







The  
Missing  
Piece

The title 'The Missing Piece' is rendered in a highly stylized, whimsical font. Each letter is intricately designed to incorporate human figures. The 'T' is a simple block letter. The 'h' is a cursive letter with a small figure sitting on its stem. The 'e' is a cursive letter with a small figure sitting on its top curve. The 'M' is a large, blocky letter where the two vertical strokes are the legs of a person sitting on the top bar. The 'i' is a simple dot above a vertical stem. The 's' is a cursive letter with a small figure sitting on its top curve. The 's' is a cursive letter with a small figure sitting on its top curve. The 'i' is a simple dot above a vertical stem. The 'n' is a cursive letter with a small figure sitting on its top curve. The 'g' is a cursive letter with a small figure sitting on its top curve. The 'P' is a blocky letter with a small figure sitting on its top curve. The 'e' is a cursive letter with a small figure sitting on its top curve. The 'c' is a cursive letter with a small figure sitting on its top curve. The 'e' is a cursive letter with a small figure sitting on its top curve.

*An Ursula Nordstrom Book*





*Shel Silverstein*



The  
Missing  
Piece

The title 'The Missing Piece' is rendered in a whimsical, hand-drawn style. Each letter is a grey, three-dimensional shape with a black outline. The letters are integrated with human body parts: the 'T' is a torso with arms; the 'h' is a hand; the 'e' is a head; the 'M' is a pair of legs with feet; the 'i' is a head; the 's' is a hand; the 's' is a head; the 'i' is a head; the 'n' is a hand; the 'g' is a hand; the 'P' is a head; the 'i' is a head; the 'e' is a head; the 'c' is a hand; the 'e' is a head.

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Harper & Row, Publishers  
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# The Missing Piece

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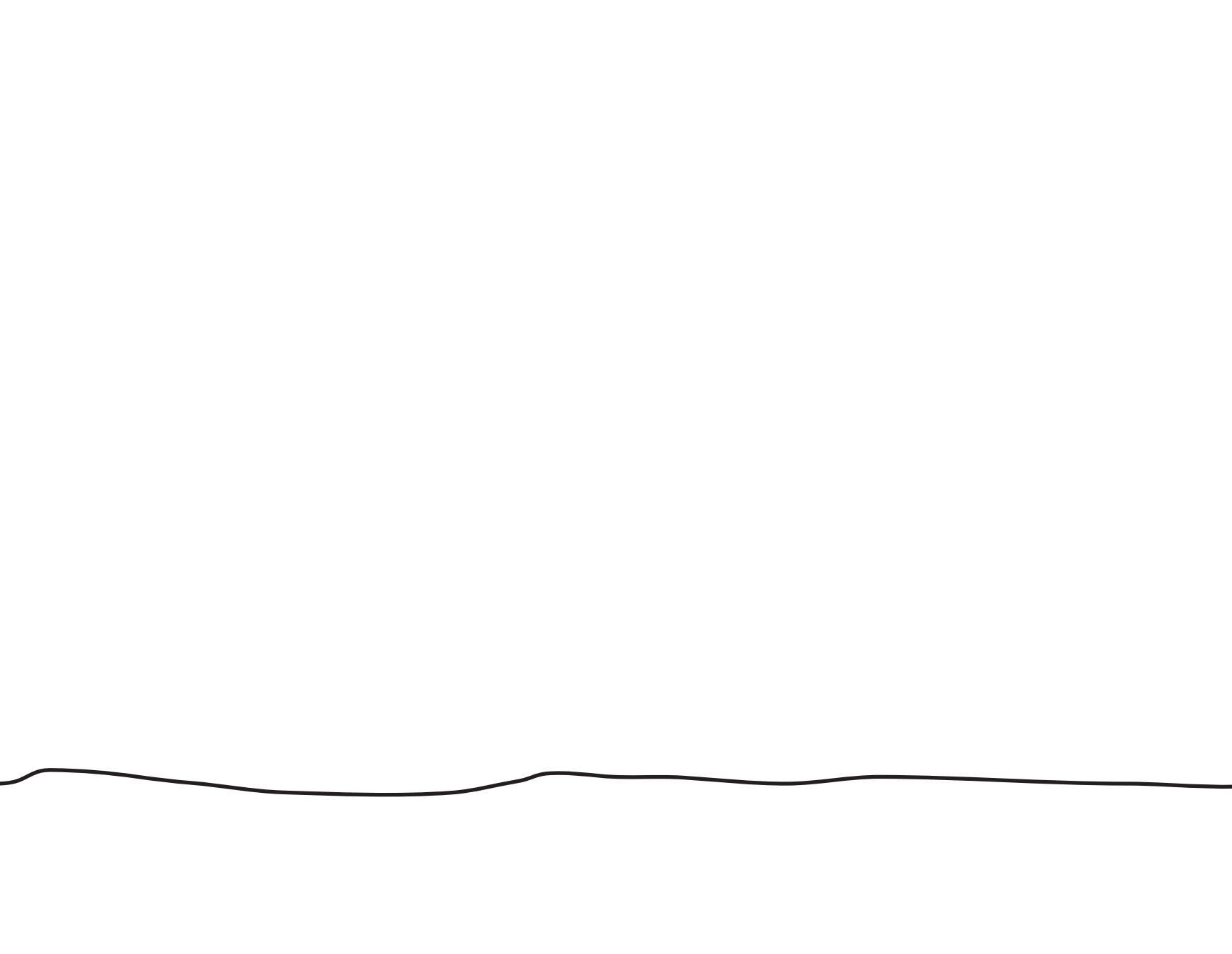
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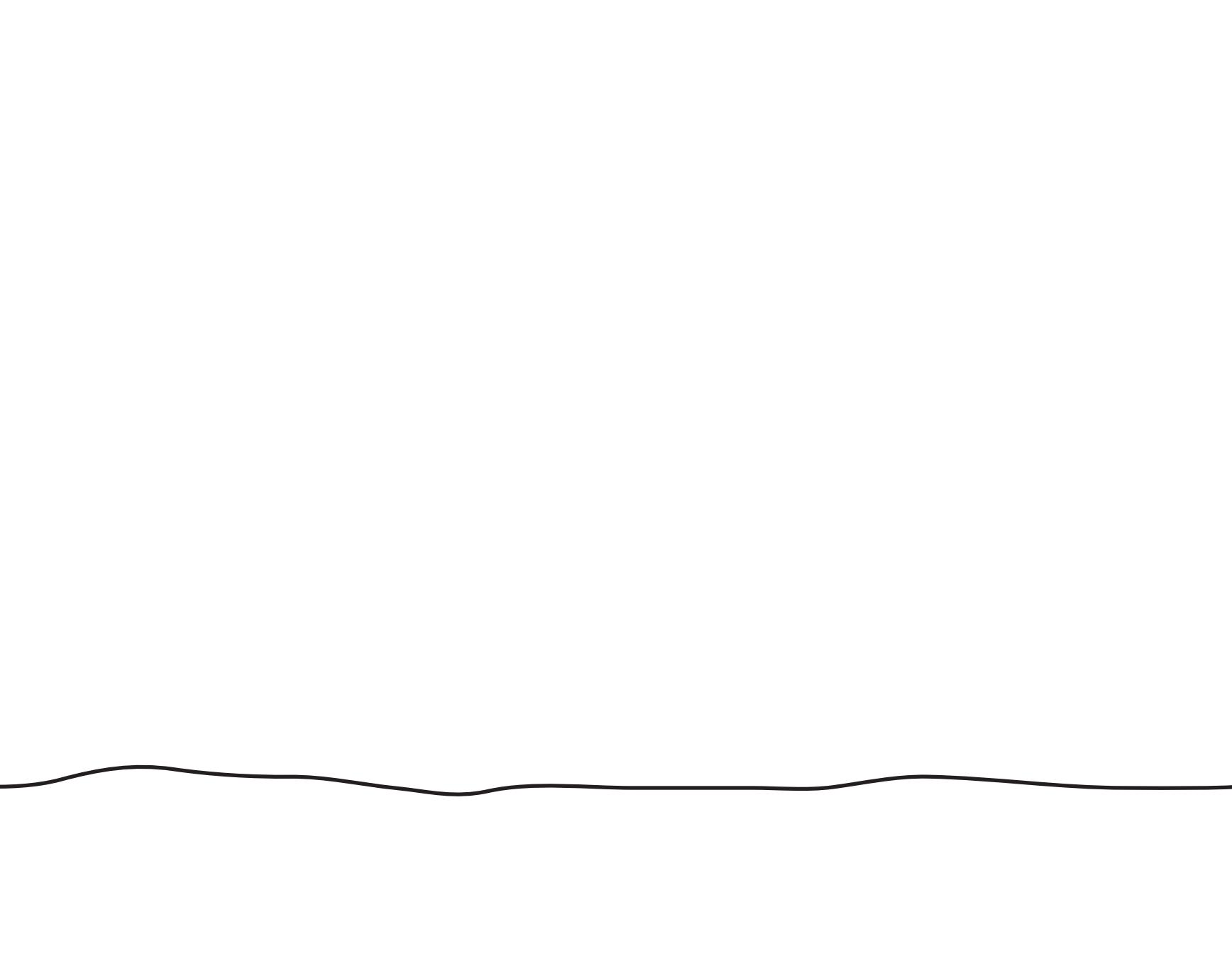
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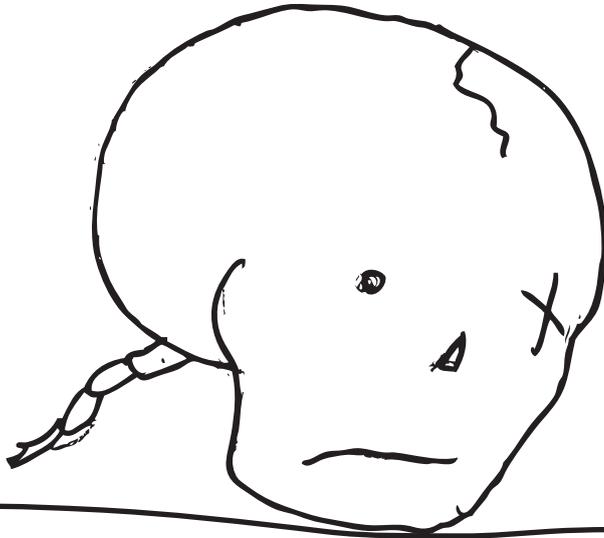


*for Sarah*

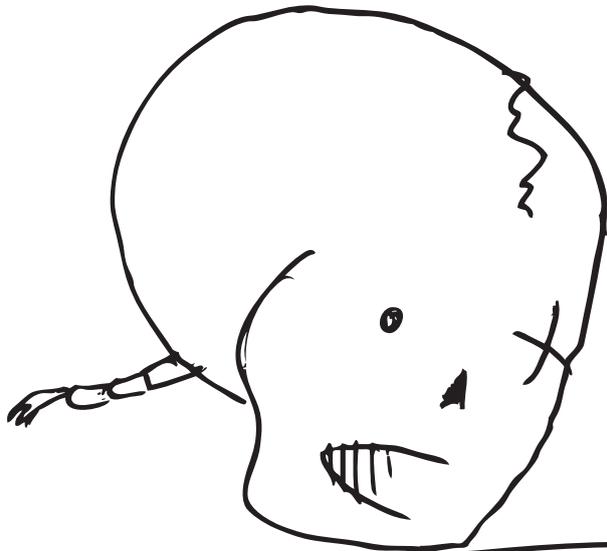




It was missing a piece.  
And it was not happy.







