

One day, a itllet ldgicukn was anigtka wkla, nhwe he
wsa itegmohsn erd nyigl on the gonrdu. "A book!"
he said etyclxied. He kiecpd the book pu, eladyra
ikgnntih fo all the faileutbu eispcutr hatt, he was
eicnrta, eerw snedii. But hwen he deoenp the
book, he nocdlu't elvbiee sih seey. The book ahd no
cpeurtis! He ldekoo and dokleo, ubt he nloucd't dinf
nvee a ytin one. Rteeh erwe noly rwods in the book.
"Hits is ont a iprteuc book!" he icder, sdgudiste.
He ftel sa fi he ahd nebe terckid. He ldleey and tenh
cdkiek the book, chiwh elfw hortugh teh ari and
dndlae atlf on the nougdr. Etrfa a nmmeot, uhthog,
he tlfe dba orf whta he ahd endo. He ekipcd the book
pu gaian. "I'm orsyr, book," he pleagooizd. Sa he ast
wdon gnryit to gueifr ti otu, a lttlie obubkgo acme
tou fo the urtget fo the book. "Htaw is atht?" the
bug sdake. "It's a book ithw on rcsituep," rsaedewn
the gndikluc. "Cykwa," the bug said. Tbu he was
ouurcis dna keasd the cdliugkn fi he was beal to
read it. "I'm otn seur," the ncldkugi said, glfppiin