

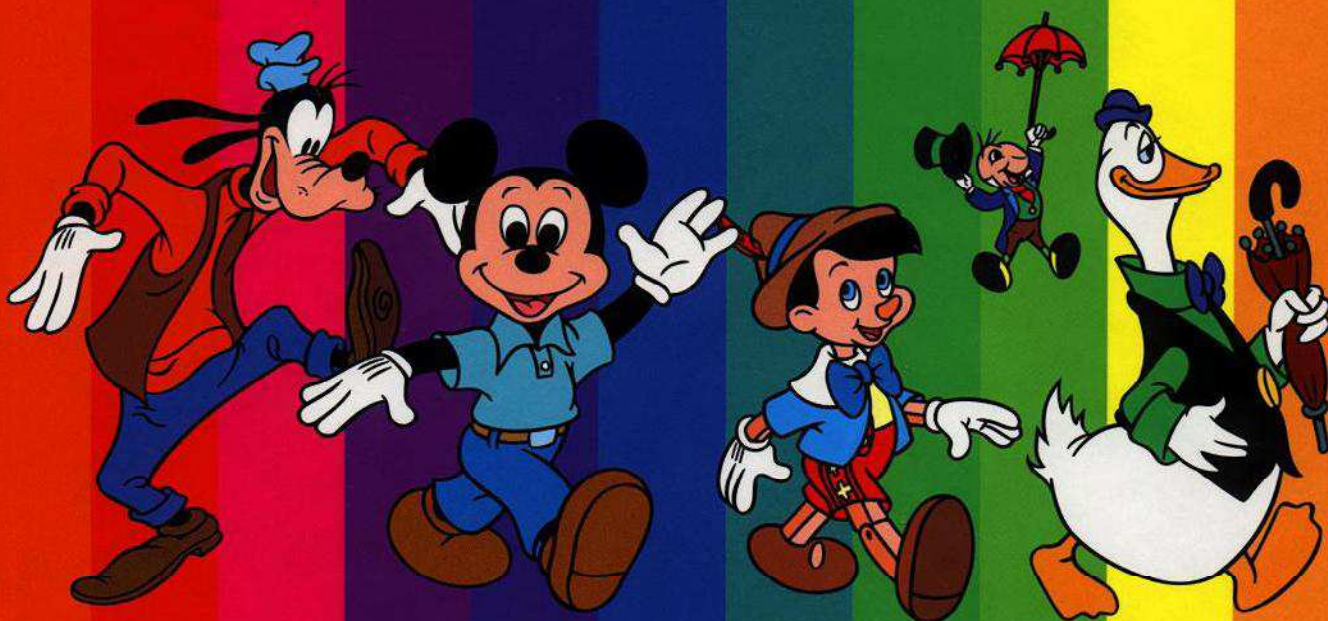
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Book 12

The Sorcerer's Apprentice



Editor in Chief
Anne R. Dow
Harvard University

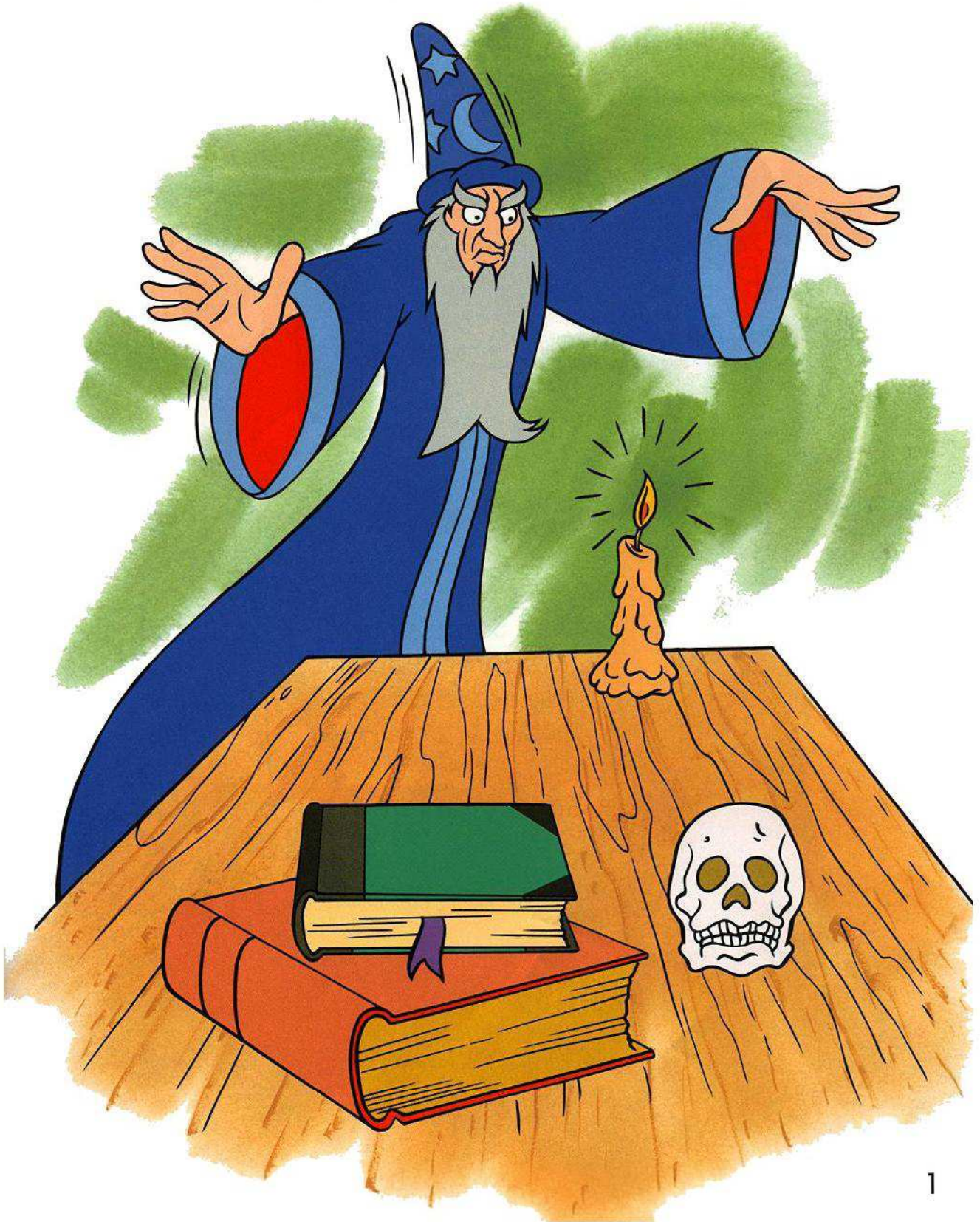
Author
Diane Warshawsky, Ph.D.

Consultant on Educational Philosophy
Shinichi Suzuki

International Horizons

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Once there was a very great sorcerer.
He knew everything there was to know about magic.





The Sorcerer had a magic hat.
When he wore the hat,
he could do many
wonderful things.

He could turn a butterfly into a cat!

He could point his fingers at a red flower,
and the flower would turn blue!



He could say some magic words...



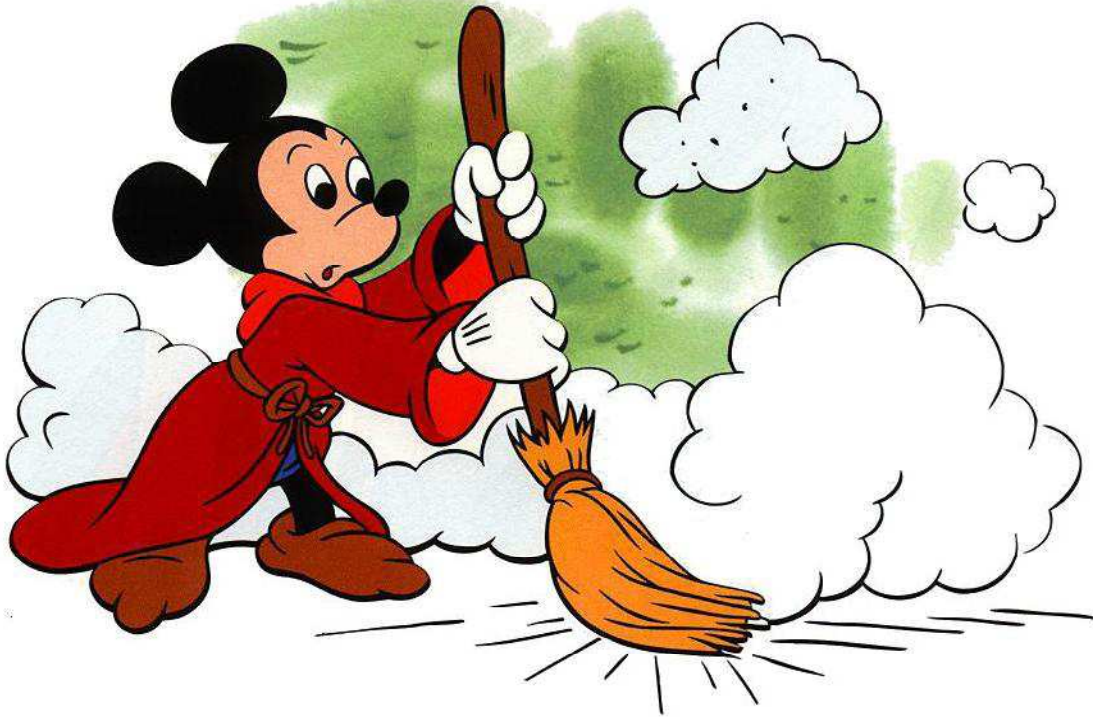
and make a bird disappear!



Then he could make the bird appear again
by saying some more magic words.

The Sorcerer had a helper named Mickey.
Mickey did all the work.

He swept the floor with a broom.



He washed the walls with a brush.



He chopped the wood with an ax.



He carried the Sorcerer's magic books from one room to another.



He carried buckets up the stairs to the well
and filled them with water.
Up and down the stairs he went—all day long.

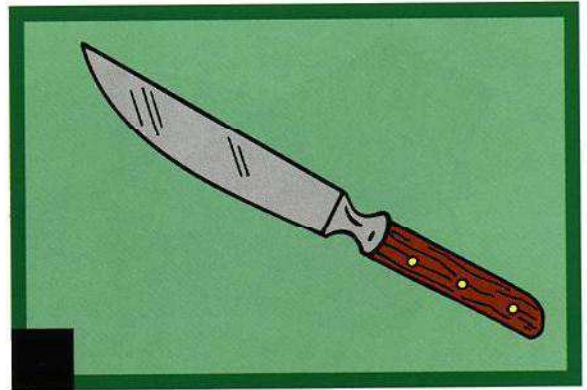
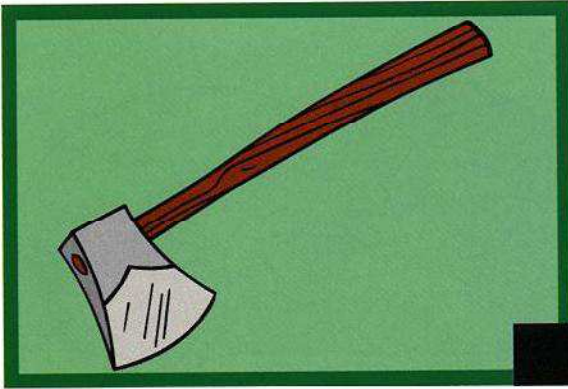




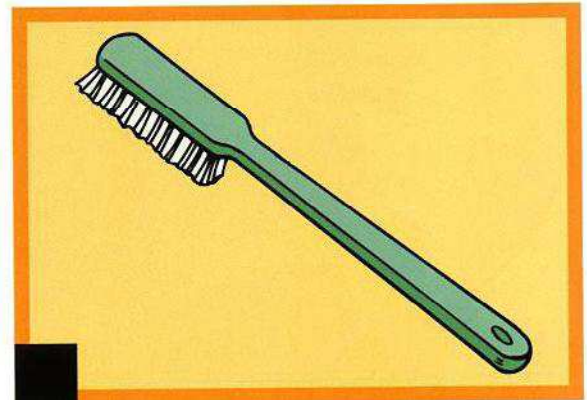
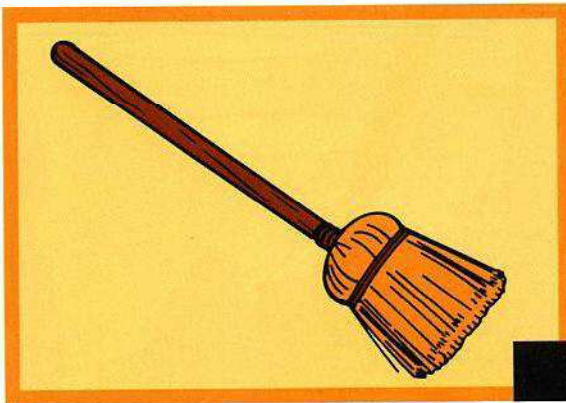


At the end of each day, Mickey was very tired.
"All I ever do is work!" he said to himself.
"I wish I didn't have so much work.
I wish I had time to play!"

