



To my beautiful children,
Joseph, Harry, Molly, Alexander, and Hope—T.M.

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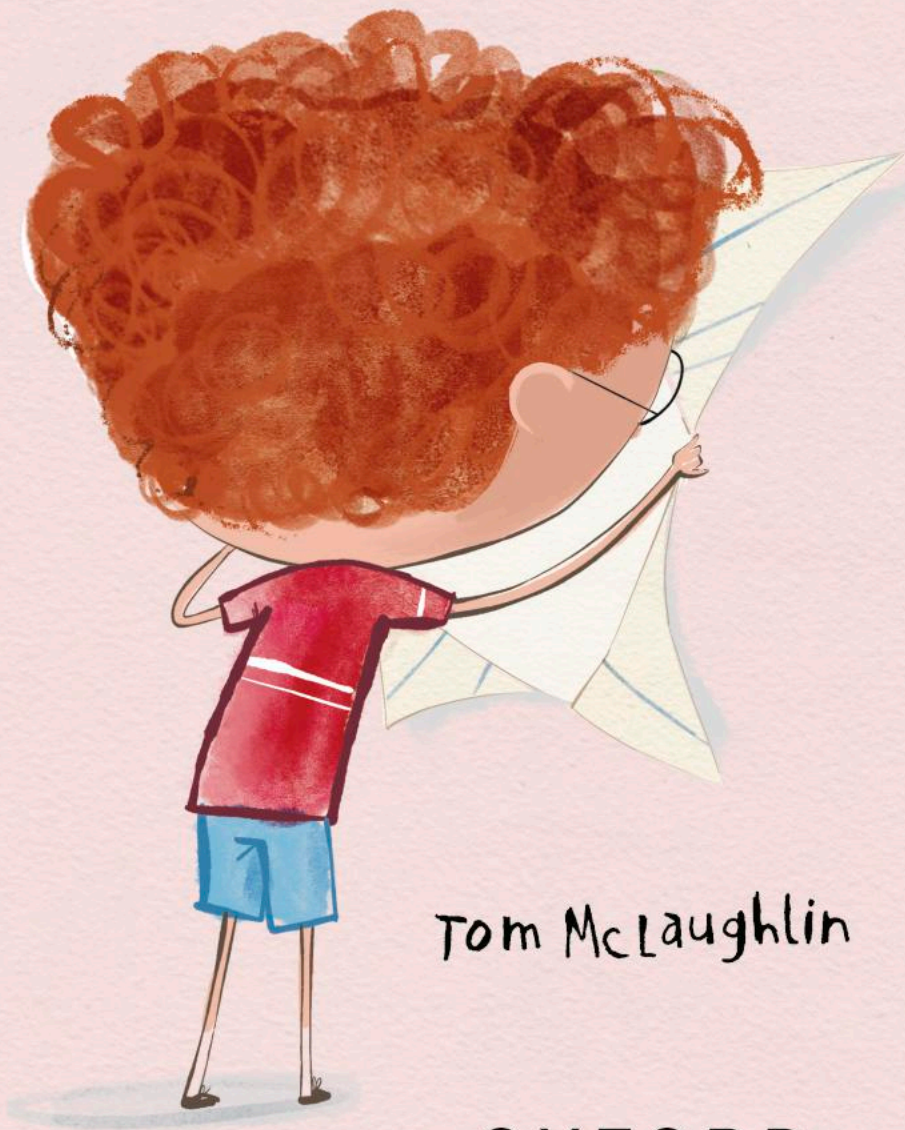
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The Boy who PAINTed The World



Tom McLaughlin

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Once there was a boy who
wandered into a book.

Whoa!
Where am I?
Is anyone there?

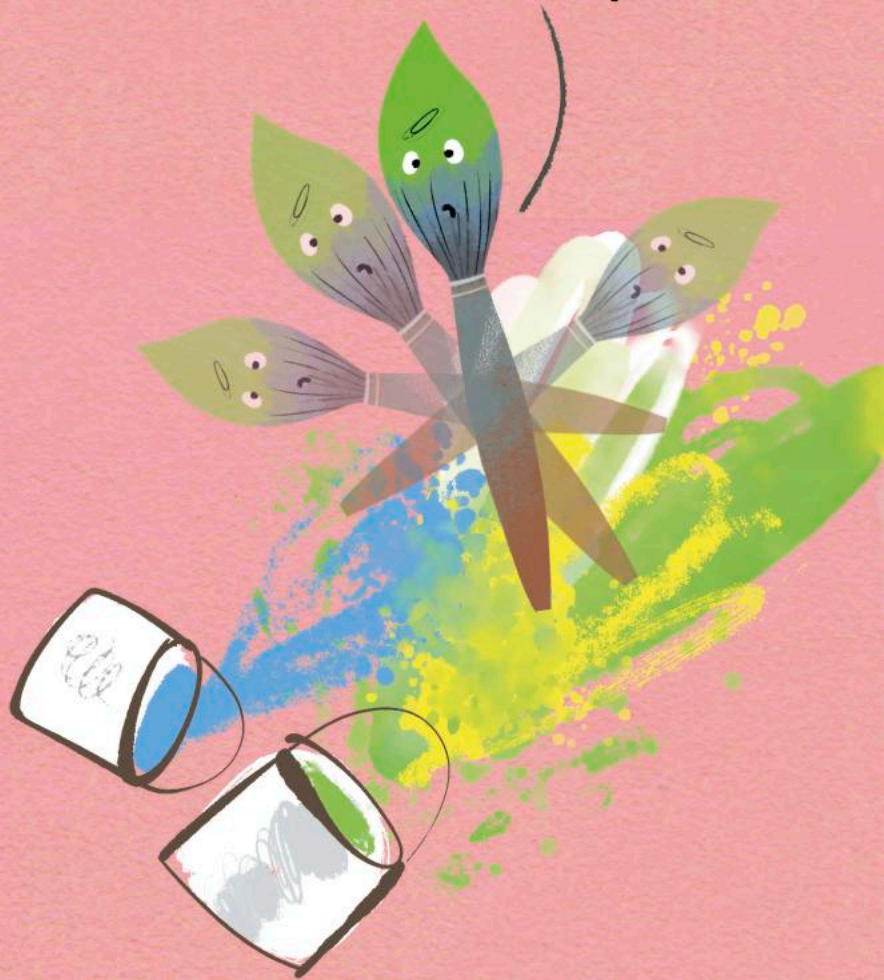


It seemed to be completely empty.



Except it wasn't. The boy was so busy looking around that he didn't see the mess that he was about make.

Ouch,
ouch,
OUCH!

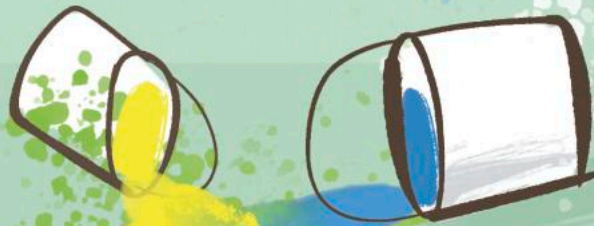


What a calamity!
There was paint
EVERYWHERE!

SORRY!
I always make
a big mess.

It's not a mess.
Let's try something...

The paintbrush didn't seem
worried though. In fact...



... the green splodge
was soon transformed.

Ta-da!

It's a huge

MESSY-A-SAURUS!

You try now.

You mean
paint?

I can't paint.

