

The DAY the CRAYONS
Came HOME



CONTAINS SPECIAL
GLOW
in the
DARK
DRAWING



DREW DAYwalt

OLIVER TEFFERS

HILARIOUS SEQUEL to BESTSELLING THE DAY the CRAYONS QUIT

To my parents,
Charles and Charlene Daywalt,
who taught me to always make room for everyone.
—D.D.

For Logan.
—O.J.

The DAY
the CRAYONS
came HOME



DREW DAYWALT

OLIVER JEFFERS



HarperCollins Children's Books

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





Dear Duncan,

Not sure if you remember me. My name is MAROON CRAYON. You only coloured 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 and get me! And can Paper Clip come too? He's really holding me together.

Sincerely,
Your marooned crayon,
MAROON CRAYON

Published by Coleman Ltd., Printed in the Republic of Ireland.

434

DUNCAN

Duncan's Bedroom

UPSTAIRS

THIS HOUSE



A MODERN SUPER-HIGHWAY
THRU THE GRANDEUR OF AUTUMN



DR-29304-B

post card

Dear Duncan,
No one likes Peas.
No one even likes the colour
PEA GREEN. So I'm changing
my name and RUNNING AWAY
to see the WORLD.

DUNCAN
DUNCAN'S BEDROOM
UPSTAIRS
THIS HOUSE

Sincerely,
Esteban... the MAGNIFICENT!
(the crayon formerly known as PEA GREEN)

Sp MADE BY SCAMPI PRESS, INC. NEW YORK



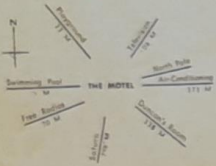
Hi DUNCAN,

RITZ MOTEL

A lovely spot for year 'round recreation

It's me, NEON RED crayon.
REMEMBER that great holiday 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 HERE!
How could you miss me? Anyway, After 8 months waiting for you to come and get me, I guess I'm walking BACK...

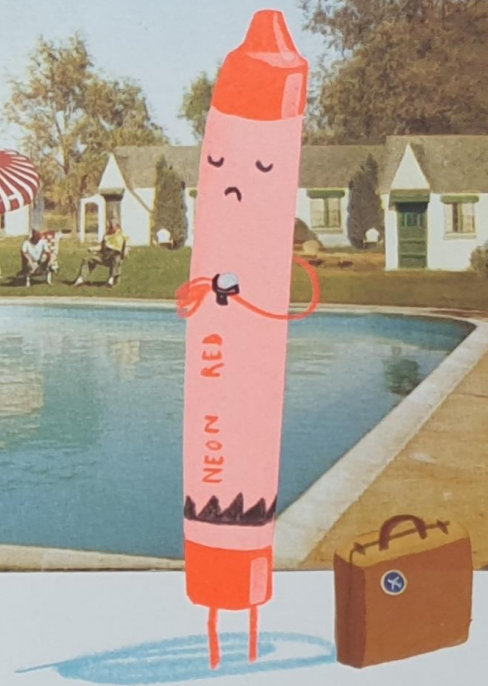
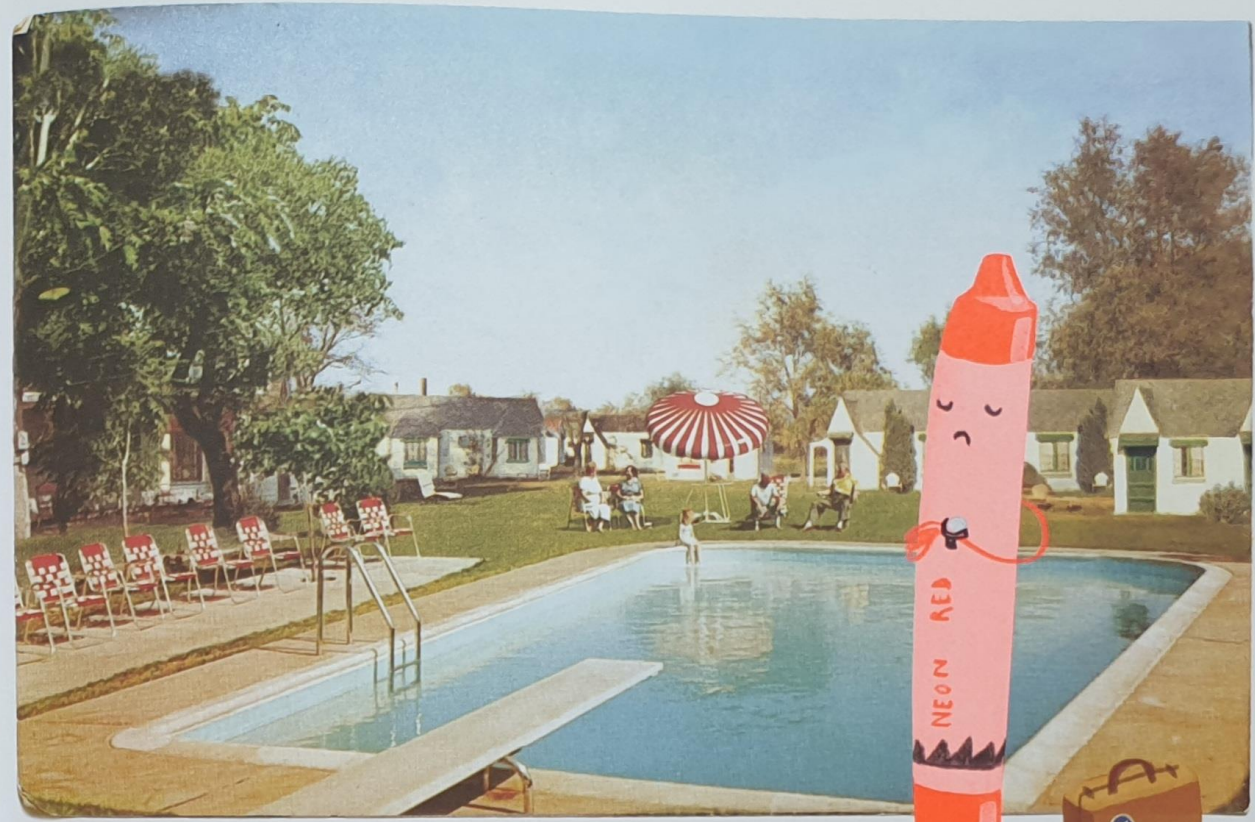
Your left-behind Friend,
NEON Red CRAYON



