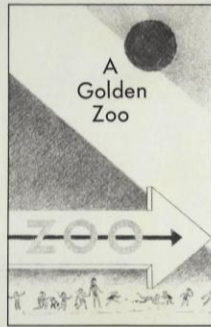


# A Golden Zoo

ZOO

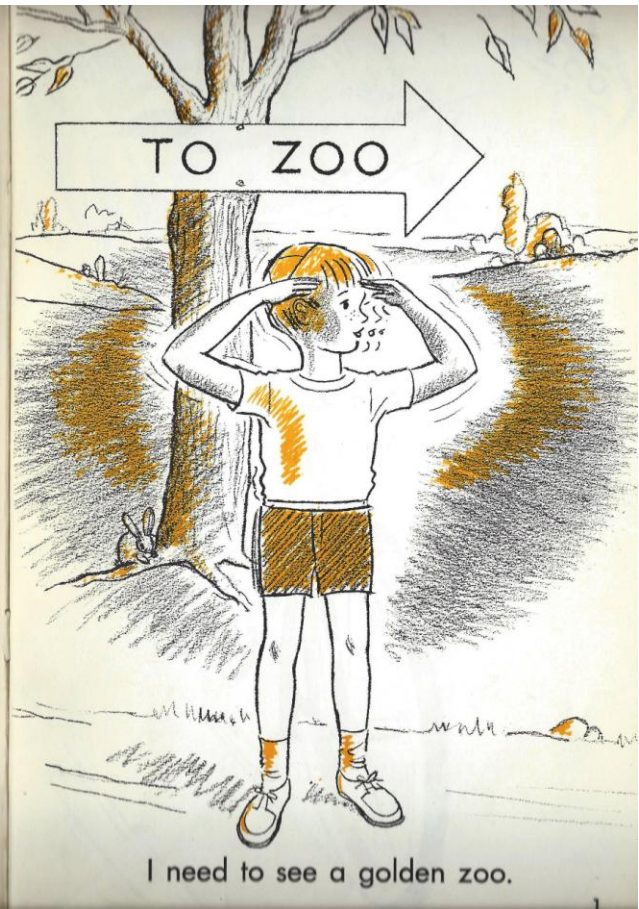


This storybook can be introduced after  
Lesson 20 in the Open Court  
Foundation Program.



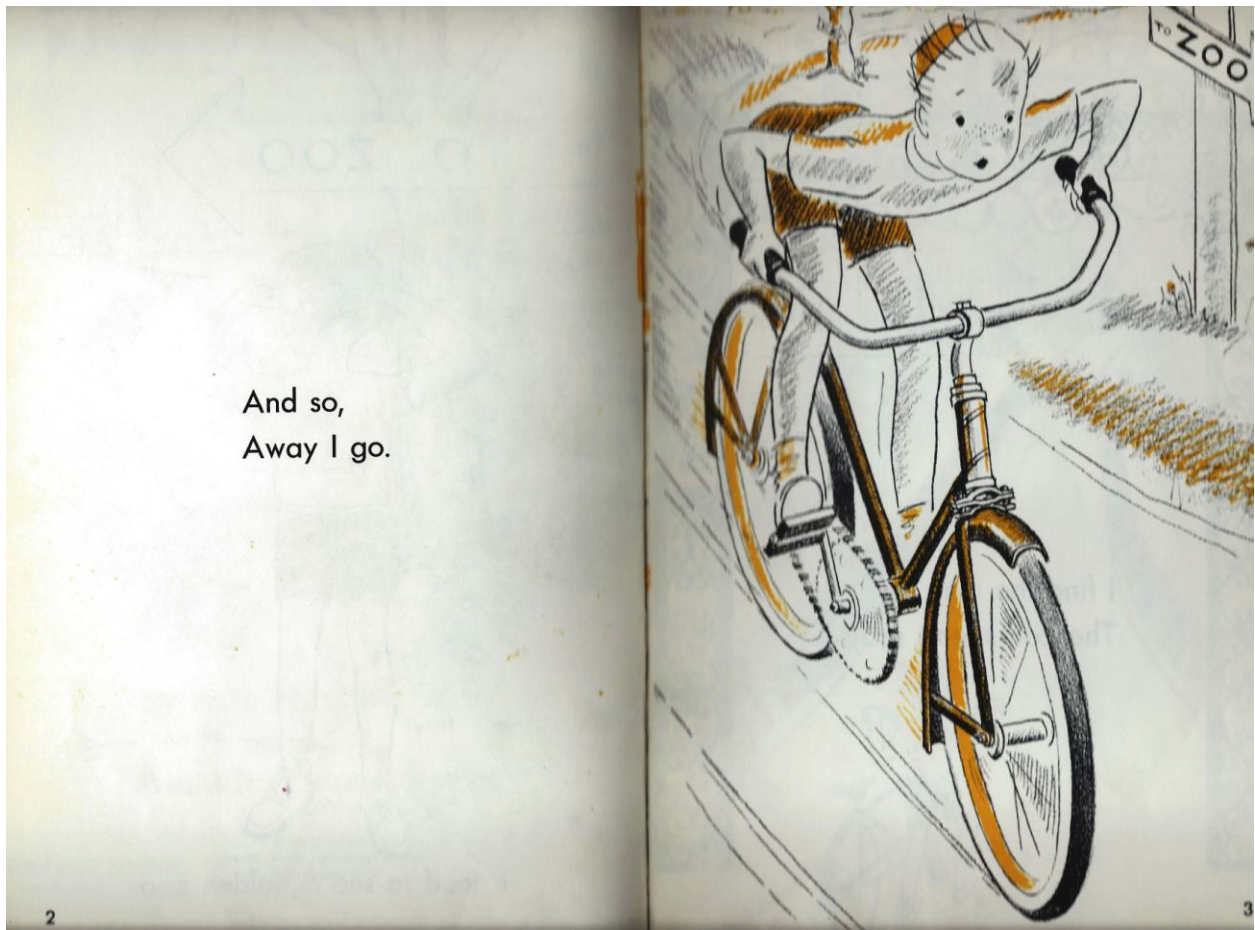
by Ann Hughes, M.A.  
Illustrations by  
Annette Cremin Byrne