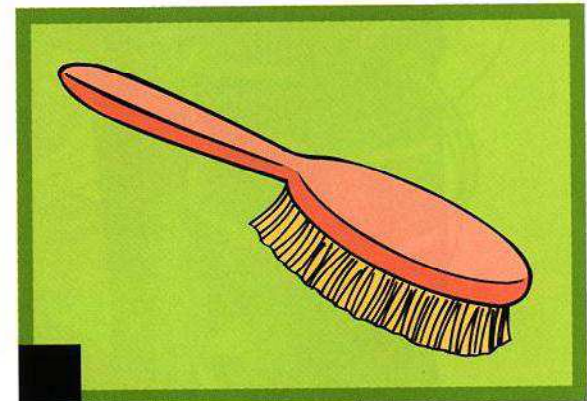
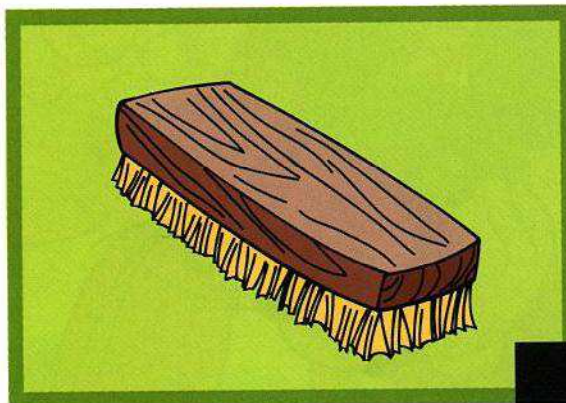
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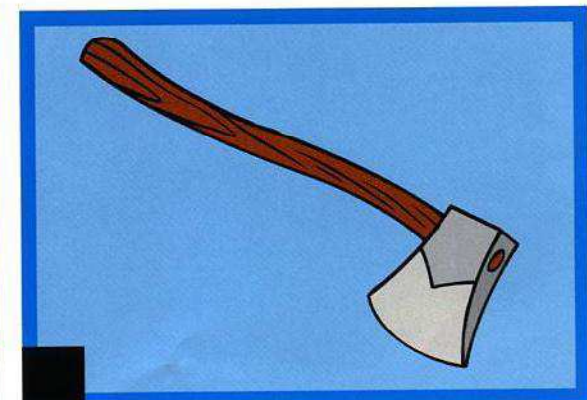
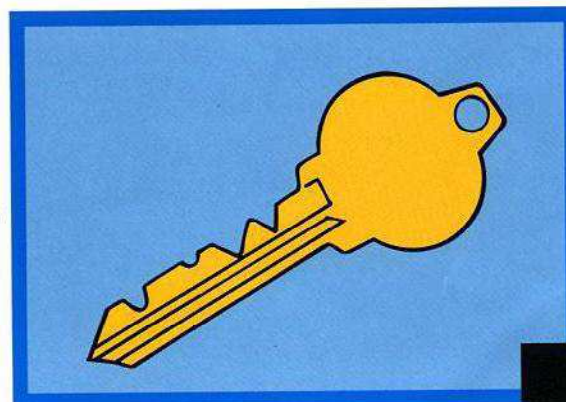
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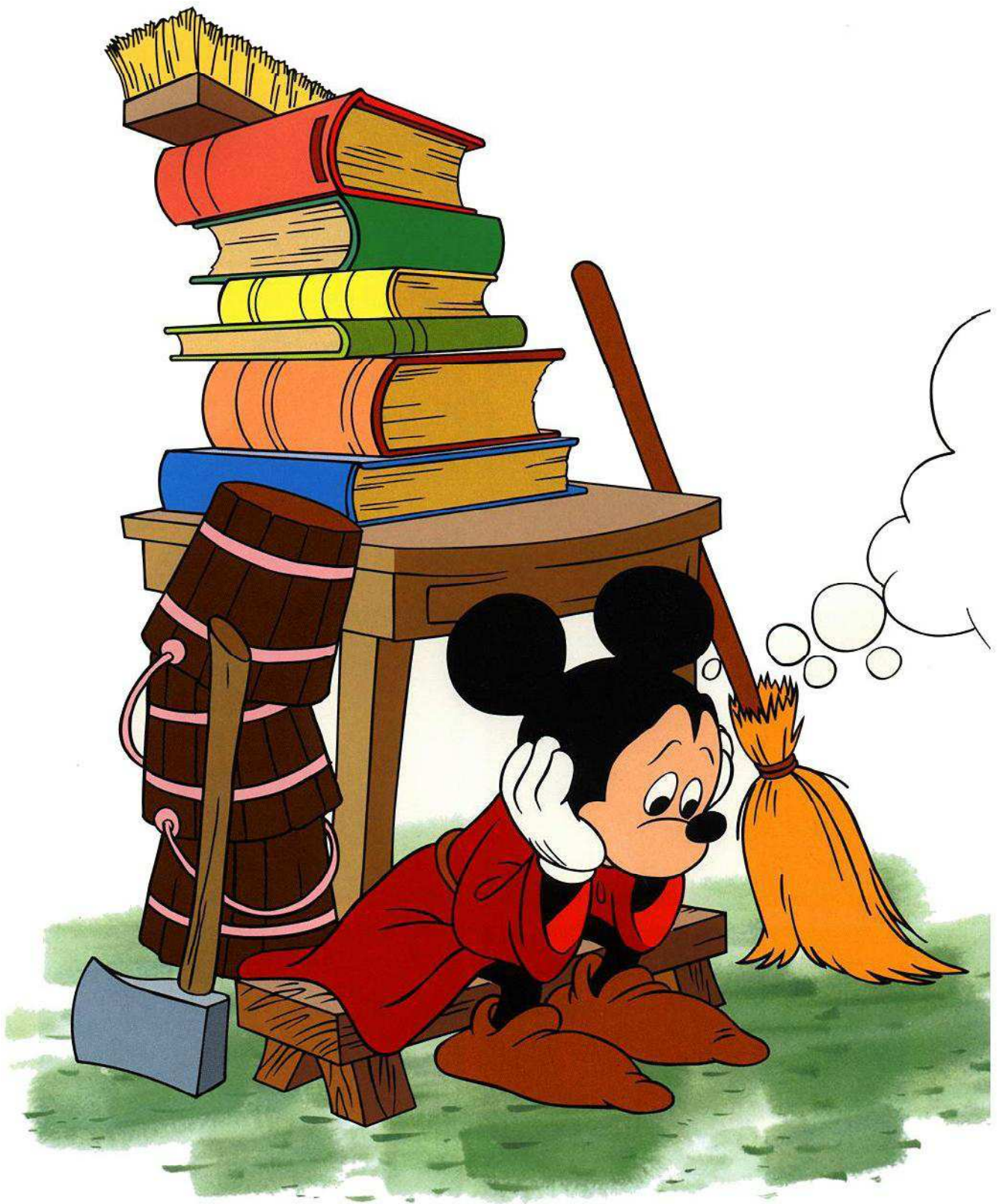


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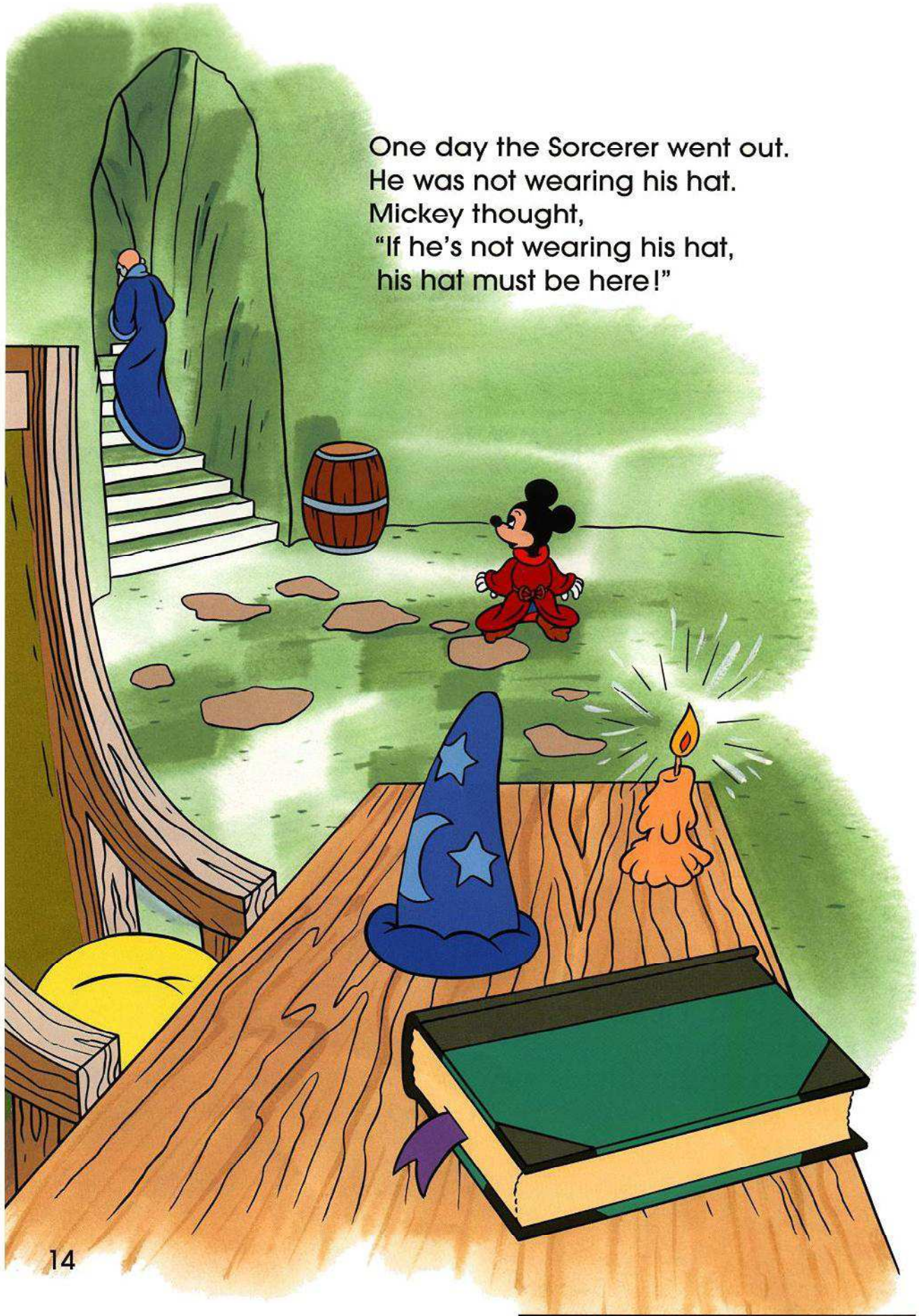


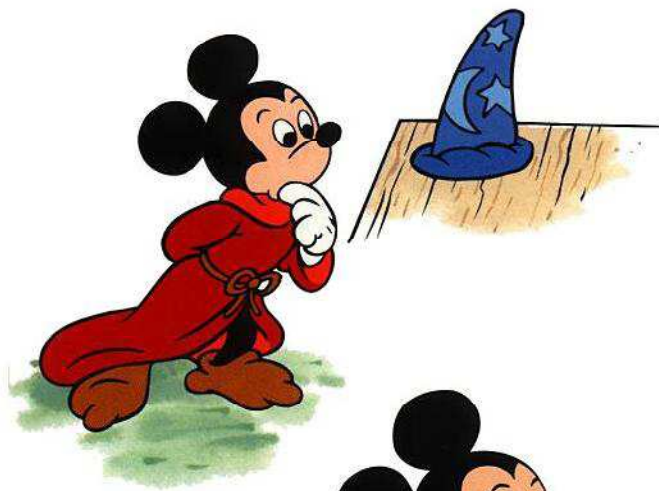




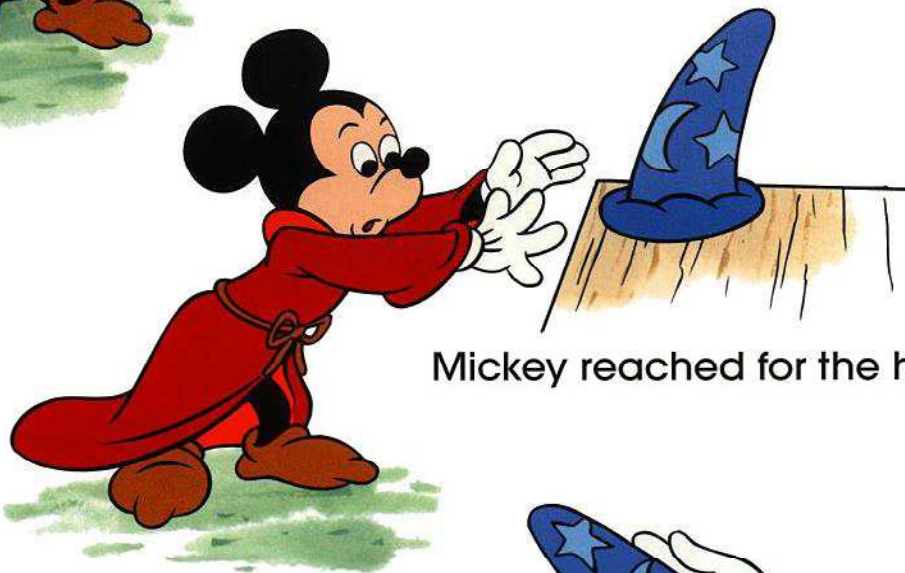
Mickey knew about the Sorcerer's magic hat.
He knew that the Sorcerer could do many wonderful things
when he wore the hat.
"If I had the Sorcerer's magic hat," he thought, "I wouldn't
have to work anymore. I would do everything with magic!"

