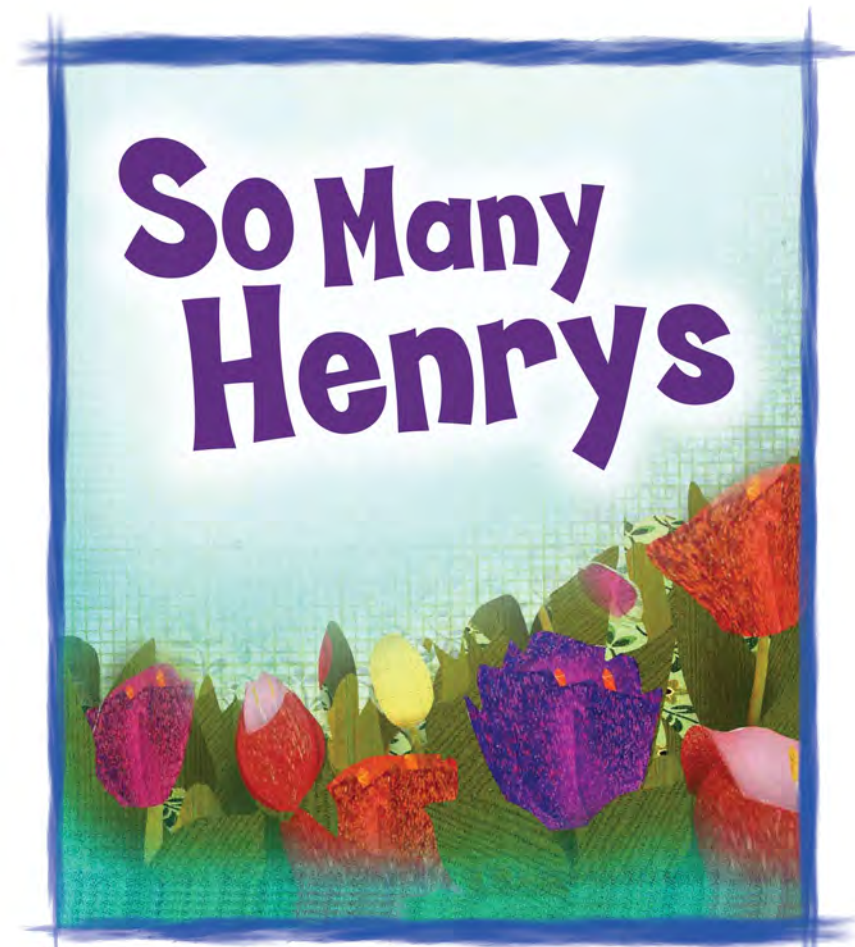


So Many Henrys



Written by Letta Schatz
Illustrated by Irene Luxbacher



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Chapter One

My Name Is Henry

On Donnee Street, in the town of Dundee, there lived a boy named Henry. Wherever he went, whenever he met anyone he didn't know, he always said, "My name is Henry."

At least that was what he said until one day, when he met a tall man leading a lizard on a leash. “Hello,” said Henry. “My name is Henry.”