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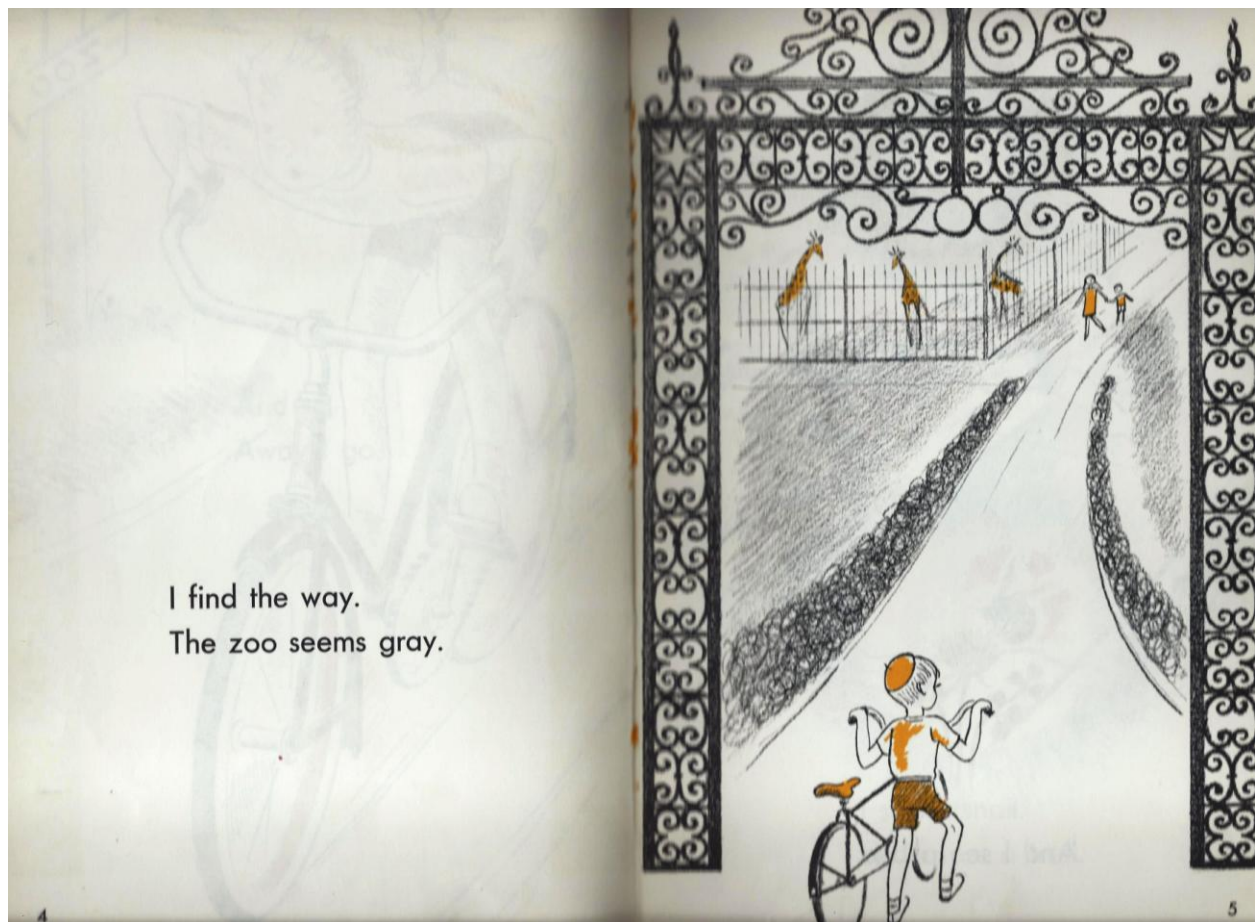


I need to see a golden zoo.

I need to see a golden zoo.



And so,  
Away I go.

