Little Goat

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Little Goat
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with the help of the Book Dash participants in Grahamstown on 12 Novermber 2016.

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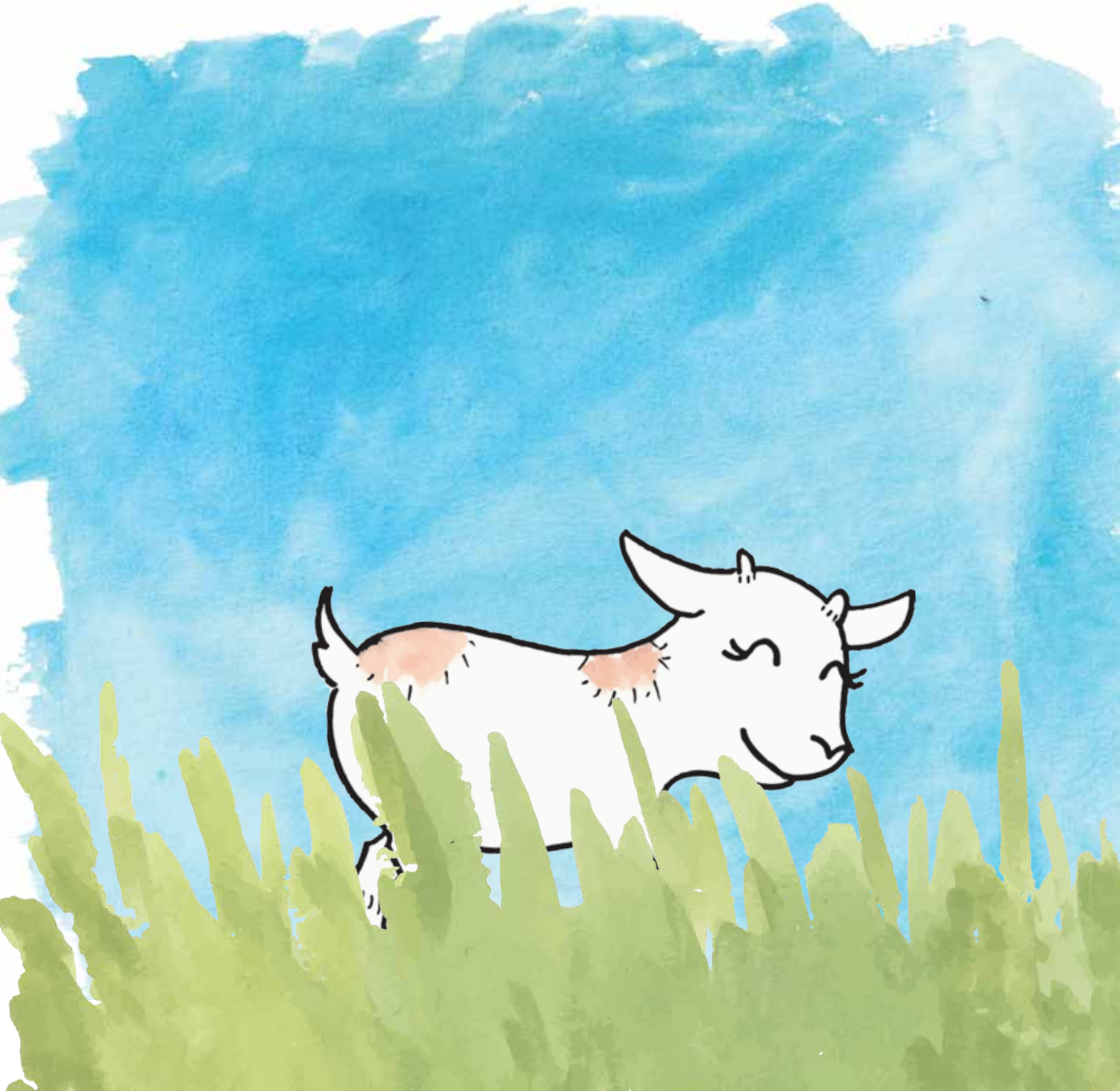
Little Goat

Nicola Anne Smith Tiffany Mac Sherry Mirna Lawrence

Little Goat went to find the sweetest grass.