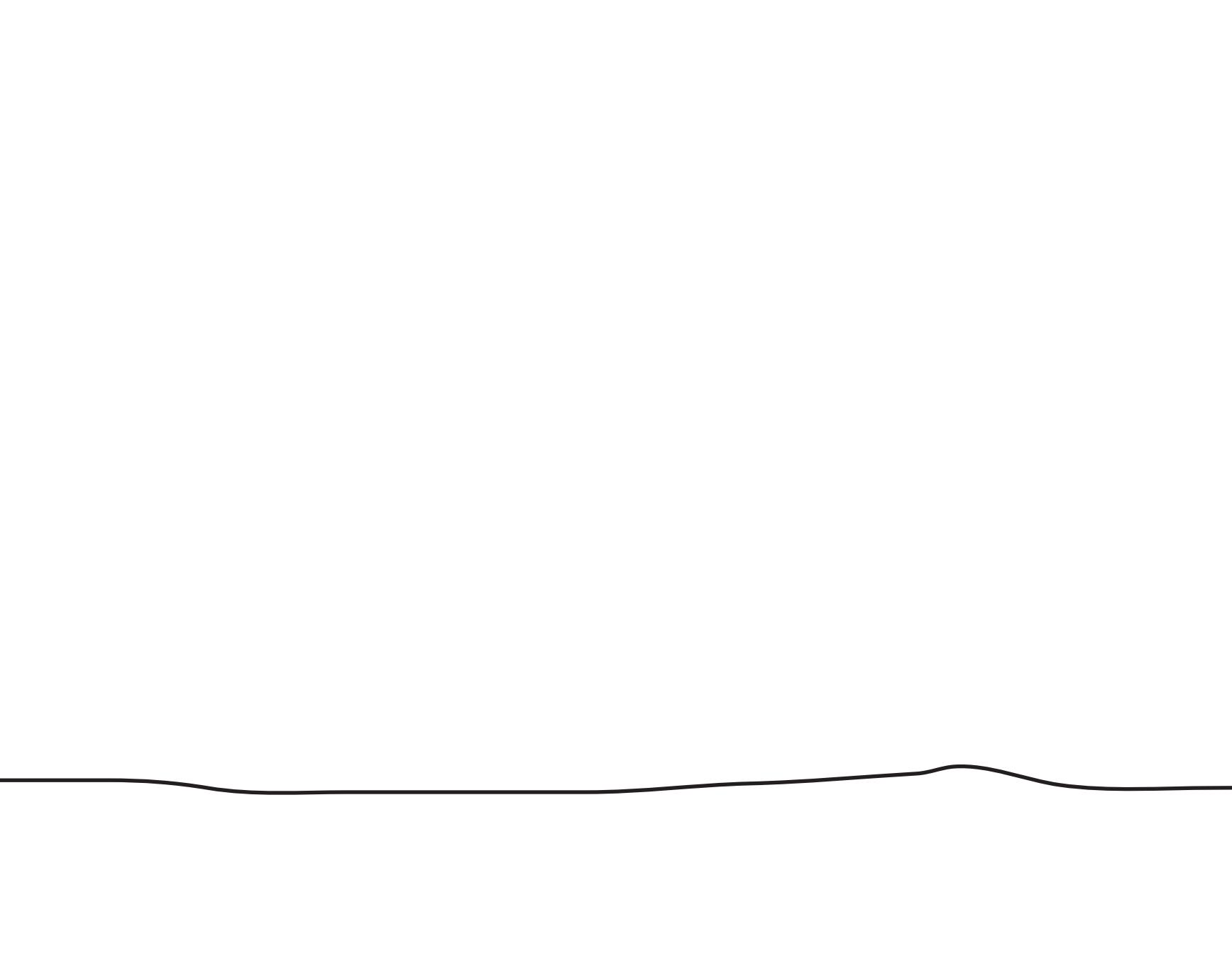
So it set off in search  
of its missing piece.



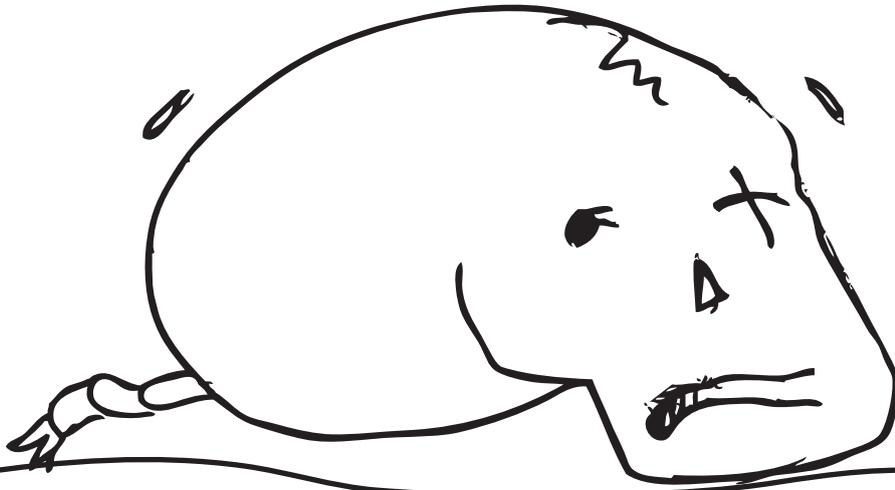
And as it rolled  
it sang this song-

“Oh I’m lookin’ for my missin’ piece  
I’m lookin’ for my missin’ piece  
Hi-dee-ho, here I go,  
Lookin’ for my missin’ piece.”





Sometimes it baked in the sun



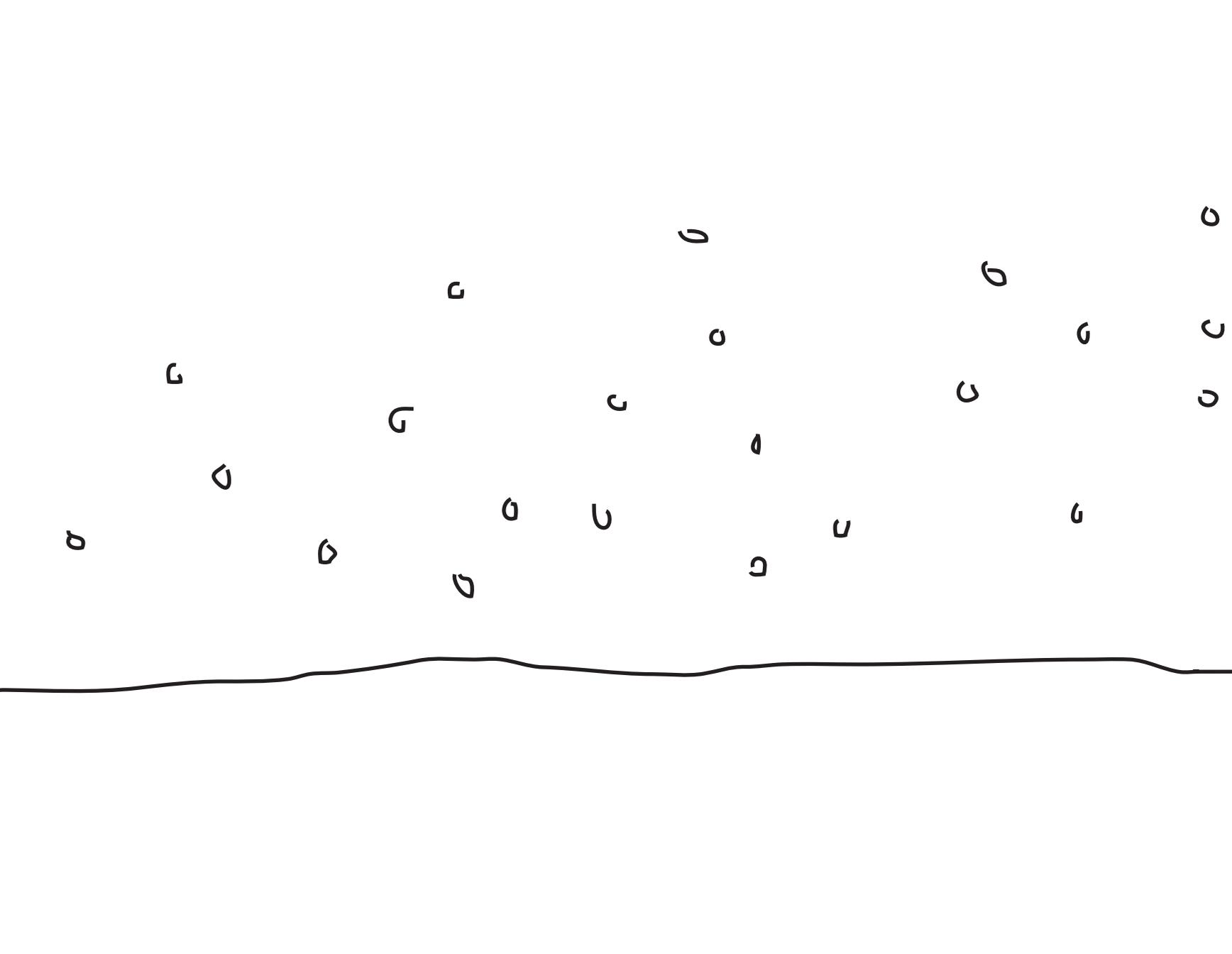
but then the cool rain would come down.



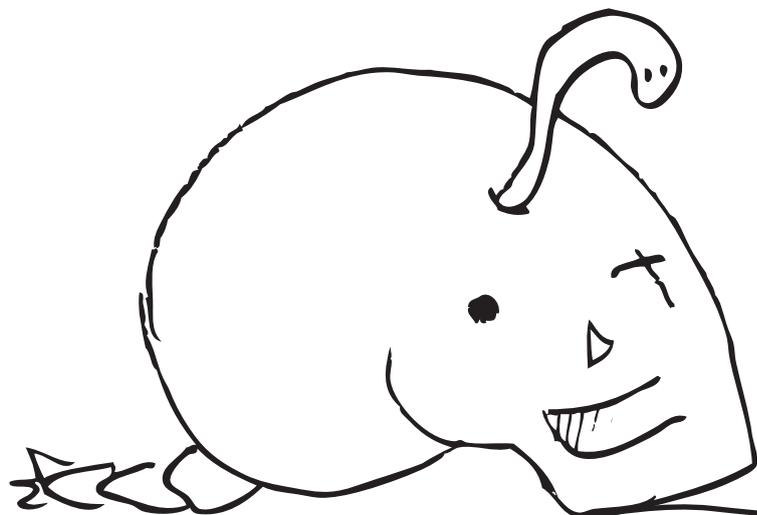


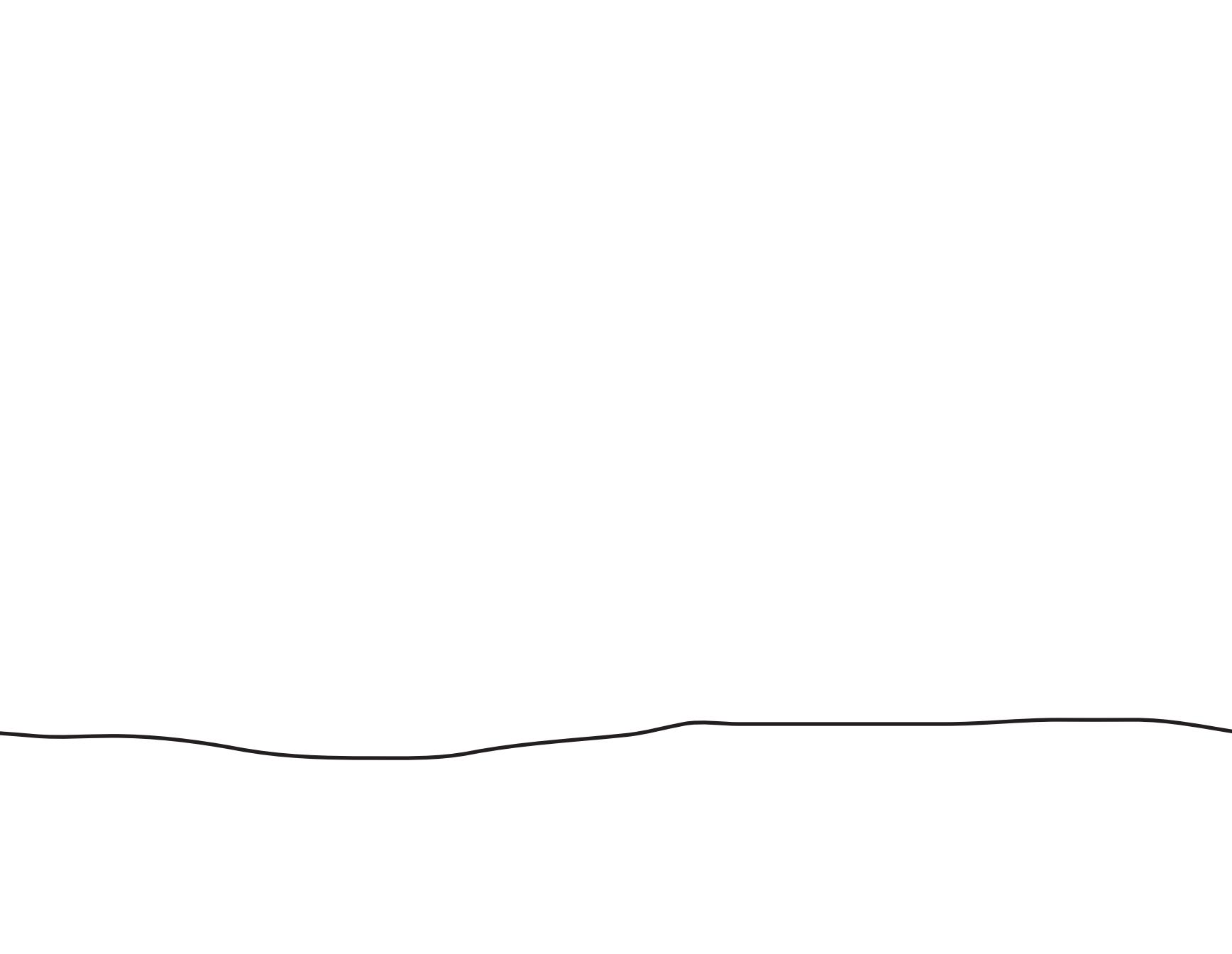
And sometimes it was frozen by the snow  
but then the sun would come and warm it again.