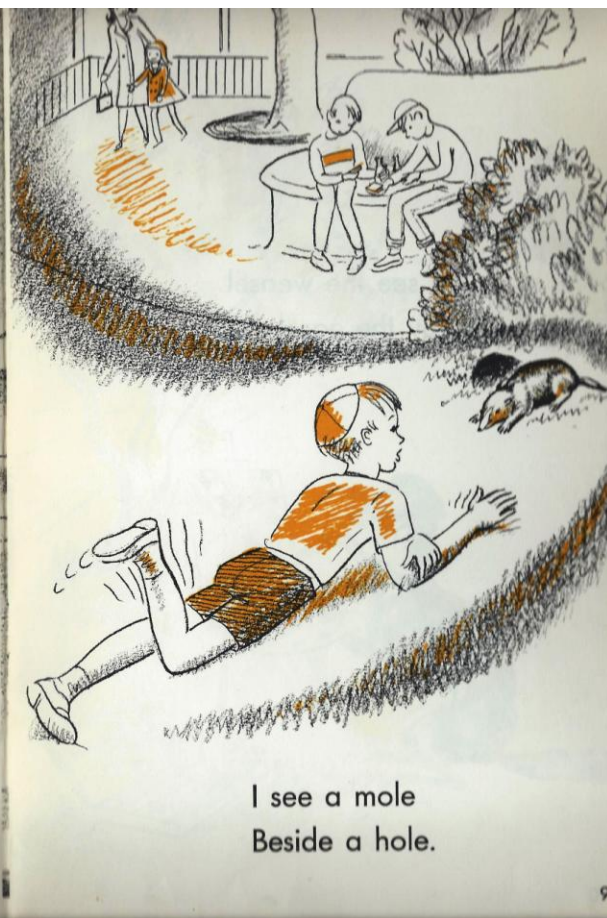


I find the way.  
The zoo seems gray.



I see a flea,  
And I see a bee.

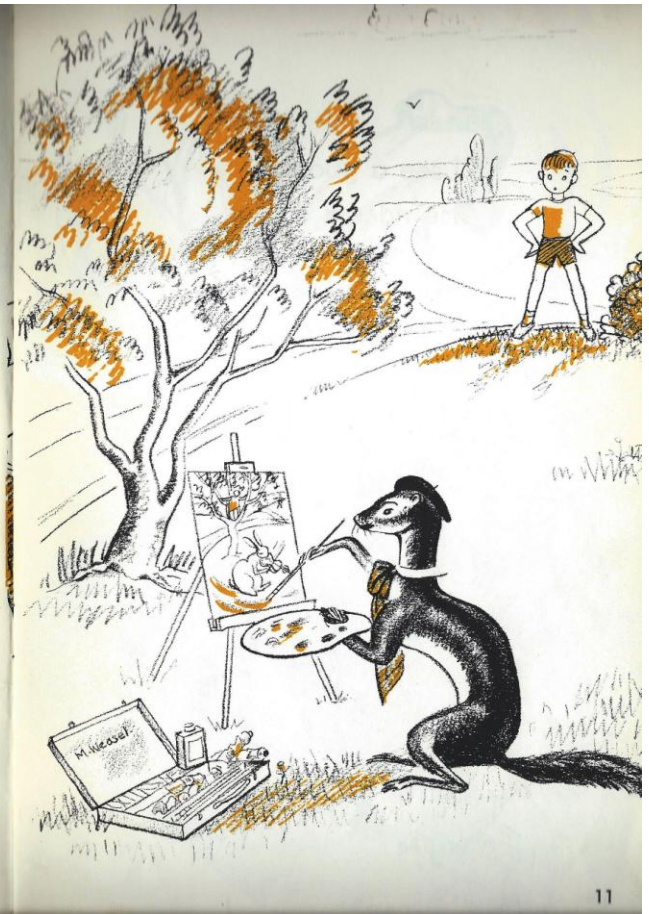
I see a snail.  
He leaves a trail.