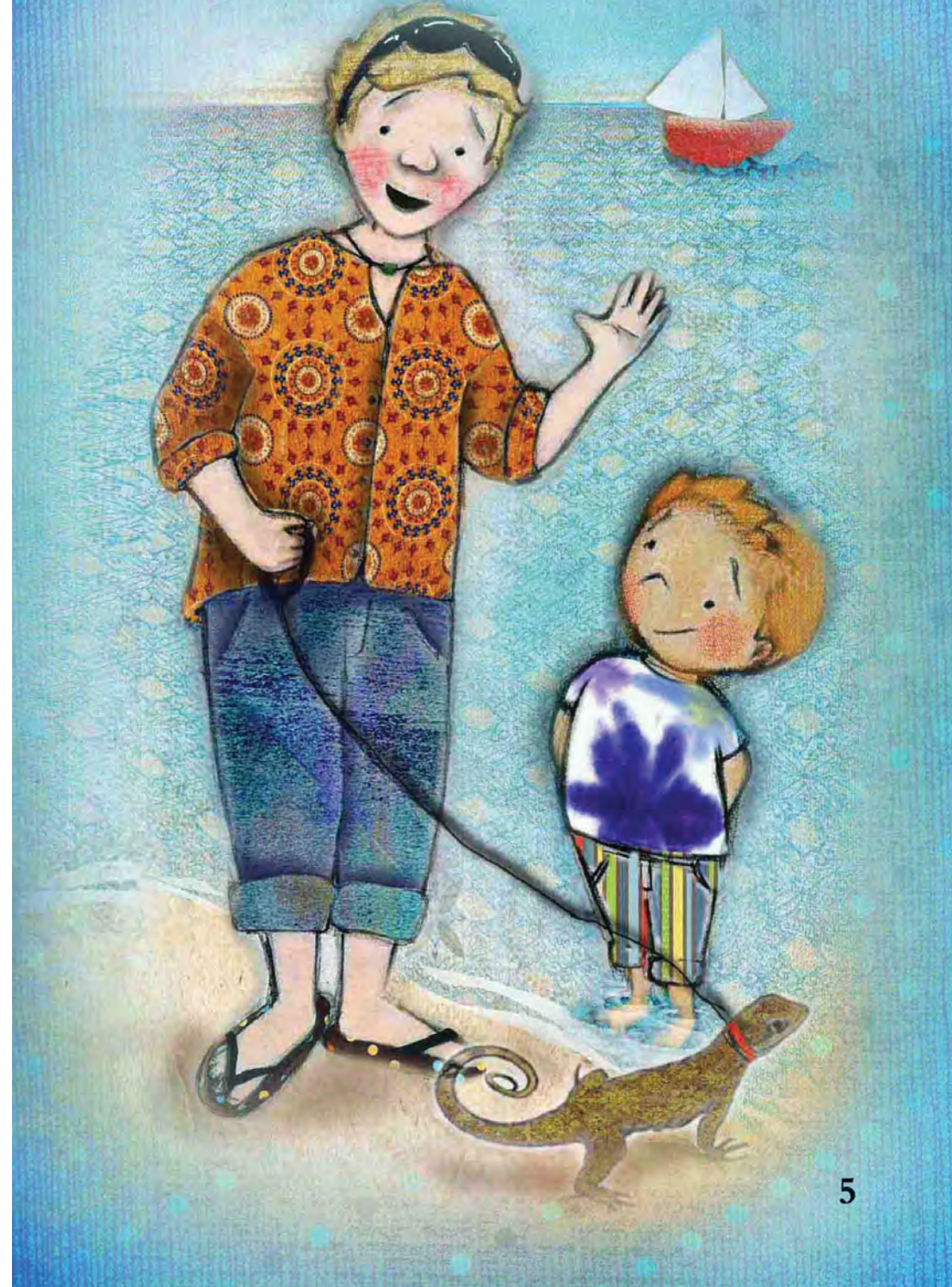
“How splendid!” said the man with the lizard. “My name is Henry, too.”

Henry stared at the man with the lizard. “You can’t be Henry. I am Henry,” said Henry. The man with the lizard looked surprised.

“My word! Do you think you are the only Henry in the whole wide world?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Henry. “I’m Henry. How can you be Henry, too?”

“That’s easy,” said the man with the lizard. “You are Henry, and I am Henry. But I am Henry Fenwick Hendricks. And who are you?”



“Oh,” said Henry. “I am Henry Emory Demery. I had no idea there was another Henry. I am very glad that only our first name is the same!”

And from that time on, whenever he met people he didn’t know—cake bakers, skate makers, or toll-bridge toll takers—Henry always made sure to tell them his first name, his middle name, and his last name, too. “Hello,” he would say. “My name is Henry Emory Demery.”

At least that was what he told everyone until he went to visit his grandfather. Henry had never met his grandfather, because Grandpa Demery lived in Momnee. Momnee is far, far away from the town of Dundee.



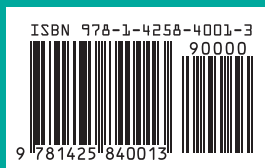
So Many Henrys

“Hello. My name is Henry Emory Demery.” At least that was what Henry said until he took a trip around the world.



Read! Explore! Imagine!
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Readers

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Reading Age: 8.0–8.5
Reading Level: 21 (N)



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