POSTAGE
& LOSS
2015

POST CARD

Duncan
Duncan's Room
DUNCAN'S HOUSE



PICKING COCONUTS
FUN IN THE SUN!

A
I
R
M
A
I
L

Duncan!
It's us... YELLOW and ORANGE. We know we used to ARGUE over which of us was the colour of the SUN... But GUESS what? NEITHER of us wants to be the colour of the SUN any more. Not since we were LEFT OUTSIDE and the SUN MELTED us... TOGETHER!! You

know the REAL colour 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



Post Card
Duncan

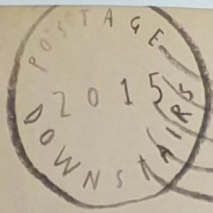
Duncan's room
INSIDE!

That House
there →



Hey Duncan,

Greetings from
NARROWSBURG



I'm sure you don't recognise 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 any more. Have

you ever been eaten by a dog and puked
up on the living room 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 INDIGESTIBLE friend,
Tan (or possibly Burnt Sienna?) Crayon

Post Card

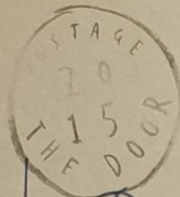
ADDRESS

Duncan
His Bedroom
UPstairs

P4135



NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS
Hall of Fame plaques of natural things.
Attractive exhibits include trees, sand, grass, and
bodies of water. Ancient and current history,
memorable for adults and children.