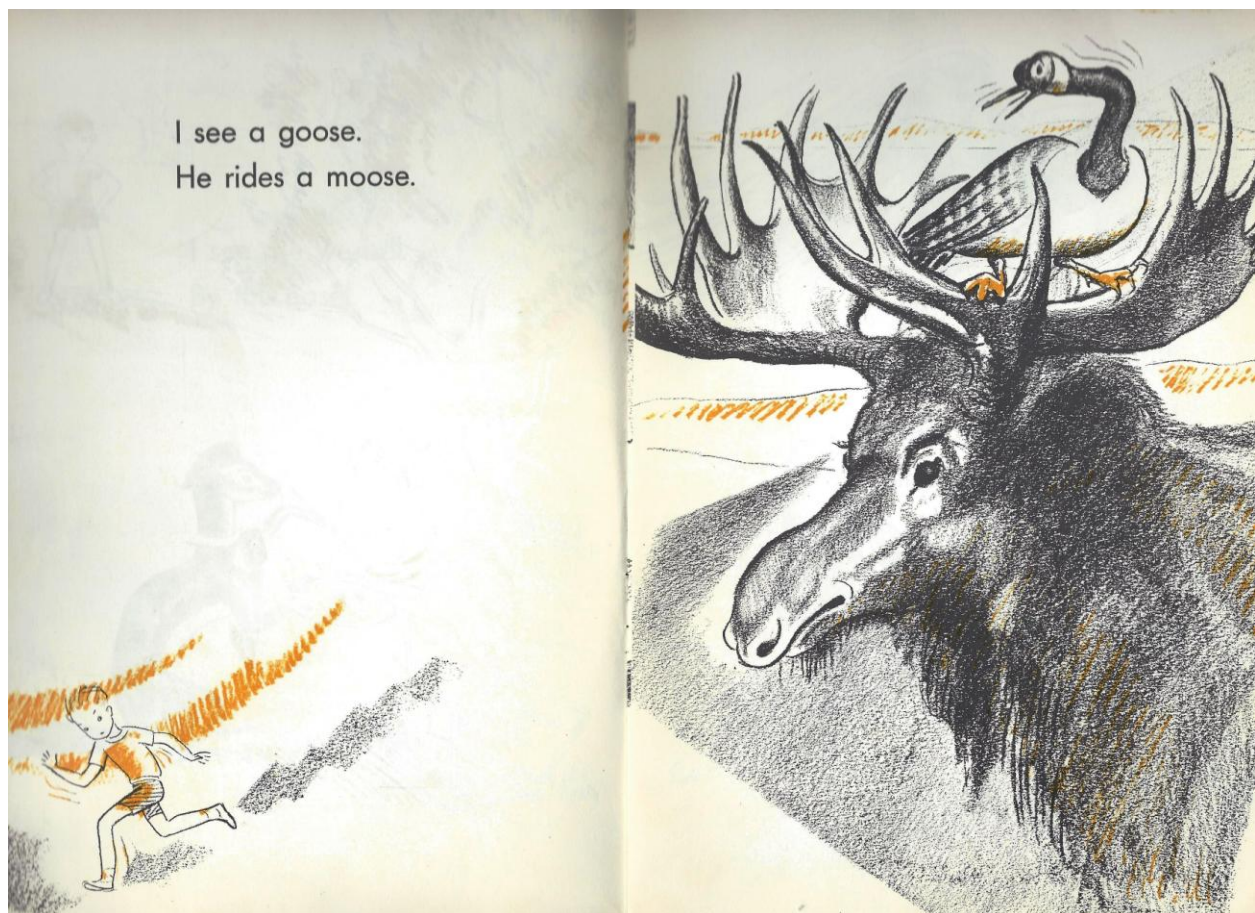
I see a toad  
Beside a road.

I see a mole  
Beside a hole.

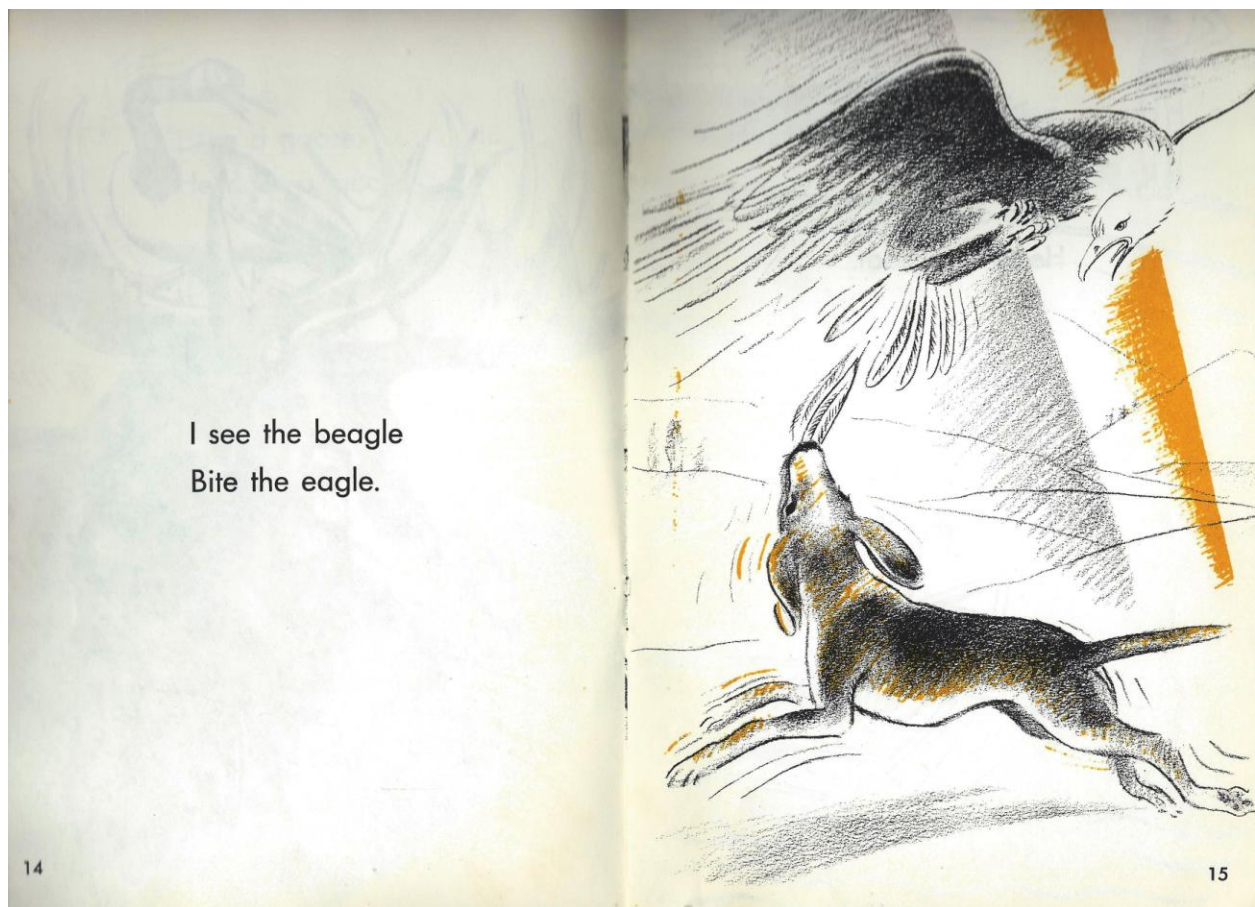
I see the weasel  
By the easel.