And because it was missing a piece  
it could not roll very fast  
so it would stop  
to talk to a worm





or smell a flower

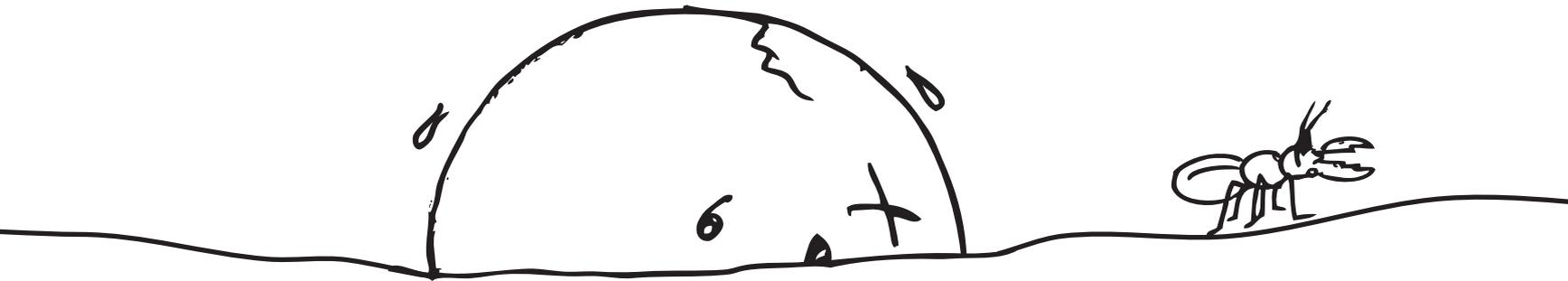






and sometimes it would pass a beetle

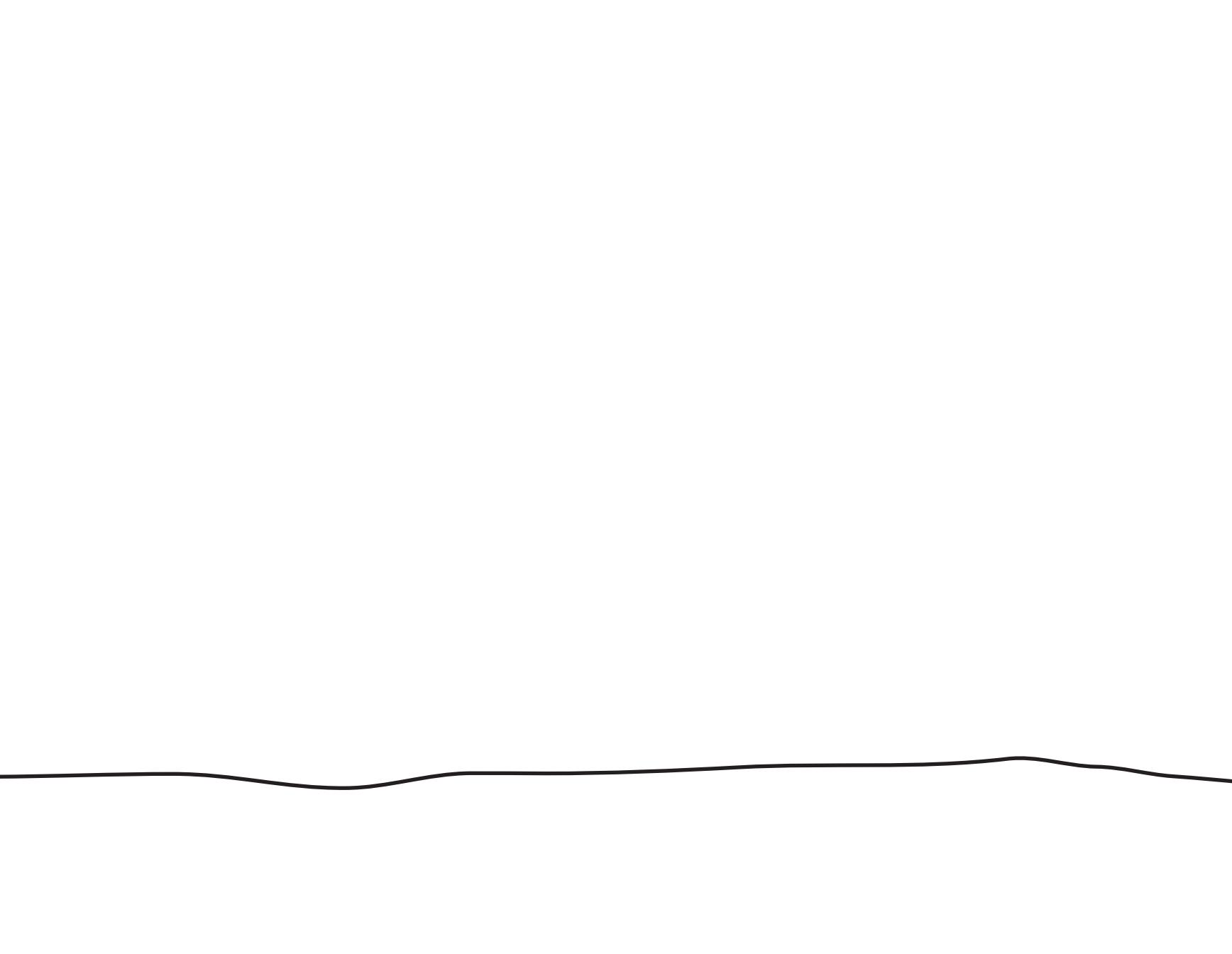




and sometimes the beetle  
would pass it

and this was the best time of all.

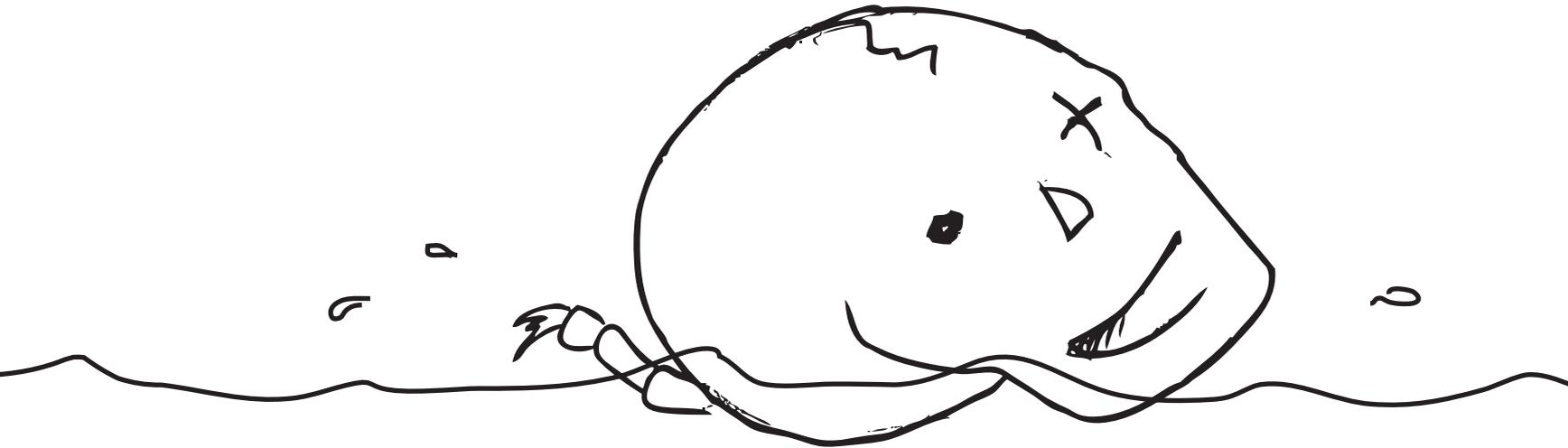




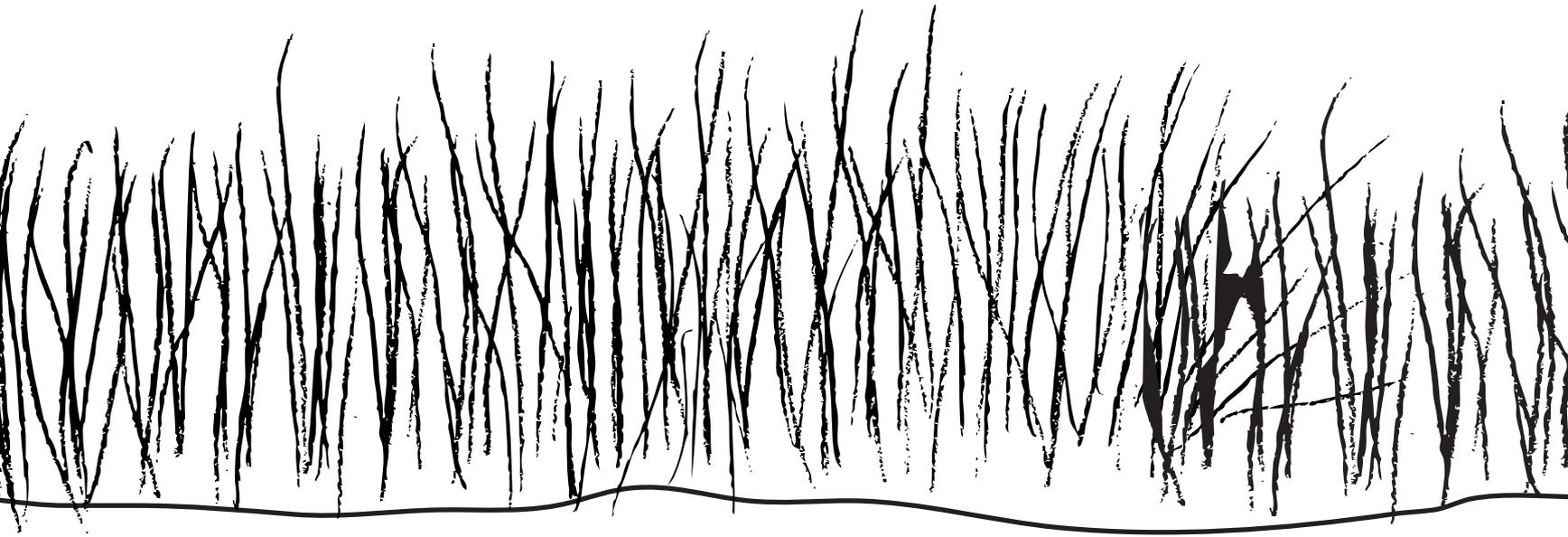
And on it went,  
over oceans



“Oh I’m lookin’ for my missin’ piece  
Over land and over seas  
So grease my knees and fleece my bees  
I’m lookin’ for my missin’ piece.”

