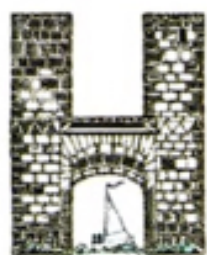


# A House Is a House for Me



MARY ANN HOBERMAN  
Illustrated by BETTY FRASER




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*The Viking Press, New York*



To Norman  
Builder of my house

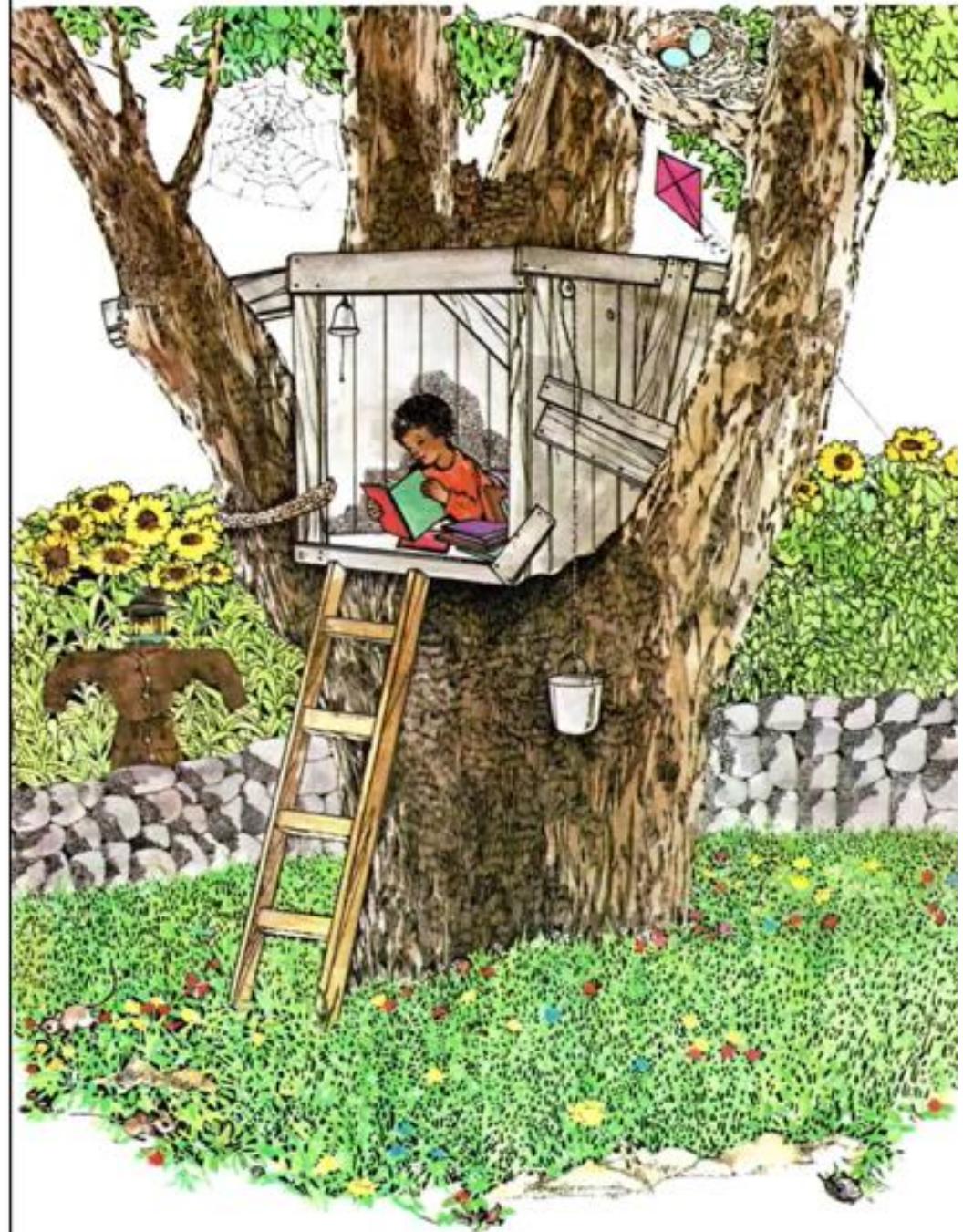




An illustration of a beehive on a hill, surrounded by green foliage. A large bee is flying near the hive, and several mice are gathered around a hole in the ground. The scene is framed by a wooden border.

A hill is a house for an ant, an ant.  
A hive is a house for a bee.  
A hole is a house for a mole or a mouse

*And a house is a house for me!*







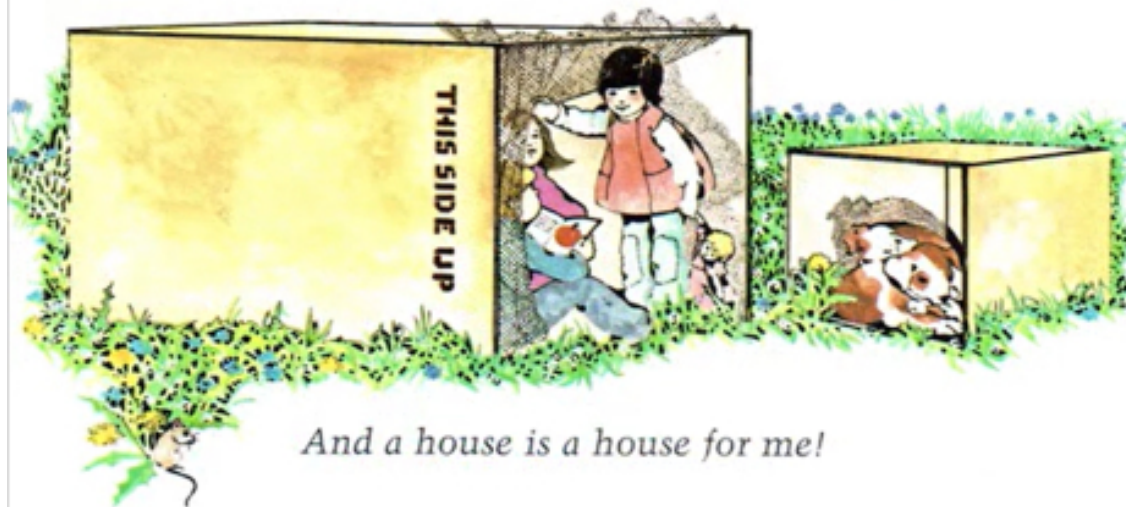
A web is a house for a spider.




A bird builds its nest in a tree.



