



Children's Summer Reading Program

One World, Many Stories

Join us on Tuesday and Wednesday each week as we "travel the world" in stories and craft projects.

Story times are at 10 a.m.

Summer Reading Program Registration Begins May 31.

Children must register in Children's Area to be eligible for prizes.

Parents will need to accompany the child for registration.

Registration documents (commitment forms), consent forms and permission slips will be completed at the time of registration and a registration packet will be provided to the child.

Child's photo will be taken to display in Library.

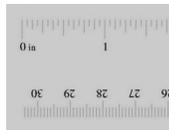
Summer Reading Program officially begins June 13.

For each of the seven weeks of the program, children will read their committed amount. As they complete each week, they should return to the library for entry into the weekly drawings. Prizes will be awarded each week for 5 children per age category (1-5, 6-10, 11-17). Children must have their reading commitment documented by Library Staff to be eligible.

At the end of the seven week program, all children who completed the full seven weeks, will be eligible to attend the grand prize event at the Harrison Public Pool. Food, drinks and prizes will be given away at this event.

**Stories/Crafts
Activities/Programs
are subject to change without notice.
Please contact the Children's Area for
confirmation.
(870) 741-5913.**

Submitted by Carol Moran, Children's
Outreach, Boone County Library



One Inch Tall

If you were only one inch tall, you'd ride a worm to school.
The teardrop of a crying ant would be your swimming pool.
A crumb of cake would be a feast
And last you seven days at least,
A flea would be a frightening beast
If you were one inch tall.

If you were only one inch tall, you'd walk beneath the door,
And it would take about a month to get down to the store.
A bit of fluff would be your bed,
You'd swing upon a spider's thread,
And wear a thimble on your head
If you were one inch tall.

You'd surf across the kitchen sink upon a stick of gum.
You couldn't hug your mama, you'd just have to hug her thumb.
You'd run from people's feet in fright,
To move a pen would take all night,
(This poem took fourteen years to write--
'Cause I'm just one inch tall).

By Shel Silverstein