

The DAY the CRAYONS
Came HOME



DREW DAYWALT

OLIVER JEFFERS

From the CREATORS of the BESTSELLING THE DAY the CRAYONS QUIT



Hello from the Rms

Air Conditioned Suites

The City Hall

2087

484

Narrator

Beginning of Story

“One day, Duncan and his crayons
were happily coloring together when a
strange stack of postcards arrived for
him in the mail...”



Maroon Crayon

(After Narrator)

“Dear Duncan,

Not sure if you remember me. My name is Maroon Crayon. You only colored with me once, to draw a scab, but whatever. Anyway, you lost me two years ago in the couch, then your Dad sat on me and BROKE ME IN HALF! I never would have survived had paperclip not nursed me back to health. I’m finally better, so come get me! And can paperclip come too? He’s really holding me together.

Sincerely,

Your marooned crayon,

Maroon Crayon”



Pea Green Crayon

(After Maroon Crayon)

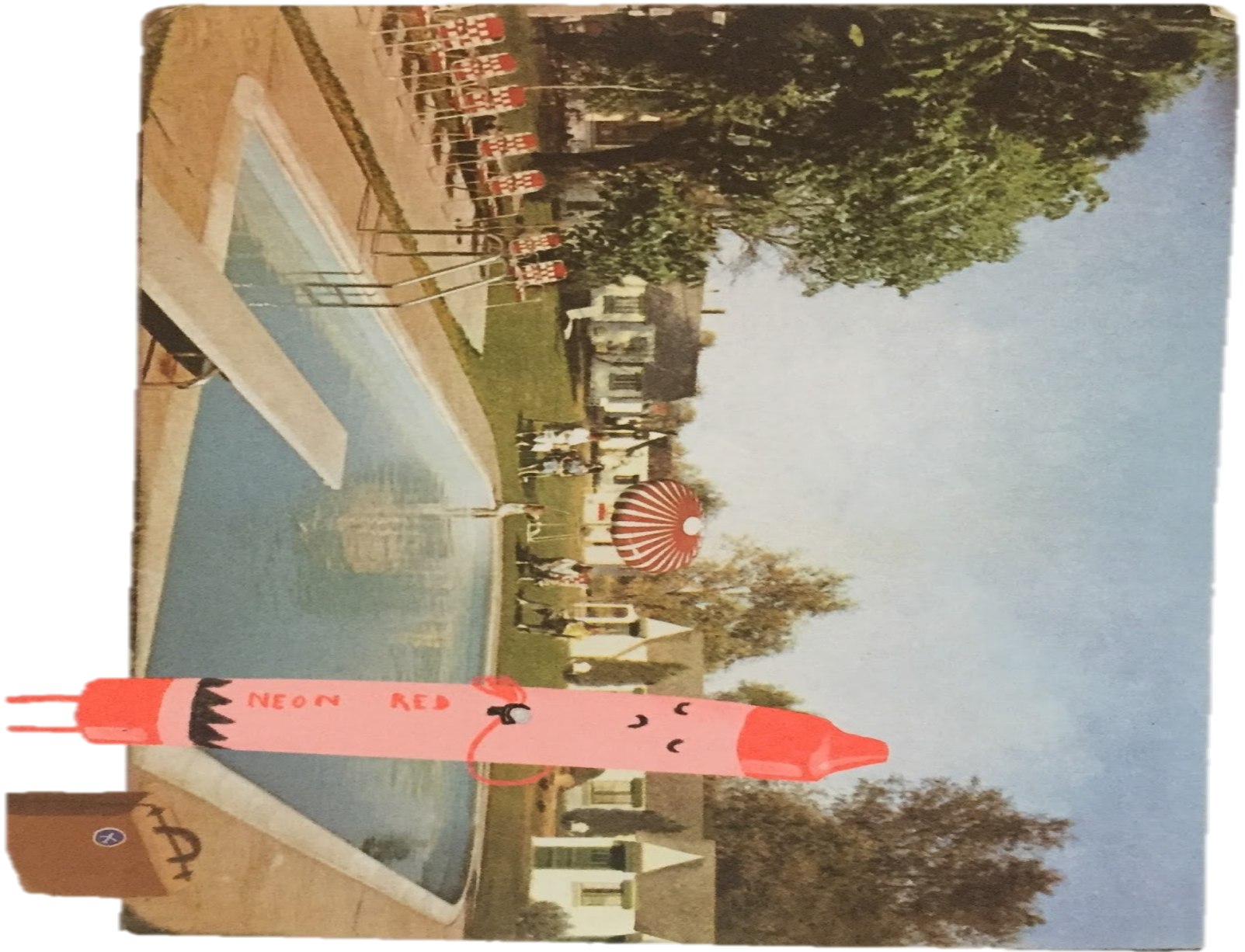
“Dear Duncan,

No one likes peas. No one even likes
the color pea green. So I’m changing
my name and running away to see the
world.