There is nothing so snug as a bug in a rug



*And a house is a house for me!*

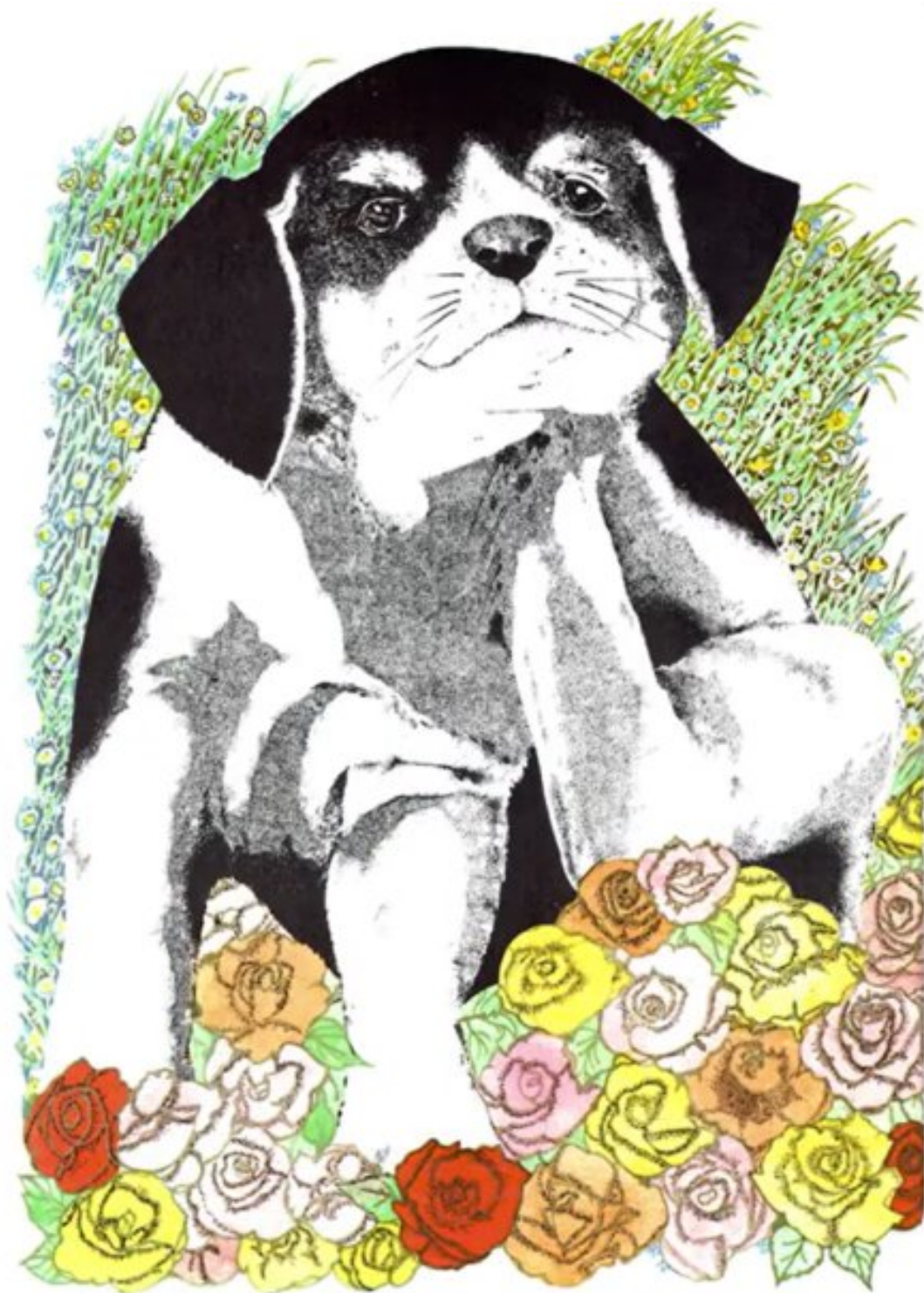


A coop? That's a house for a chicken.  
A sty? That's a house for a sow.  
A fold? That's where sheep all gather to sleep.  
A barn? That's a house for a cow.

(It is also, of course,  
A house for a horse.)







A kennel's a house for a dog, a dog.  
A dog is a house for a flea.  
But when a dog strays, a flea sometimes stays  
And then it may move in on me!



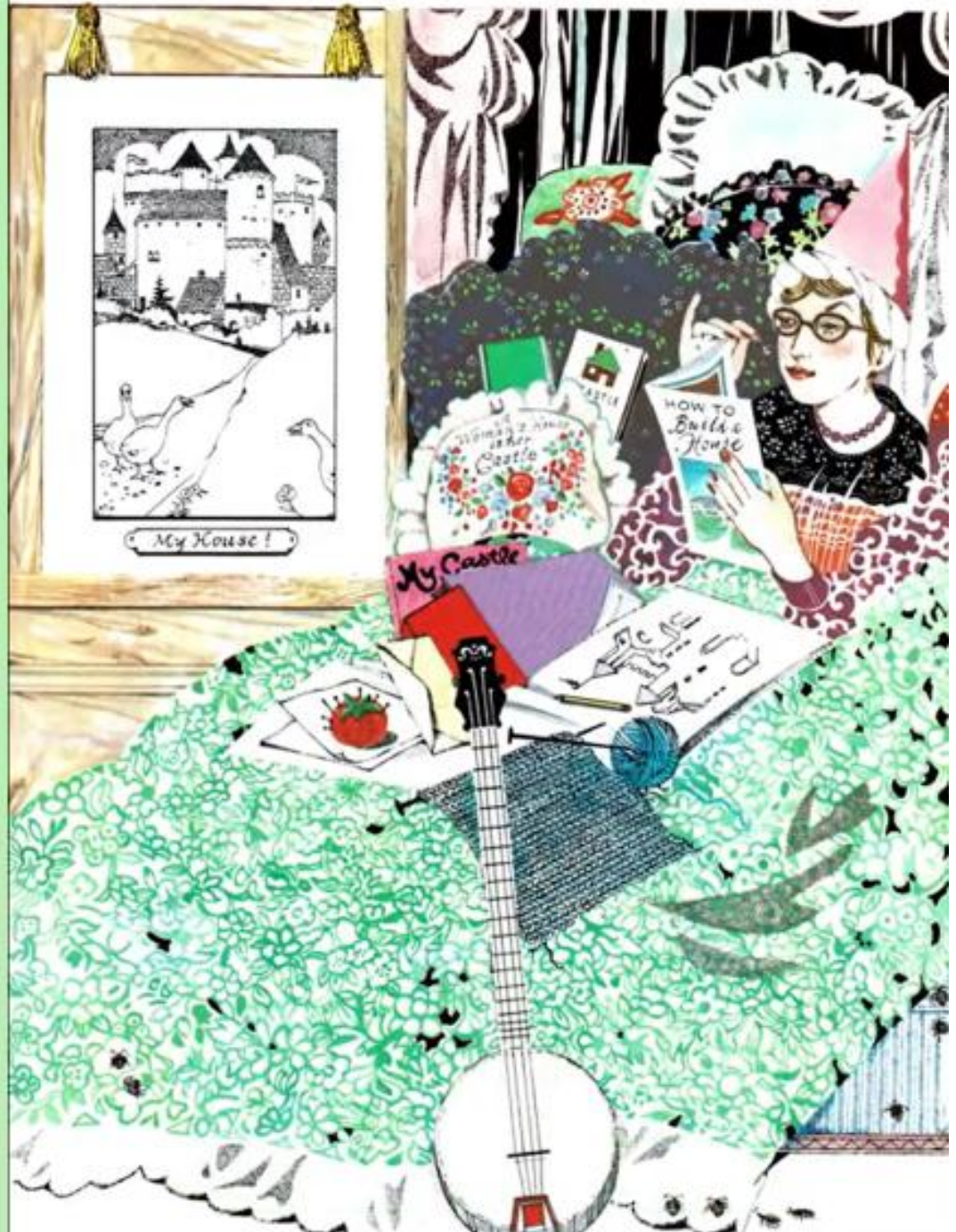


Houses for rabbits are hutches.