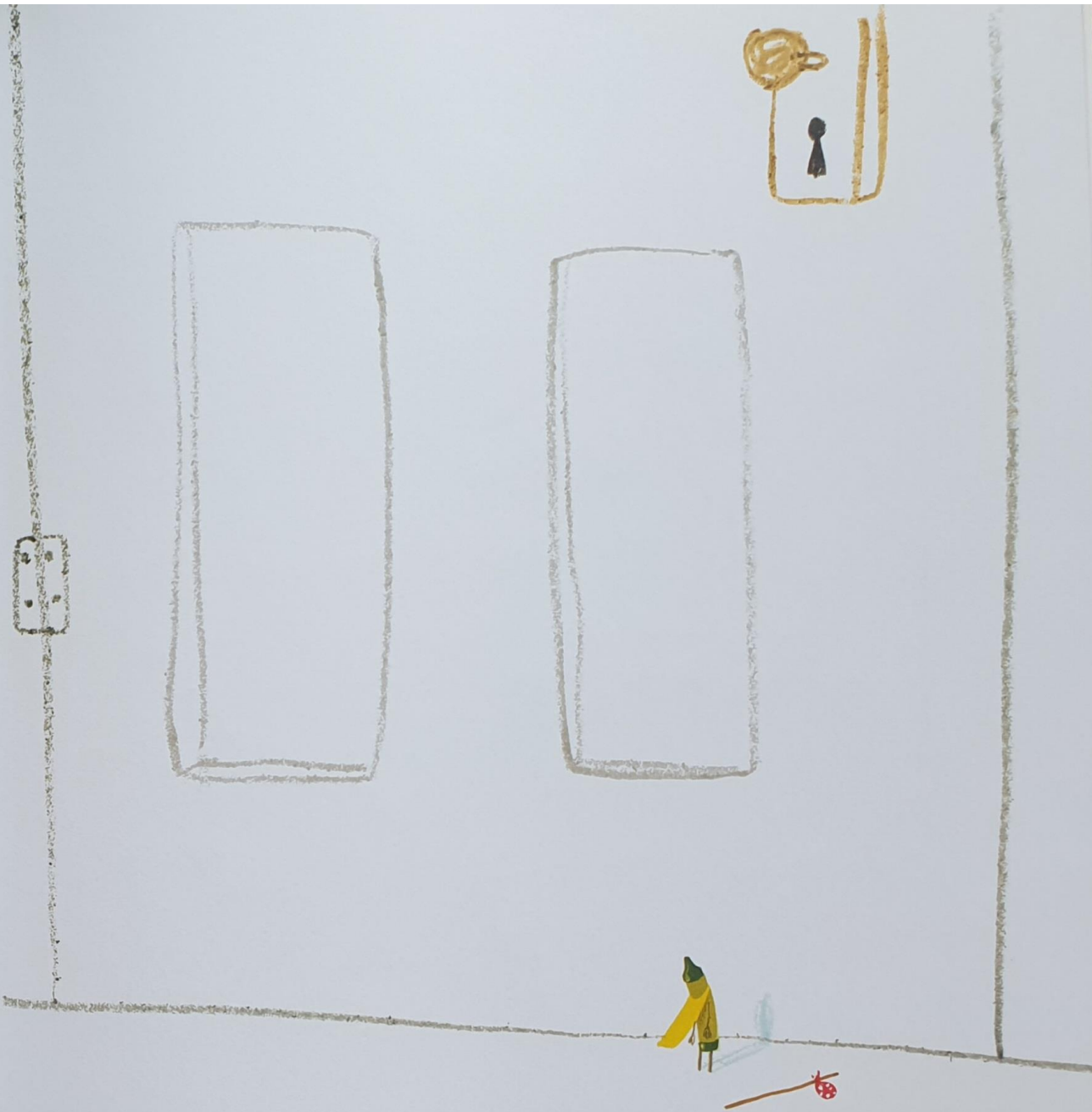


Post Card

Dearest Duncan,
um... could you please
OPEN the FRONT DOOR?
I still need to see
the world...
sincerely,
Esteban the
magnificent

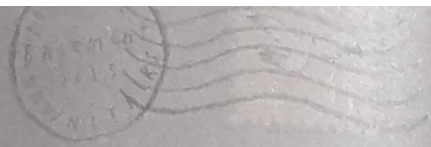
Duncan
Duncan's Bedroom
UPSTAIRS
This HOUSE