One day the Sorcerer went out.
He was not wearing his hat.
Mickey thought,
“If he’s not wearing his hat,
his hat must be here!”

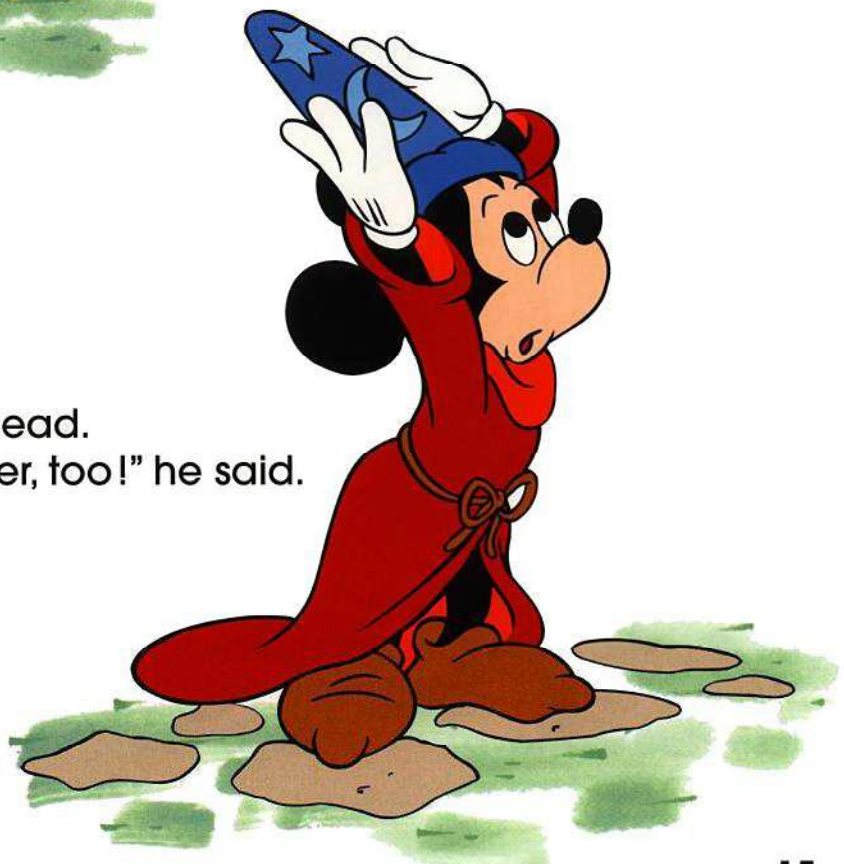




Then Mickey saw the hat.
It was sitting on the table.
"Should I take the hat?"
he asked himself.
"Should I put it on?"



Mickey reached for the hat...



and put it on his head.
"Now I'm a sorcerer, too!" he said.

Mickey saw his old broom standing by the wall.
"I'll try my magic on that broom," he said.



Mickey did what the Sorcerer always did.
He pointed his fingers at the broom.
"Move!" he said. And the broom did just what Mickey said.
It started to move!

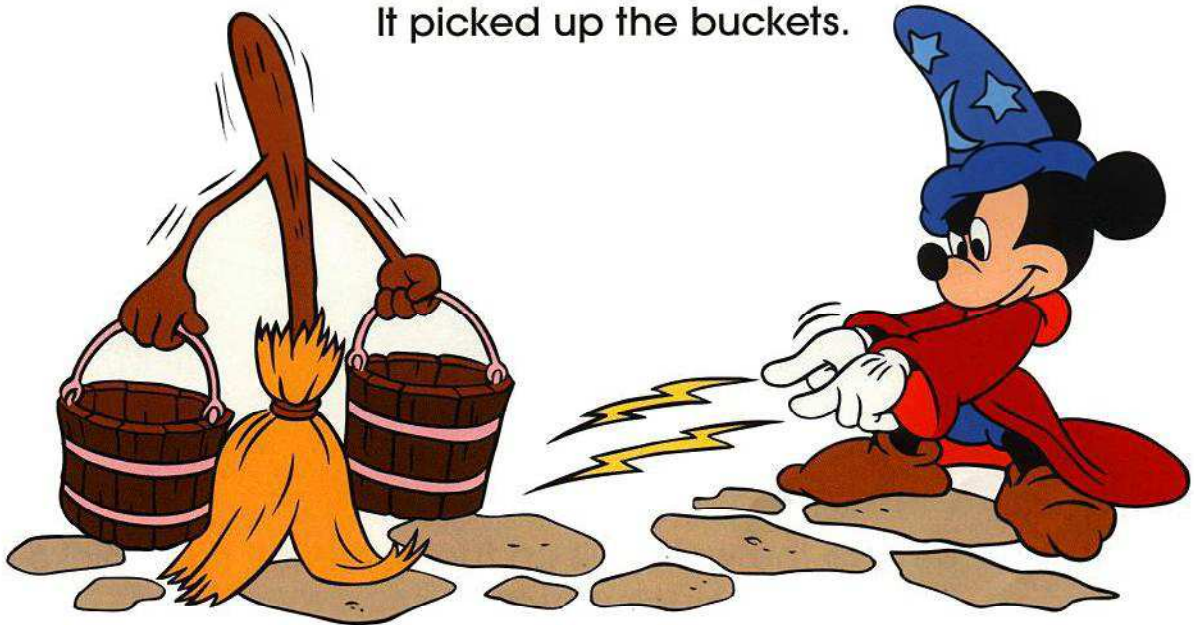


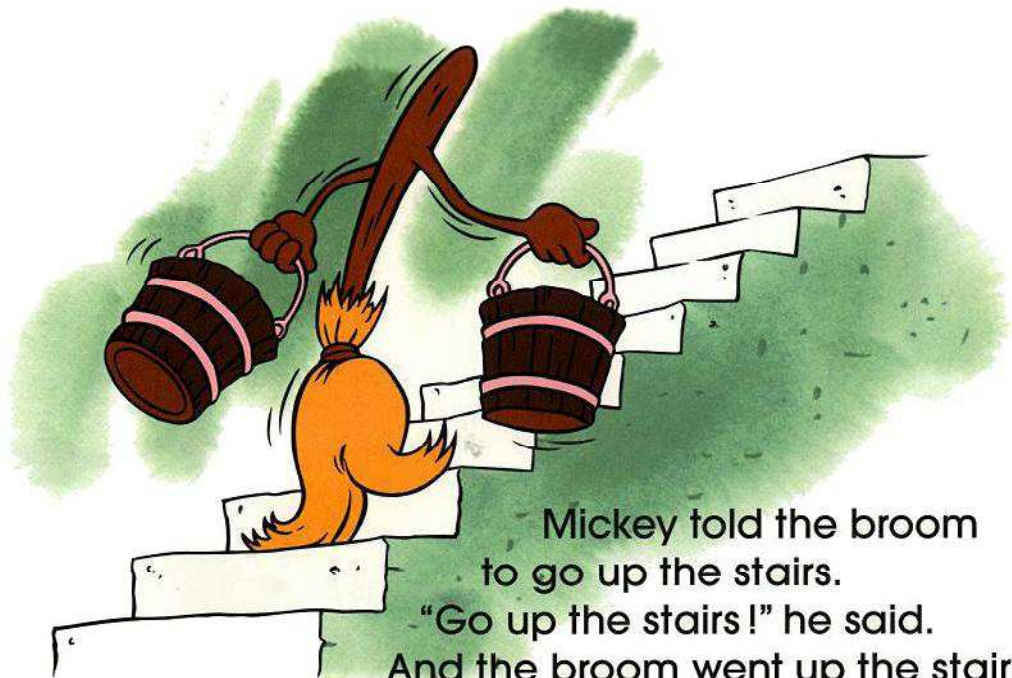
The broom grew two feet!



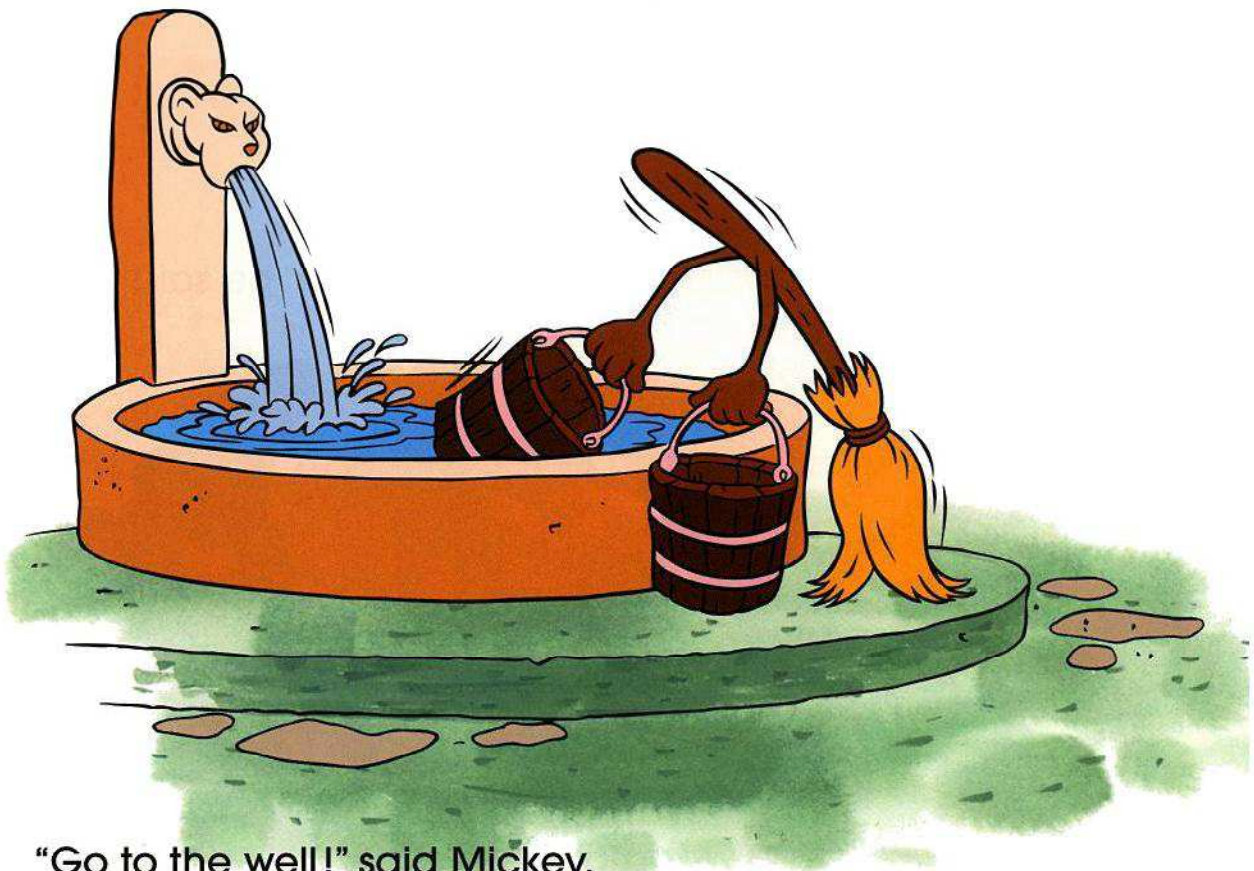
Then it grew two arms!

Mickey told the broom to pick up the buckets that were on the floor. "Pick up the buckets!" he said. And the broom did just what Mickey said. It picked up the buckets.