A house for a mule is a shed.

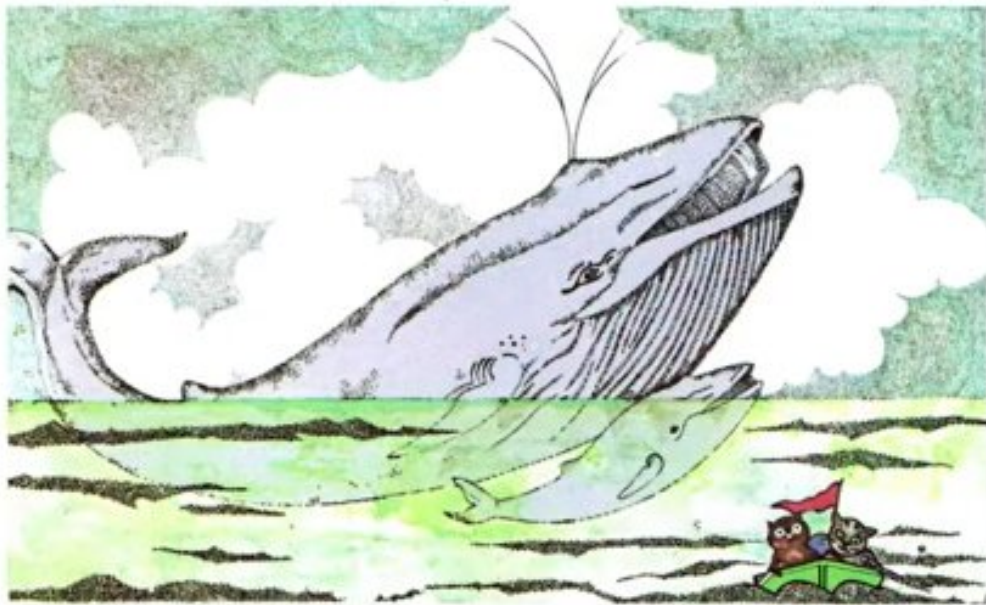
A castle's a house for a duchess. A bedbug beds down in a bed.







Mosquitoes like mudholes or puddles.

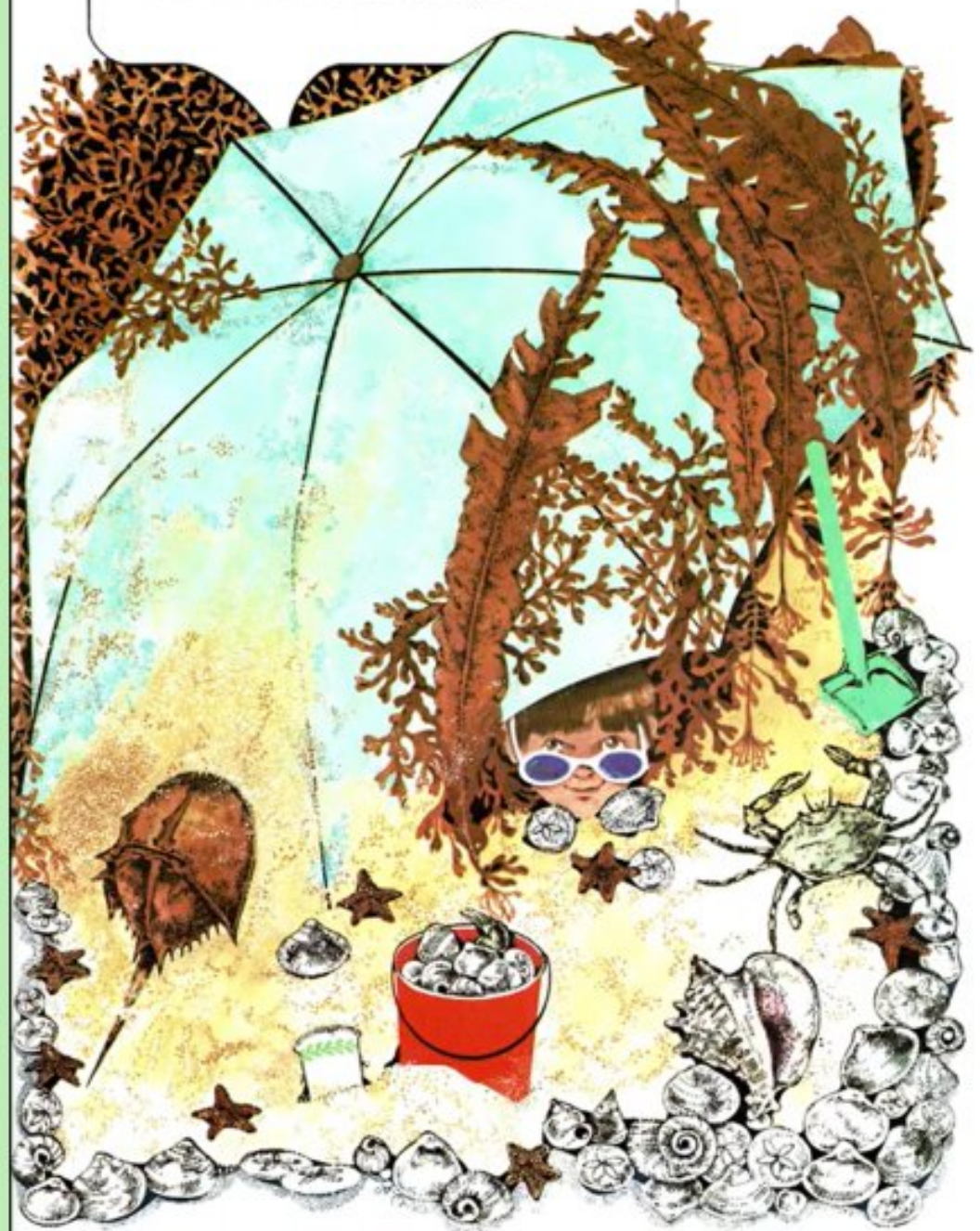


Whales need an ocean or sea.