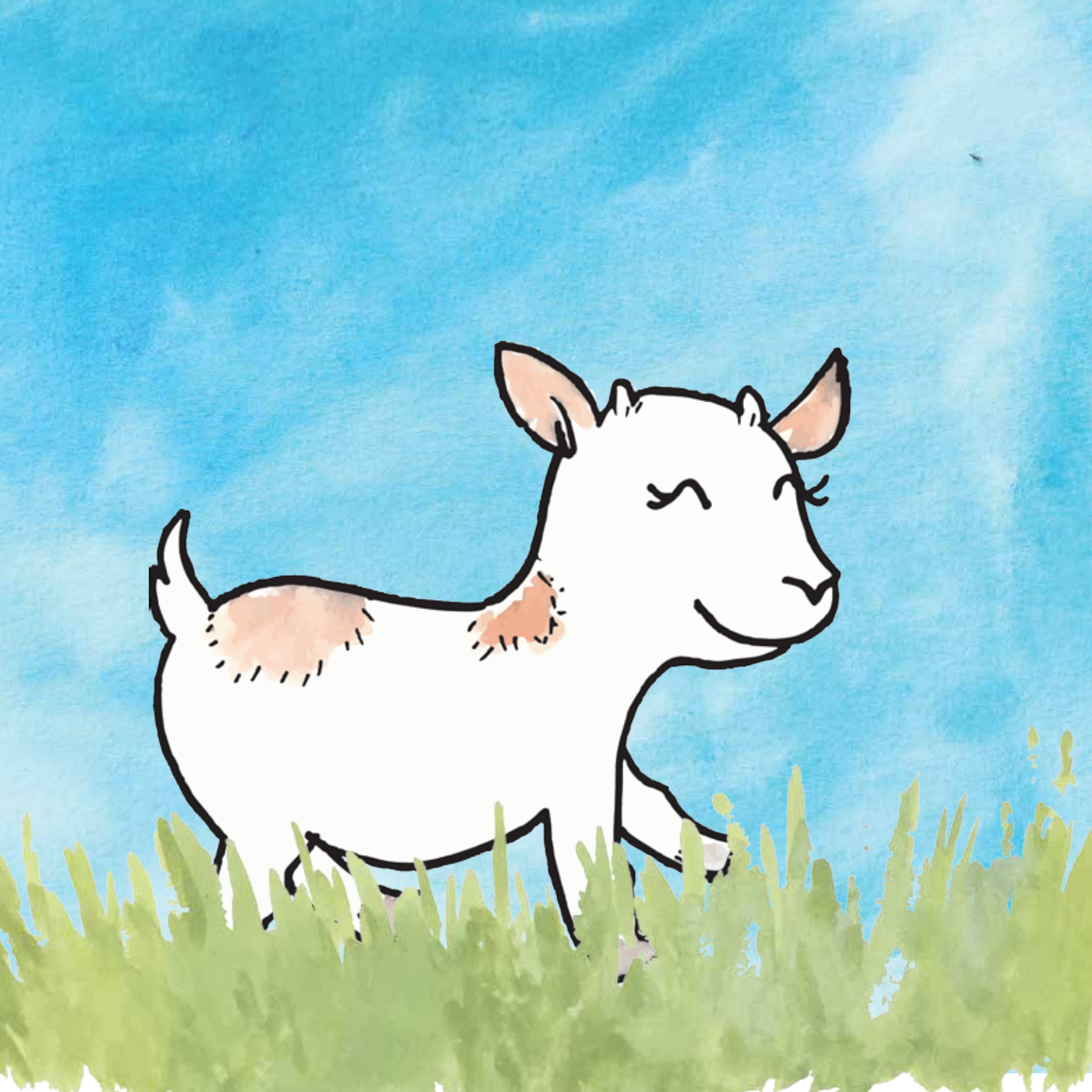
The sky was blue above.
But she did not look up.