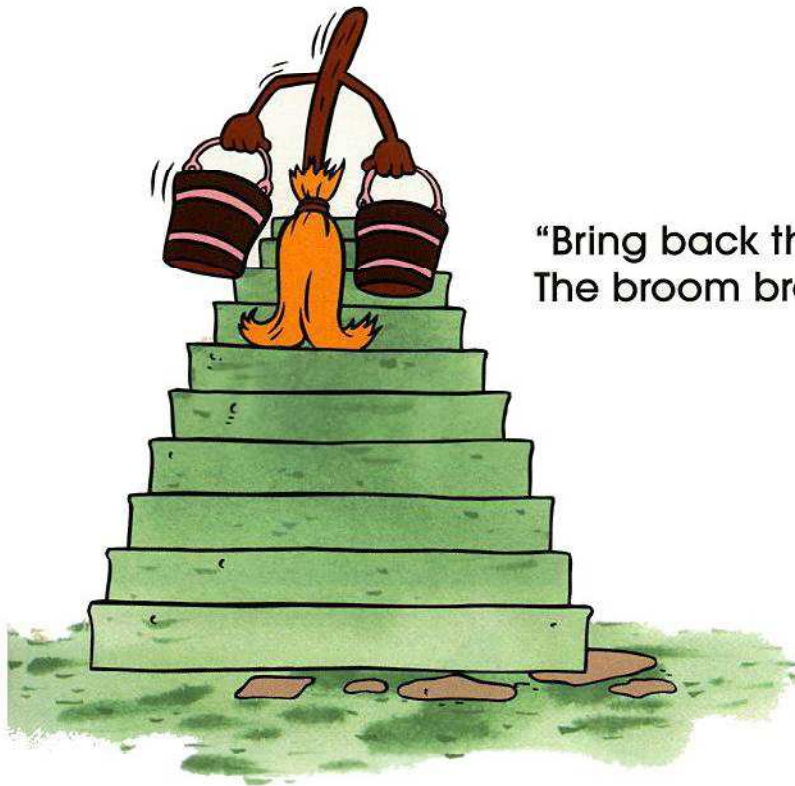




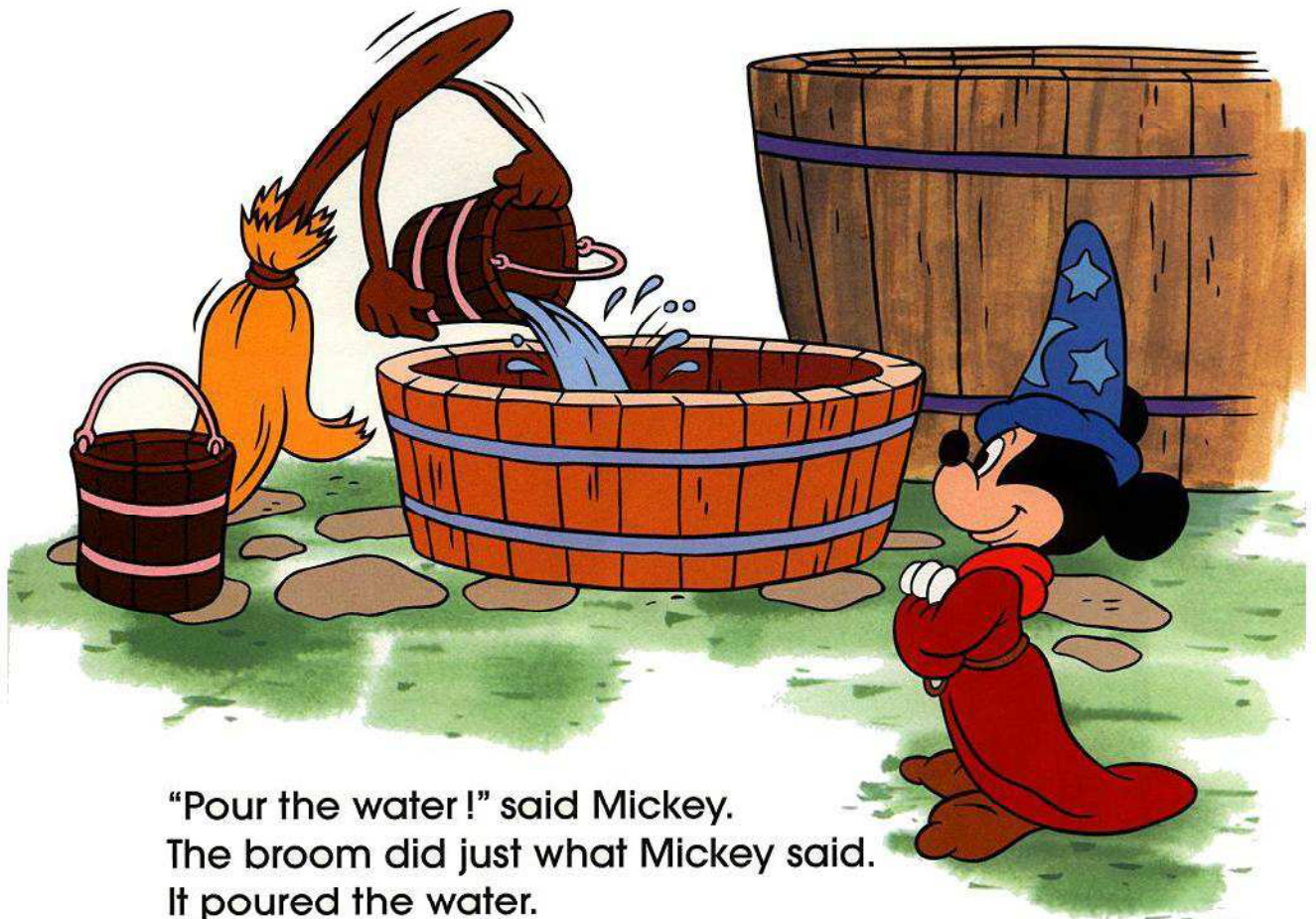
Mickey told the broom
to go up the stairs.
“Go up the stairs!” he said.
And the broom went up the stairs.



“Go to the well!” said Mickey.
The broom went to the well. “Fill up the buckets!” said Mickey.
The broom filled up the buckets with water.

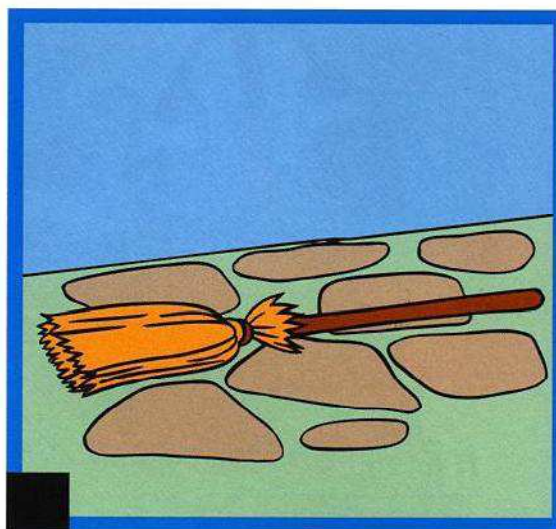
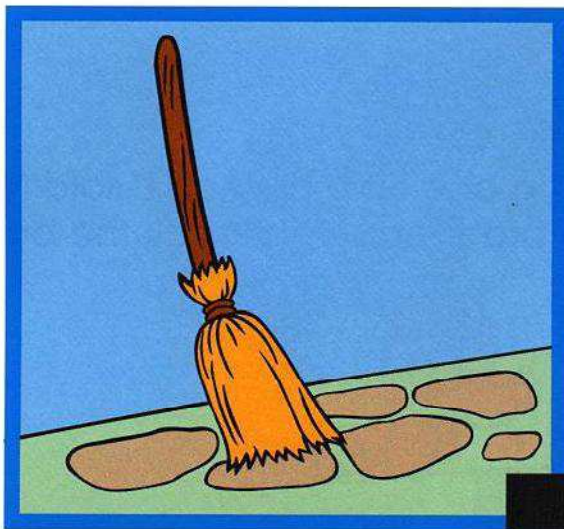


"Bring back the buckets!" said Mickey.
The broom brought back the buckets.

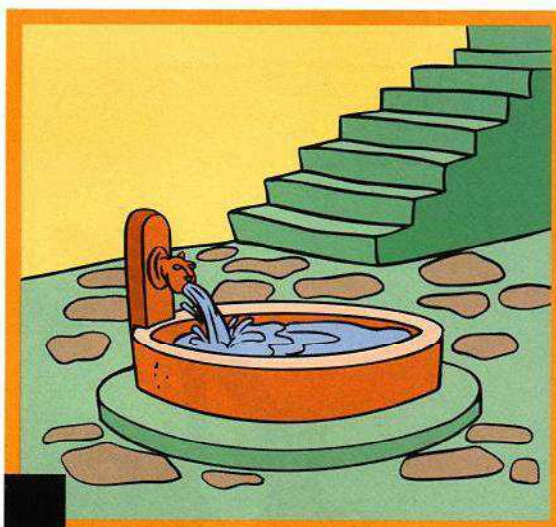
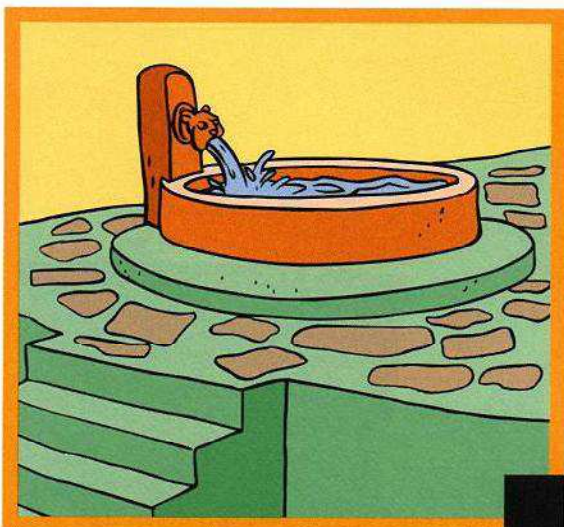


"Pour the water!" said Mickey.
The broom did just what Mickey said.
It poured the water.

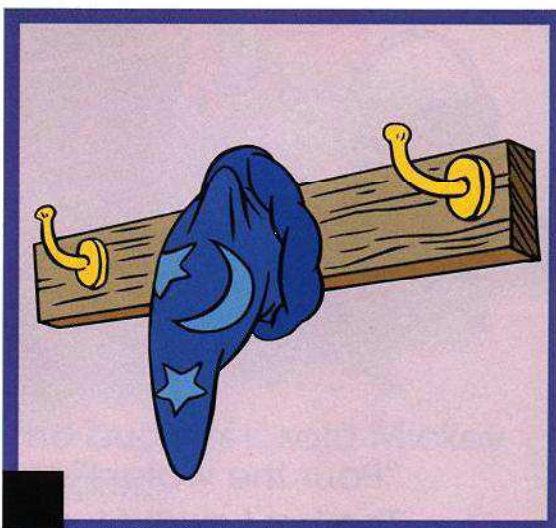
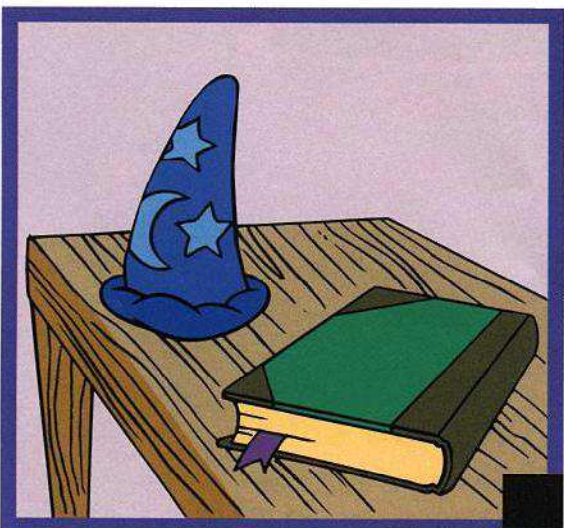
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"Magic is easy!" said Mickey. "Magic is fun!
Magic's the way to get the work done!"

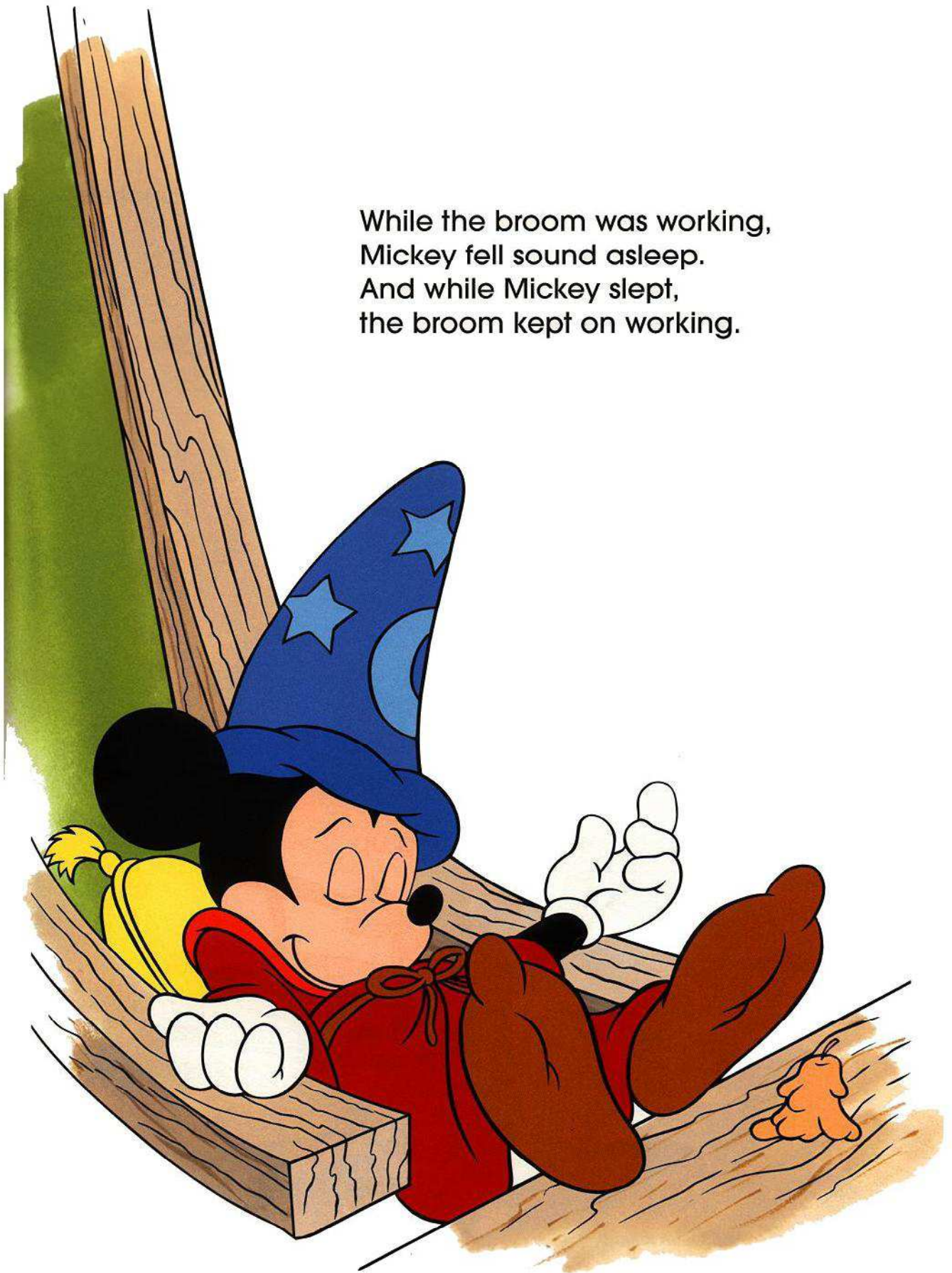


Mickey was so happy he danced around the room.
"From now on," he said, "I can dance and sing and play all day!
I won't have to work at all!"