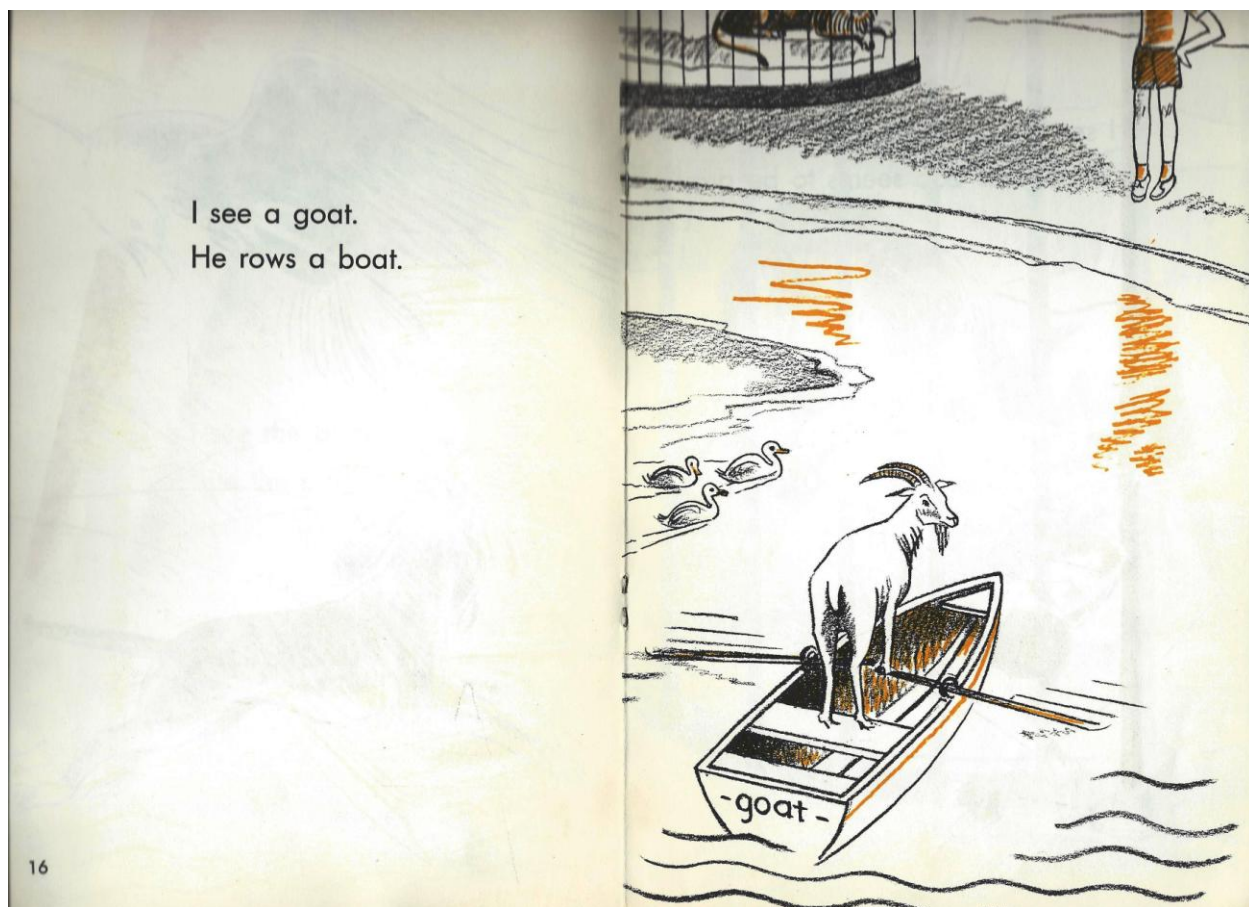
I see the weasel  
By the easel.