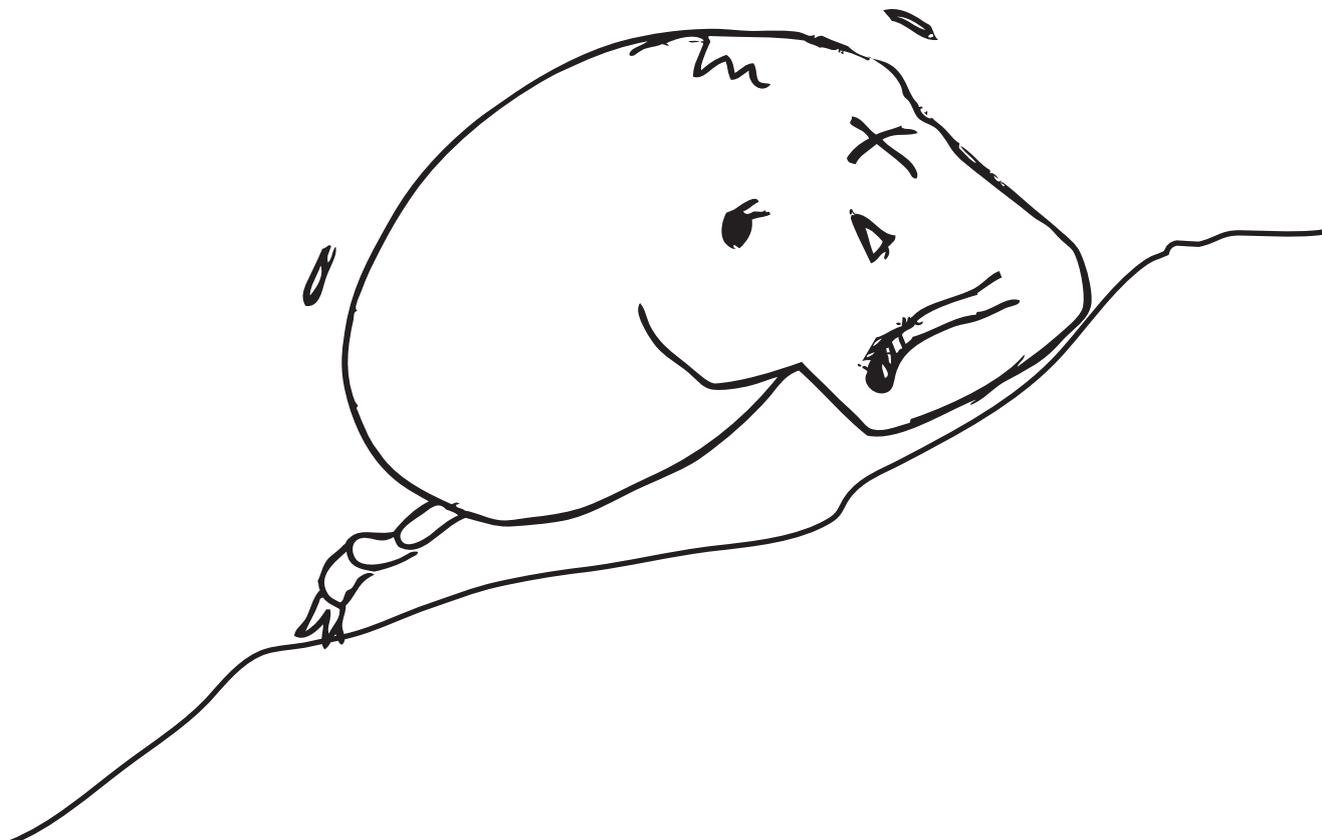


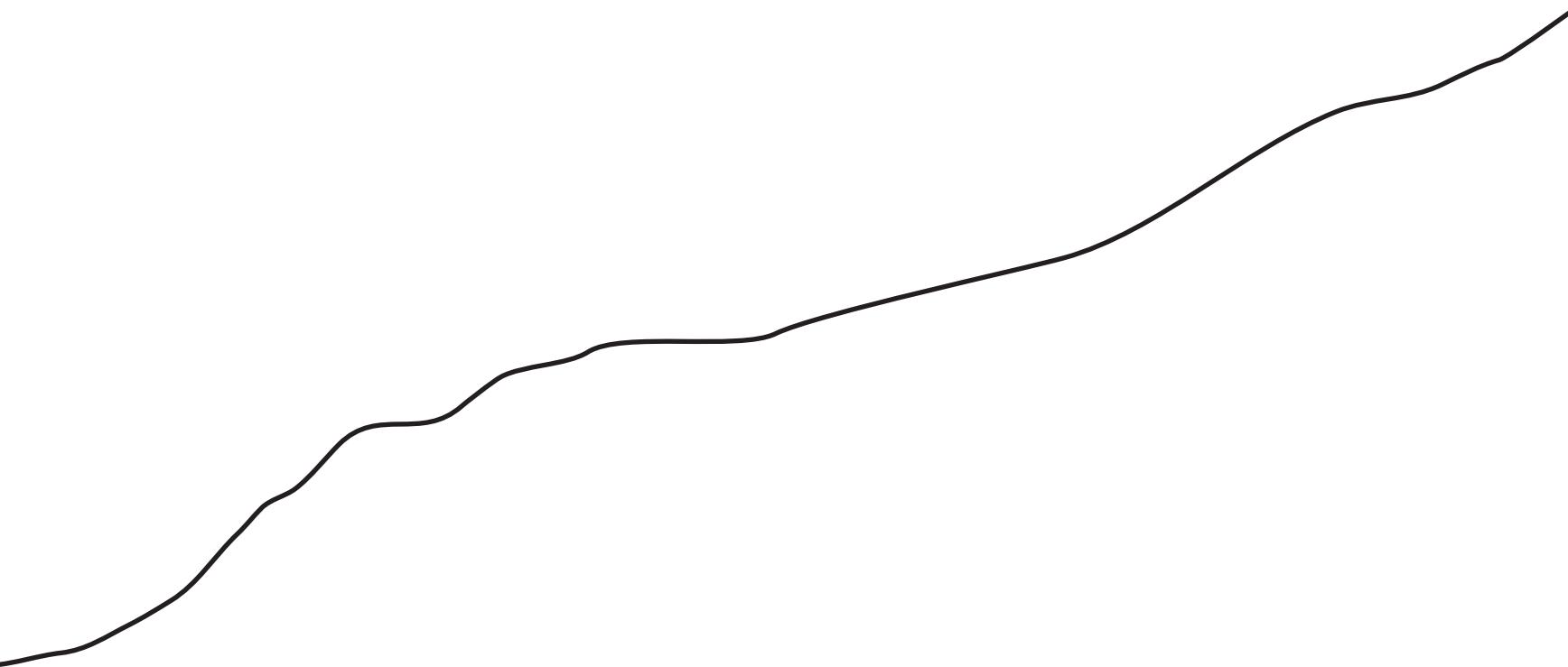
through swamps and jungles





up mountains





and down mountains





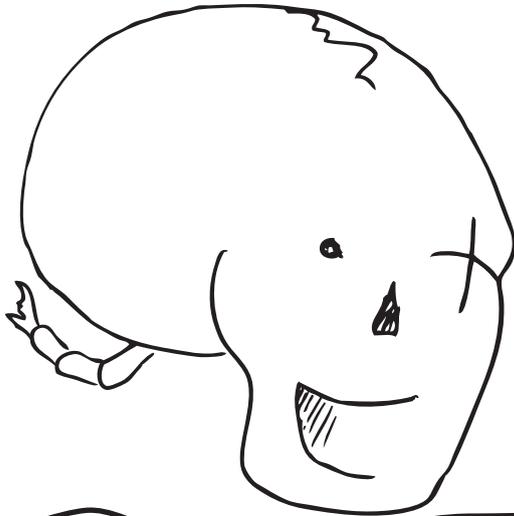
Until one day, lo and behold!

“I’ve found my missin’ piece,” it sang,

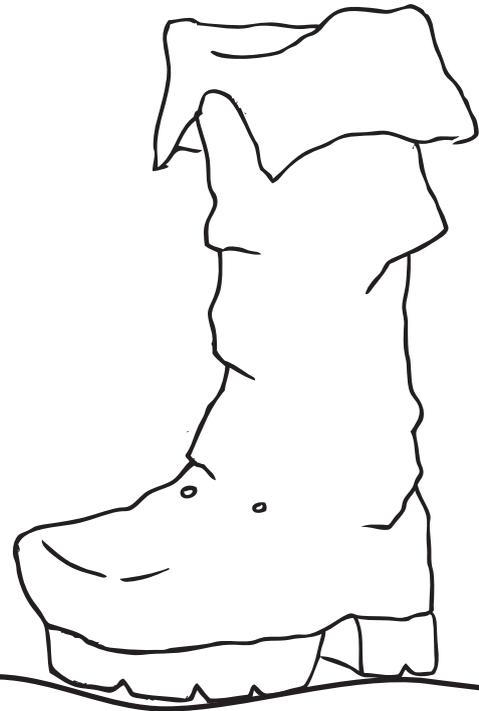
“I’ve found my missin’ piece

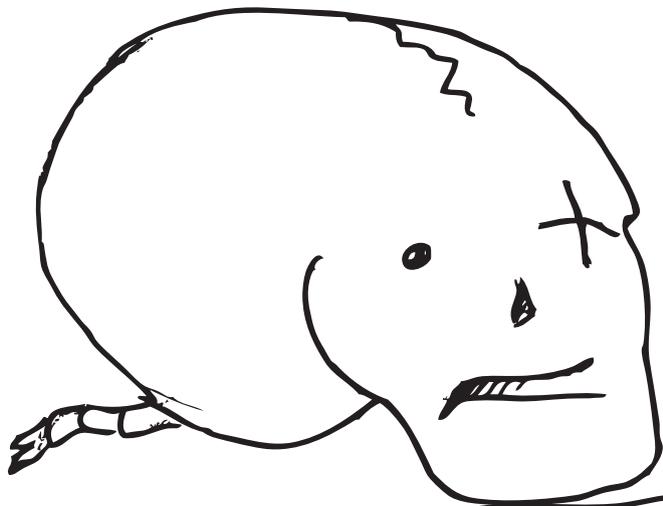
So grease my knees and fleece my bees

I’ve found my...”

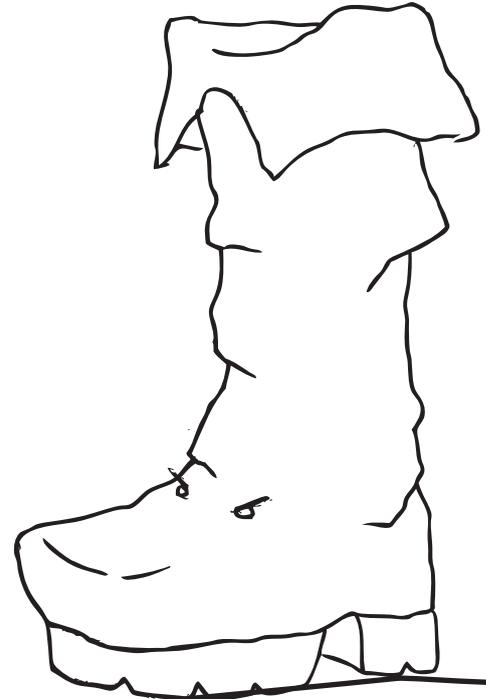


“Wait a minute,” said the piece.  
“Before you go greasing your knees  
and fleecing your bees...”



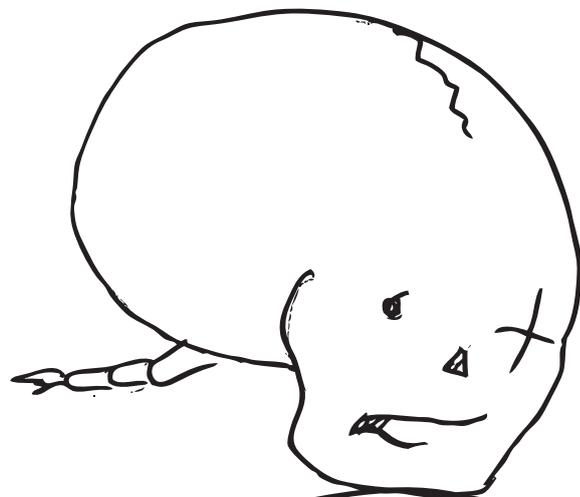
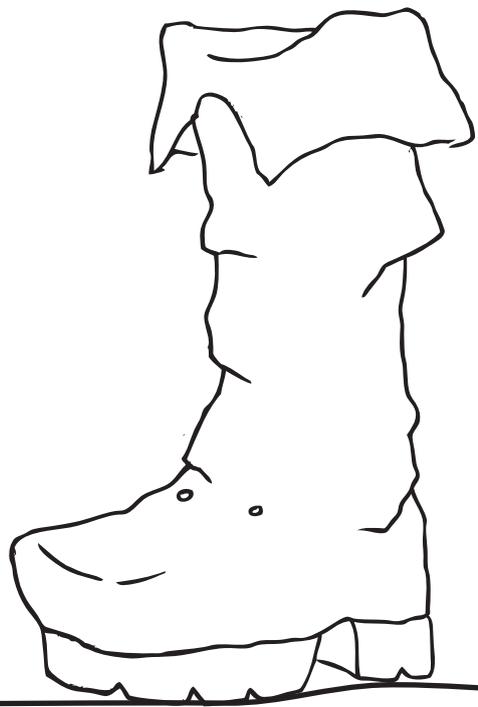


“I am not your missing piece.  
I am nobody’s piece.  
I am my own piece.  
And even if I was  
somebody’s missing piece  
I don’t think I’d be yours!”



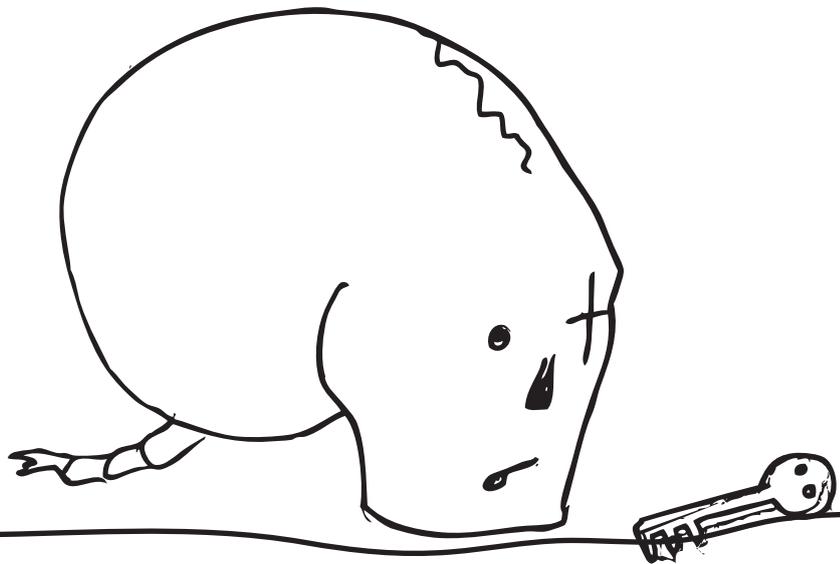
“Oh,” it said sadly,  
“I’m sorry to have bothered you.”  
And on it rolled.