Then Mickey sat down in the Sorcerer's chair.
He put his feet on the Sorcerer's table.
He lifted one finger and pointed to the broom.
"Work!" he said. And the broom started to work.



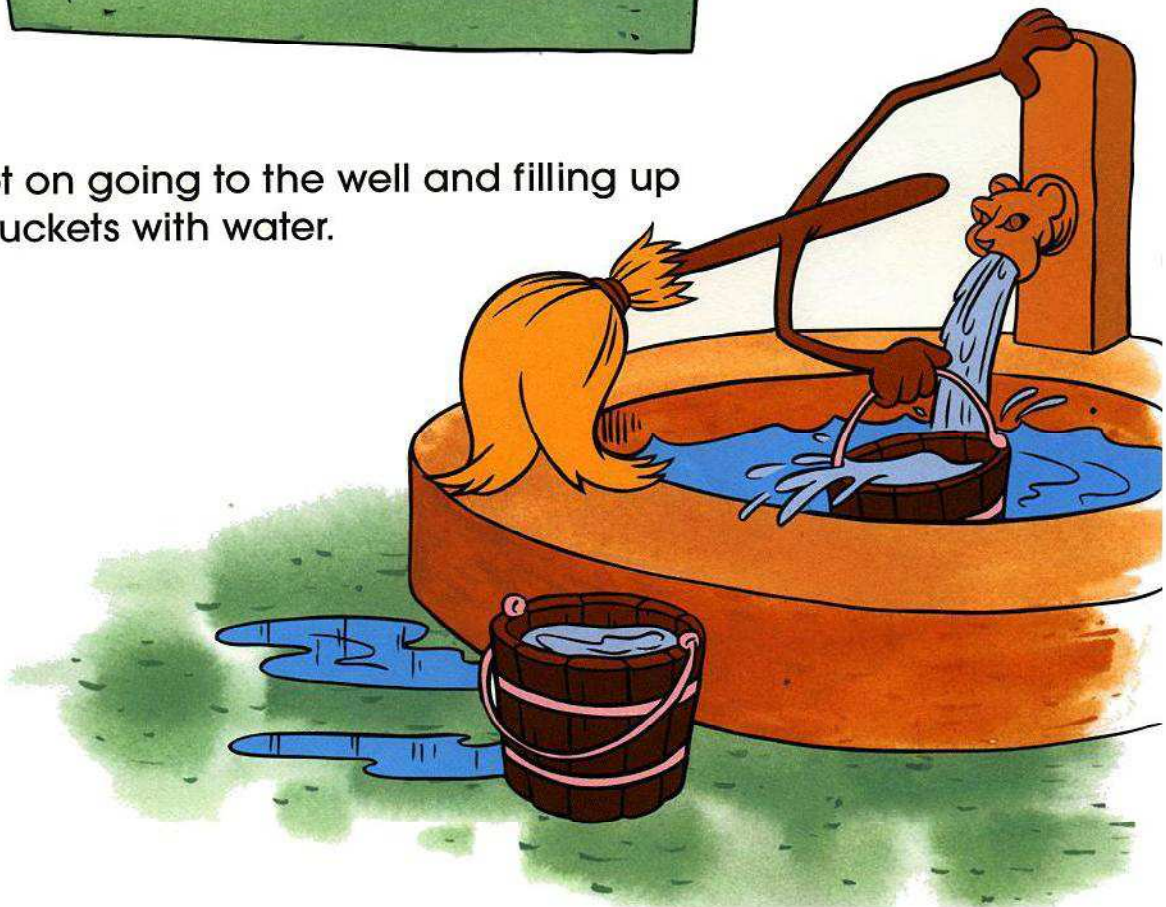
While the broom was working,
Mickey fell sound asleep.
And while Mickey slept,
the broom kept on working.



It kept on picking up the buckets
and going up the stairs.



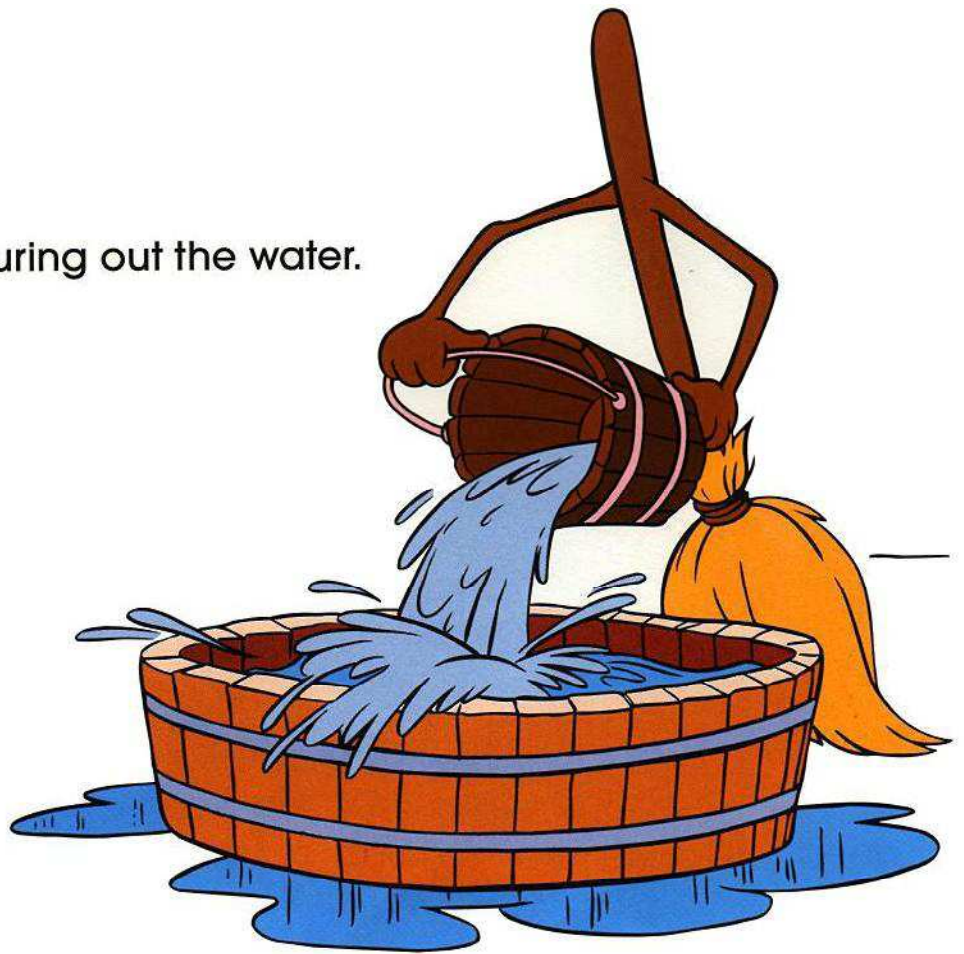
It kept on going to the well and filling up
the buckets with water.





It kept on coming back downstairs
with the buckets full of water.

It kept on pouring out the water.



Suddenly something woke Mickey up—
something very cold and very wet.
It was a big splash of water.





Mickey stood up and looked around.
There was water everywhere, and the water was very deep.
"Oh, no!" said Mickey.

Then Mickey saw the broom. The broom was still working.
“Stop!” cried Mickey. “Stop working!”

But the broom wouldn't stop. It just kept on and on—
bringing water from the well and pouring it on the floor.







"I am a sorcerer," said Mickey.
"I will make you stop!"

Mickey pointed his finger at the broom. "Stop!" he shouted.
But the broom did not stop. It kept on working.





Mickey stood in front of the broom and held out his arms. "Stop, I say!" he shouted. But the broom just pushed him down and kept on working.

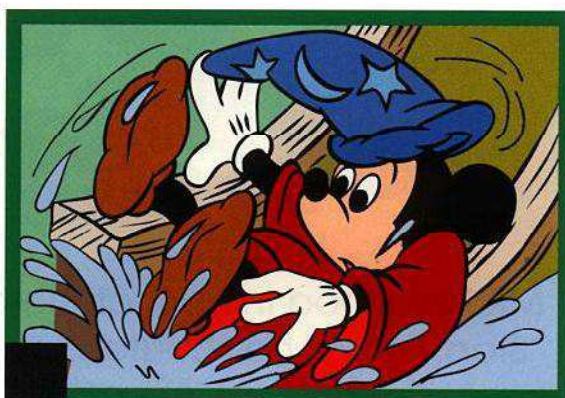


Mickey tried to take away one of the broom's buckets. But the broom held on tight.

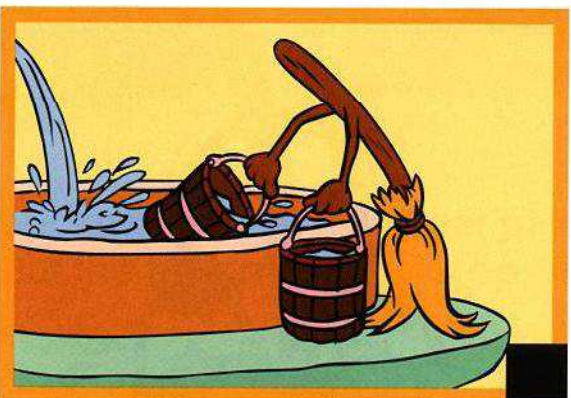
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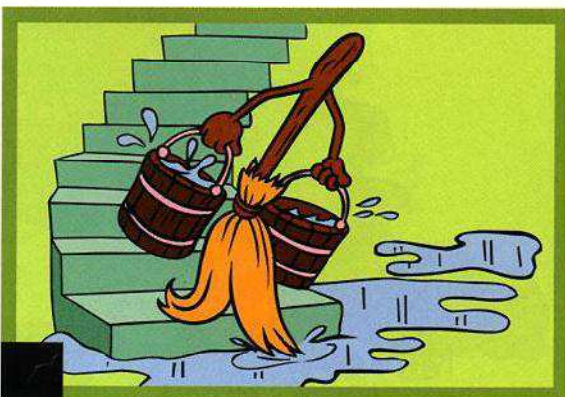
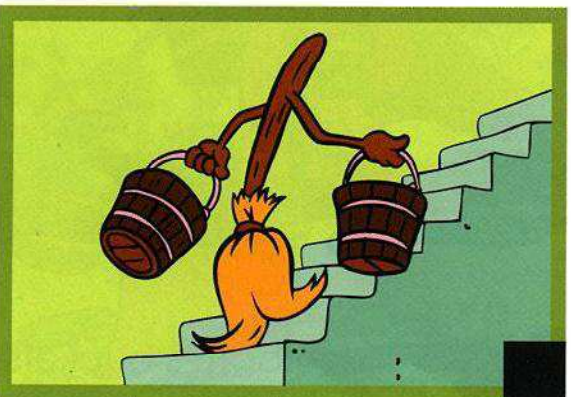
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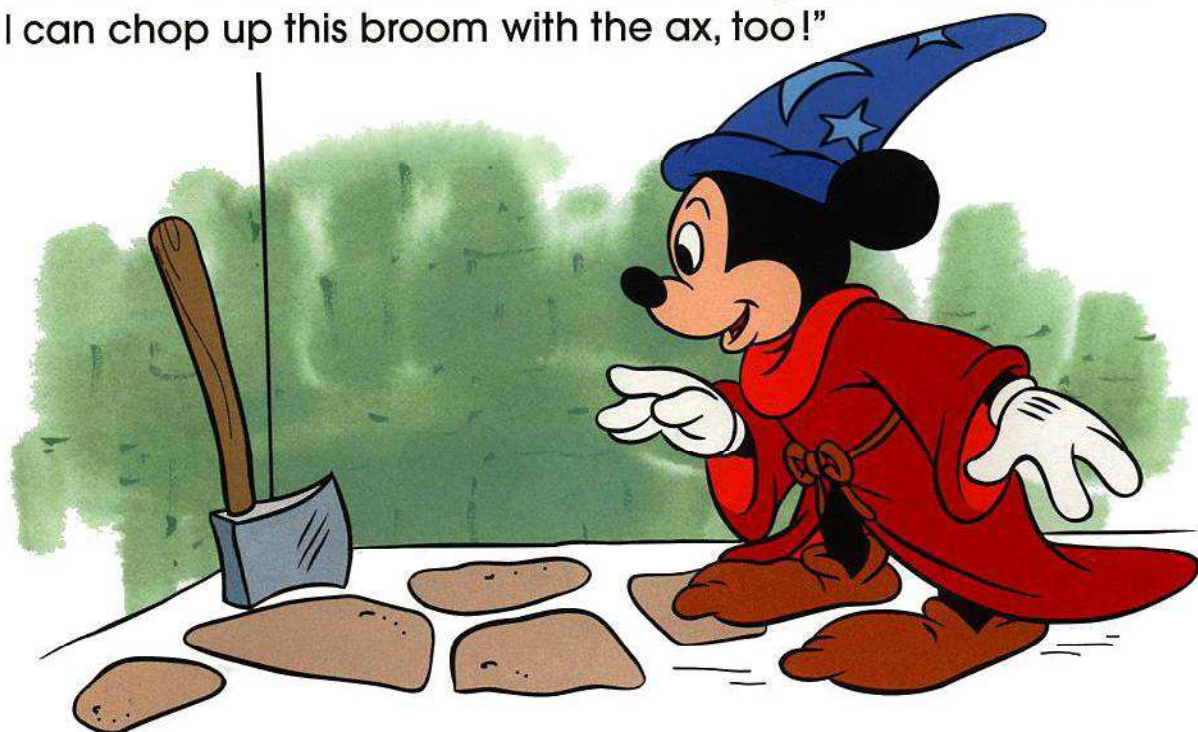
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Just as Mickey was wondering what to do, he saw his ax.
“The ax!” he said to himself. “If I can chop wood with the ax,
I can chop up this broom with the ax, too!”