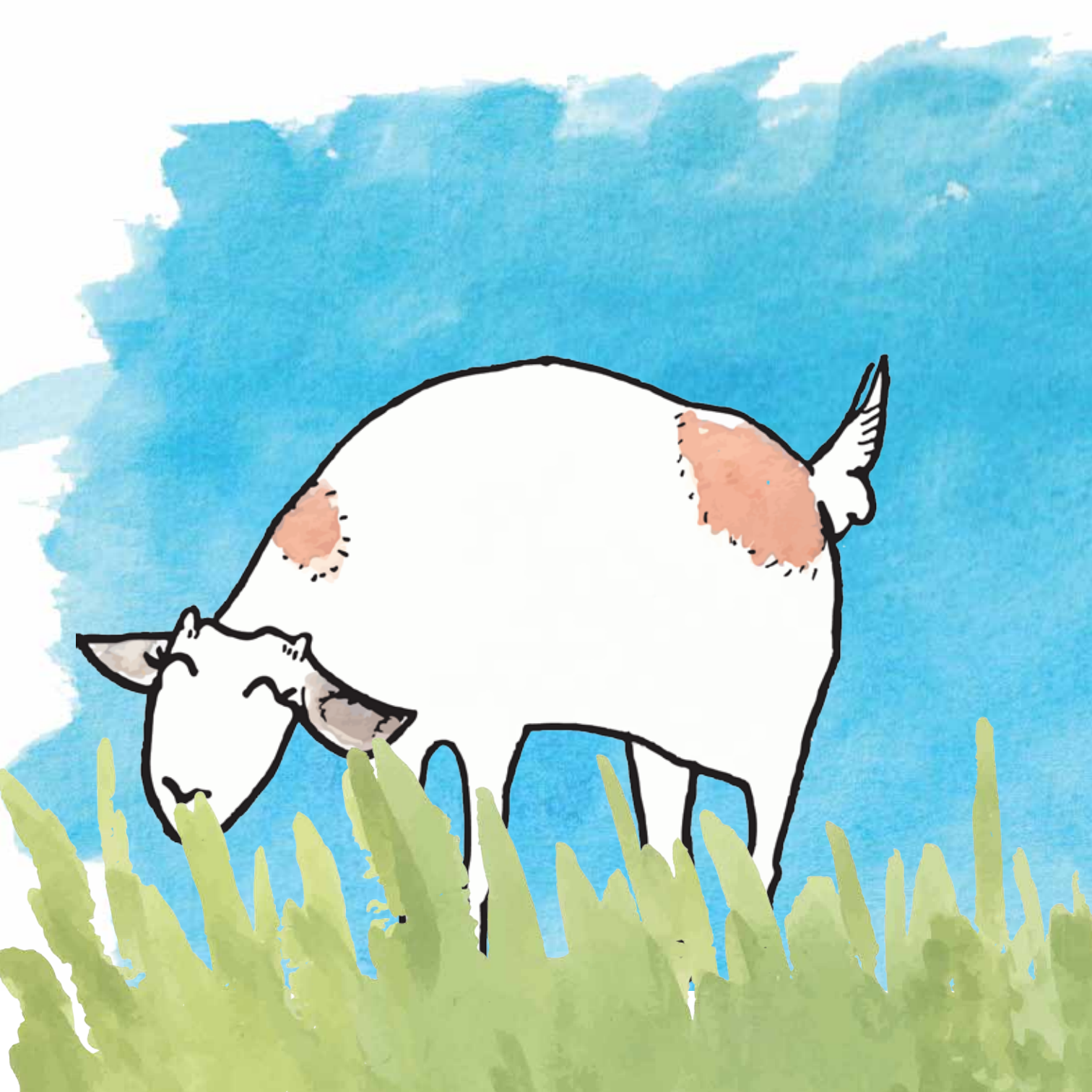
The river gurgled below.
But Little Goat did not listen to its song.

A bird called to her, saying,
"How do you do?"