A fish or a snake may make do with a lake

*But a house is a house for me!*



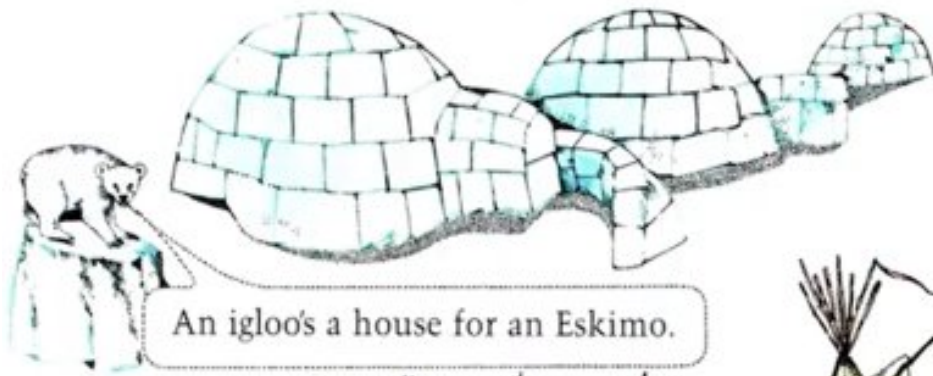




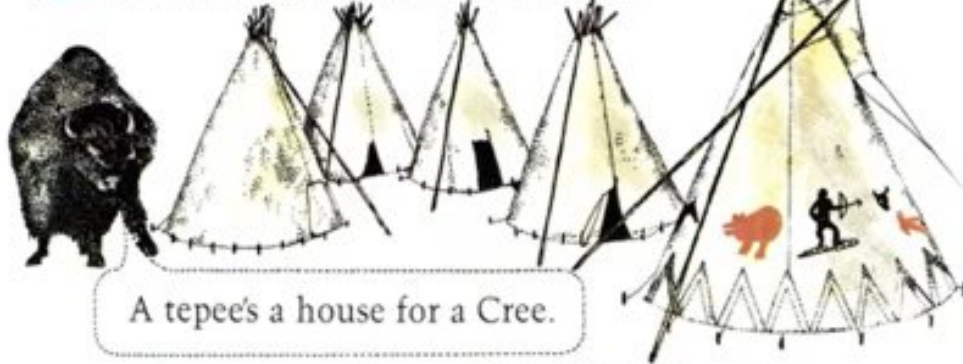
A shell is a dwelling for shellfish:  
For oysters and lobsters and clams.  
Each snail has a shell and each turtle as well  
But not any lions or lambs.  
Lions live out in the open.  
Monkeys live up in a tree.  
Hippos live down in a river.  
*Now what do you know about me?*



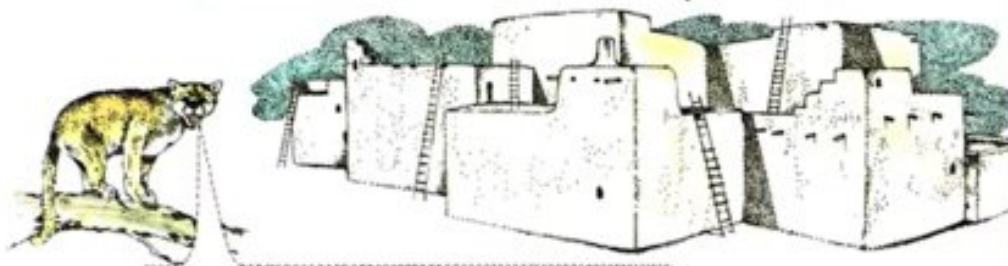




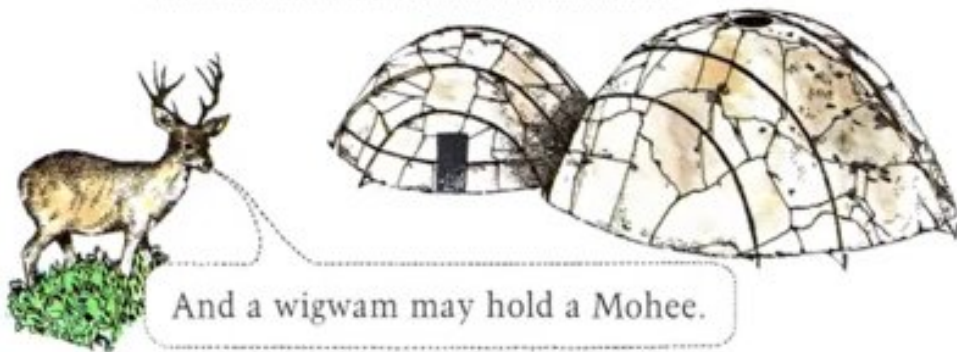
An igloo's a house for an Eskimo.



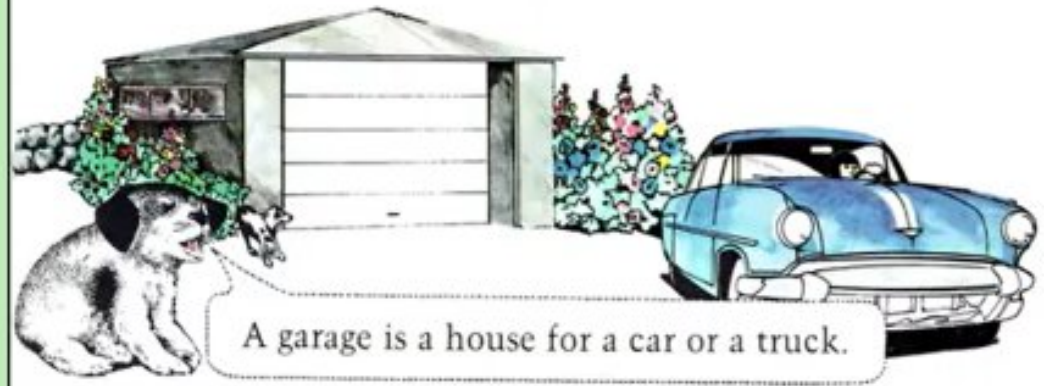
A tepee's a house for a Cree.



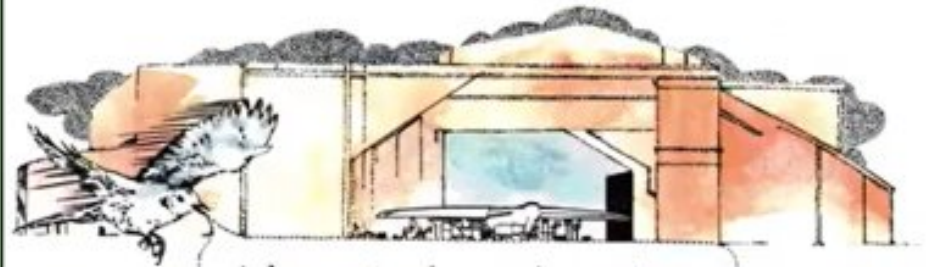
A pueblo's a house for a Hopi.



And a wigwam may hold a Mohee.



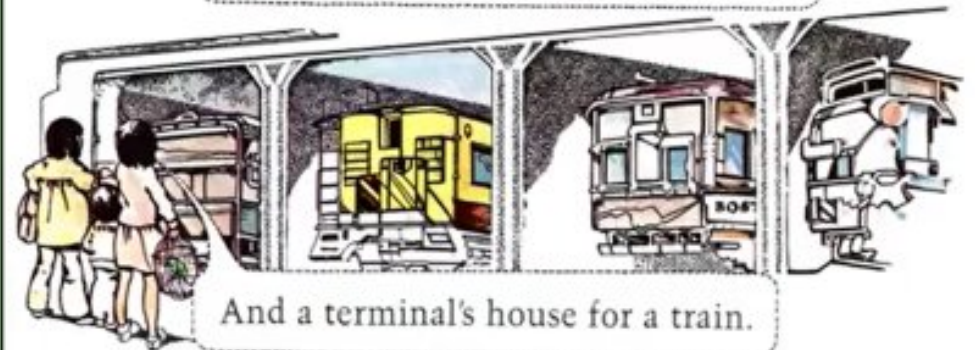
A garage is a house for a car or a truck.



A hangar's a house for a plane.



A dock or a slip is a house for a ship



And a terminal's house for a train.