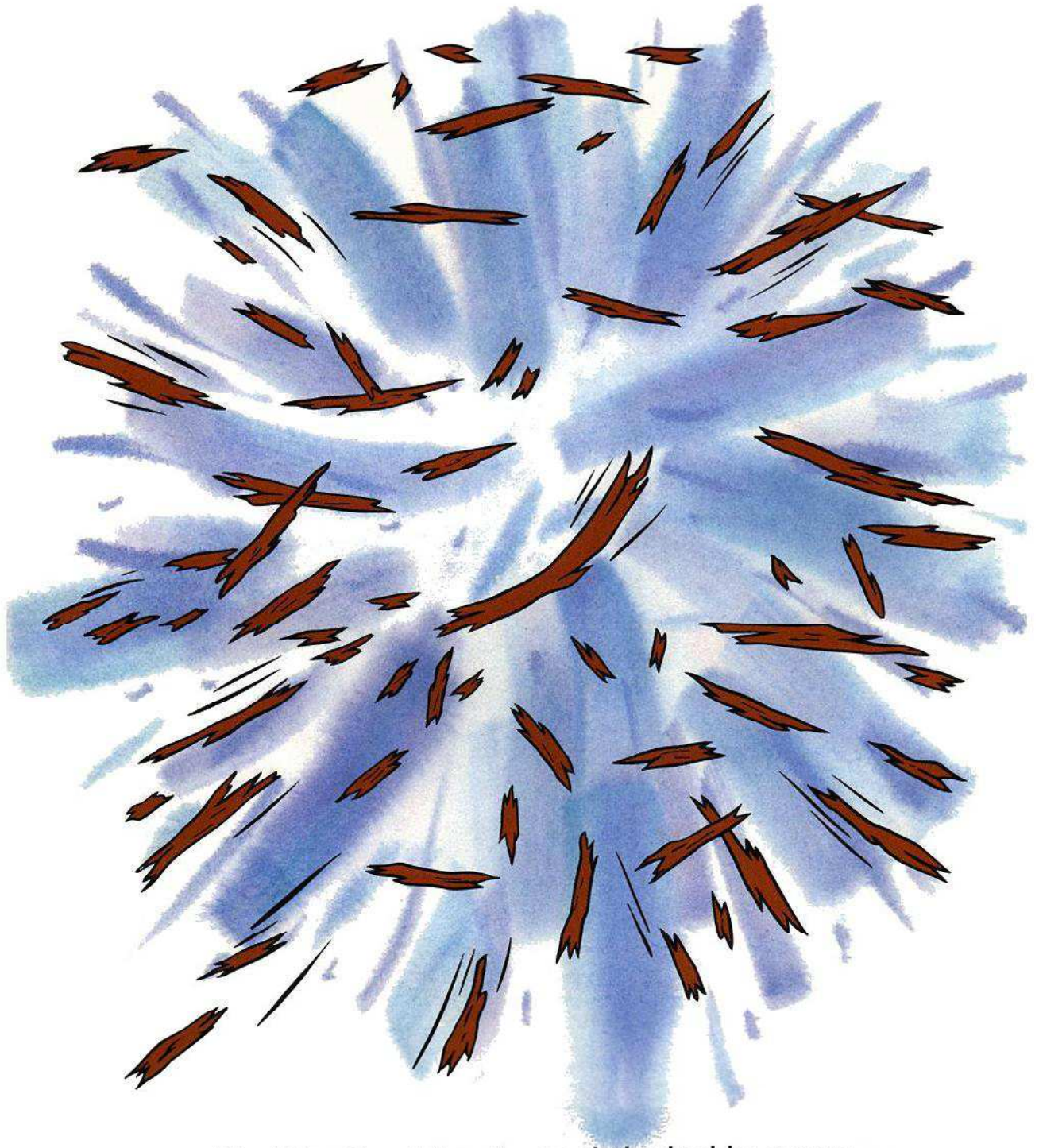


Mickey picked up the ax and ran after the broom.

He chopped and he chopped as fast as he could.
He chopped up the broom into small bits of wood.
“There!” he said. “That’s done!
Now I have to clean up all this water.”



But then, something strange happened.

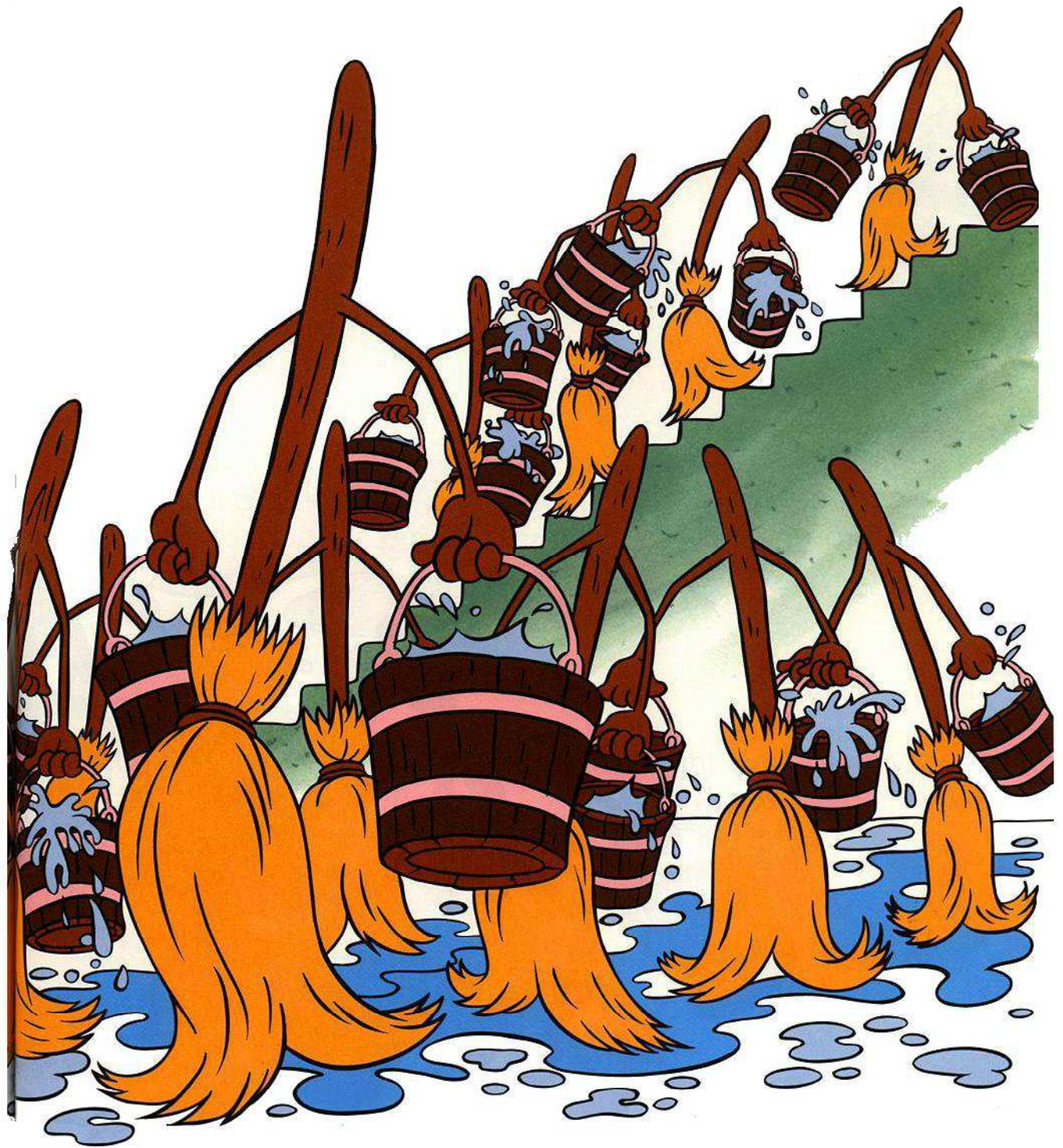


All of the tiny bits of wood started to move—
faster and faster and faster!

And each of the pieces of wood turned into a broom
until there were hundreds of brooms in the room.
And each broom had arms and feet
and was carrying two buckets.

