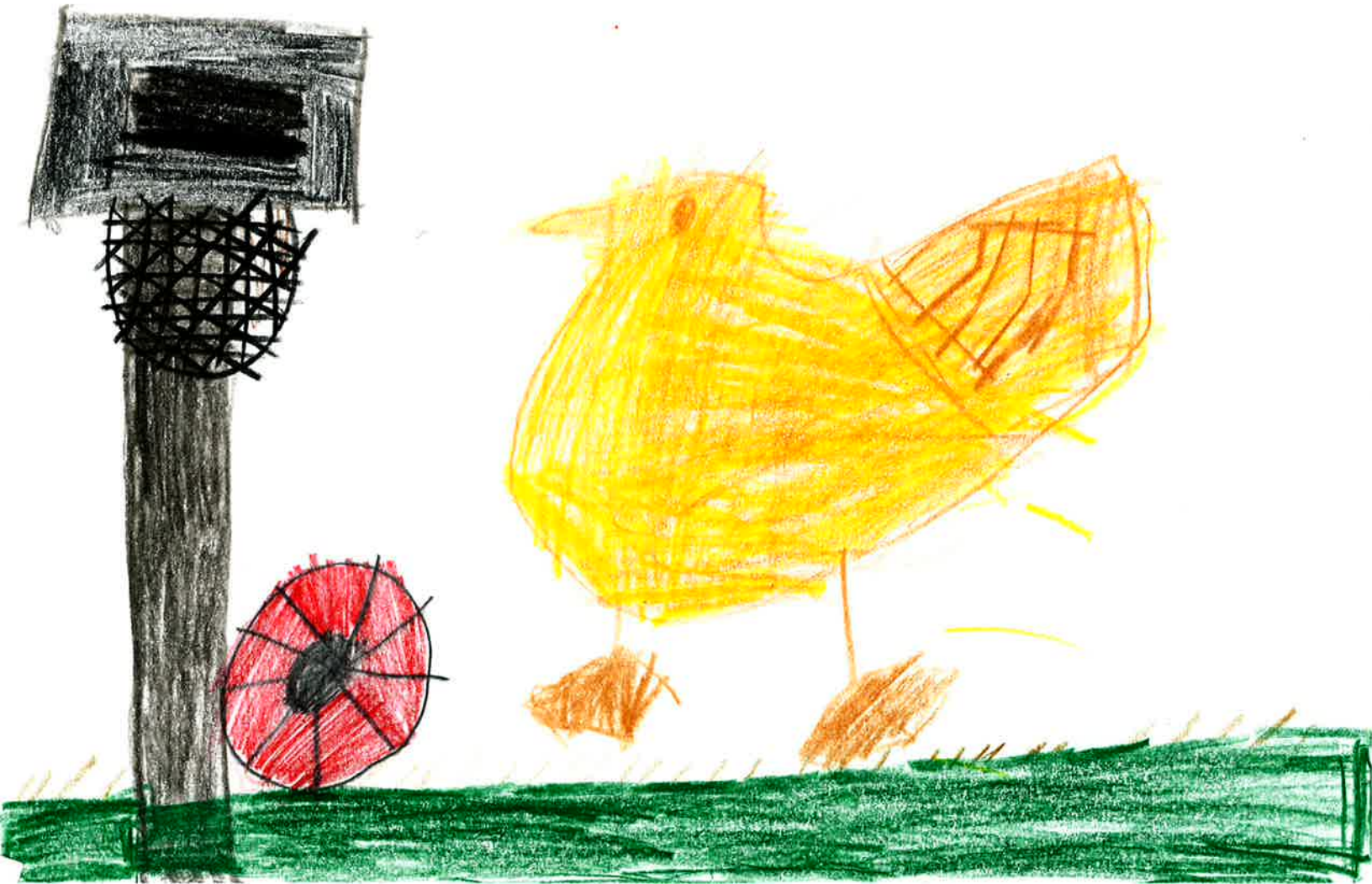
THE GOOSE

BY WILLIAM SILVIA

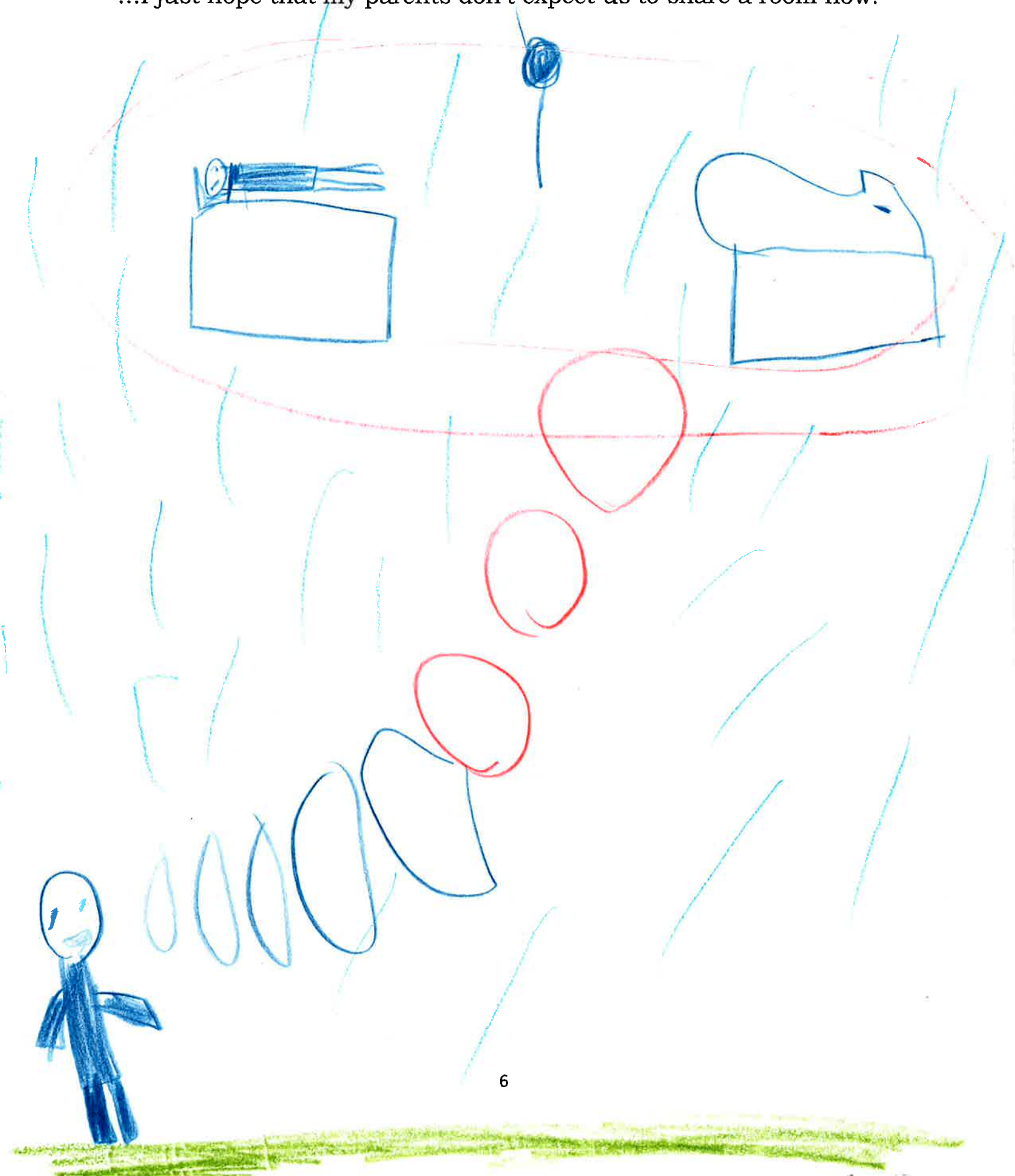


I saw a goose who fell in my yard, and it lost its flock.

Then, I went over to it. Its bottom was facing up. I turned him around.

I went to go tell my mom. She came out and she saw the goose.

At bedtime, my dad came out to see the goose.

My parents decided that they needed a friend for their first silly goose (ME!). So, we decided to keep him.

...I just hope that my parents don't expect us to share a room now.