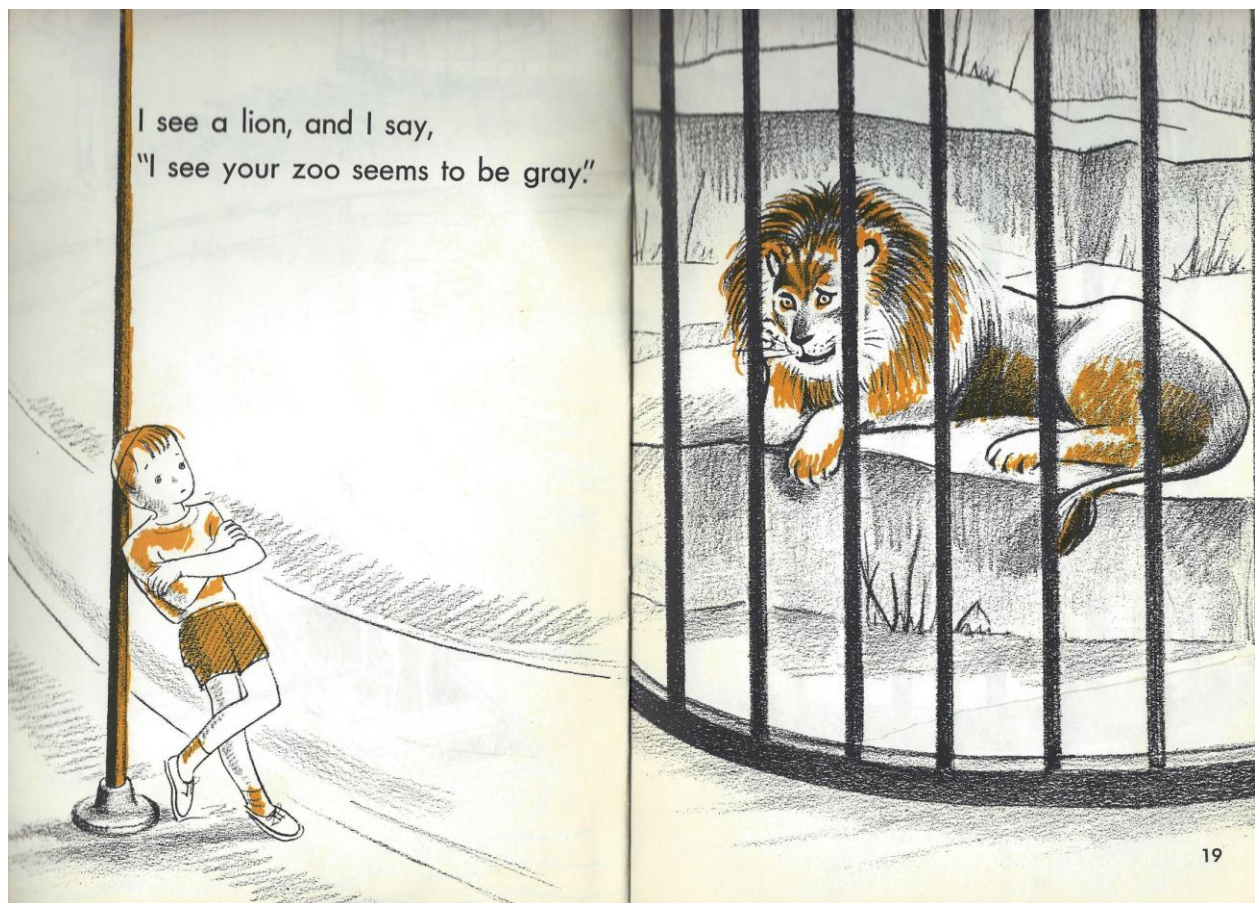
I see a goose.  
He rides a moose.



I see the beagle  
Bite the eagle.



I see a goat.  
He rows a boat.