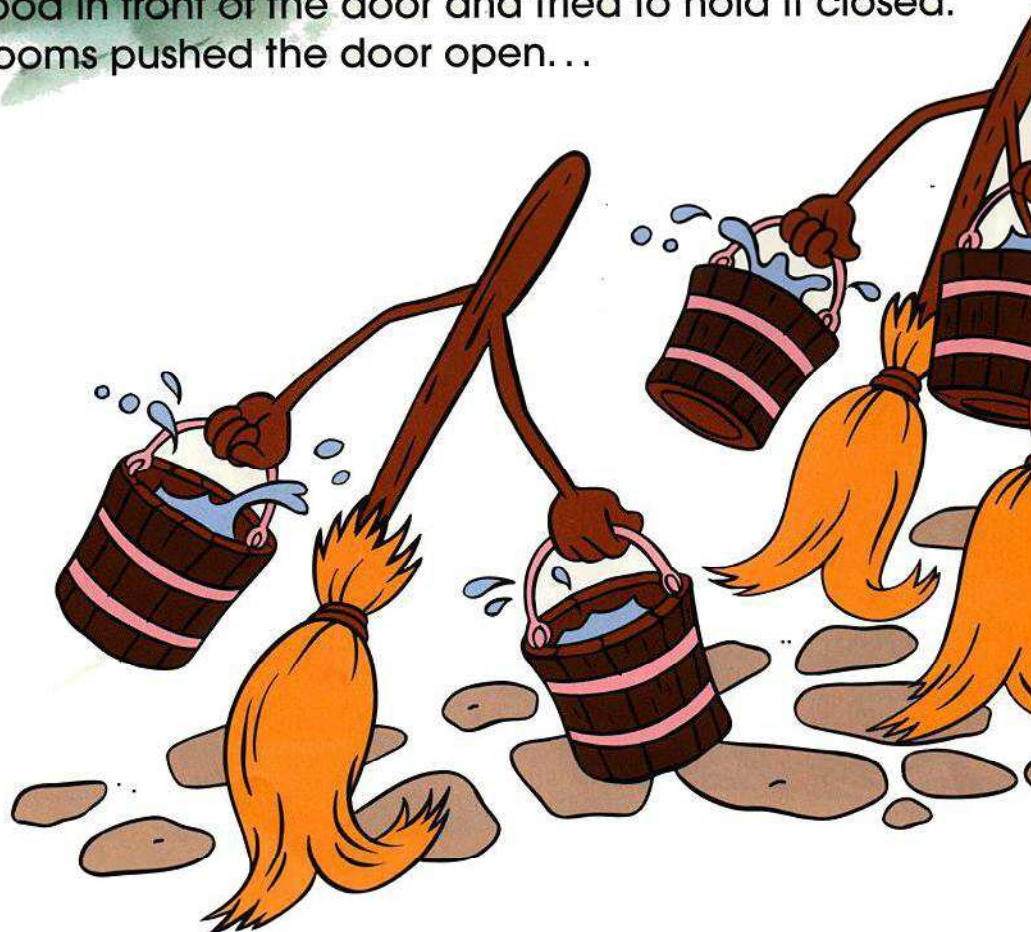


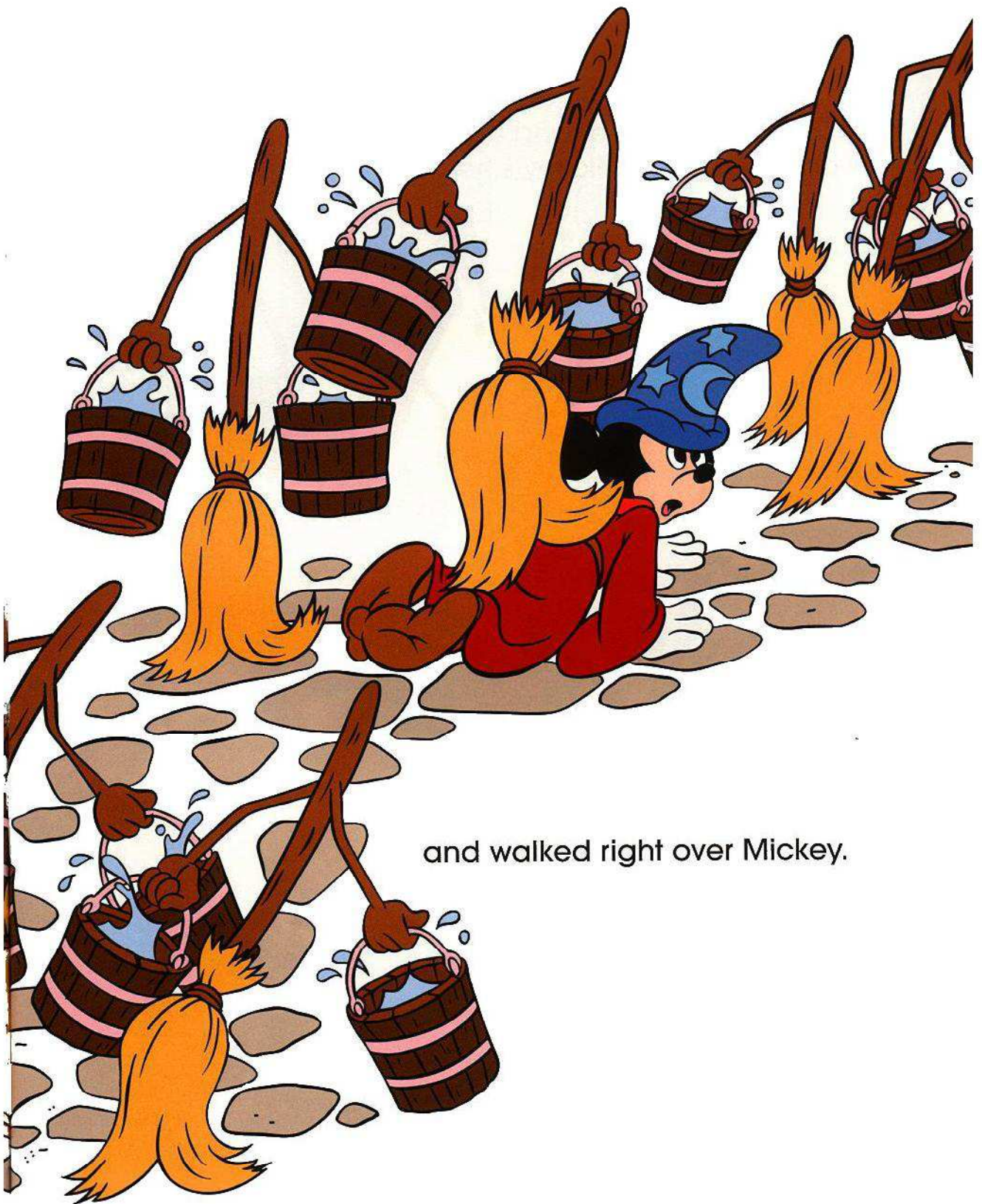
And each broom was filling up the buckets with water and pouring the water on the floor.





Mickey stood in front of the door and tried to hold it closed.
But the brooms pushed the door open...

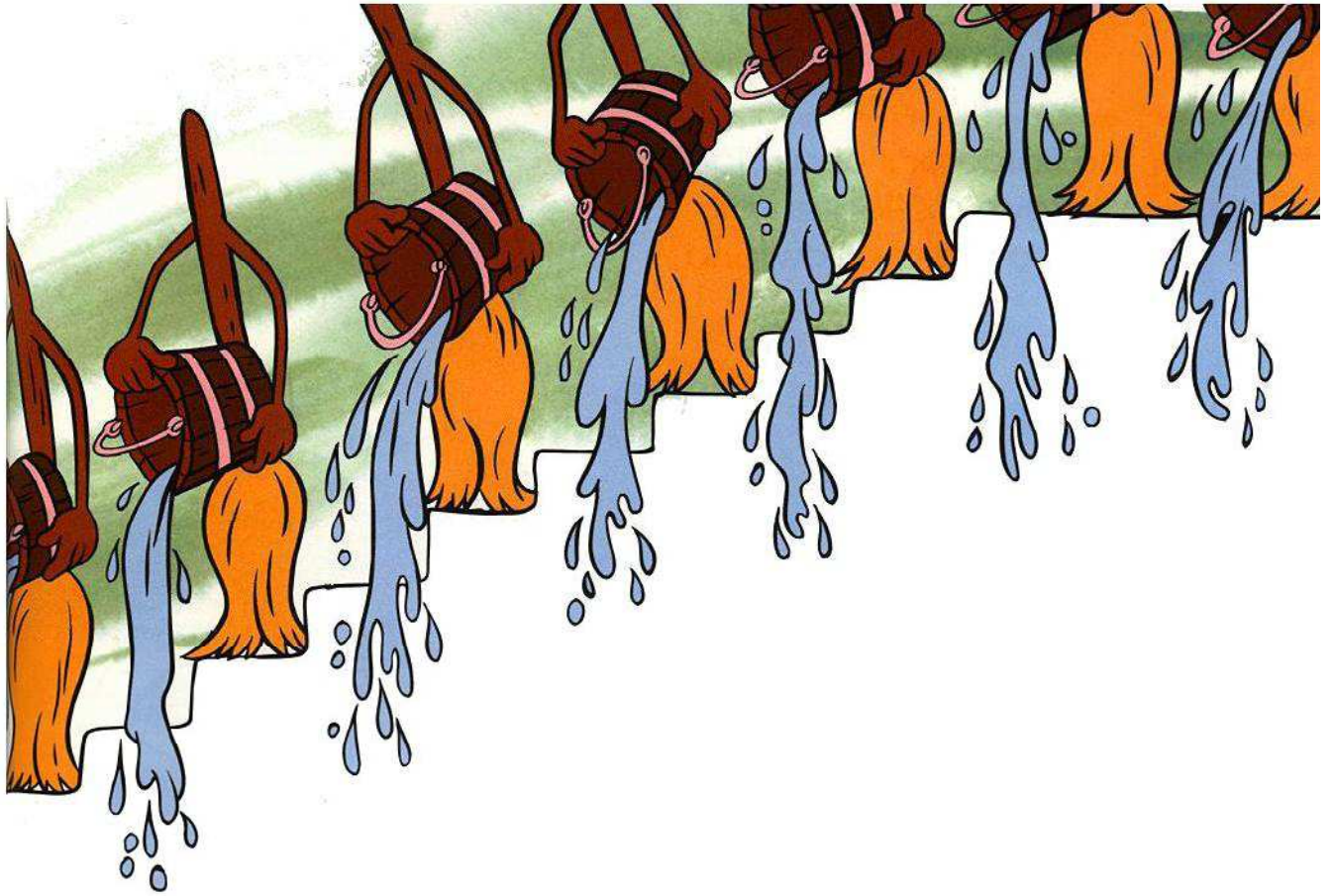




and walked right over Mickey.

All of the brooms kept on filling their buckets with water
and pouring the water onto the floor.
The water got deeper and deeper.
It was almost over Mickey's head.





"Stop, I say!" shouted Mickey. "I am a sorcerer. You must do as I say!"

But the brooms didn't stop. They kept on pouring and pouring.

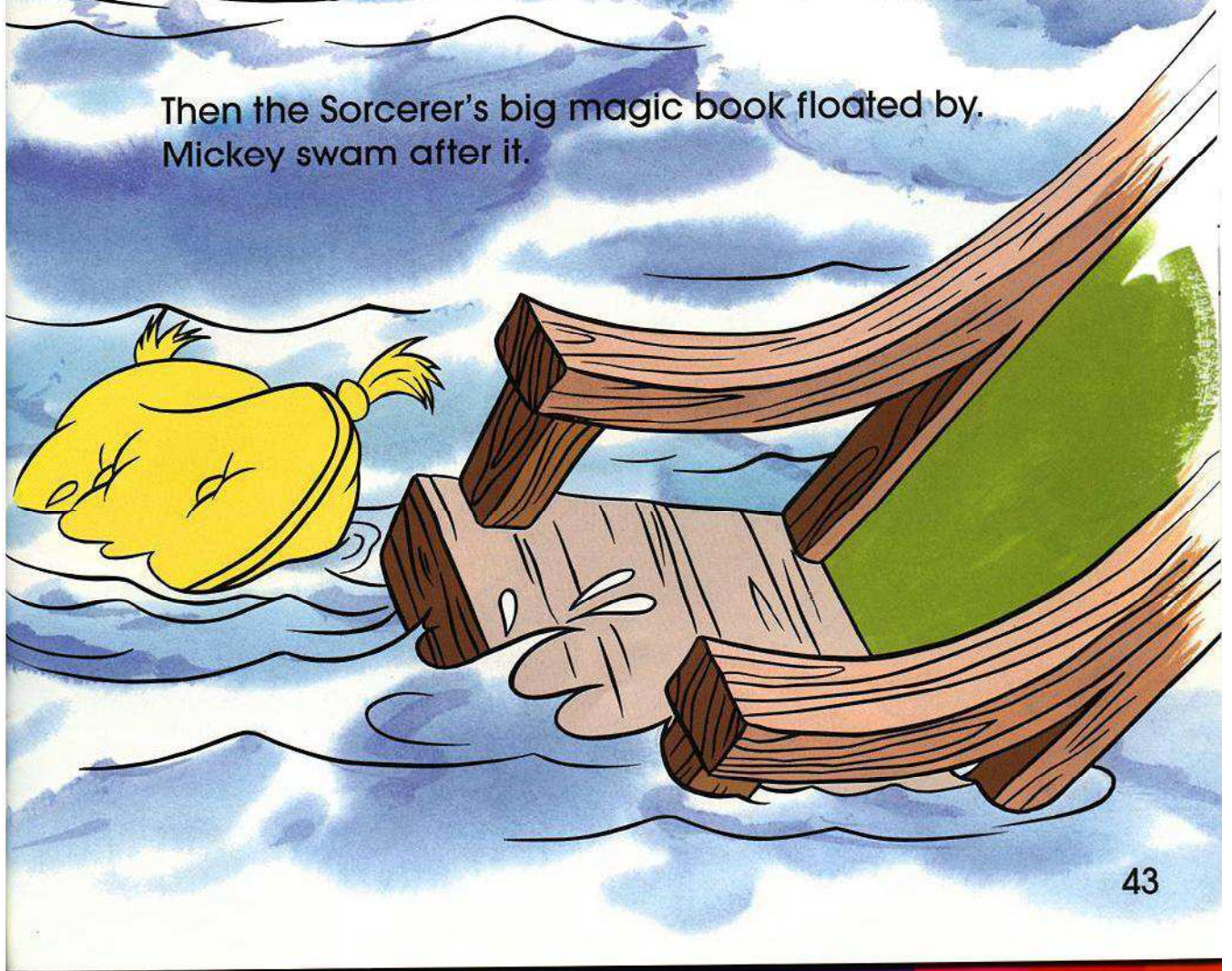


The Sorcerer's chair floated by.
Mickey's ax floated by.
And so did a pillow and a bottle.