Rev. 1-4



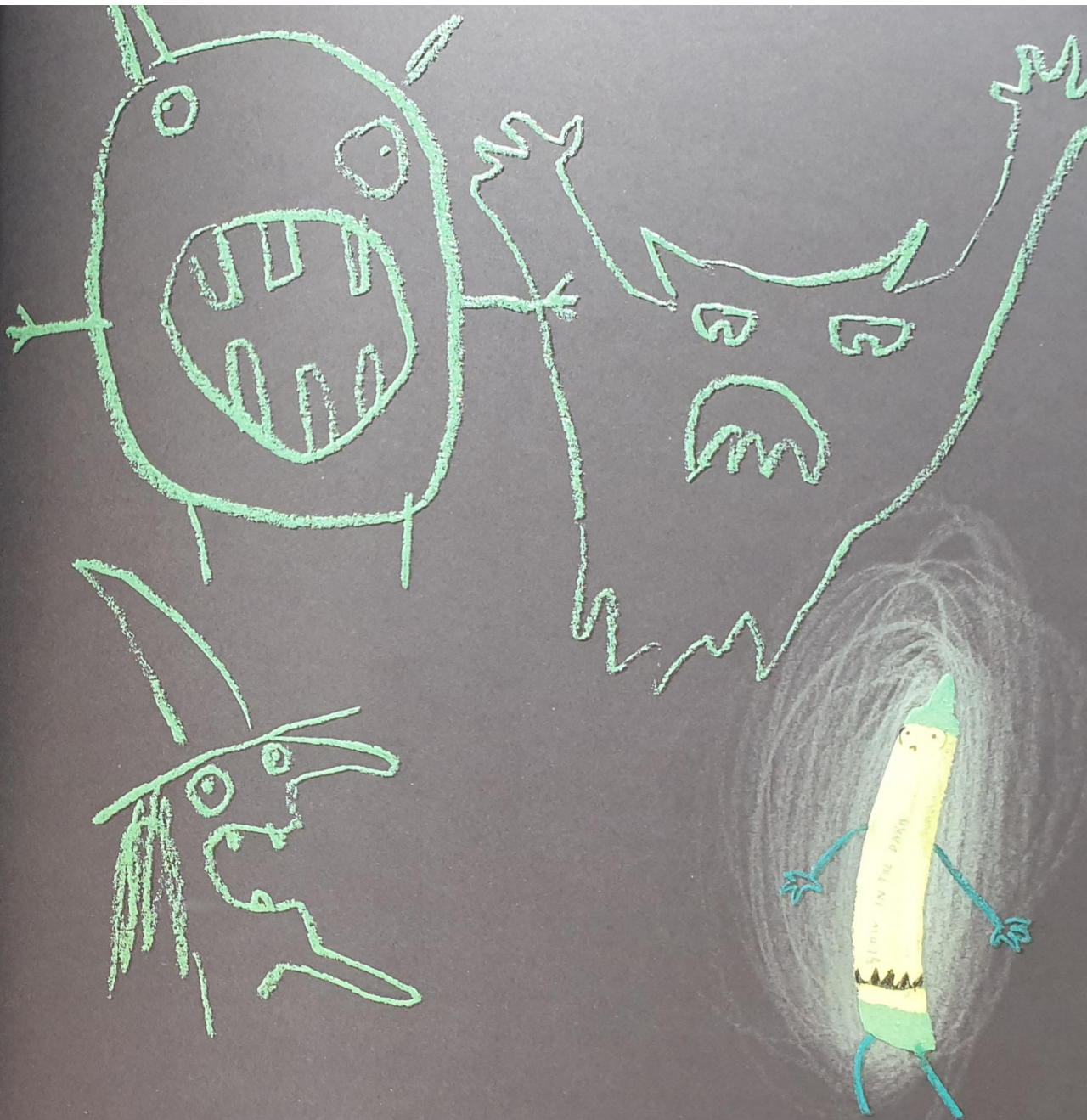
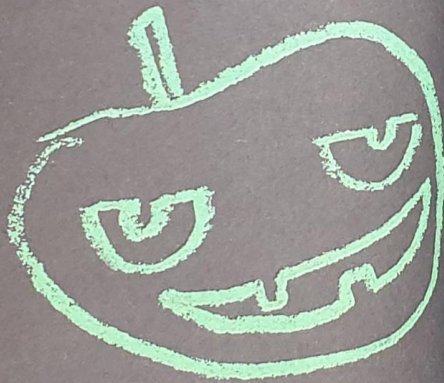
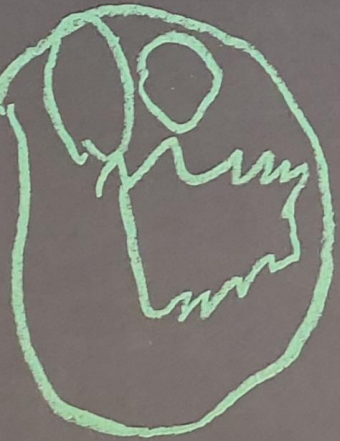
Hey Duncan,
Remember last Halloween we told
your little brother there was a
ghost under the basement stairs?
Then we drew that SCARY STUFF on
the wall? Sure was funny when he ran
SCREAMING, right? BUT It wasn't so
funny when you FORGOT to take
me out of the BASEMENT! Please
come and get me!
I'm kind of... terribly... horrified...

Your scared friend,
GLOW in the DARK crayon



POST CARD

DUNCAN
Duncan's
Bedroom
UPSTAIRS
THIS HOUSE



Dear DUNCAN,

Looks like I'm almost home!

Been through China, Canada and France... I think.

Just crossing Newcastle by camel now!
Newcastle has GIANT pyramids, right?

See ya soon,
Neon RED Crayon

P.S. Next stop, the NORTH POLE
(I think)

الجيزة - الأهرامات
GIZA - The Pyramids

جمهورية مصر العربية

POST CARD
EGYPT



الناشر : سارة فوتوكولور

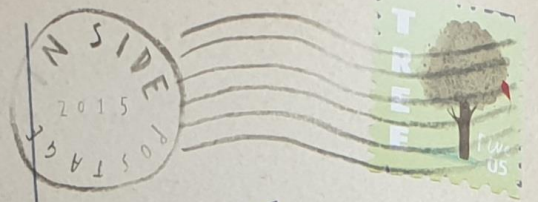
DUNCAN

DUNCAN'S ROOM

DUNCAN'S HOUSE



Duncan,
 Does Page 8 of "PIRATE Island" ring a bell?
 Kind of a big payday for CAPTAIN GREENbeard
 there, don't ya think? And NO BRONZE
 or silver in that pile, huh? I told
 you it'd make me blint if you
 coloured each coin INDIVIDUALLY, But
 would you listen? NOOO.
 I Also told you those stupid crayon
 sharpeners NEVER WORK. Did you
 listen to that? Also NOOOO.
 Now I can't colour ANYthing at ALL!
 Your Pointless FRIEND,
 GOLD CRAYON



POST CARD

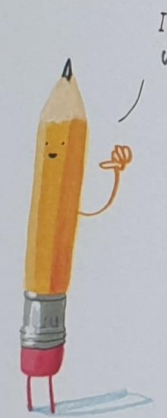
Duncan
 DUNCAN'S ROOM
 UPstairs



A Haul of Loot



A Bad Day for the Cabin Boy



I HAD to
 write it
 for him.



This
 IS NOT FUN
 FOR ME either,
 you know!