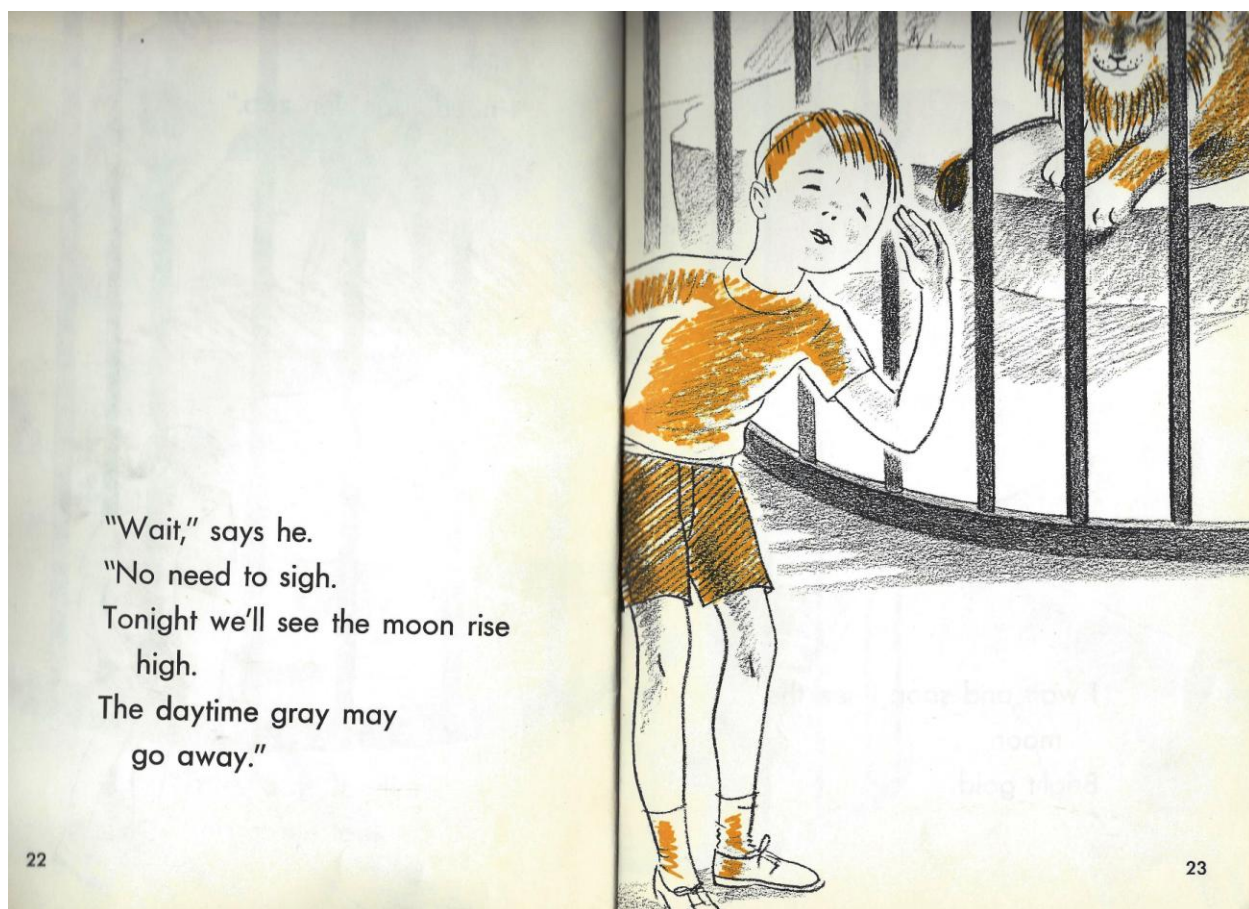


I see a lion, and I say,  
"I see your zoo seems to be gray."

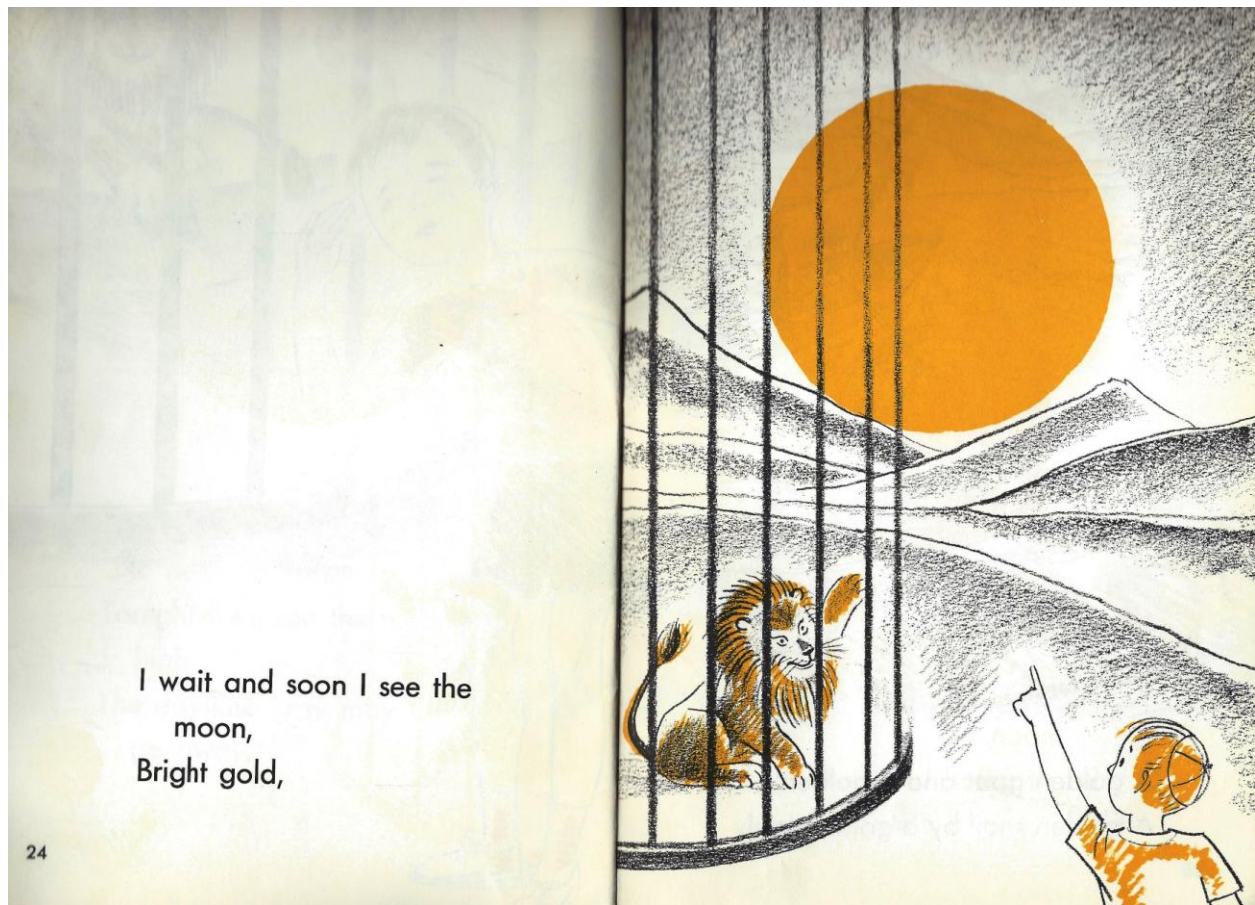


"True," says the lion,  
"And green too."

I sigh.  
"I need a golden zoo."



"Wait," says he.  
"No need to sigh.  
Tonight we'll see the moon rise high.  
The daytime gray may go away."



