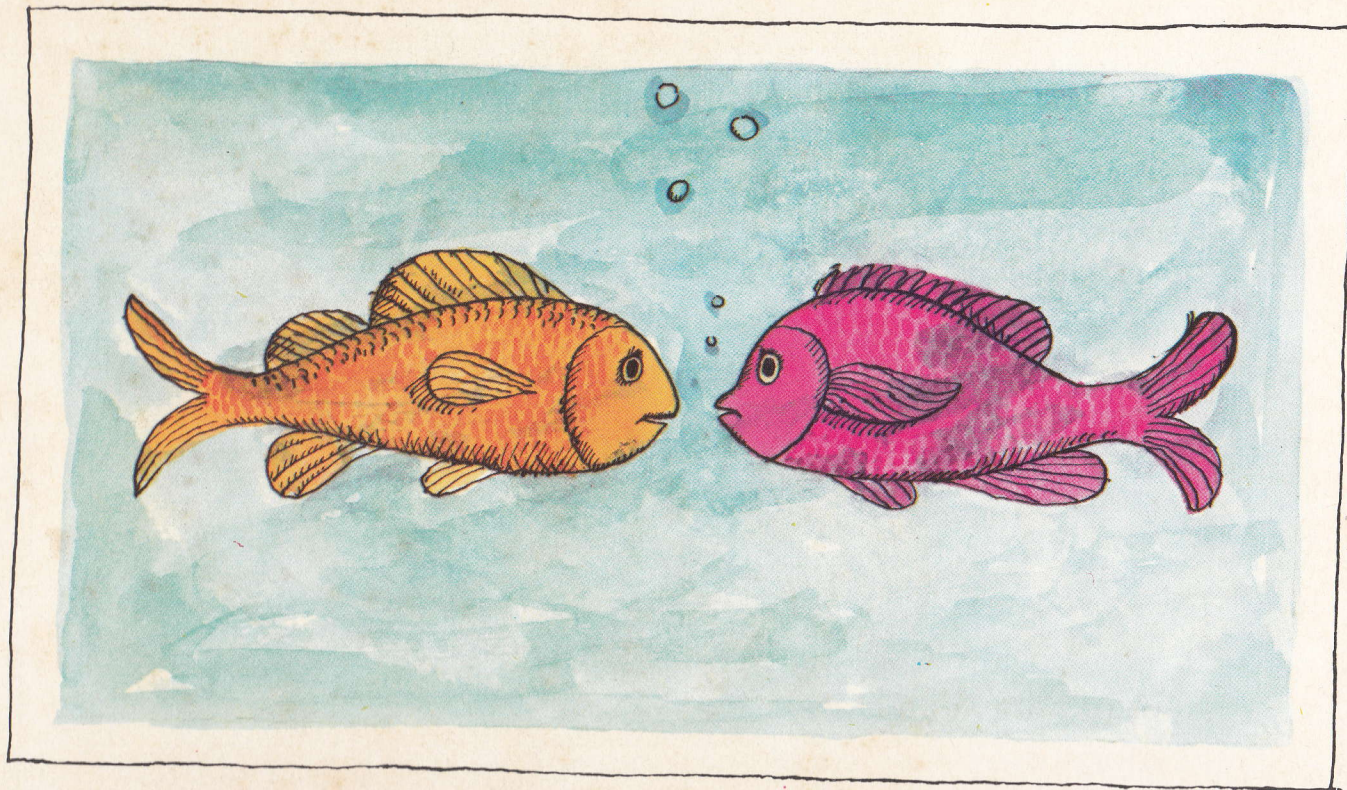
# ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER



By JOANNE OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by ALIKI

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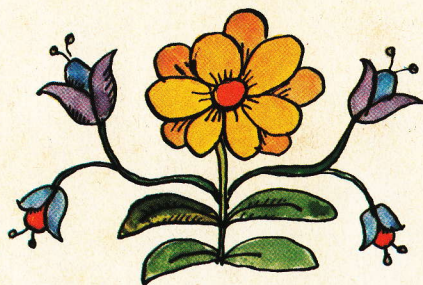


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for Stephen



and for Gregory

nce there was a little village called Wynlock-on-the-River. Half the people of Wynlock lived on the east side of the river. Half the people of Wynlock lived on the west side of the river.