Dear DUNCAN,

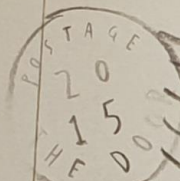
I've seen the world.

It's raining.

I'm coming back.

Esteban
the MAGNIFICENT

#72-26 PASSING OF THE STORM...



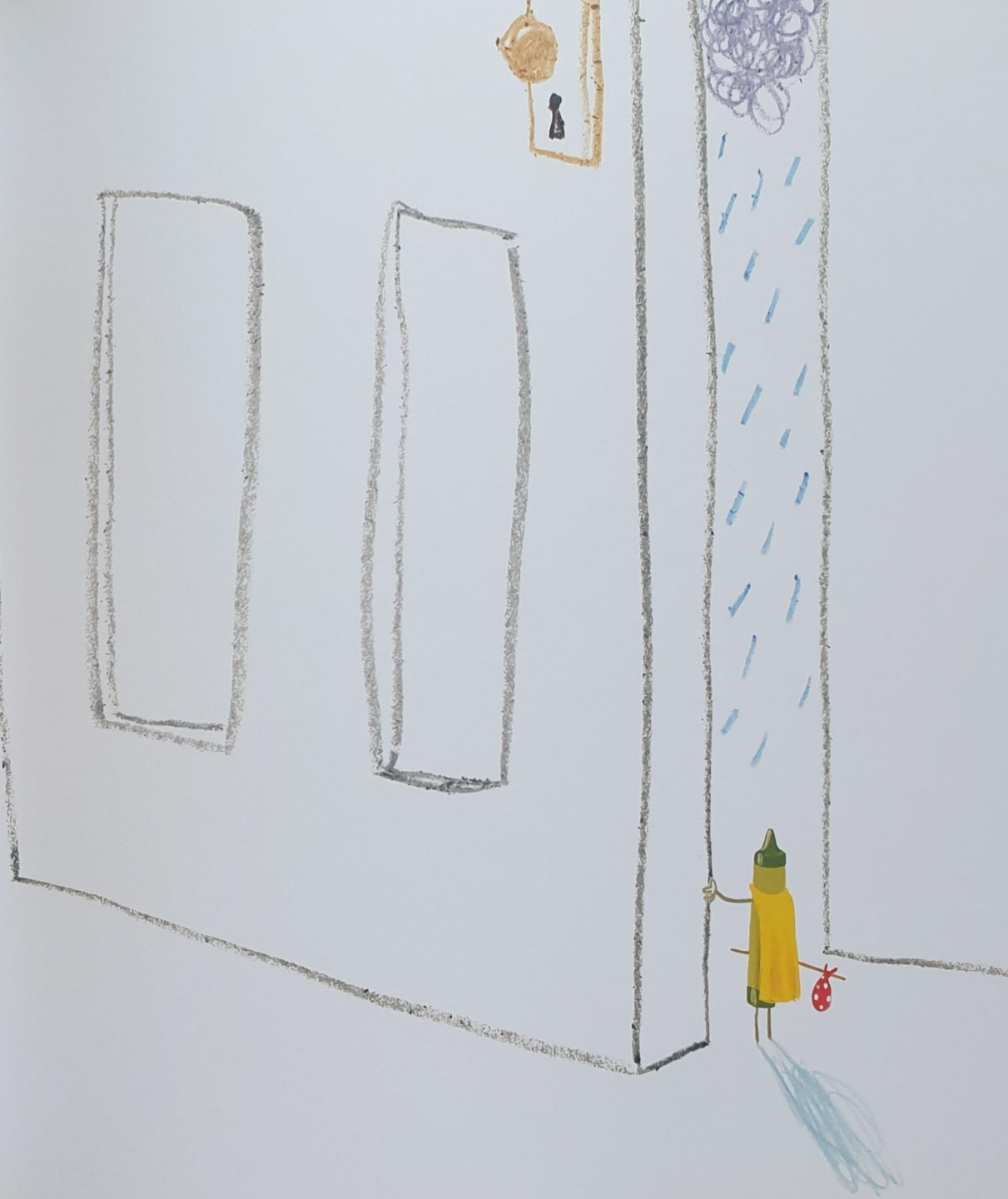
MULHOLLAND PRESS, INC.

M
P

POST CARD



TO Duncan
Duncan's Bedroom
UPSTAIRS
This HOUSE



Hi 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 and 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"

The awesome splendor of a thundering waterfall.

PHOTO BY: S. DACEY © COLOR REPRODUCTION (REG. U. S. A. PAT. OFF.)

POSTAGE
DOWN
STAIRS
20 LOST 15



POST CARD

DUNCAN
DUNCAN'S
ROOM
UPSTAIRS

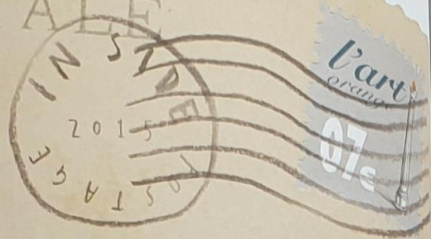


Dear Mr Duncan, CARTE POSTALE

I know I'm not your crayon. I know I belong to your Baby Brother, but I can't TAKE him any more. 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 colour RUBBISH 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.