A husk is a house for a corn ear.  
A pod is a place for a pea.  
A nutshell's a hut for a hickory nut  
*But what is a shelter for me?*

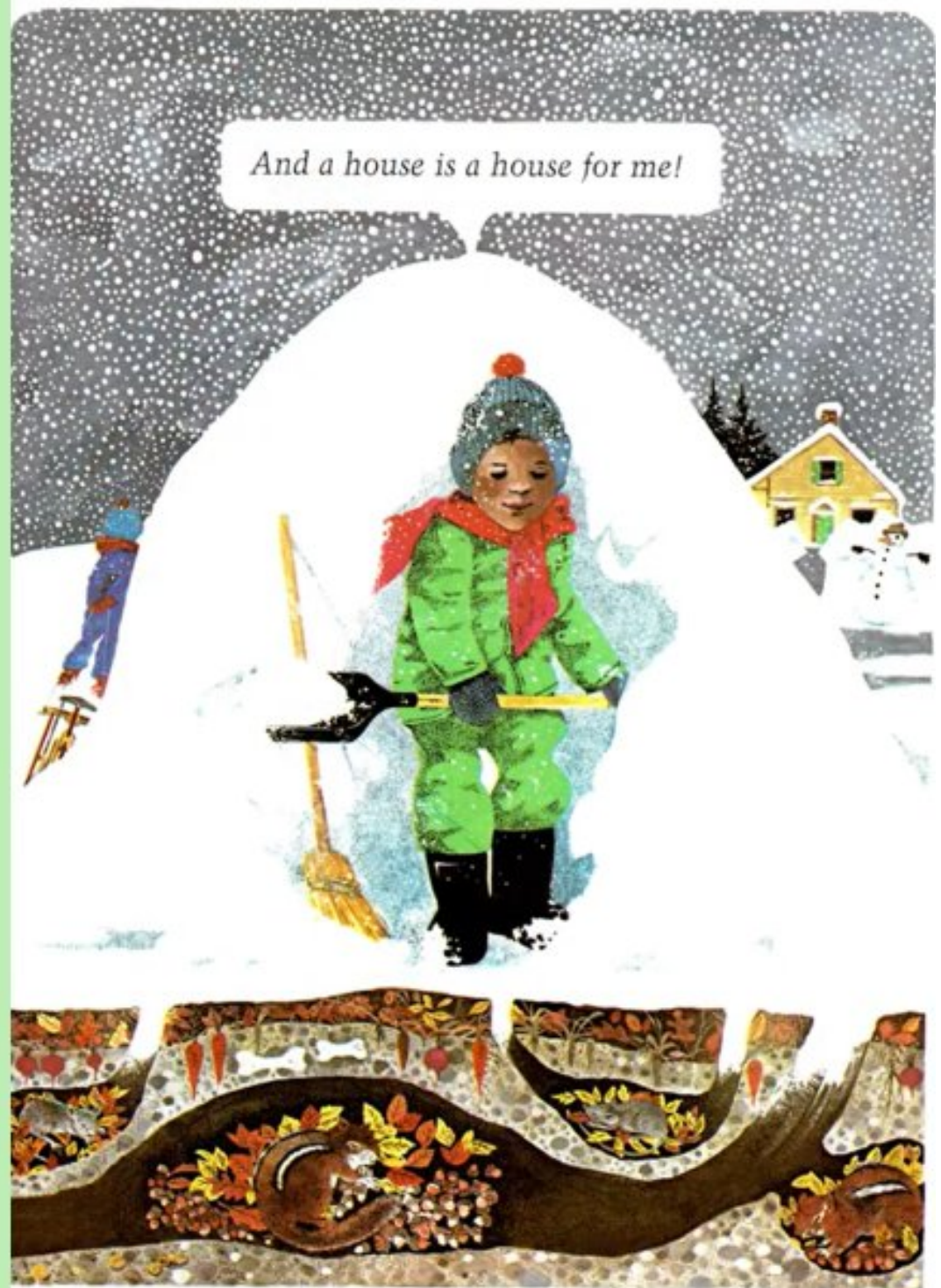




A glove is a house for a hand, a hand.

A stocking's a house for a knee.

A shoe or a boot is a house for a foot

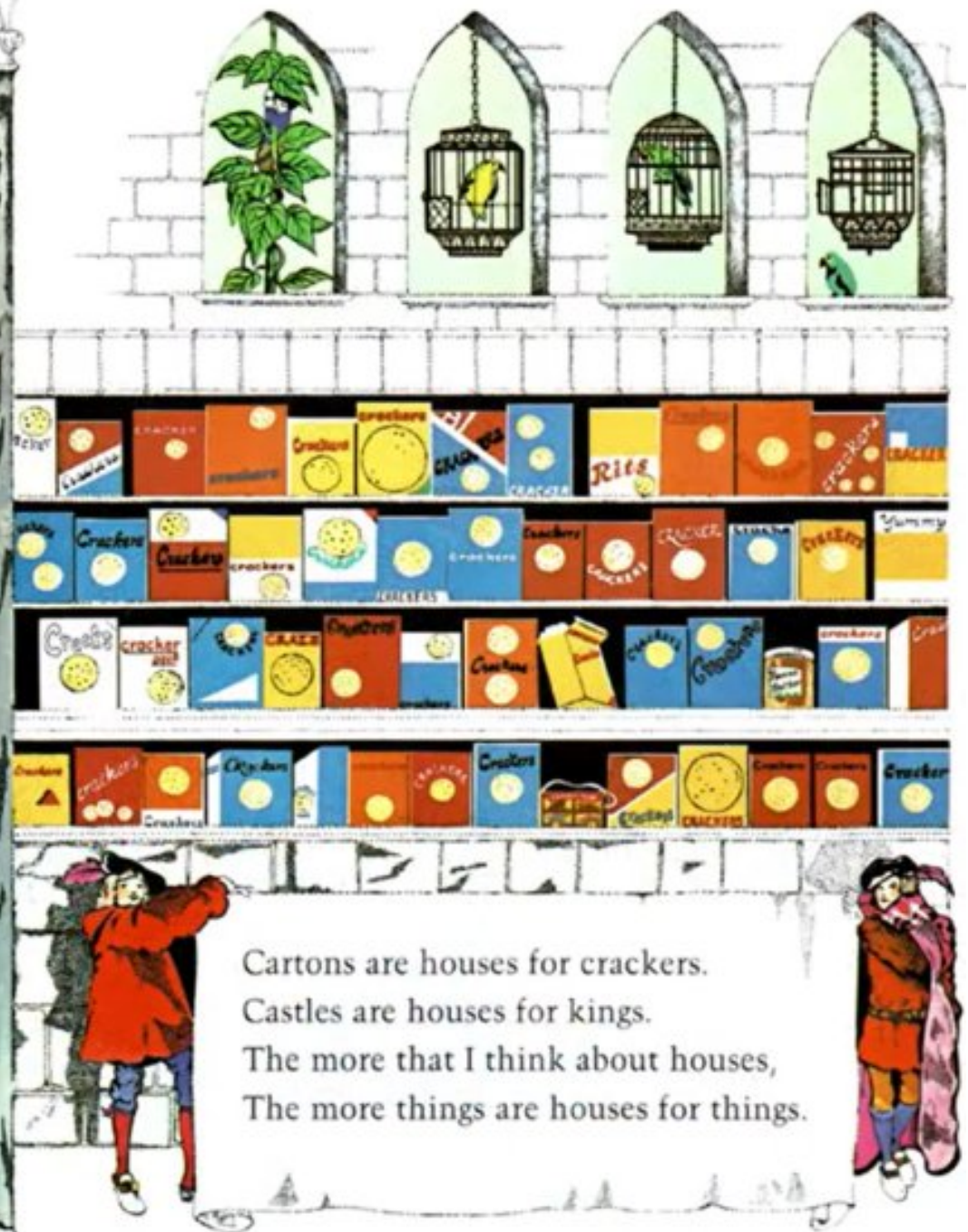




A box is a house for a teabag.  
A teapot's a house for some tea.  
If you pour me a cup and I drink it all up,  
Then the teahouse will turn into me!