A rickety wooden bridge connected the two sides of Wynlock.

In all of Wynlock there was  
one Blacksmith  
one Tailor  
one Doctor  
one Chimney Sweep  
one Cobbler  
one Farmer  
one Baker  
one Weaver  
and one Woodsman.

To a stranger passing through, it looked like a lovely, quiet place to live.



But, in fact, it was not lovely at all. And it certainly was not quiet.

The women of the east bickered with the women of the west.

The men of the west fought with the men of the east.

The children of the east teased the children of the west.

“Beast from the east!”

“Pest from the west!”

“You’re a cheat!”

“You’re a mess!”

Insults flew and fists flew, too.



Then, one night, in a blustery storm the bridge collapsed.

“Fine!” said the people on the west side. “Let’s leave it like that!”

“Good!” said the people on the east side. “Let’s leave it like that!”



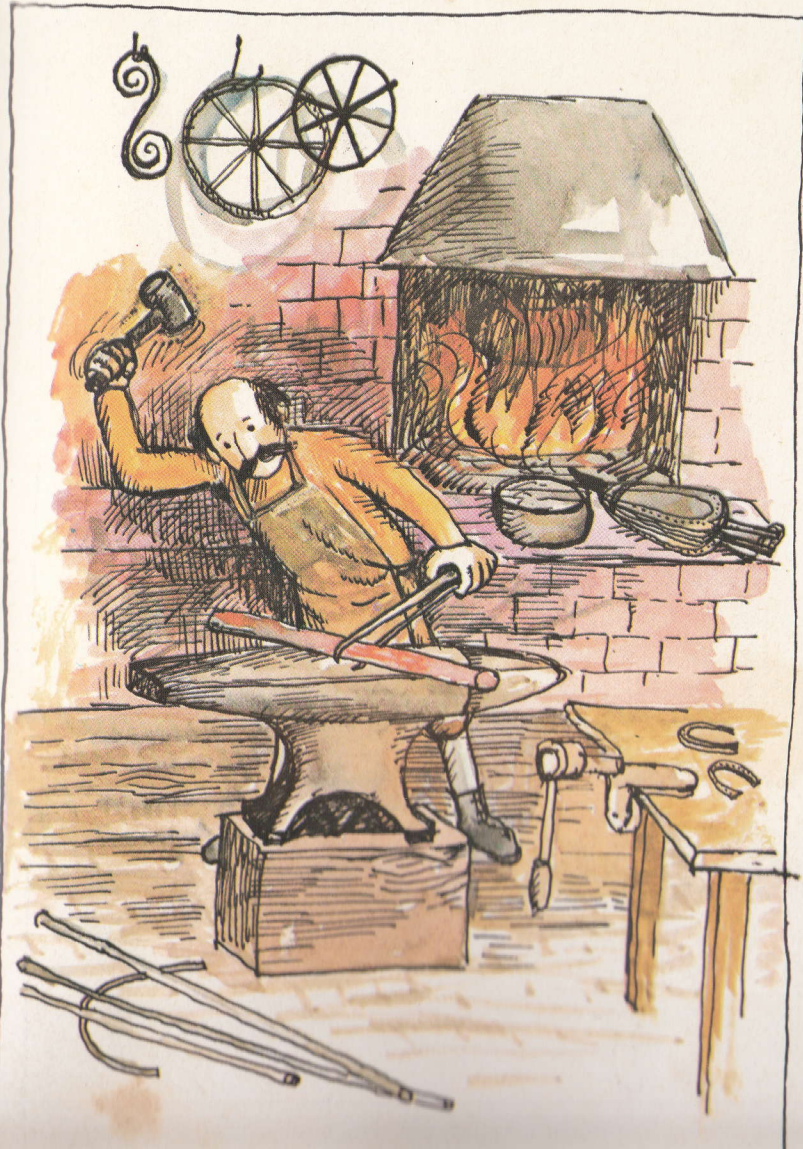
The next day was more peaceful than anyone could remember.