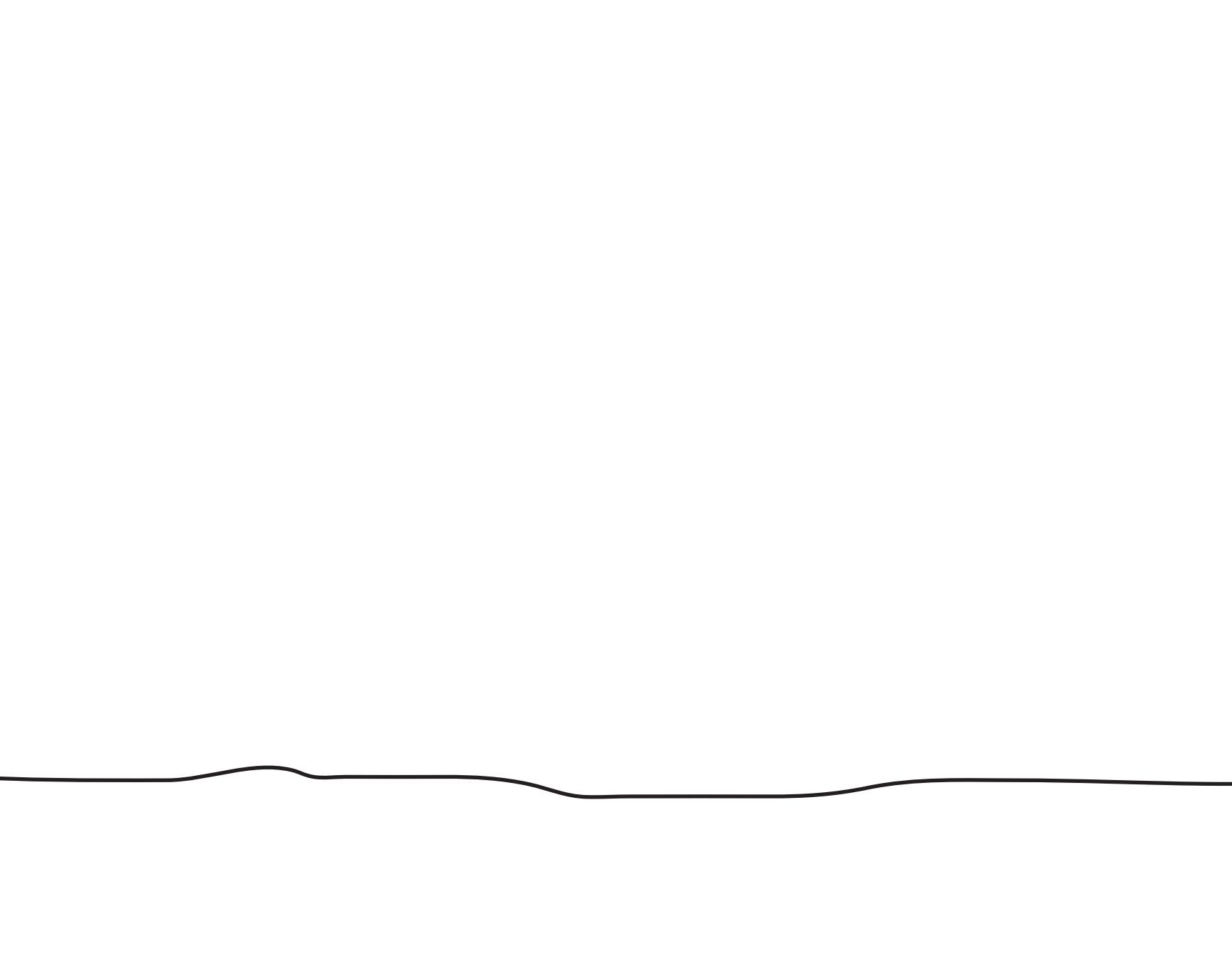




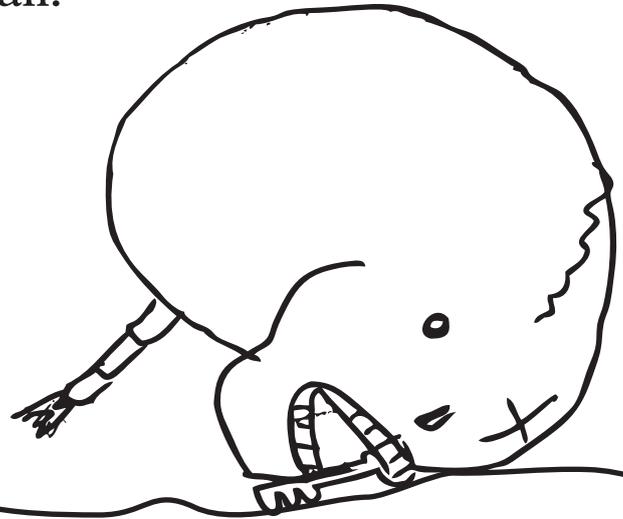
It found another piece





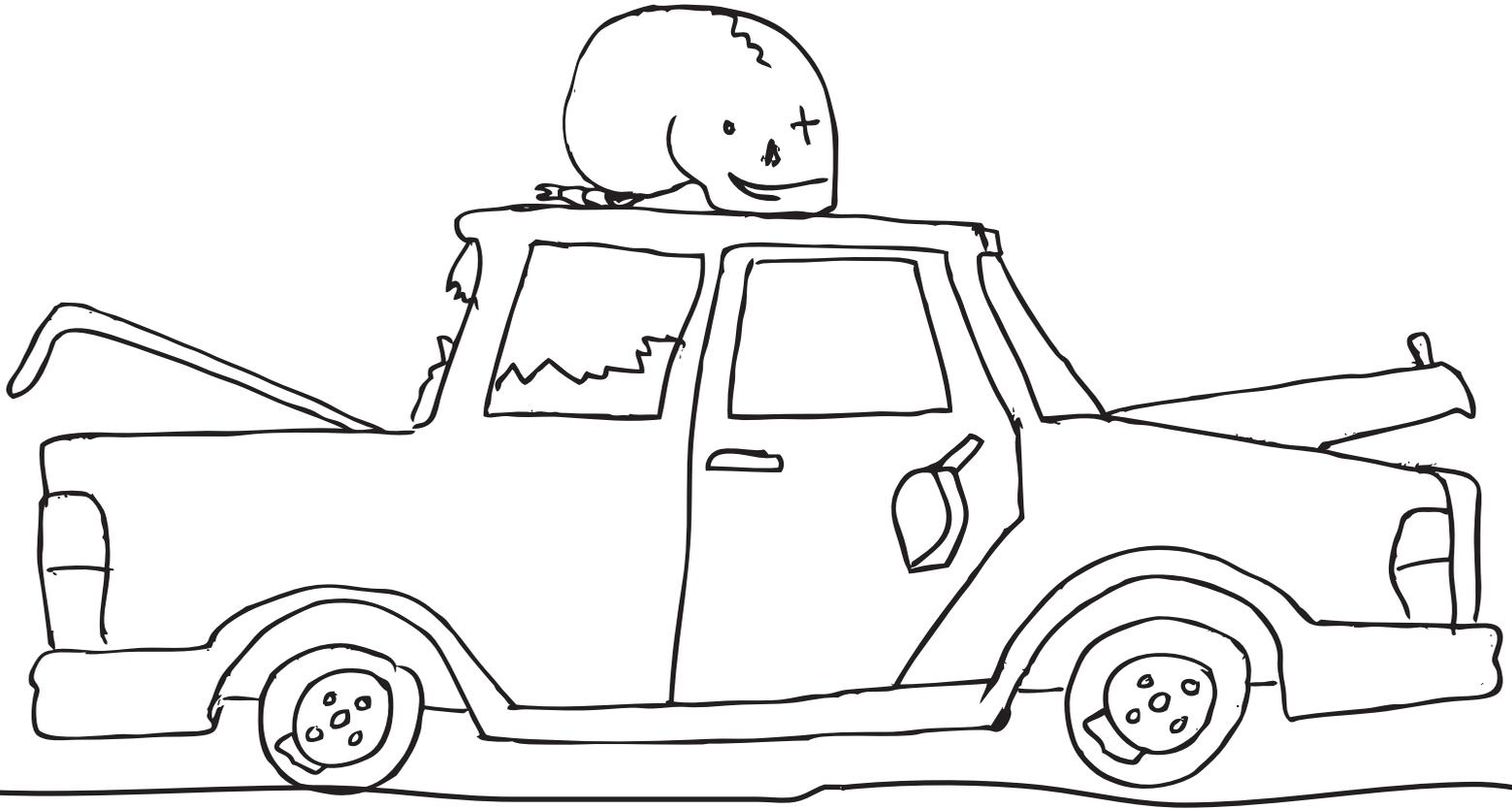


but this one was too small.