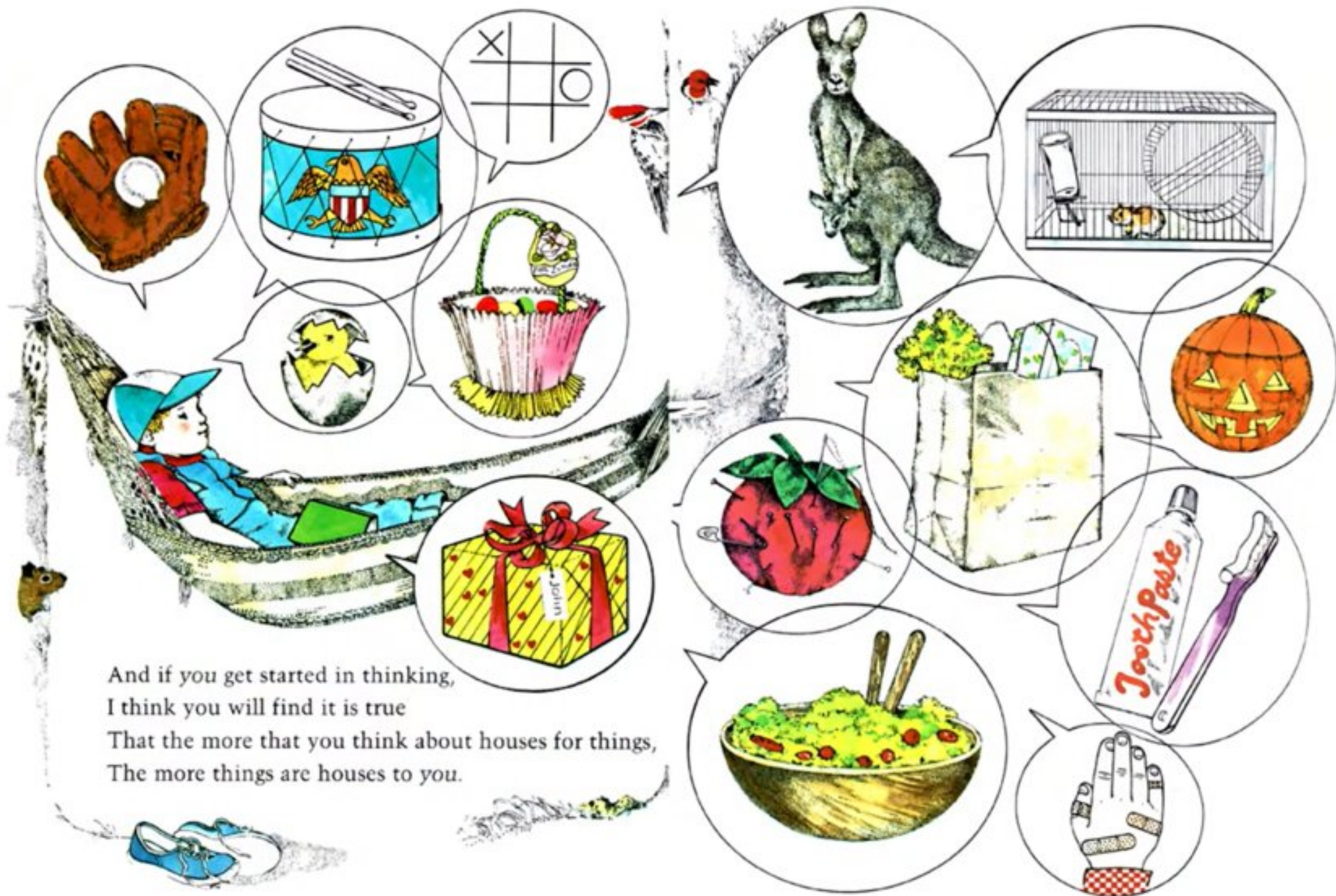






Cartons are houses for crackers.  
 Castles are houses for kings.  
 The more that I think about houses,  
 The more things are houses for things.





And if you get started in thinking,  
I think you will find it is true  
That the more that you think about houses for things,  
The more things are houses to you.



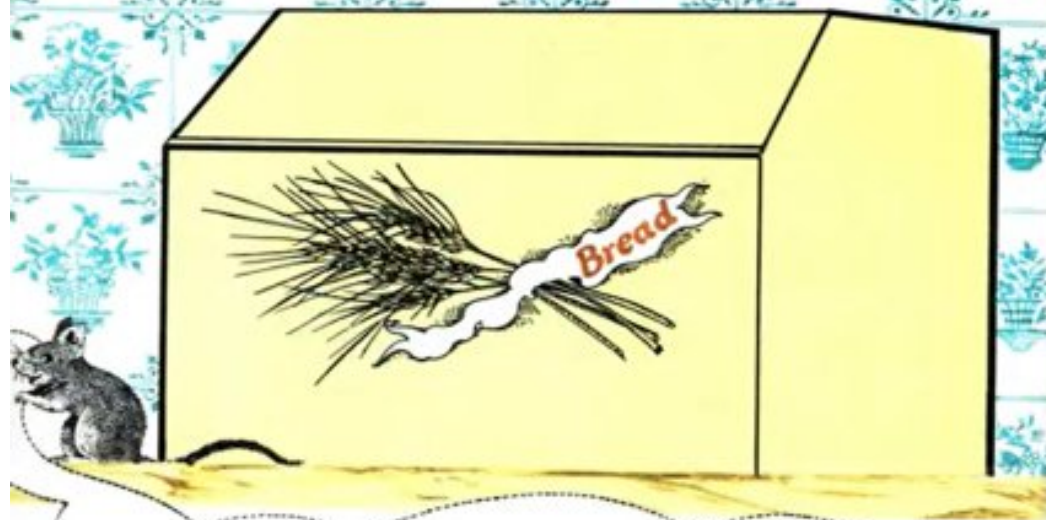
Barrels are houses for pickles  
And bottles are houses for jam.  
A pot is a spot for potatoes.  
A sandwich is home for some ham.







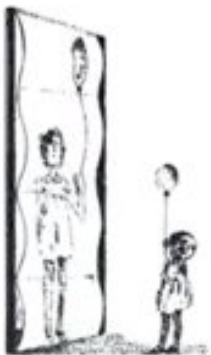
The cookie jar's home to the cookies.