On the west side of the river  
the Chimney Sweep swept,

the Weaver wove,



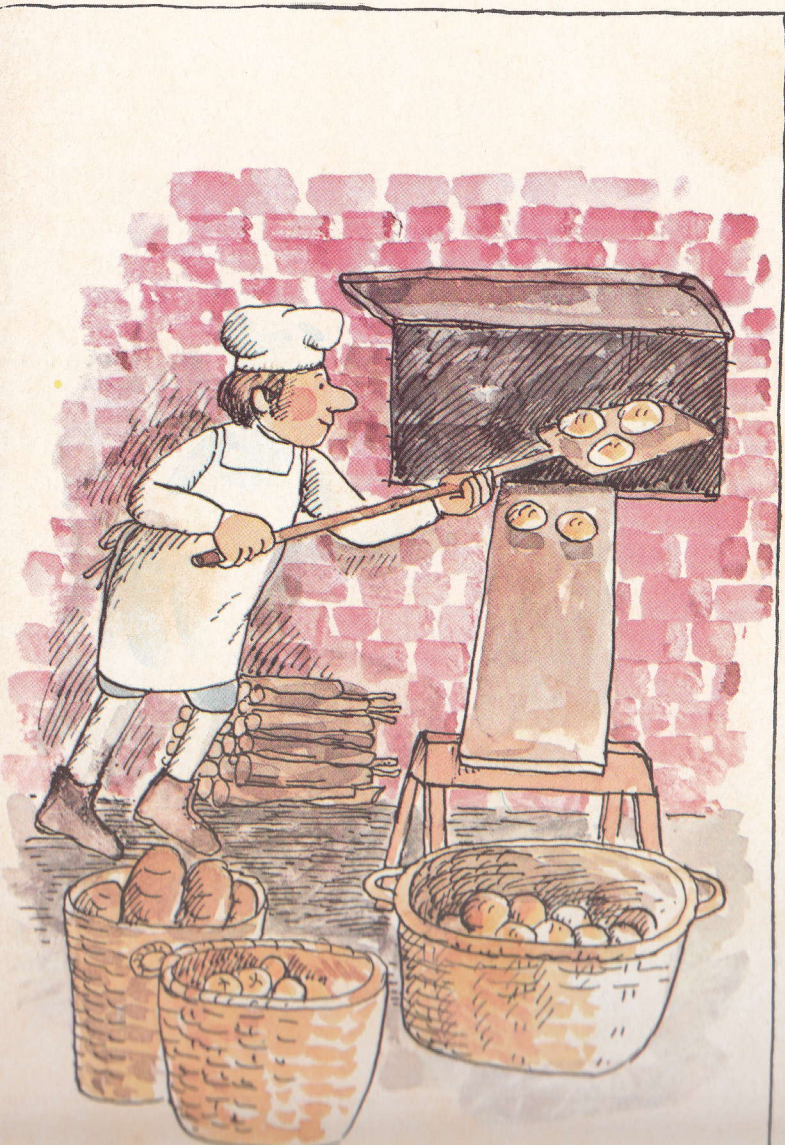
the Smith smithed,



and the Doctor tended the sick.



On the east side  
the Baker baked,



the Tailor sewed,



the Cobbler cobbled,

the Farmer farmed,

and the Woodsman chopped





But that night, while the Baker was baking, his bread got all sooty. His shop got all smoky. It was very clear that he needed the Chimney Sweep.

But where was the Chimney Sweep?  
On the other side of the river.

“What shall I do?” asked the Baker. “What shall I do?”

Early the next morning, while the Chimney Sweep was halfway down the Blacksmith's chimney, his left boot slipped and fell right into a tub of boiling water.