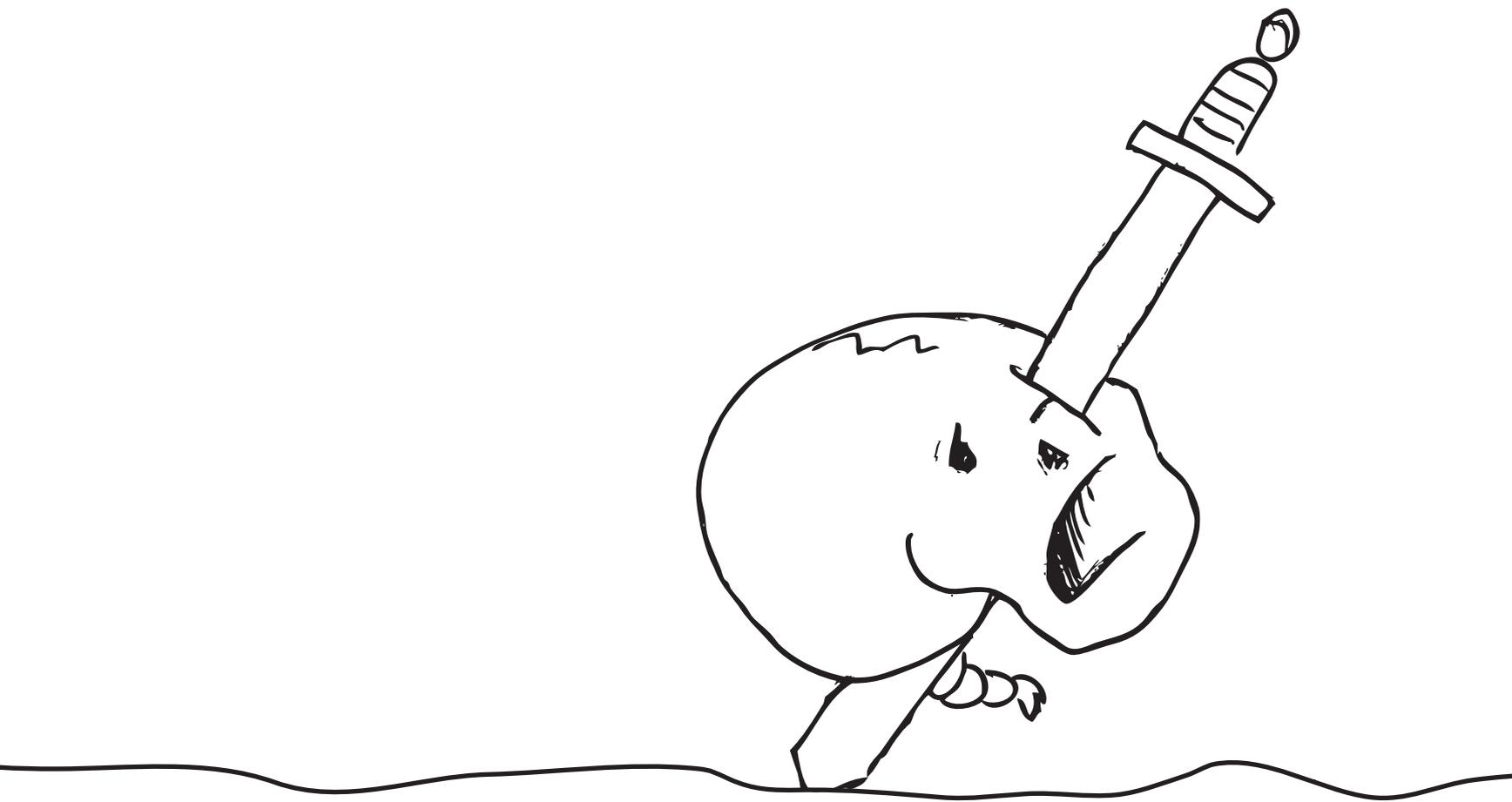
And this one was too big

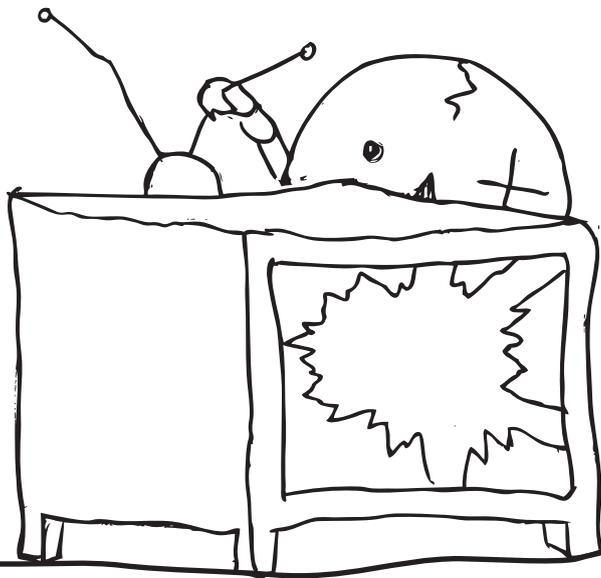




this one was a little too sharp



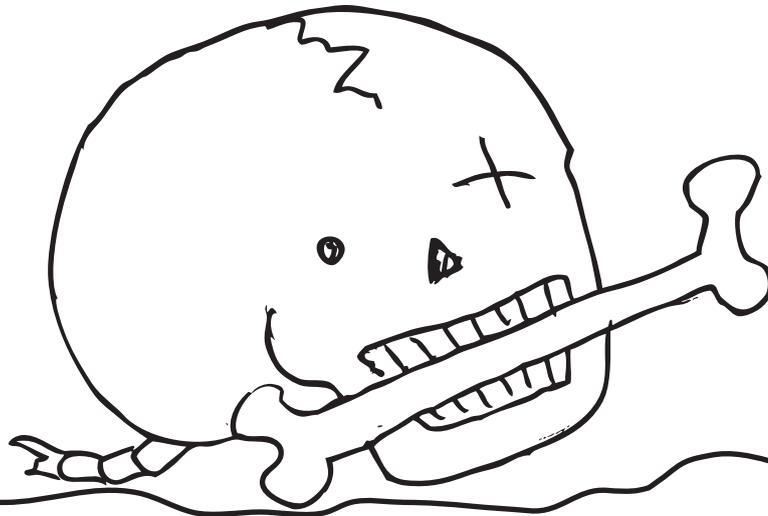




and this one was too square.



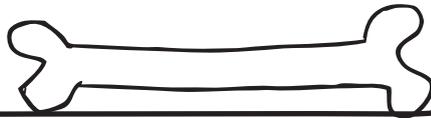
One time it seemed  
to have found  
the perfect piece



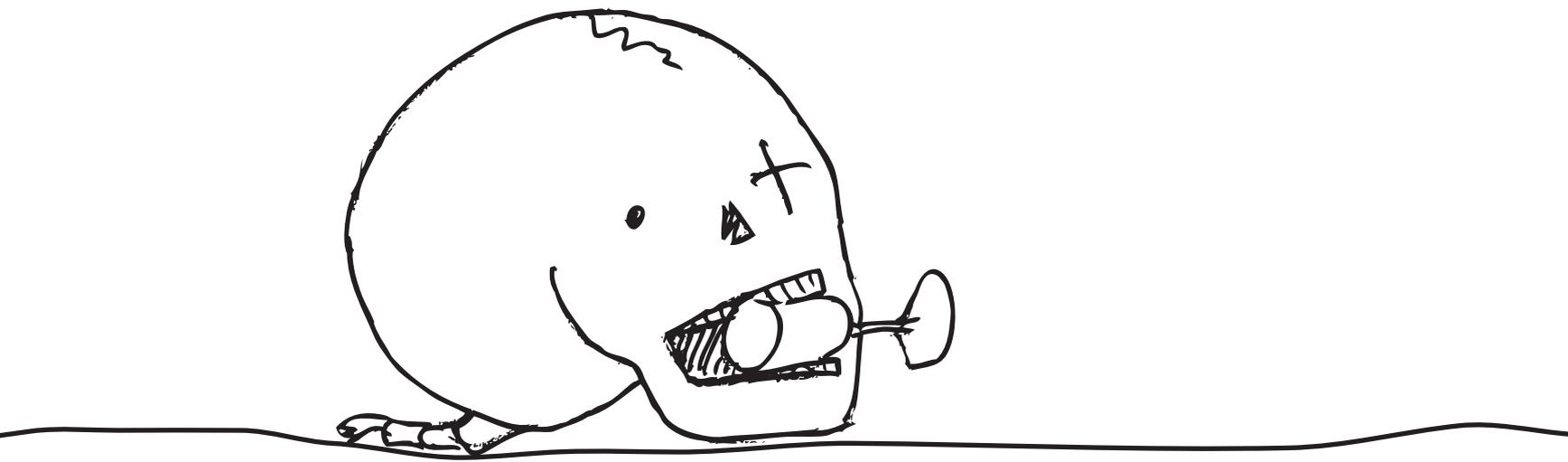
but it didn't hold it tightly enough



and lost it.

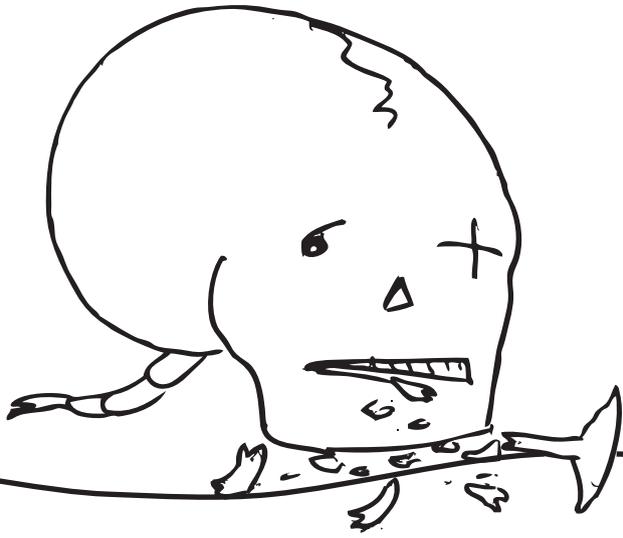






Another time  
it held too tightly

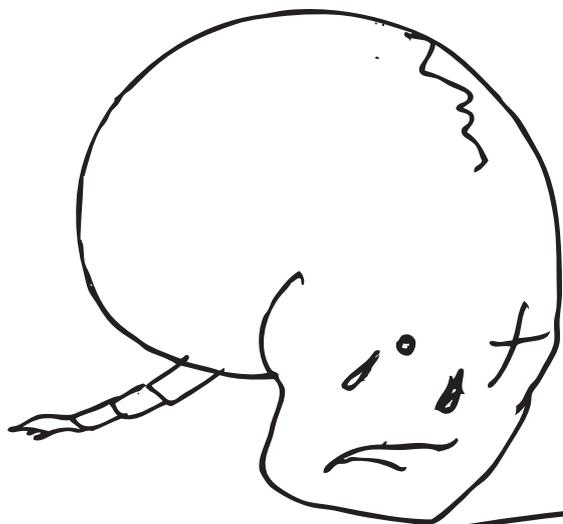


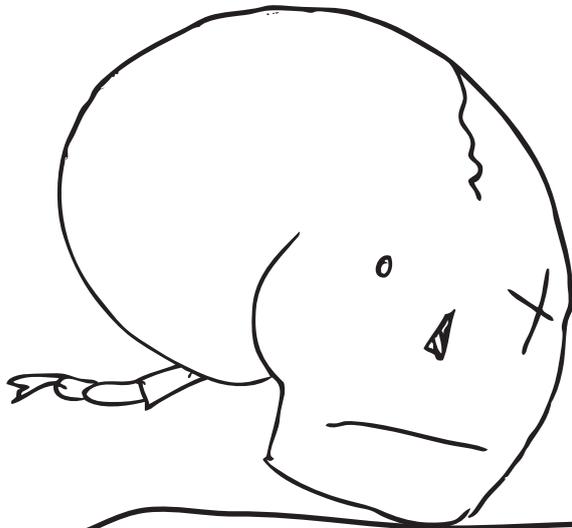


and it broke.