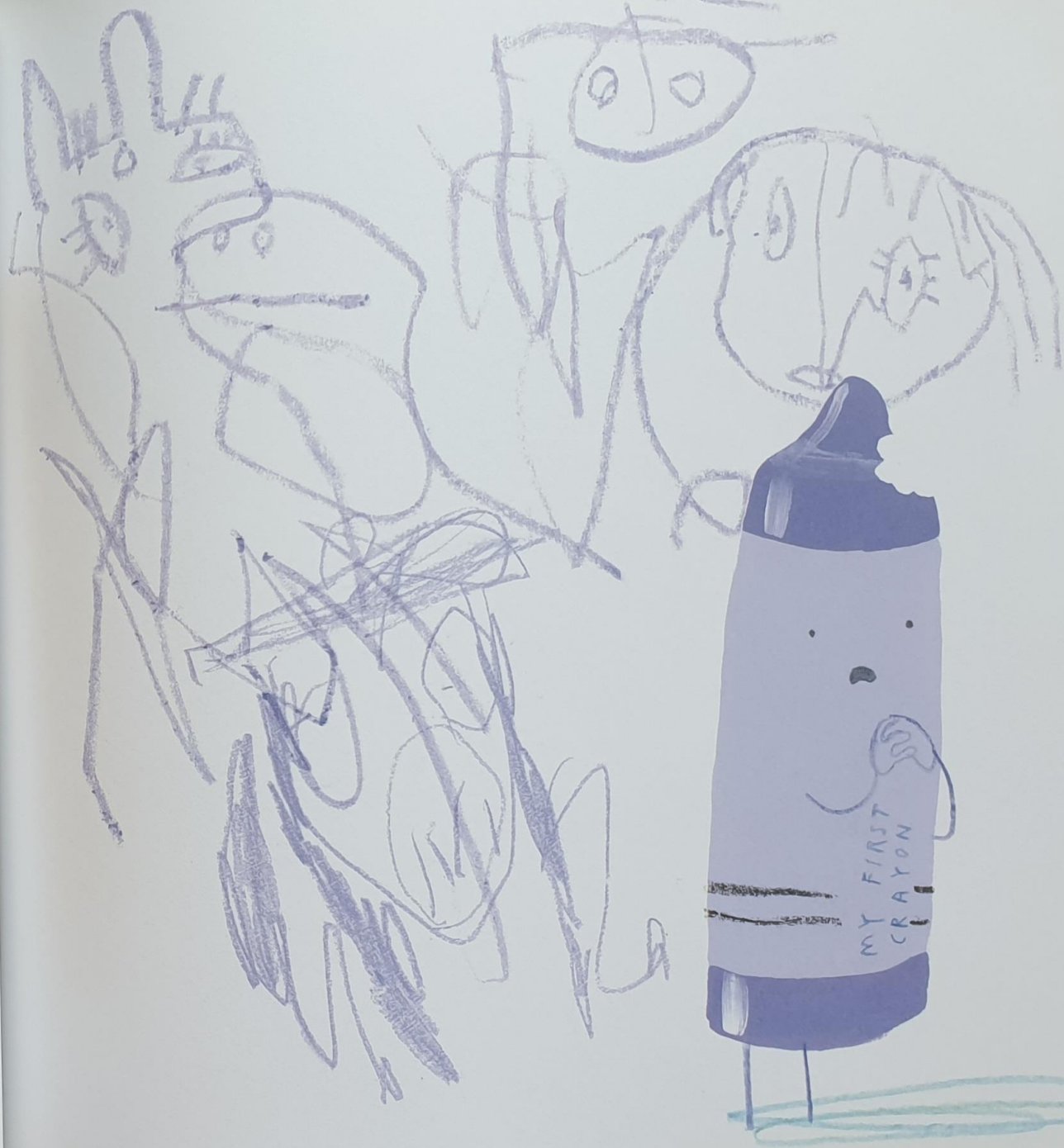
Your desperate Friend,

BIG CHUNKY Toddler Crayon



ADRESSE

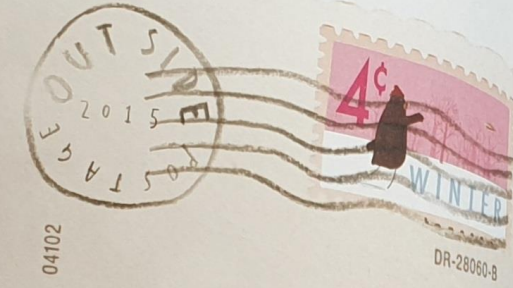
M. Duncan
Duncan's Room
UPstairs
This House



SKIING AND A FAST JUMP ALONG THE TRAIL

Duncan,
greetings from the
AMAZON Rainforest.

