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Text of how the grinch stole christmas

How the grinch stole christmas poem. What is the message of the grinch. What is the summary of the grinch.

Ask publishers to restore access to over half a million books. Ask publishers to restore access to over half a million books. Šo failu nevar atvērt, jo jūsu pārlūkprogrammā nav iespējots JavaScript. Iespējojiet to un atkārtoti ielādējiet lapu. Ask publishers to restore access to over half a million books. Every Who in Whoville loved Christmas, but the Grinch did not! He hated the whole season! Nobody knows why. Maybe it was because his head wasn't screwed on just right or maybe his shoes were too tight. Whatever the reason, his heart was two sizes too small. He stood there on Christmas Eve, hating the Whos, staring down from his cave at their warm lighted windows below in their town. He knew every Who was busy now, hanging a mistletoe wreath. "And they're hanging their stockings!" he snarled with a sneer, "Tomorrow is Christmas! It's practically here!" Then he growled with his Grinch fingers nervously drumming, "I MUST find some way to stop Christmas from coming!" He knew the next day, all the Who girls and boys would wake up bright and early. They'd rush for their toys! And then! Oh, the noise! Oh, the Noise! Noise! Noise! That's one thing he hated! The NOISE! Then the Whos, young and old, would sit down to a feast. And they'd feast! And they'd feast! And they'd FEAST! FEAST! FEAST! They would feast on Who-pudding and rare Who-roast beast. And THEN They'd do something He liked least of all! Every Who in Whoville, the tall and the small. Would stand close together with Christmas bells ringing. They'd stand hand-in-hand. And the Whos would start singing! They'd sing! And they'd sing! And they'd SING! SING! SING! And the more the Grinch thought of this Who Christmas Sing, The more the Grinch thought, "I must stop this whole thing!" "Why, for fifty-three years I've put up with it now!" "I MUST stop this Christmas from coming! But HOW?" Then he got an idea! An awful idea! THE GRINCH GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA! "I know just what to do!" The Grinch laughed in his throat. And he made a quick Santy Claus hat and a coat. The Grinch crept down the chimney. A bit of a tight squeeze. But if Santa could manage it, then so could he. The Grinch got stuck only once, for a brief moment. Then he poked his head out of the fireplace flue. Where all the little Who stockings hung in a row. "Those stockings," he grinned, "will be the first things to go!" He slithered and slunk around the room with an unpleasant smile, taking every present! Pop guns! Bicycles! Roller skates! Drums! Checkerboards! Tricycles! Popcorn! Plums! And stuffed them into bags. The Grinch efficiently stuffed all the bags up the chimney one by one. He then headed to the icebox. He took the Whos' feast! The Who-pudding! The roast beast! He cleaned out that icebox as quickly as possible. Even the last can of Who-hash was taken by him. Then he stuffed all the food up the chimney with glee. "And NOW!" grinned the Grinch, "I will take the tree!" And the Grinch grabbed the tree and started to shove it. But then he heard a small sound like a dove's cooing. He turned around fast and saw a tiny Who! Little Cindy-Lou Who, who was not more than two years old. The Grinch had been caught by this tiny Who daughter, who'd gotten out of bed for a cup of cold water. She stared at the Grinch and asked, "Santy Claus, why are you taking our Christmas tree? WHY?" But that old Grinch was so smart and slick; he thought up a lie quickly! "Why, my dear little tot," the fake Santy Claus lied, "There's a light on this tree that won't work on one side." "So I'm taking it home to my workshop, my dear. I'll fix it there. Then I'll bring it back here." And his fib fooled the child. He patted her head and gave her a drink before sending her to bed. And when Cindy-Lou Who went to bed with her cup, HE went back to the chimney and stuffed the tree up! The last thing he took was the log for their fire! Then he himself climbed up the chimney, that old liar. On their walls, he left nothing but hooks and some wire. The only food he left behind was a crumb too small even for a mouse. He then did the same to the other Whos' houses, leaving crumbs far too small for any of the other mouses! It was quarter past dawn... All the Whos were still in bed, all asnooze. Then he packed up his sled, packed it with their presents! The ribbons! The wrappings! The tags! And the tinsel! The trimmings! The trappings! Three thousand feet up! Up the side of Mt. Crumpit, he rode to dump it at the tiptop! "BooHoo to the Whos!" he grinchishly hummed. They're finding out now that no Christmas is coming! They're just waking up! I know what they'll do! Their mouths will hang open a minute or two, then the Whos down in Whoville will all cry BooHoo! That's a noise," grinned the Grinch, "that I simply MUST hear!" So he paused. And the Grinch put his hand to his ear. And he did hear a sound rising over the snow. It started low and grew louder. But this time it wasn't sad; it sounded merry! Why, this sound was very merry! He stared down at Whoville! The Grinch's eyes widened! Then he shook in surprise! What he saw was a shocking sight! Every Who down in Whoville, the tall and the small, Was singing! Without any presents at all! IT FINALLY ARRIVED! However it got there is still a mystery! The Grinch stood perplexed: "How could this be?" It came without any fancy decorations or tags. It even didn't have any boxes or packaging to speak of! He continued to puzzle for three hours, his brain feeling tired from all the thinking. But then something unexpected occurred to him! "Maybe Christmas isn't about buying stuff from a store," he thought. "Perhaps it means a bit more than that!" And as his heart began to feel slightly less constricted, he quickly gathered up the presents and food for the feast, even carving the roast beast himself!