Sincerely,

Esteban...the Magnificent!

(the crayon formerly known as Pea Green)”



Neon Red Crayon

(After Pea Green Crayon)

“Hi, Duncan,

It’s me, Neon Red Crayon. Remember that great vacation we had with your family?

Remember how we laughed when we drew a picture of your Dad’s sunburn? Remember dropping me by the hotel pool when you left? Clearly you do NOT, because I’m still sitting **HERE!** How could you miss me?

Anyway, after 8 months waiting for you to come get me, I guess I’m walking back...

Your left behind friend,

Neon Red Crayon”



Yellow and Orange Crayons

(After Neon Red Crayon)

“Duncan!

It’s us... Yellow and Orange, we know we used to argue over which of us was the color of the sun... but guess what?

NEITHER of us wants to be the color of the sun anymore. Not since we were left outside and the sun melted

us... **TOGETHER!** You know the real color of the sun?? **HOT.** That’s what.

We’re sorry for arguing. You can make

Green the sun for all we care, just bring us home!

Your not-so-sunny friends,

Yellow & Orange”



Tan or Burnt Sienna Crayon

(After Yellow & Orange Crayons)

“Hey Duncan,

I’m sure you don’t recognize me...after the horrors I’ve been through. I think I was...Tan Crayon? Or maybe...Burnt Sienna? I don’t know...I can’t tell anymore. Have you ever been eaten by a dog and puked up on the rug?

Because I have...I HAVE BEEN EATEN BY A DOG AND PUKED UP ON THE RUG, Duncan...and it’s not pretty. Not pretty at all...I’m more carpet fuzz than crayon now.

Can you please bring me back?

Your undigestible friend,

Tan (or possibly Burnt Sienna?) Crayon”



Pea Green Crayon

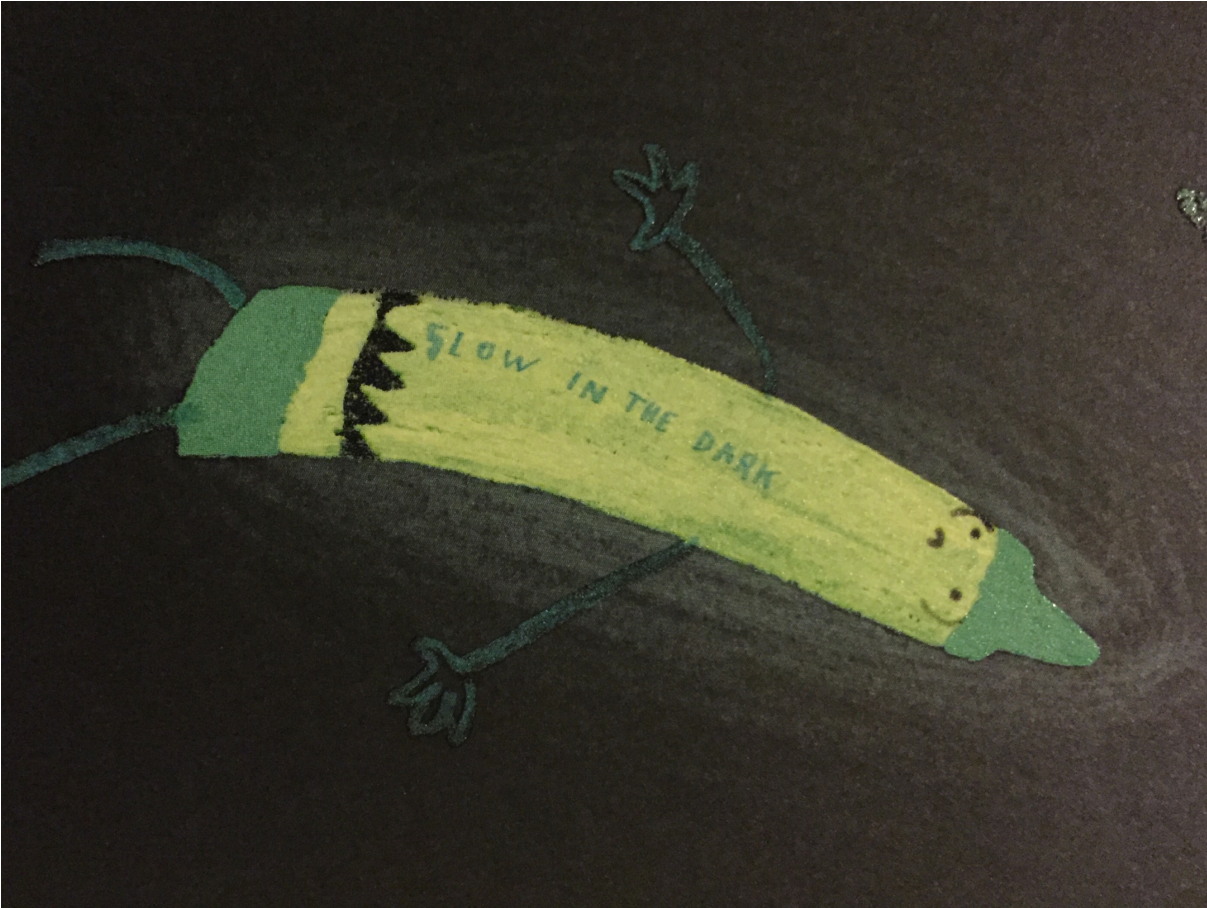
(After Tan or Burnt Sienna Crayon)