"My boot, my boot!" he shouted. "I need the Cobbler!"

But where was the Cobbler?

Yes, of course, on the other side of the river.



Just then, the Cobbler was so busy singing while he was swinging his hammer that he missed the shoe and hammered his thumb.

“Ooow! Wife! Wife! Get me the Doctor!”

But where was the Doctor?

Yes, of course, on the other side of the river!





Just then, the Doctor, who was a bit chubby, had laughed too hard at a good joke and split the last pair of trousers that fit him.

“Ach!” he said, “I need the Tailor!”

But, where was the Tailor?

An easy question—the Tailor was on the other side of the river.



Just then, the Tailor put up a sign and locked his door. He had a fine sewing machine, needles, pins, and a steady hand. But he had no cloth.

“No cloth, no cloth. I’m ruined!” he muttered. “I need the Weaver for cloth, for cloth!”

But, where was the Weaver?

On the other side of the river, of course.

Just then, the Weaver had woven all that he could weave. He needed more wool from the Farmer's sheep. "I need the Farmer!" he cried. "What shall I do?"

But where was the Farmer?

On the other side of the river.





Just then the Farmer happened to be in his field. But his horse had lost its shoe and could not pull the plough. "I must get the Blacksmith!" shouted the Farmer.

But where was the Blacksmith?

On the other side of the river.

Just then, the Blacksmith had run out of wood to keep  
his fire glowing and his bellows blowing.  
First, he burned his table.  
Then he burned his chairs.  
“I need the Woodsman!” he grumbled. “I must have  
wood!”

But where was the Woodsman?

You can guess by now where the Woodsman was.

“Oh, woe is me,” sighed the Blacksmith. “What shall I  
do? What shall I do?”



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That night the Baker knew what he had to do. He waited for dark so that no one would know. Quickly and quietly he hurried down to the river.

There he found the Cobbler, the Tailor, the Woodsman, and the Farmer all about to leave in a small wooden boat.

“Wait! Wait for me!” he called.



Midway between West and East Wynlock, in the middle of the river, the Woodsman whispered, "Shhhhhh—stop rowing! Listen—I hear something."

"Hello out there!" called a voice in the darkness.

"Doctor?" called the Cobbler. "Is that you?"

"Cobbler! Hello!" said another voice. "I am coming to see you."

"It's the Sweep!" said the Baker.

"Row! Row! Somebody row!"

"Give me the oar!" said the Tailor.

Now the boats were side by side.

"Doctor! Please help me!"

The Doctor stood to help the Cobbler over.

"Sweep!" said the Baker. "You must come back with me."

"Come with me, Smith. My horse is lame."

"I'm coming with you, Weaver. I must have cloth," said the Tailor.

"No, no. I must get wool from the Farmer first."

"Sit down!" shouted the Woodsman. "Sit down—you're all tipping—you're—tip—watch out—sit—"



The two boats tipped

and the Baker

the Cobbler

the Woodsman

the Doctor

the Sweep

the Smith

the Weaver

the Tailor

and the Farmer

all fell into the river.

“Help!” cried the Tailor.

“Swim!” shouted the Woodsman.

“To the bridge!” called the Weaver.

Together they held on to what was left of the old rickety bridge.

“What shall we do?” asked the Tailor, the Woodsman, and the Weaver.

“What shall we do?” asked the Doctor, the Farmer, and the Baker.

“What shall we do?” asked the Cobbler, the Sweep, and the Blacksmith.

Then some swam east and some swam west. Each one knew what he had to do.



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So early the next morning the people of East Wynlock and the people of West Wynlock began to build a new bridge.

It was hard to tell who worked harder or faster. No one would say.



Now the women of the east smile at the women of the west.

The men of the west work with the men of the east.

The children of the east play with the children of the west.

No one will say which side is better.

Only that the bridge is stronger.

And if a stranger passing through Wynlock-on-the-River thought it looked like a nice place to live, he would be right.