Making GREAT TIME!
I think I'm almost home.
NEON RED crayon



Pub. by Maeve S. White Ridge Enterprise, 04102

post card

Duncan
DUNCAN'S Room
DUNCAN'S House

Sp MADE BY SCAMPI PRESS



Hello Duncan,

THIS SPACE FOR WRITING MESSAGES

It's me, BROWN Crayon. You know EXACTLY why I ran away, buddy! Everyone thinks I get ALL the great colouring jobs - chocolate, puppies, ponies. Lucky me, right? But they don't know what Else you used me to colour, do they? I didn't think so.

The rest of that drawing was great, but did it really need that FINAL BROWN scribble?

I'll come back, but please let's stick to CHOCOLATE, OK?

Your VERY Embarrassed Friend,
BROWN CRAYON

IN THE MAINE WOODS



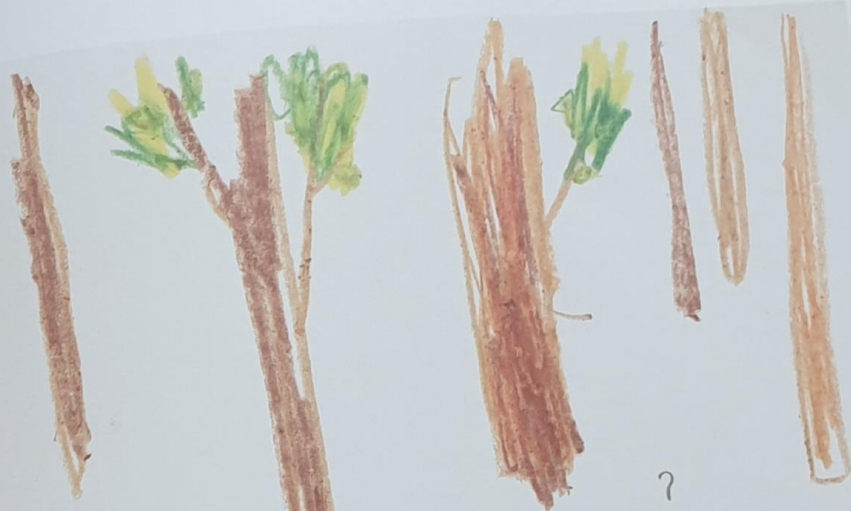
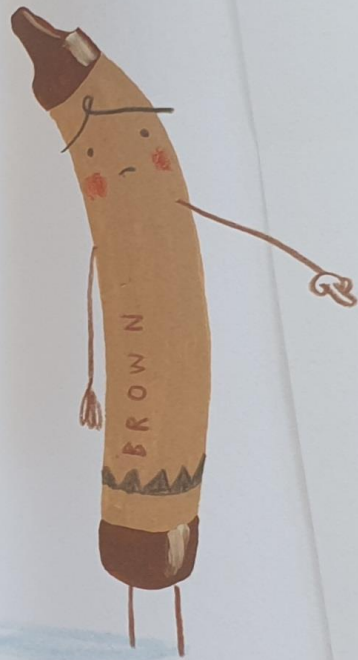
POST CARD

Duncan

DUNCAN'S ROOM

Duncan's House

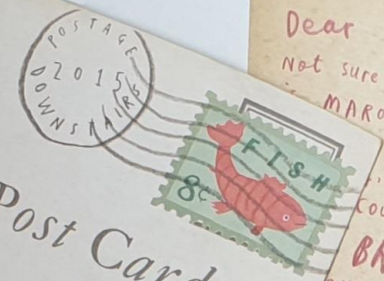
Next DOOR



"BEAR GOES IN
the WOODS"

by Duncan

you don't recognise me...
 I think I was... Tan CRAYON?
 Know... I can't tell any more. Have
 you ever been eaten by a dog and puked
 up on the living room rug?
 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 INDISTESTIBLE friend,
 Tan (or possibly Burnt Sienna?) (Crayon)



Post Card
 ADDRESS

Duncan
 His Bedroom
 UPstairs

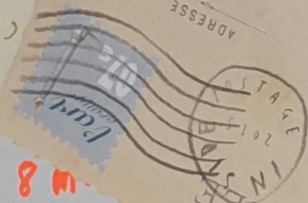
Dear Duncan,
 Not sure if you remember me. My name is
 MAROON CRAYON. You only know me
 once, to draw a scab, but you
 you LOST me TWO years ago.
 I cough, then your Dad said
 BROKE ME IN HALF.
 I never would have survived if
 ever clip not NURSED me.
 alth. I'm finally
 get me!