“Dearest Duncan,

Um...could you please open the front door? I still need to see the world...

Sincerely,

Esteban the Magnificent”



Glow in the Dark Crayon Crayon (After Pen Green Crayon)

“Hey Duncan,

**Remember last Halloween we told your
little brother there was a ghost under
the basement stairs? Then we drew that
scary stuff on the wall? Sure was funny
when he ran screaming, right? But it
wasn't so funny when you forgot to
take me out of the basement! Please
come get me! I'm kind
of...terribly...horrified...**

Your scared friend,

Glow in the Dark Crayon”



Neon Red Crayon

(After Glow in the Dark Crayon)

“Dear Duncan,

Looks like I’m almost home! Been through China, Canada, and France...I think. Just crossing New Jersey by camel now! New Jersey has giant pyramids right?

See ya soon,

Neon Red Crayon

P.S. Next stop, the North Pole (I think)”



Gold Crayon

(After Neon Red Crayon)

“Duncan,

Does page 8 of “Pirate Island” ring a bell?

Kind of a big payday for Captain Green

Beard there, don’t ya think? And no bronze

or silver in that pile, huh? I told you it’d

make me blunt if you colored each coin

INDIVIDUALLY, but would you listen?

Noooo. I also told you those stupid crayon

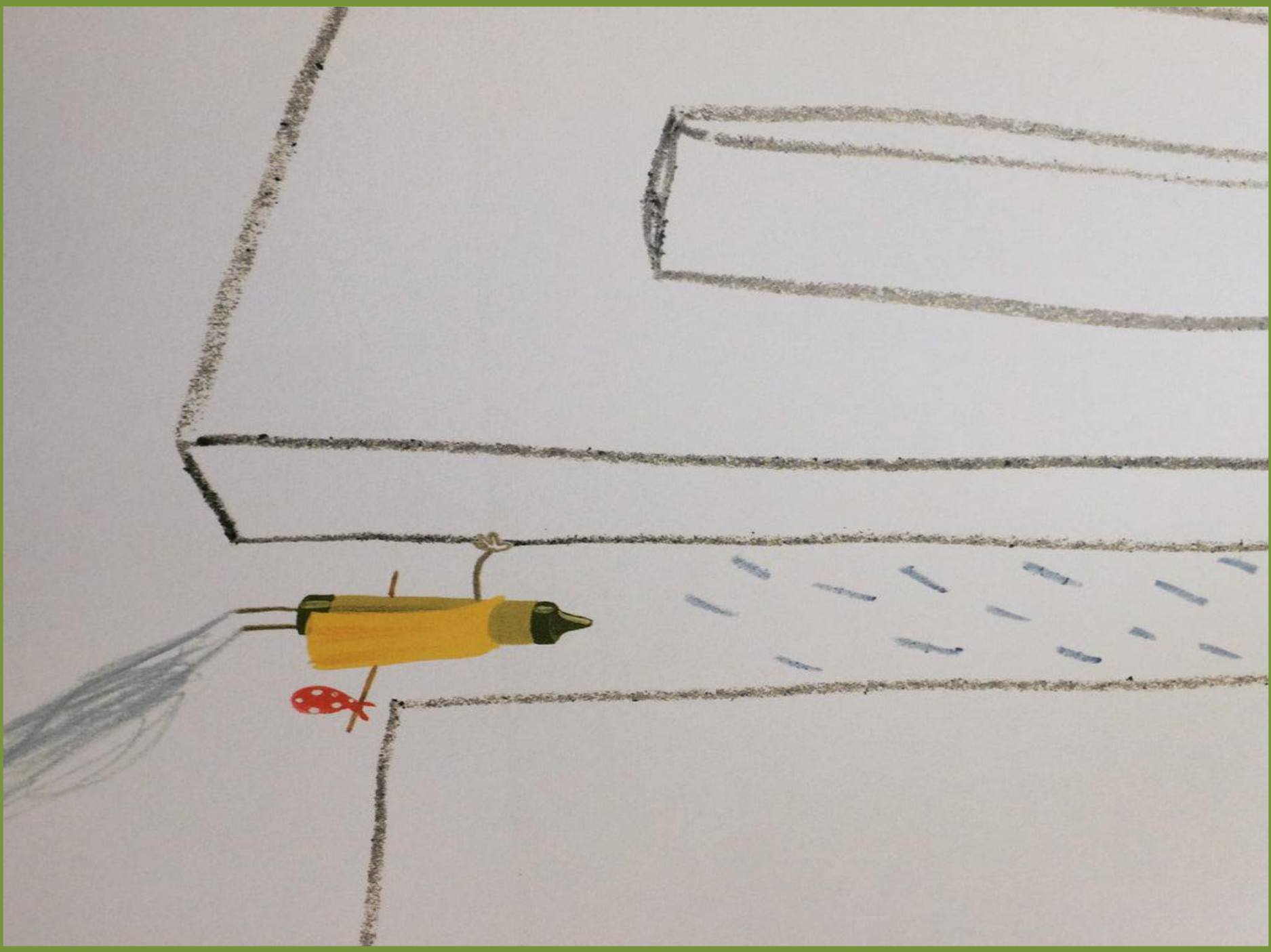
sharpeners never work. Did you listen to

that? Also nooooo. Now I can’t color

anything at **ALL!**

Your pointless friend,

Gold Crayon”



Pea Green Crayon
(After Gold Crayon)

“Dear Duncan,
I’ve seen the world. It’s raining. I’m
coming back.

Esteban the Magnificent”



TELL HIM
I SAID
hi

Teal Crayon

(After Pea Green Crayon)

“Dear Duncan,

You’re probably wondering why my head is stuck to your sock? A question I ask myself every day. Well...it’s because last week you left me in your pocket and I ended up in the dryer. I landed on your sock and now he’s stuck to my head. Can you please come get me? Also, why does everything you wear still smell even after it’s washed?