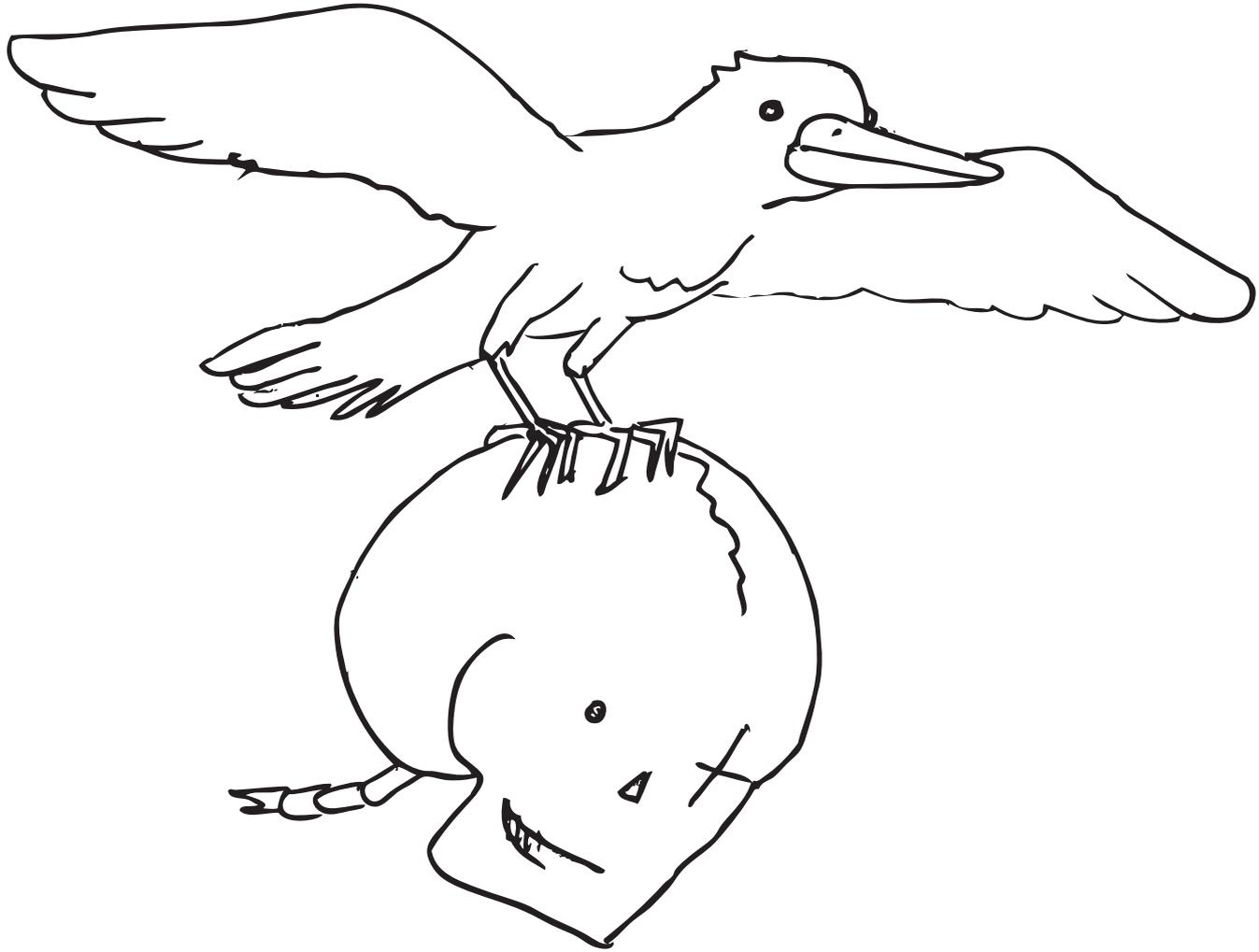






So on and on it rolled,



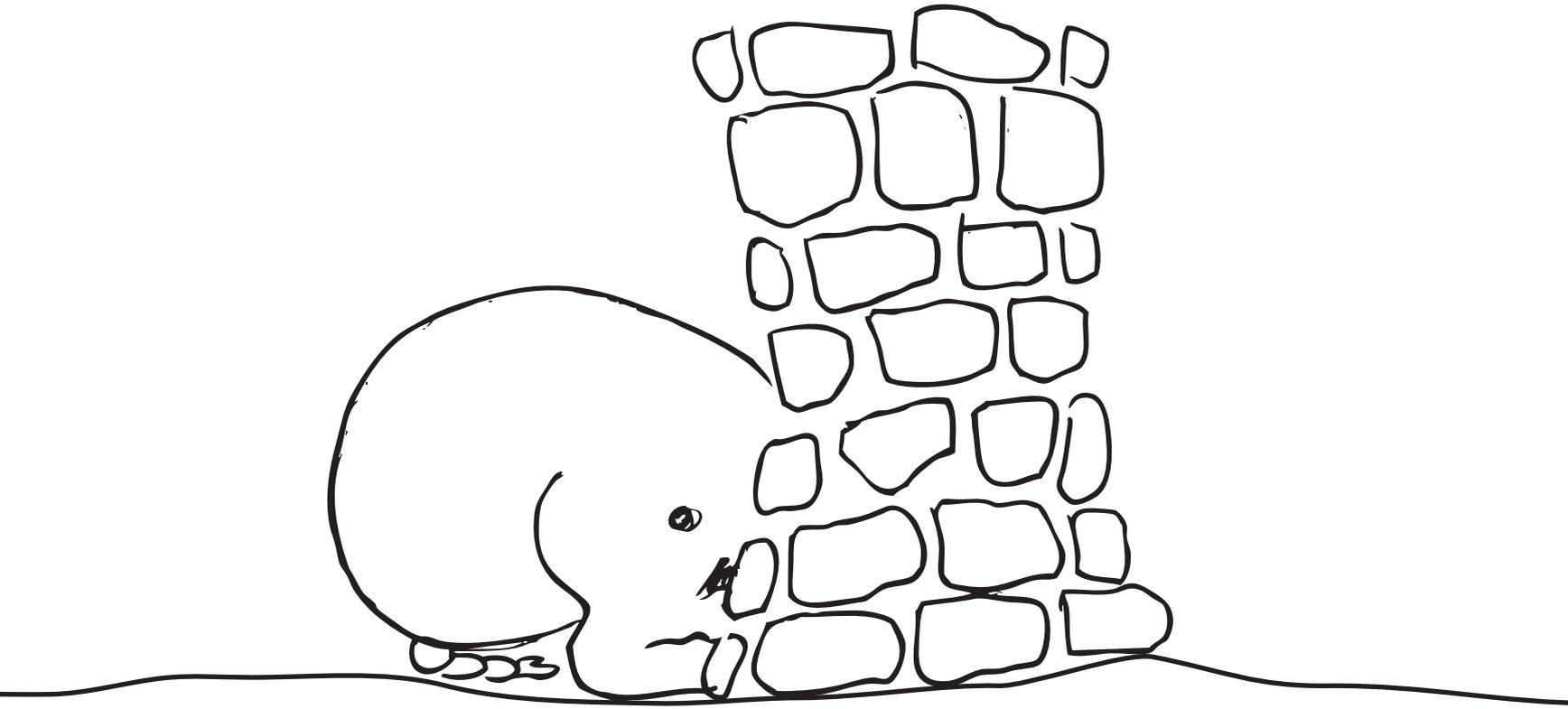


having adventures

falling into holes



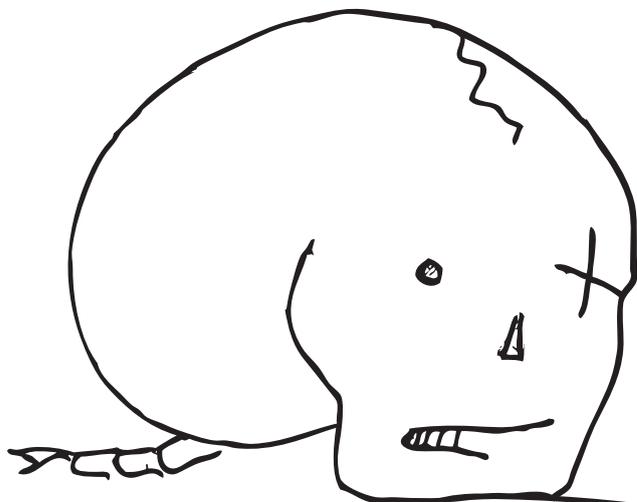


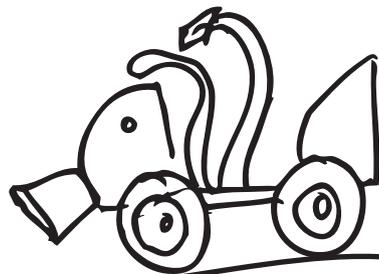


and bumping into stone walls.



And then one day it came upon  
another piece that seemed  
to be just right.





“Hi,” it said.

“Hi,” said the piece.

“Are you anybody else’s missing piece?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Well, maybe you want to be your own piece?”

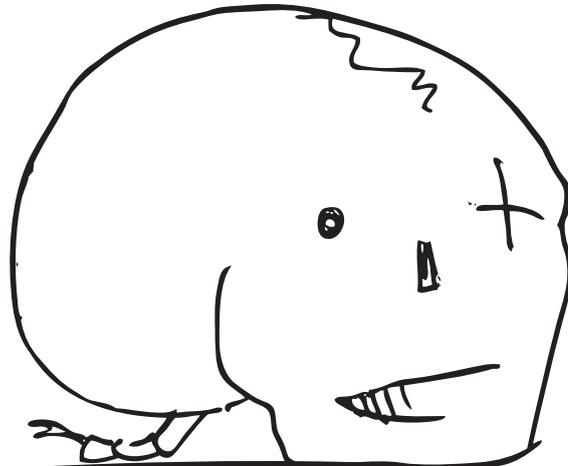
“I can be someone’s and still be my own.”

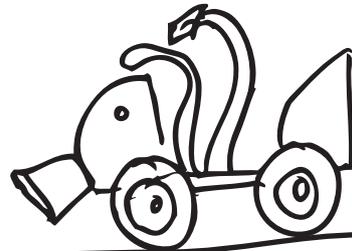
“Well, maybe you don’t want to be mine.”

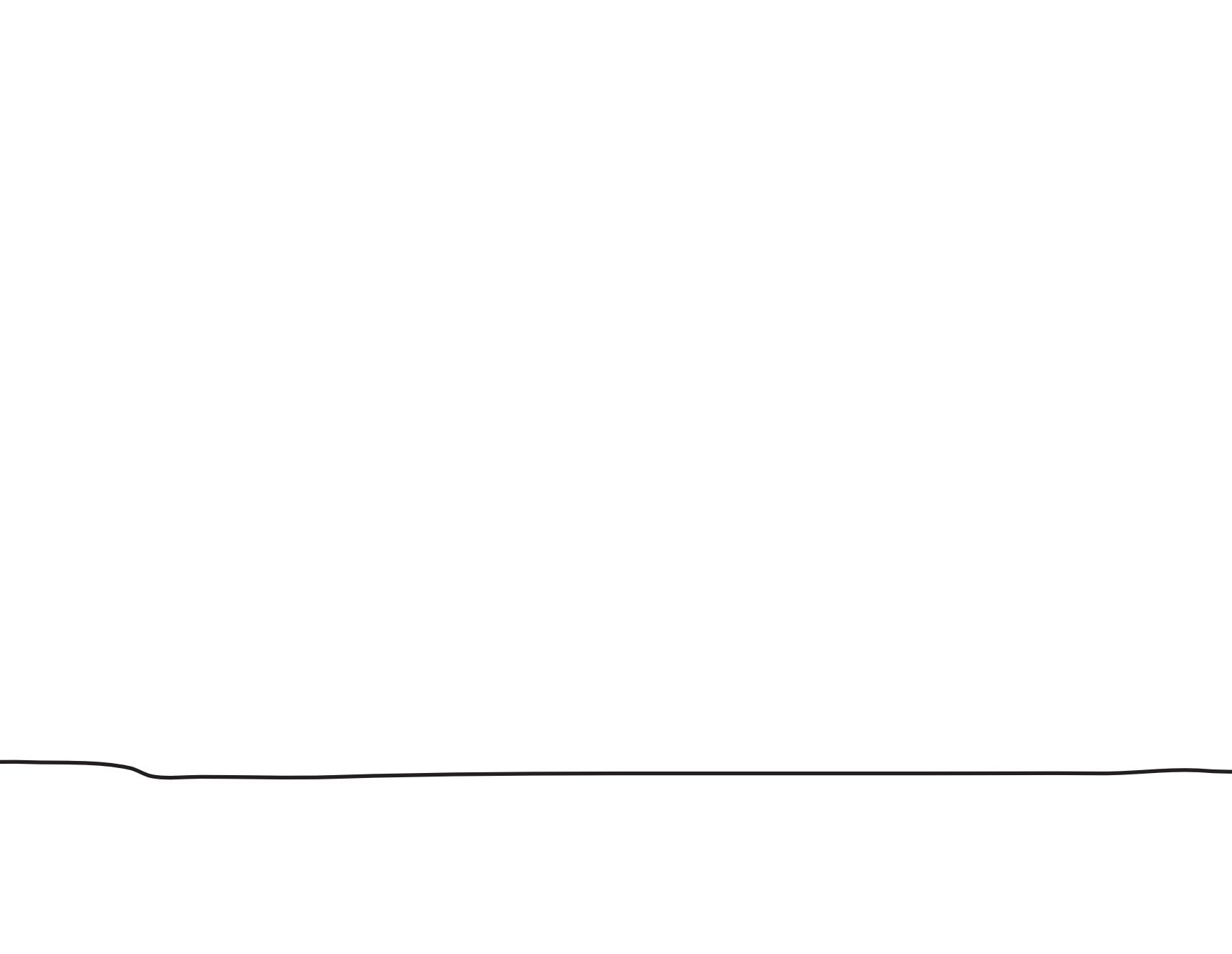
“Maybe I do.”

“Maybe we won’t fit....”

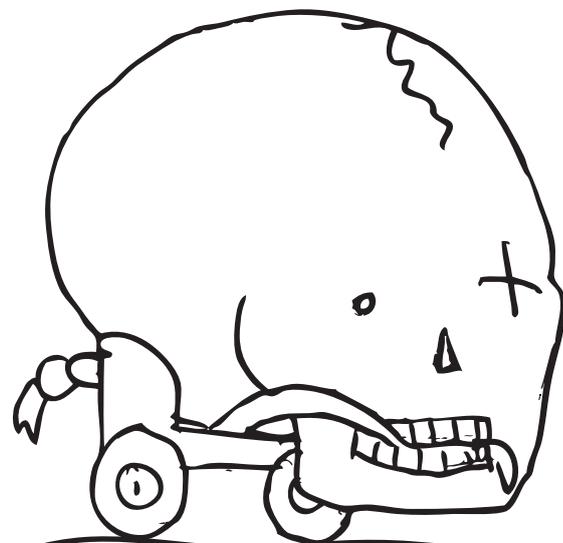
“Well...”