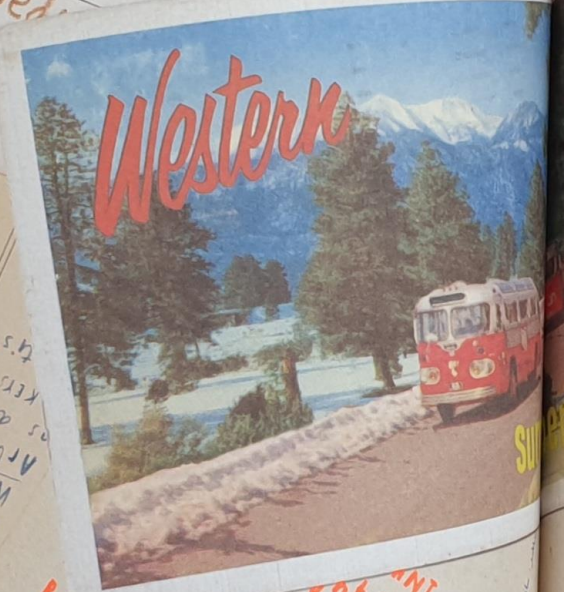
DUNCAN

Bedroom,
 AIRS,
 House.

MAGNIFICENT
 ing back.
 the world.
 TO
 POST



Duncan
 UPstairs
 This House



Duncan
 DUNCAN'S ROOM
 EN'S HOUSE
 DOOR

How
 After 8 m...
 and get me, I guess.

Dear Mr Duncan,
 I'm not your crayon. I know
 the top of the box but
 I know the top of the box but
 I know the top of the box but

NEON Red
 NEON Red
 NEON Red

Dear Mr Duncan,
 I'm not your crayon. I know
 the top of the box but
 I know the top of the box but
 I know the top of the box but

Dear Mr Duncan,
 I'm not your crayon. I know
 the top of the box but
 I know the top of the box but
 I know the top of the box but



Duncan was 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
 fitted in the crayon box.

So Duncan had an idea...



And then in CLEVELAND...
... I got to hike the
GREAT WALL of CHINA!



ALSO BY DREW DAYWALT AND OLIVER JEFFERS:

The Day the Crayons Quit

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Printed in China

Edited by Michael Green. The artwork for this book was made with crayons, the Postal Service and a cardboard box.





Number 1 New York Times bestseller

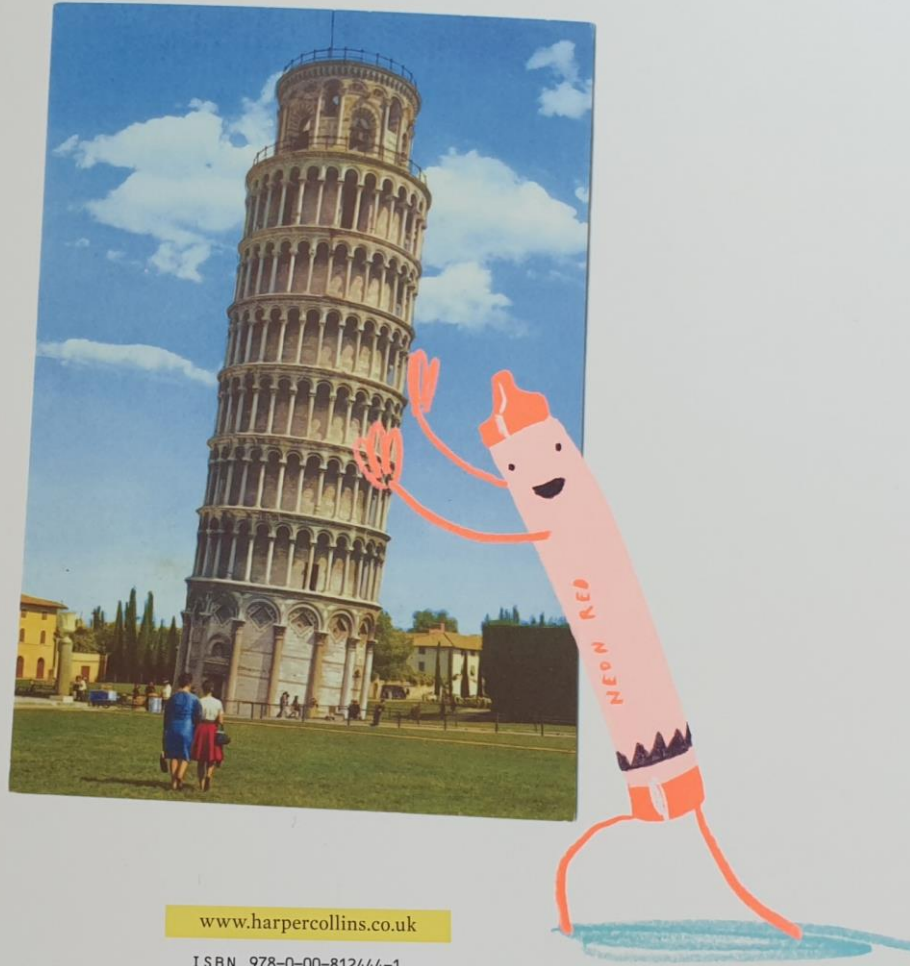
“...gloriously funny...”

The Daily Mail

Praise for **The Day the Crayons Quit:**

“Hilarious picture book brilliance...”

Books for Keeps



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