I wait and soon I see the moon,  
Bright gold,



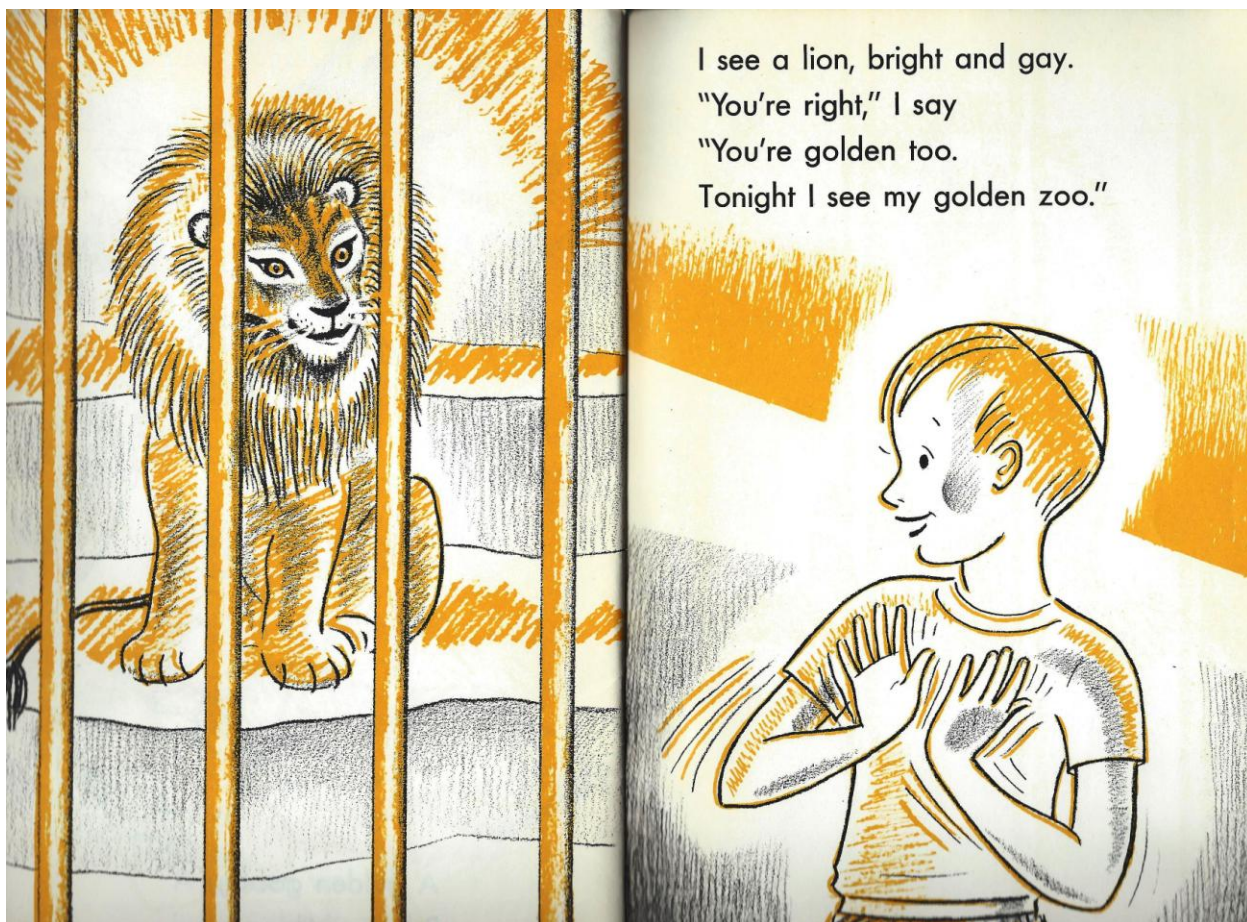
A golden goat and a golden boat,  
A golden snail by a golden trail,

A golden toad beside a road,  
A golden mole beside a hole,



A golden weasel  
By a golden easel.

A golden goose,  
By a golden moose.



I see a lion, bright and gay.  
"You're right," I say.  
"You're golden too.  
Tonight I see my golden zoo."

# A GOLDEN ZOO

Book 14 to follow Lesson 20  
by Ann Hughes, M.A.

I need to see a golden zoo.

And so,  
Away I go.

I find the way.  
The zoo seems gray.

I see a flea,  
And I see a bee.

I see a snail.  
He leaves a trail.

I see a toad  
Beside a road.

I see a mole  
Beside a hole.

I see the weasel  
By the easel.

I see a goose.  
He rides a moose.

I see the beagle  
Bite the eagle.

I see a goat.  
He rows a boat.

I see a lion, and I say,  
“I see your zoo seems to be gray.”

“True,” says the lion,  
“And green too.”

I sigh.

“I need a golden zoo.”

“Wait,” says he.

“No need to sigh.

Tonight we’ll see the moon rise high.

The daytime gray may go away.”

I wait and soon I see the moon,  
Bright gold,

A golden goat and a golden boat,  
A golden snail by a golden trail,

A golden toad beside a road,  
A golden mole beside a hole,

A golden weasel  
By a golden easel.

A golden goose,  
By a golden moose.

I see a lion, bright and gay.  
“You’re right,” I say.  
“You’re golden too.  
Tonight I see my golden zoo.”