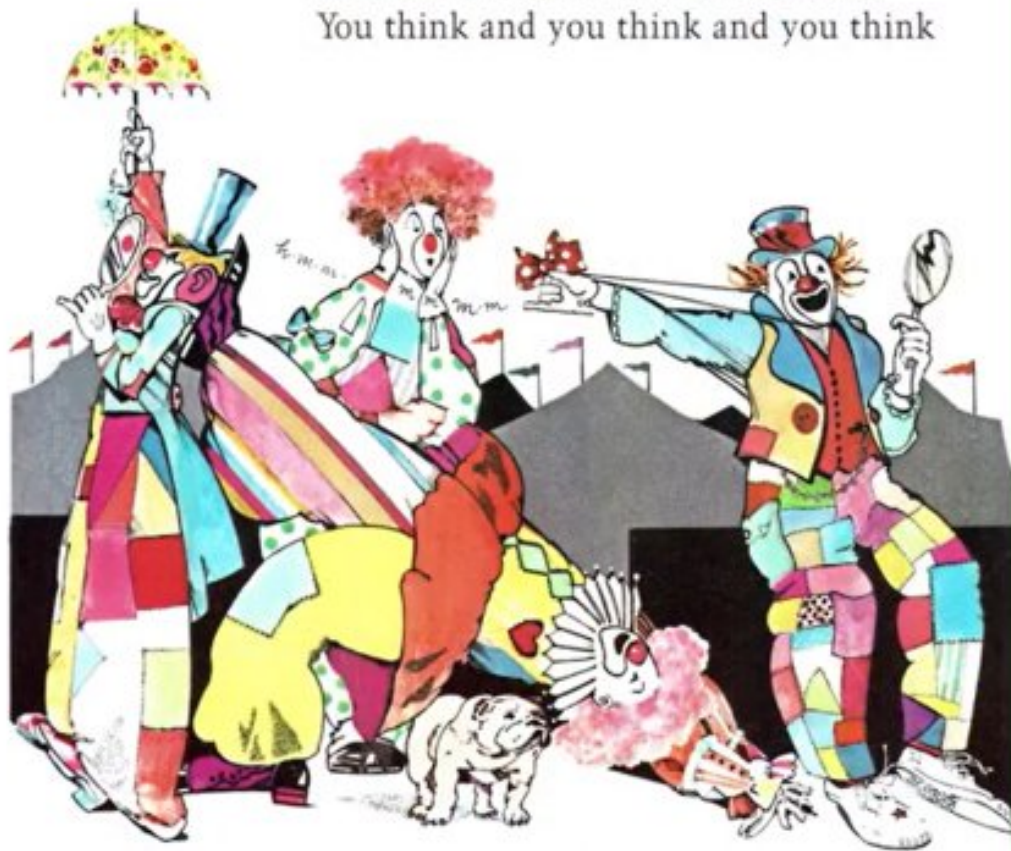
The breadbox is home to the bread.







Perhaps I have started farfetching....  
 Perhaps I am stretching things some....  
 A mirror's a house for reflections....  
 A throat is a house for a hum....  
 But once you get started in thinking,  
 You think and you think and you think



How pockets are houses for pennies  
 And pens can be houses for ink;









And envelopes, earmuffs and eggshells  
And bathrobes and baskets and bins  
And ragbags and rubbers and roasters  
And tablecloths, toasters and tins...







And once you get started in thinking this way,  
It seems that whatever you see  
Is either a house or it lives in a house,  
*And a house is a house for me!*



A book is a house for a story.  
A rose is a house for a smell.

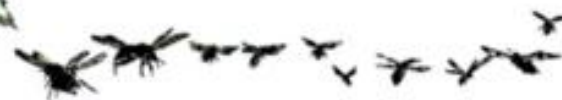


My head is a house for a secret,  
A secret I never will tell.



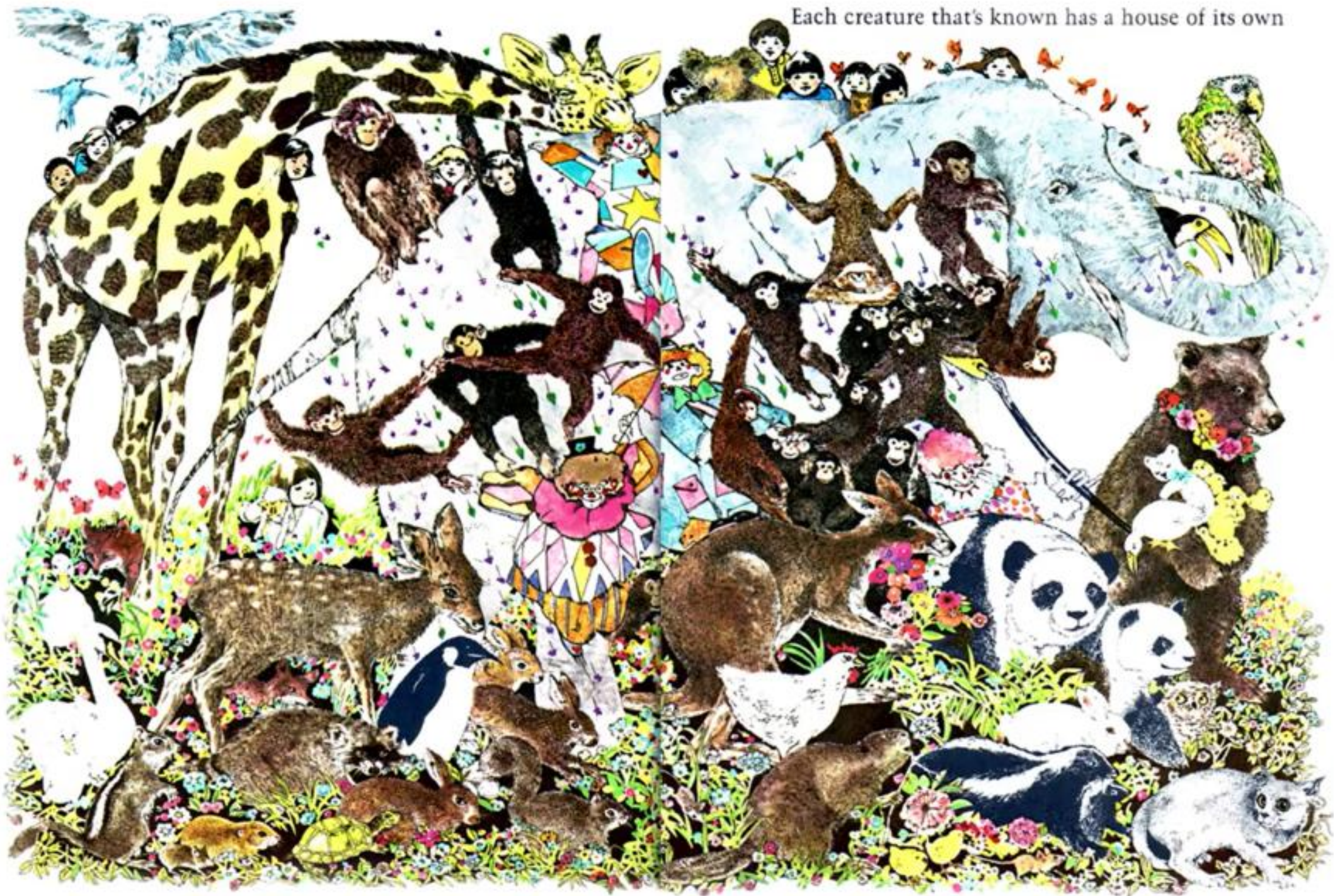


A flower's at home in a garden.  
A donkey's at home in a stall.