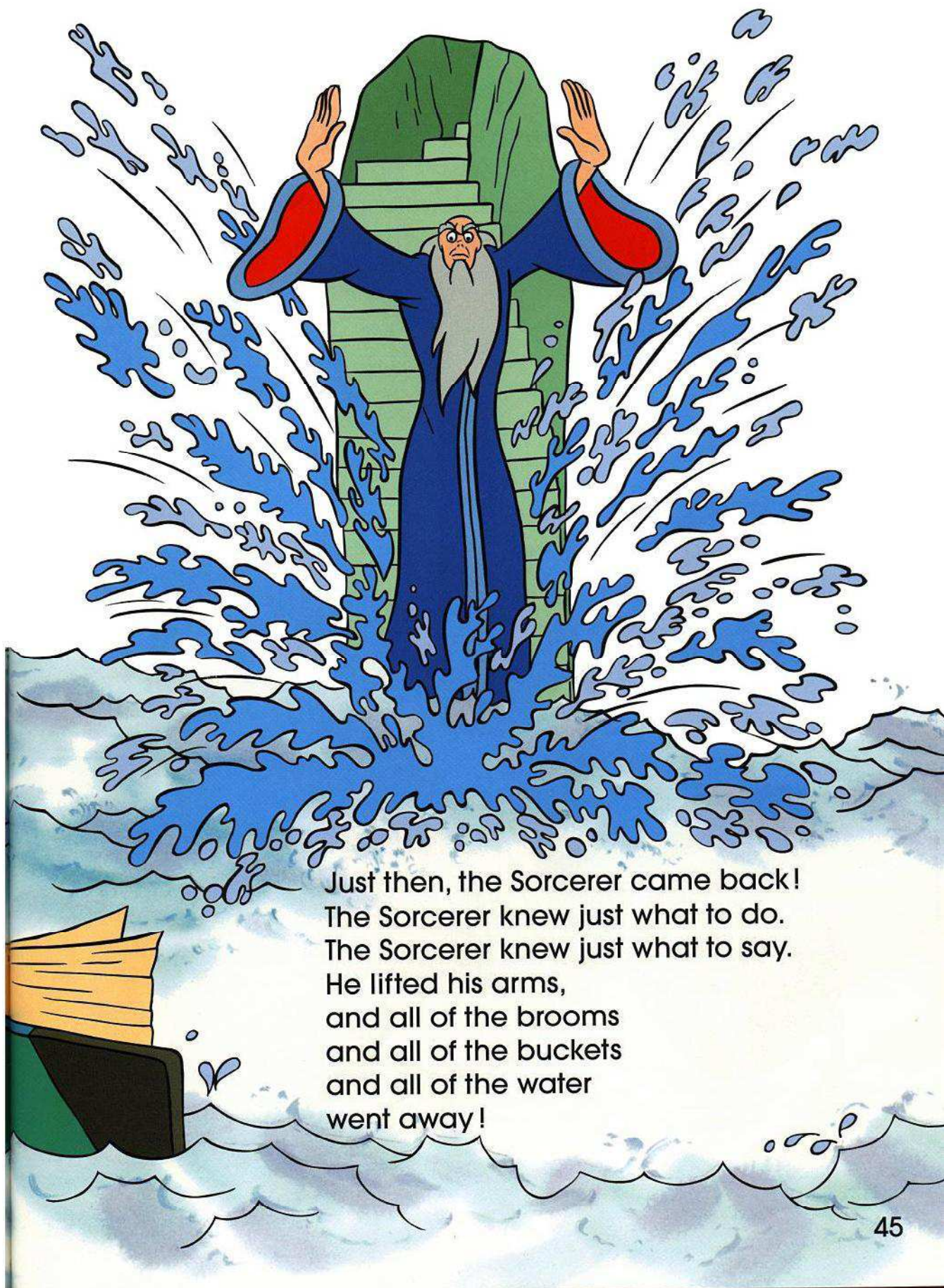


Then the Sorcerer's big magic book floated by.
Mickey swam after it.



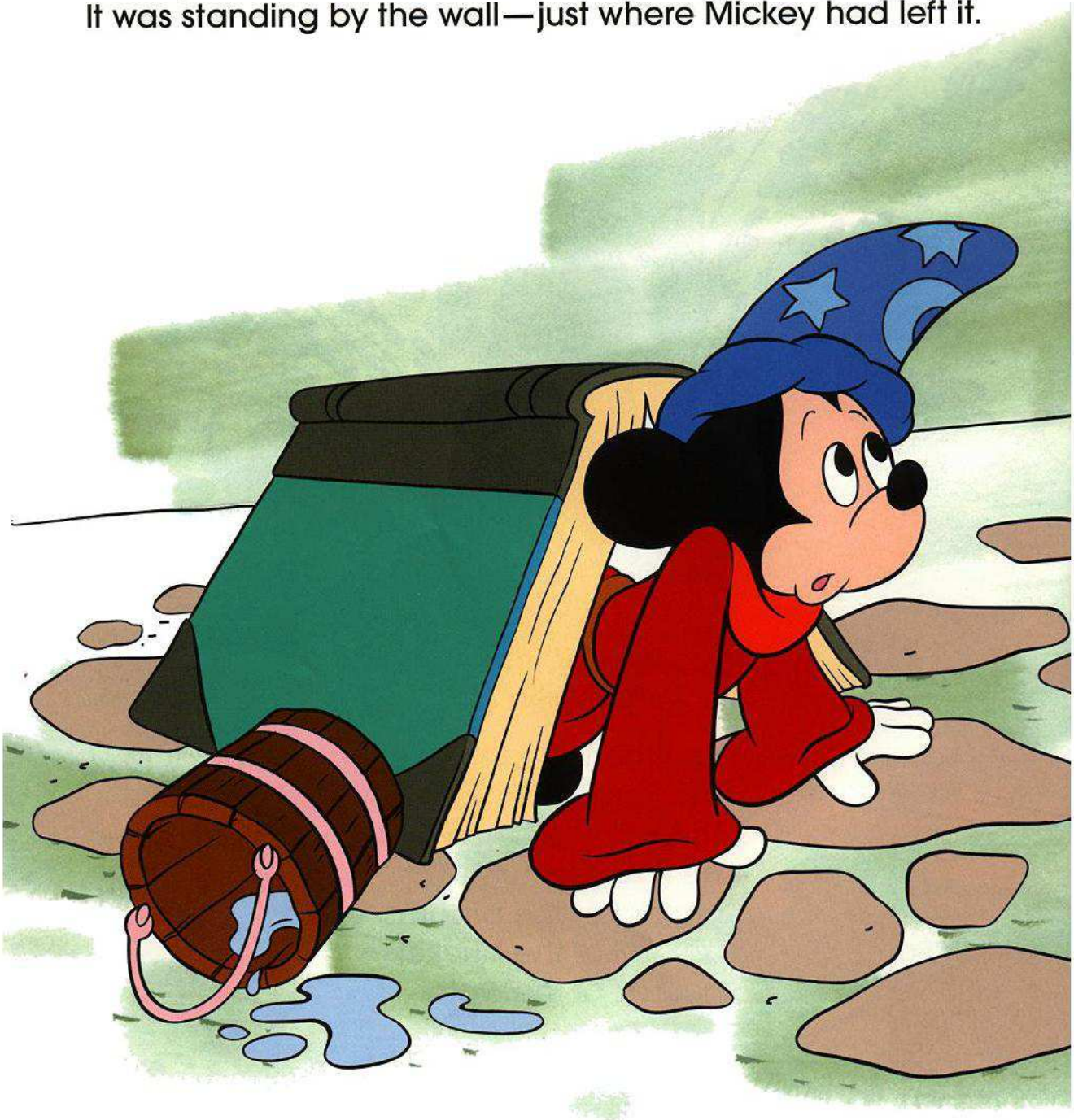
Mickey opened the book and started to look through it.
He looked at page after page.
But he couldn't find how to stop the brooms.
Poor Mickey! There was nothing he could do!





Just then, the Sorcerer came back!
The Sorcerer knew just what to do.
The Sorcerer knew just what to say.
He lifted his arms,
and all of the brooms
and all of the buckets
and all of the water
went away!

Only one broom and two buckets were left—
Mickey's old broom and Mickey's buckets.
It was just an ordinary broom—without arms and without feet.
It was standing by the wall—just where Mickey had left it.

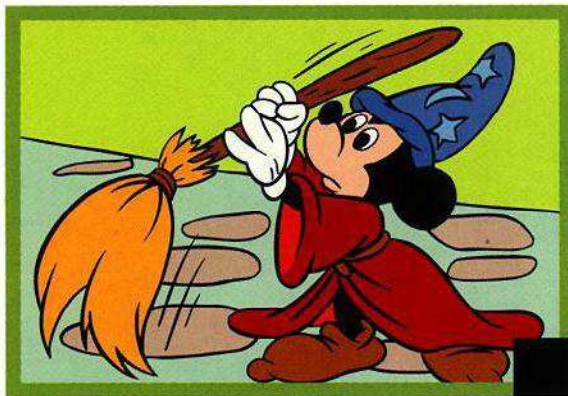




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The Sorcerer looked down at Mickey.
Mickey looked down at the floor.
He could not look up at the Sorcerer.
He was too ashamed.



Mickey took off the Sorcerer's magic hat.





Mickey gave the hat back to the Sorcerer.
The Sorcerer was frowning. He was very angry at Mickey.
"I'm sorry," said Mickey. "It was only a little magic trick."

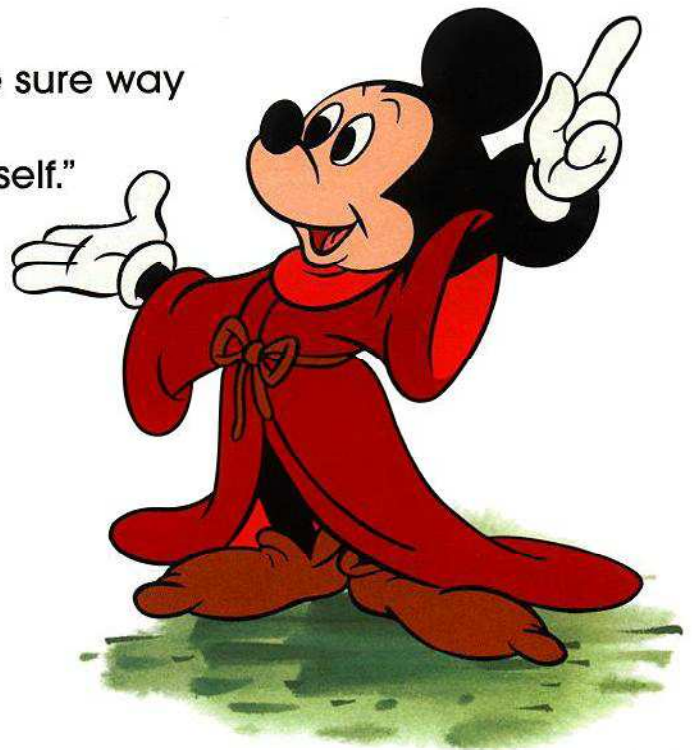
Then the Sorcerer asked Mickey,
"What did you learn
from your little magic trick?"

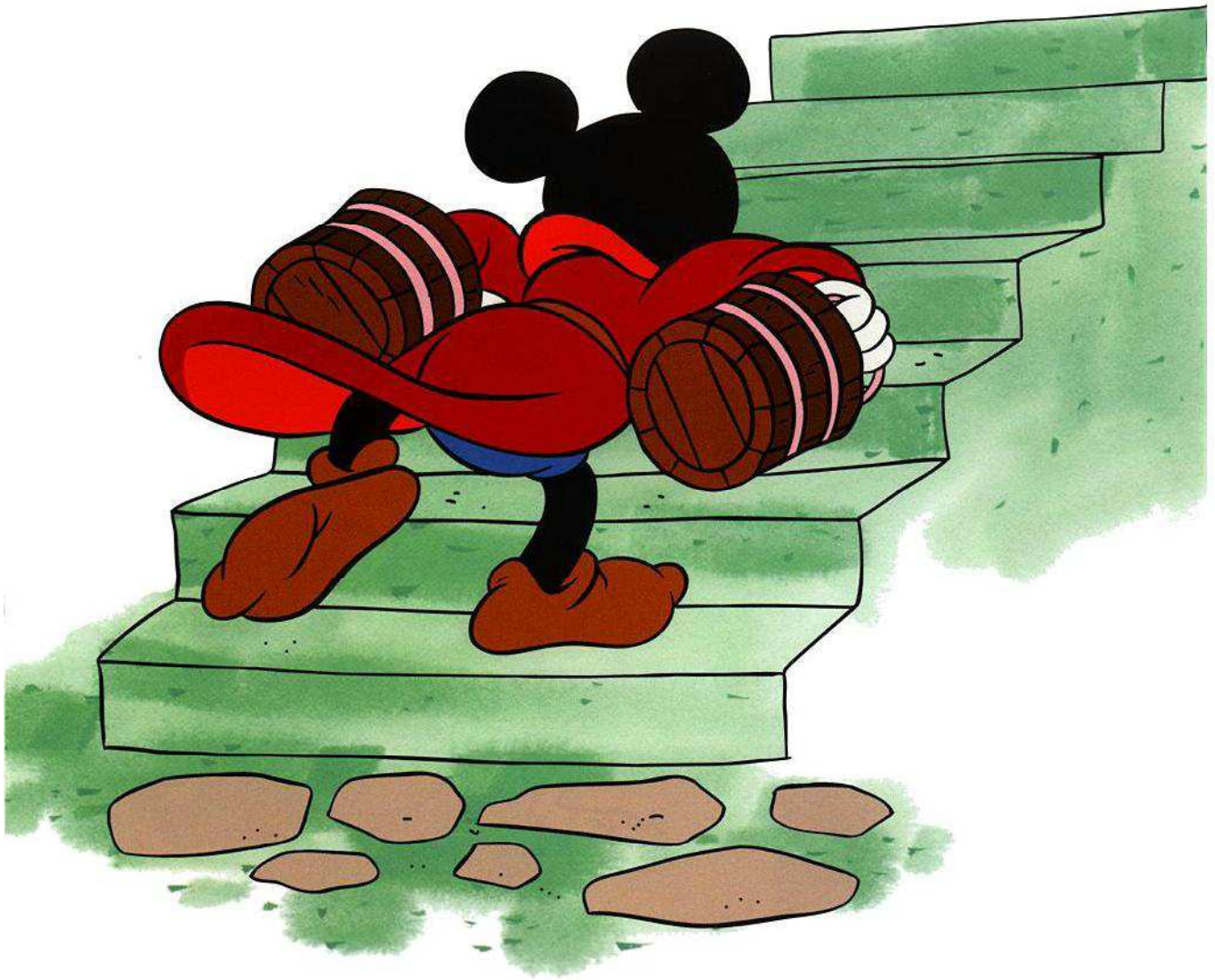


"Well," he answered, "I learned that magic isn't always easy. And it isn't always fun."



"There's really only one sure way to get the work done, and that's to do it yourself."





And with that, Mickey went back to work.