Your stinky-socky-stucky-on-head buddy,

Turquoise Crayon

P.S. Sock says “Hi”



Toddler Crayon

(After Teal Crayon)

“Dear Mr. Duncan,

I know I’m not your crayon. I know I belong to your baby brother, but I can’t take him anymore.

In the last week alone, he’s bitten the top of my head, put me in the cat’s nose, drawn on the wall, and tried to color GARBAGE with me!

The WORST part is he is a terrible artist! I can’t tell what his drawings are. Donkeys? Monkeys? Donkey monkeys? Picasso said every child is an artist, but I dunno. I don’t think he met your brother. Please rescue me.

Your desperate friend,

Big Chunky Toddler Crayon”



Neon Red Crayon
(After Toddler Crayon)

“Duncan,
Greetings from the Amazon Rainforest.
Making great time! I think I’m almost
home.

Neon Red Crayon”



Brown Crayon

(After Neon Red Crayon)

“Hello, Duncan,

It’s me, Brown Crayon. You know EXACTLY why I ran away, buddy! EVeryone thinks I get all the great coloring jobs - candy bars, puppies, ponies. Lucky me, right? But they don’t know what ELSE you used me to color, do they? I didn’t think so. The rest of that drawing was great, but did you really need that final brown scribble? I’ll come back, but please, let’s stick to candy bars, ok?

Your very embarrassed friend,

Brown Crayon”

Narrator

(After Brown Crayon)

“Duncan was so sad to learn of all the crayons he’d lost, forgotten, broken, or neglected over the years. So he ran around gathering them up. But Duncan’s crayons were all so damaged and differently shaped than they used to be that they no longer fit in the crayon box. So Duncan had an idea...”

Narrator

End of Story

“He built a place where each crayon would
always feel at home.”