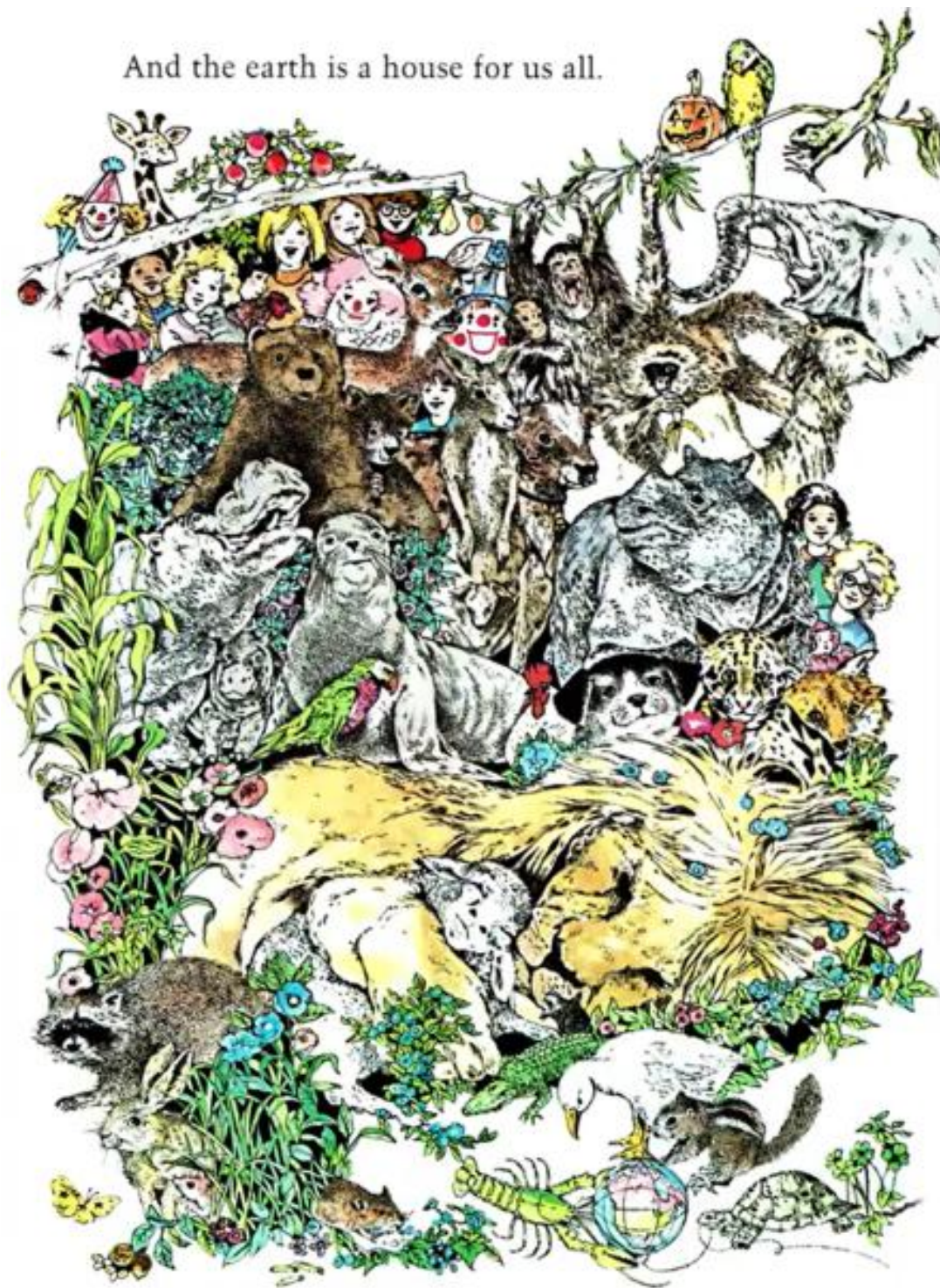


Each creature that's known has a house of its own





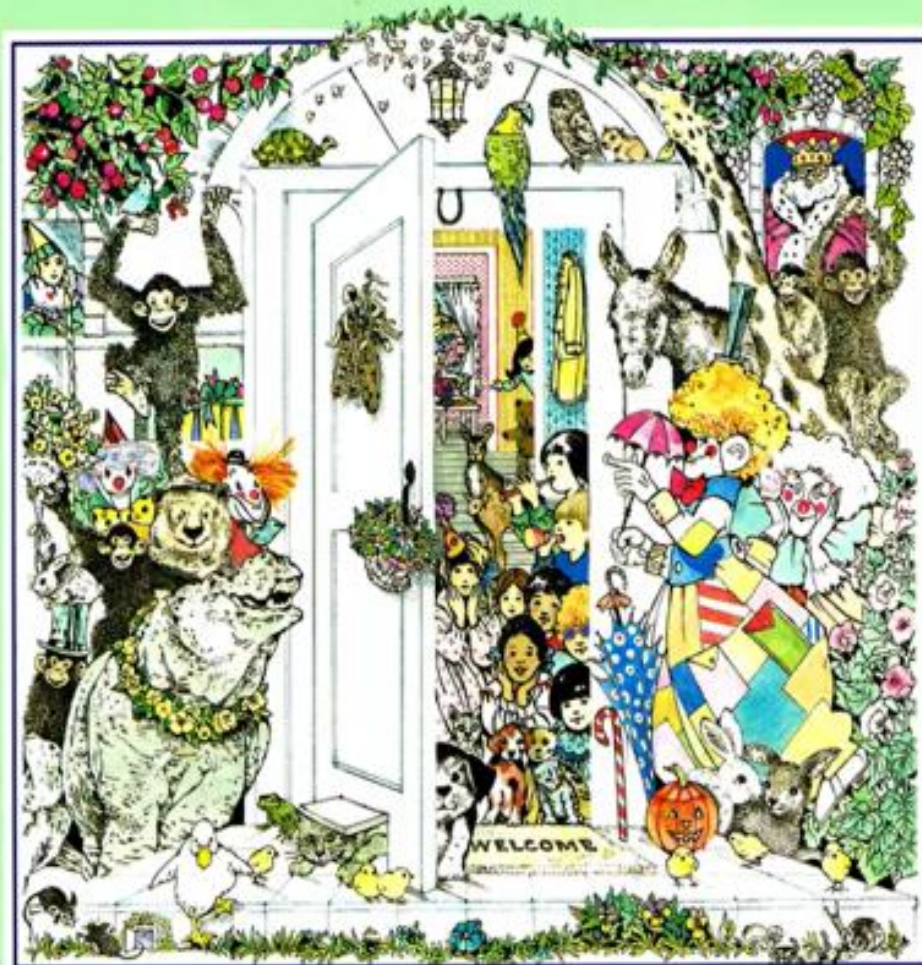
And the earth is a house for us all.



# A House Is a House for Me

MARY ANN HOBERMAN

Illustrated by BETTY FRASER



A rollicking rhyme about houses—some familiar, some surprising—with pictures that parents and children will want to look at again and again.