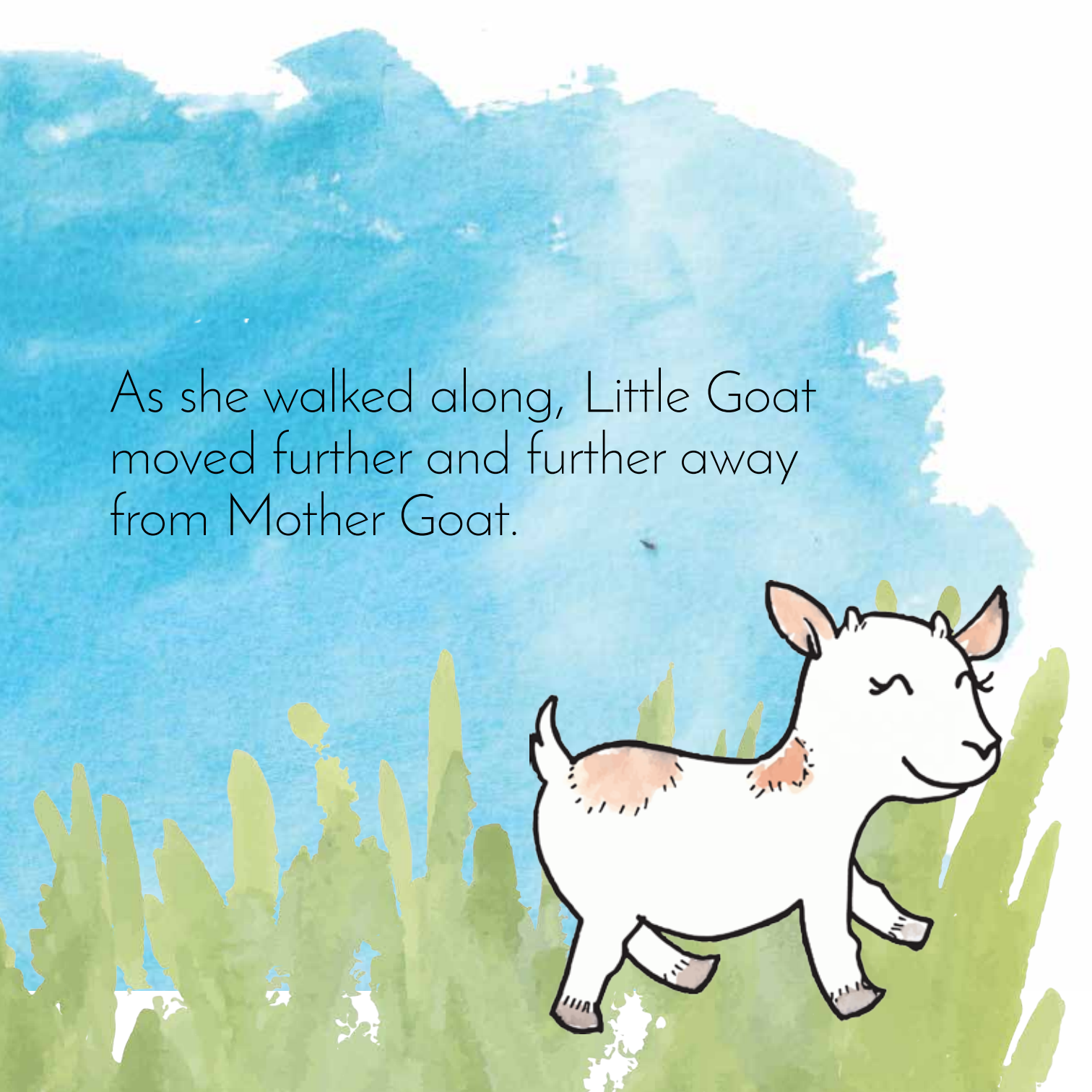
But Little Goat didn't answer.



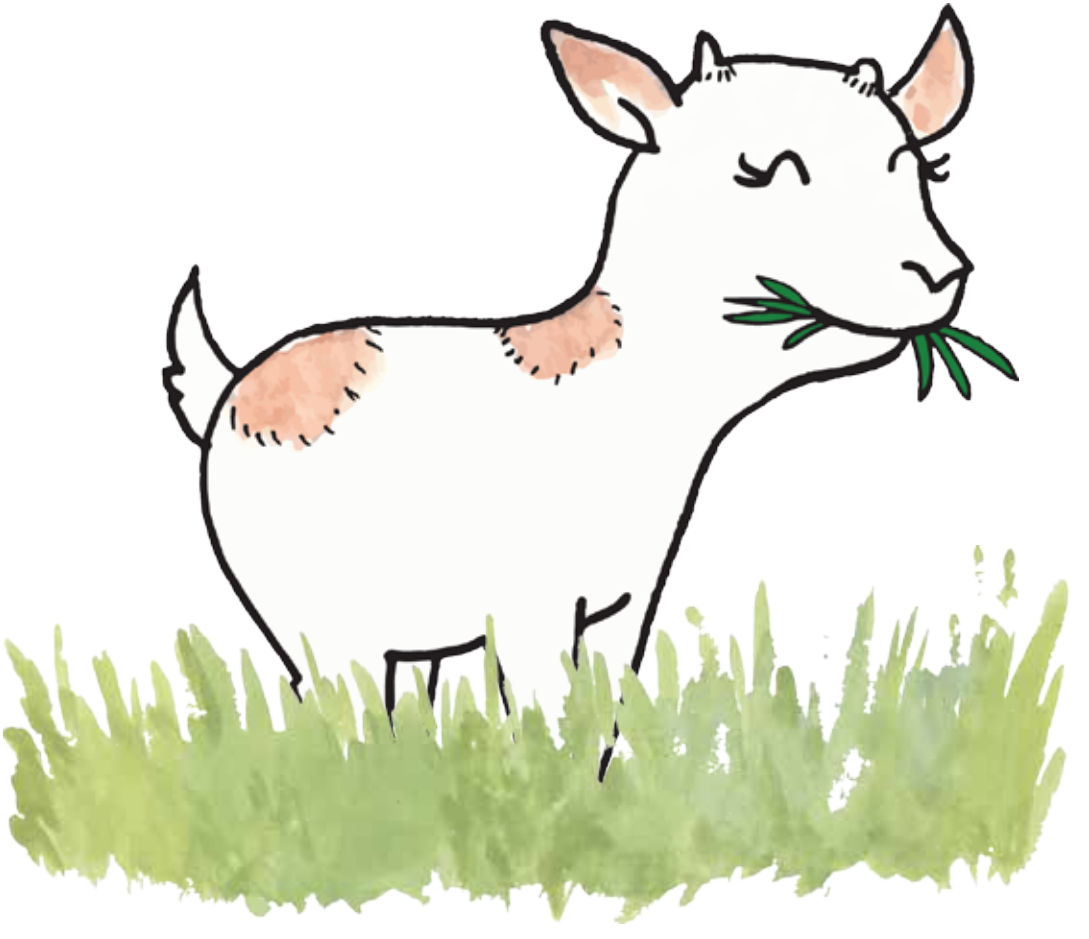
She just walked along looking for the sweetest grass.