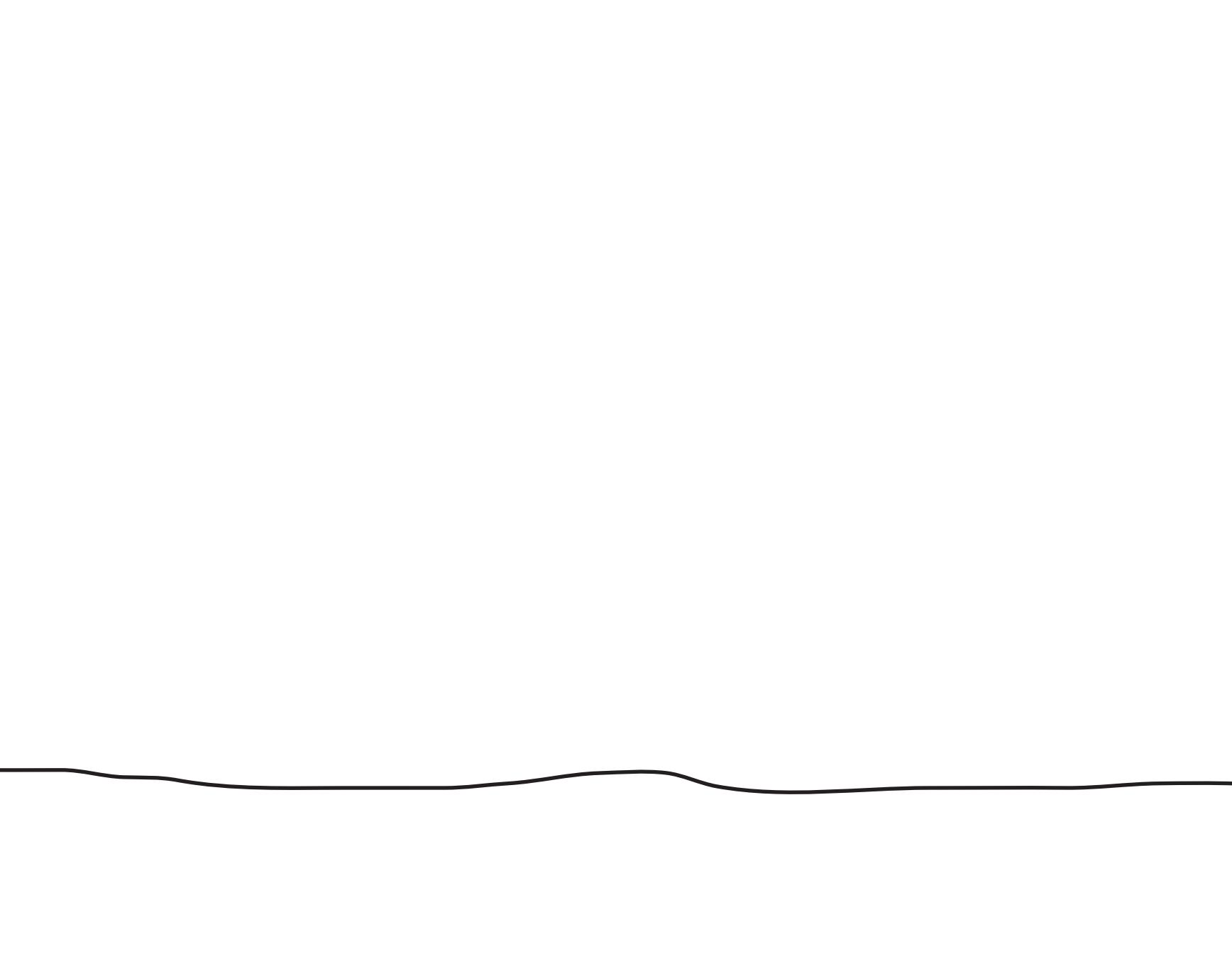




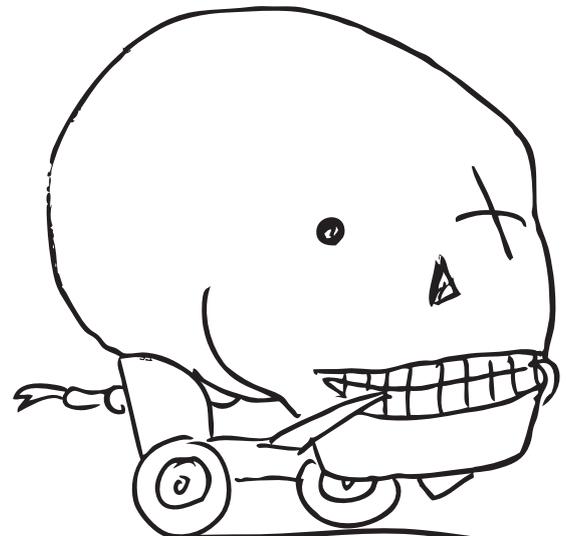


“Hummm?”  
“Ummmm!”

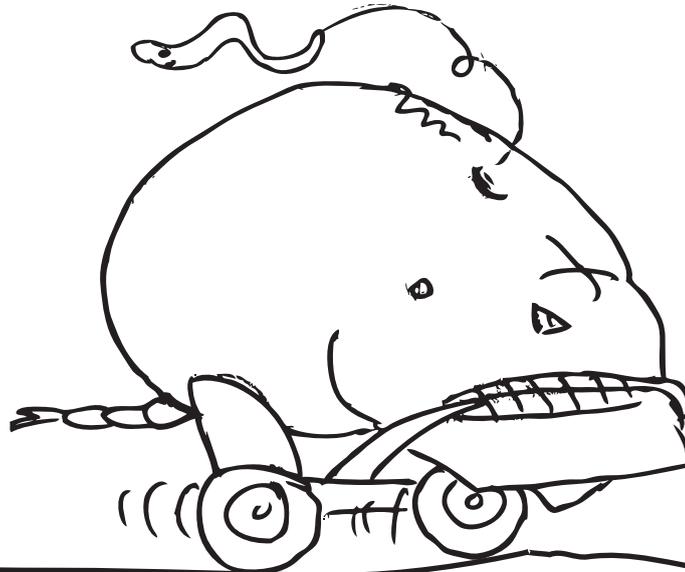




It fit!  
It fit perfectly!  
At last! At last!

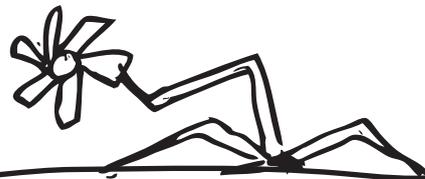


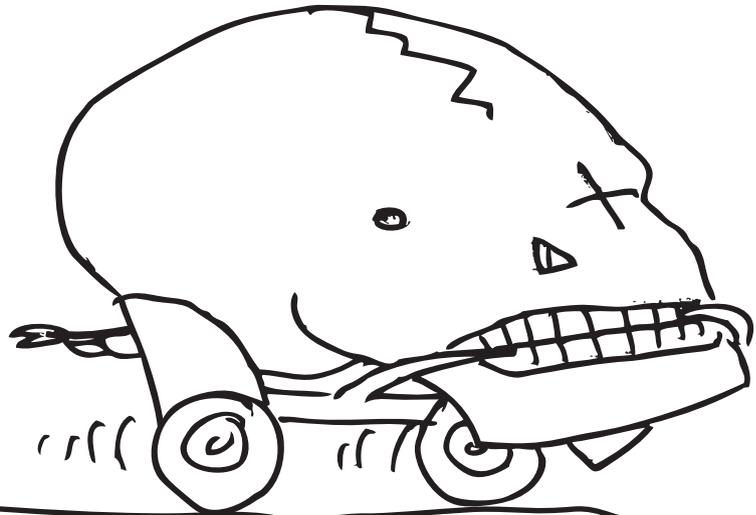
And away it rolled  
and because it was  
now complete,  
it rolled faster  
and faster.  
Faster that it had  
ever rolled before!



So fast that it could not stop to talk  
to a worm

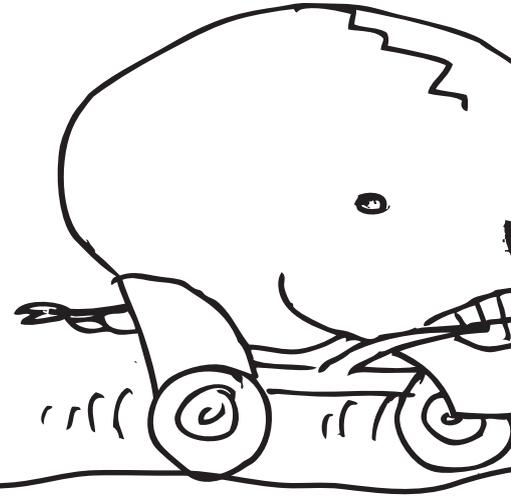
or smell a flower





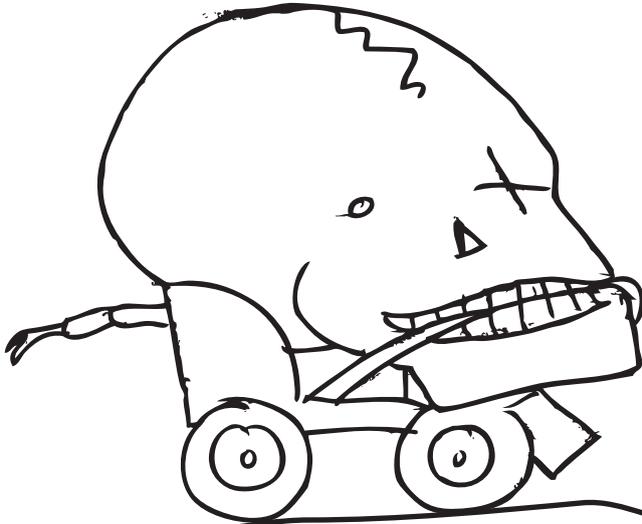
too fast for a butterfly to land.



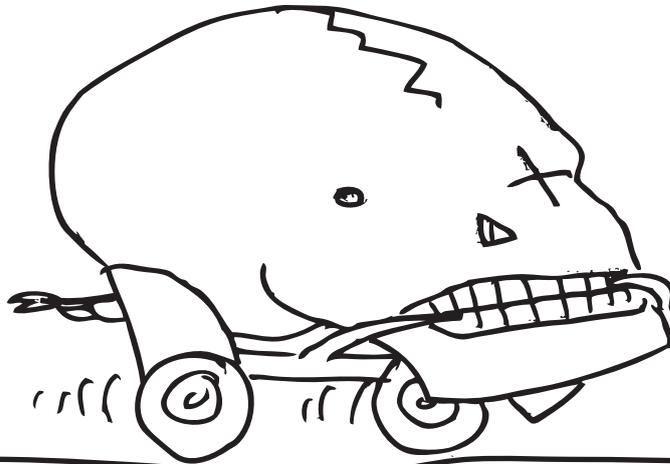


But it could sing its happy song,  
at last it could sing  
“I’ve found my missing piece.”



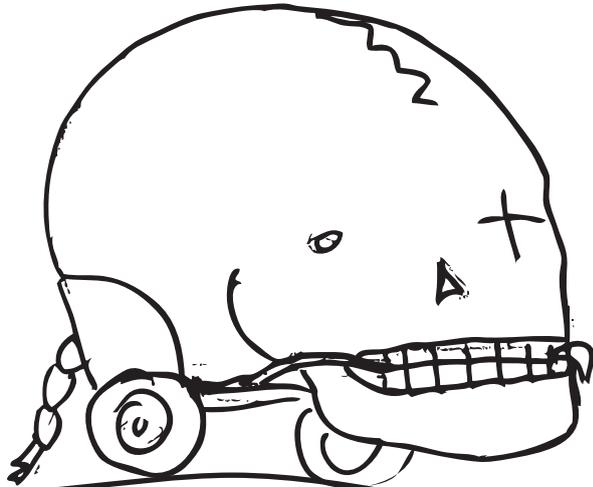


And it began to sing-  
“I’ve frown my nizzin’ geez  
Uf vroun my mitzen’ breez  
So kreeze my meas  
An bleez ny drees  
Uf frown...”



Oh my, now that  
it was complete  
it could not sing at all.

“Aha,” it thought.  
“So that’s how it is!”



So it stopped rolling...

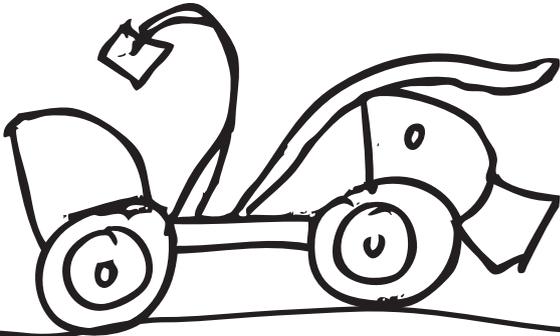


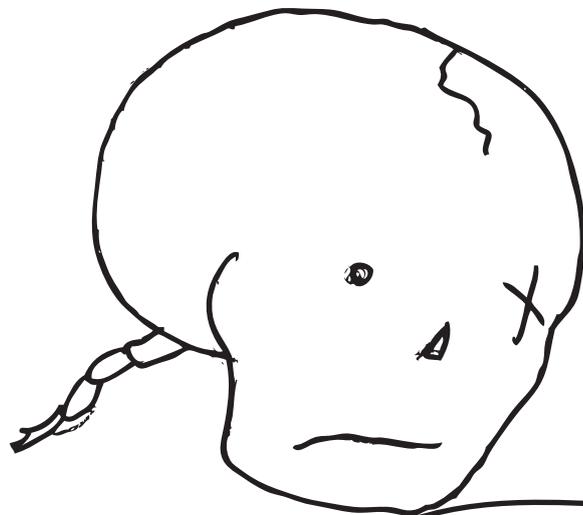
and it set the piece down gently,

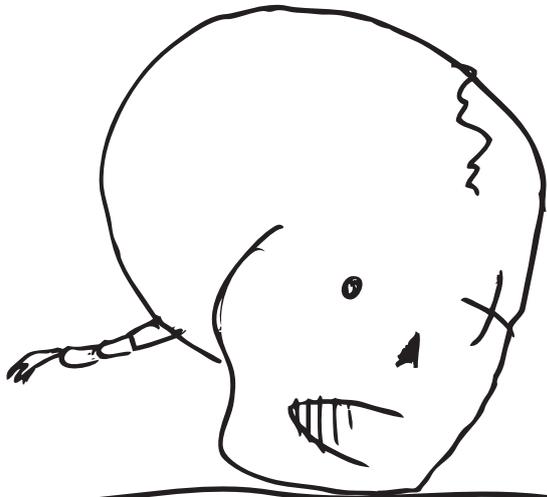




and slowly rolled away

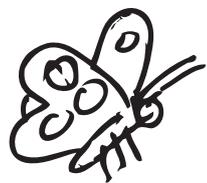






and as it rolled it softly sang-





“Oh I’m lookin’ for my missin’ piece  
I’m lookin’ for my missin’ piece  
Hi-dee-ho, here I go,  
Lookin’ for my missin’ piece.”

