

he watched the stars from his window

Mow to Catch a Stor

nce there was a boy and the boy loved stars very much.

Every night the boy watched the stars from his window and wished he had one of his very own.

He dreamed how his star might be his friend. They would play hide-and-go-seek and take long walks together.





he boy decided he would try to catch a star. He thought that getting up early in the morning would be best, because then the star would be tired from being up in the sky all night.





So, the next day he set out at sunrise. But he could not see a star anywhere. He sat down and waited for one to appear.



He waited...

and he waited...



and ate lunch...

and waited.





And after dinner he waited some more.



inally, just before the sun was about to go away, he saw a star.

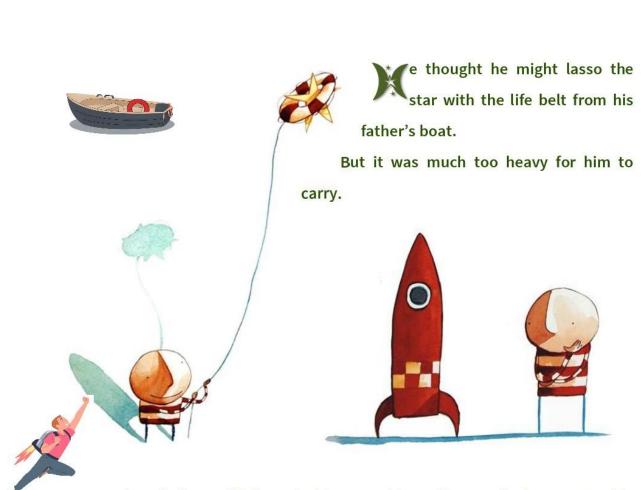
The boy tried to jump up and grab it.

But he could not jump high enough.



So, very carefully, he climbed to the top of the tallest tree he could find. But the star was still way out of reach.





He thought he could fly up in his spaceship and just grab the star. But his spaceship had run out of petrol last Tuesday when he flew to the moon.

Perhaps he could get a seagull to help him fly up into the sky to reach his star?

But the only seagull he could find didn't want to help at all.



The boy thought he would never catch a star.

Just then he noticed something floating in the water. It was the prettiest star he had ever seen.

Just a baby star. It must have fallen from the sky.

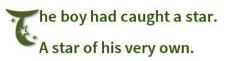




He tried to fish the star out with his hands. But he couldn't reach it.

Then he had an idea. The star might wash up on the shore. He ran back along the jetty to the beach.

Then he waited and walked... and watched and waited...and, sure enough, the star washed up on the bright, golden sand.







Oliver Jeffers How to Catch a Star Philomel Books, 2004