

Synopsis for *Harold and the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer*

2-line Summary

Harold and the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer—Seven-year old Harold is convinced he cannot tie his shoes. But the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer knows better.

Short Synopsis

Harold and the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer—When seven-year old Harold discovers the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer in the garage of his family's just-moved-into house, he isn't sure what it is. He IS sure he can't tie his shoes, though; can the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer change his mind?

Medium Synopsis

When seven-year old Harold discovers the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer in the garage of his family's just-moved-into house, he isn't sure what it is. He IS sure he can't tie his shoes, though.

No matter what he does, Harold cannot tie his shoes. Even really really believing that "this time" he'll be able to, he can't. Harold is worried, as second grade is about to start and he's doesn't want the kids at school to laugh at him because he can't tie his shoes.

But there's this *only-Harold-can-see* machine in the garage...can it change Harold's mind about the shoe-lace tying thing?

Long Synopsis

Seven-year old Harold can't tie his shoes. Never could, never will.

Harold's family move into a new-for-them house, and in the garage Harold—and only Harold—notices the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer. Harold hasn't a clue what it does or what it's for.

When Harold is alone in the garage and trying to figure out The Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer, it writes "Hello," on its screen, which Harold wasn't expecting.

Harold's mother shouts from the kitchen window to come in for "some cookies and milk!" and Harold asks the machine if he'll be here tomorrow. "I will," the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer replies, "I live here."

The next morning, Harold walks backwards down the cement path to the garage, and trips over one of his untied sneaker laces. He shoves his foot back into the sneaker and shuffles—forward—to the garage, where he trips over the little threshold he didn't notice yesterday. "Ouch," offers the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer.

When Harold is back in the house he admits to his mother, "I can't tie my shoes." Harold's mother agrees with him that it's "hard," but Harold says "too hard." She reminds him he couldn't spell last year and that by this time next year he will be able to tie his shoes. Harold wants to believe her, but...he just can't.

The following day the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer tells Harold that only "tiny babies" can't tie their shoes. "But I can't tie my shoes!" Harold shouts. "You can," the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer writes, over and over. Harold storms out of the garage as mad as anything. He can't tie his shoes and he doesn't care what that "stupid machine" says.

Harold's mother takes him school-clothes shopping, and when his nine-year-old sister Gina notices Harold's new sneakers...well, Gina is very encouraging, but Harold isn't encouraged. He lies on his bed, shaking his snow globe of the Empire State Building and thinking about all the shoe-lace tying ways he and his parents have tried, and all the reasons why none of them worked.

The next day Jerome, Harold's best friend, and Edgardo, a new boy, come to the house; Edgardo's father has given him a World Cup soccer ball, and they want Harold to play with them at the soccer field behind their school.

Harold rushes to get dressed, and they ride their bikes to the field. When Edgardo stops to tie his sneaker, Harold automatically looks at his own: they're tied! And he tied them! He races home to tell the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer, but the machine is off, and has no "on" switch.

The next morning, Harold finds his father in the garage with Mr. Hall, the man they bought the house from. Mr. Hall has returned to take all the stuff in the garage, which he totally forgot about until that morning. Harold tries to talk to the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer, but the machine remains dark. Mr. Hall sees the

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Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer, and tells Harold that his father built it for him when he was a little boy and couldn't tie his shoes. Mr. Hall gently asks Harold if "something happened" yesterday, and all Harold can do is nod. Mr. Hill says that his son is six and can't tie his shoes. Harold realizes that some other boy needs the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer more than he does now.

As Mr. Hall drives off with most of the stuff from the garage, including the Wimple-Dimple Dimmer-Wimmer, there is a big flash from the car. Harold's father thinks something exploded, but Harold says, "No Dad, that was just the sun," smiling to himself.

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