As she walked along, Little Goat moved further and further away from Mother Goat.



Little Goat found the sweetest grass.
She ate and ate.



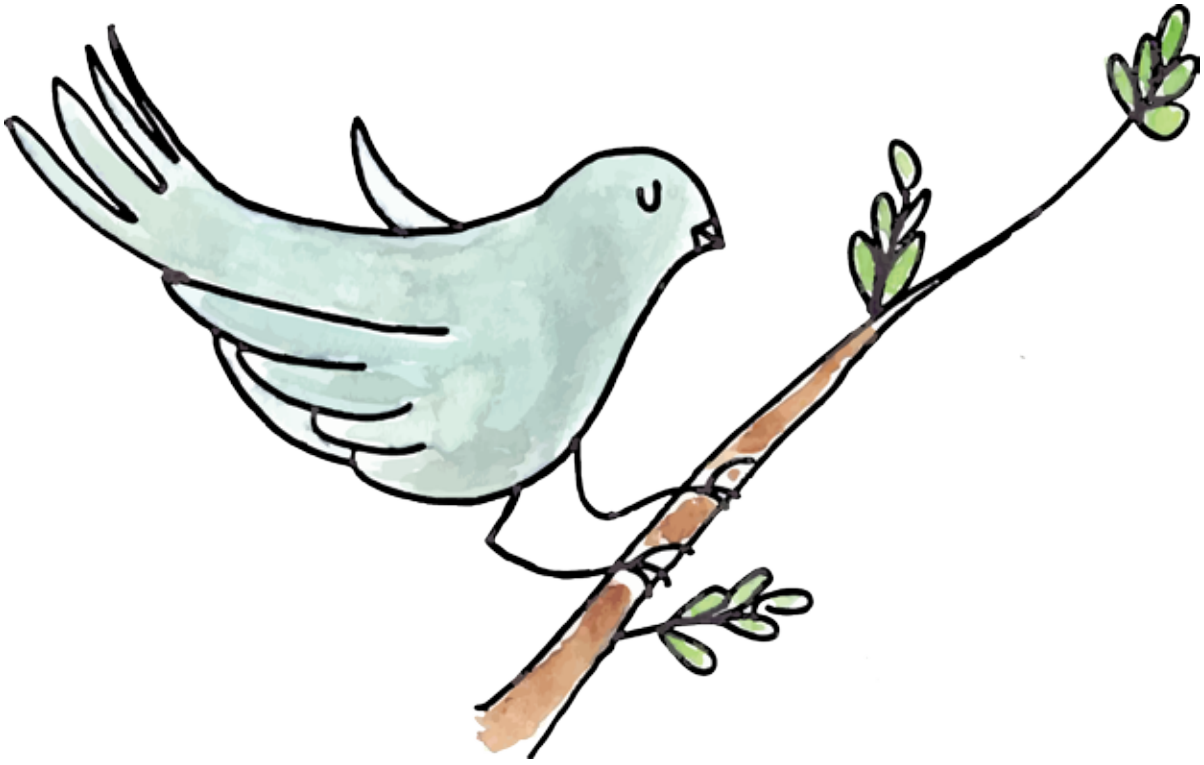
She had walked far from Mother Goat.

Mother Goat wondered where
Little Goat had gone.

She looked in the mealie patch, but
Little Goat was not there.

Mother Goat ran to the river.
But Little Goat was not there.

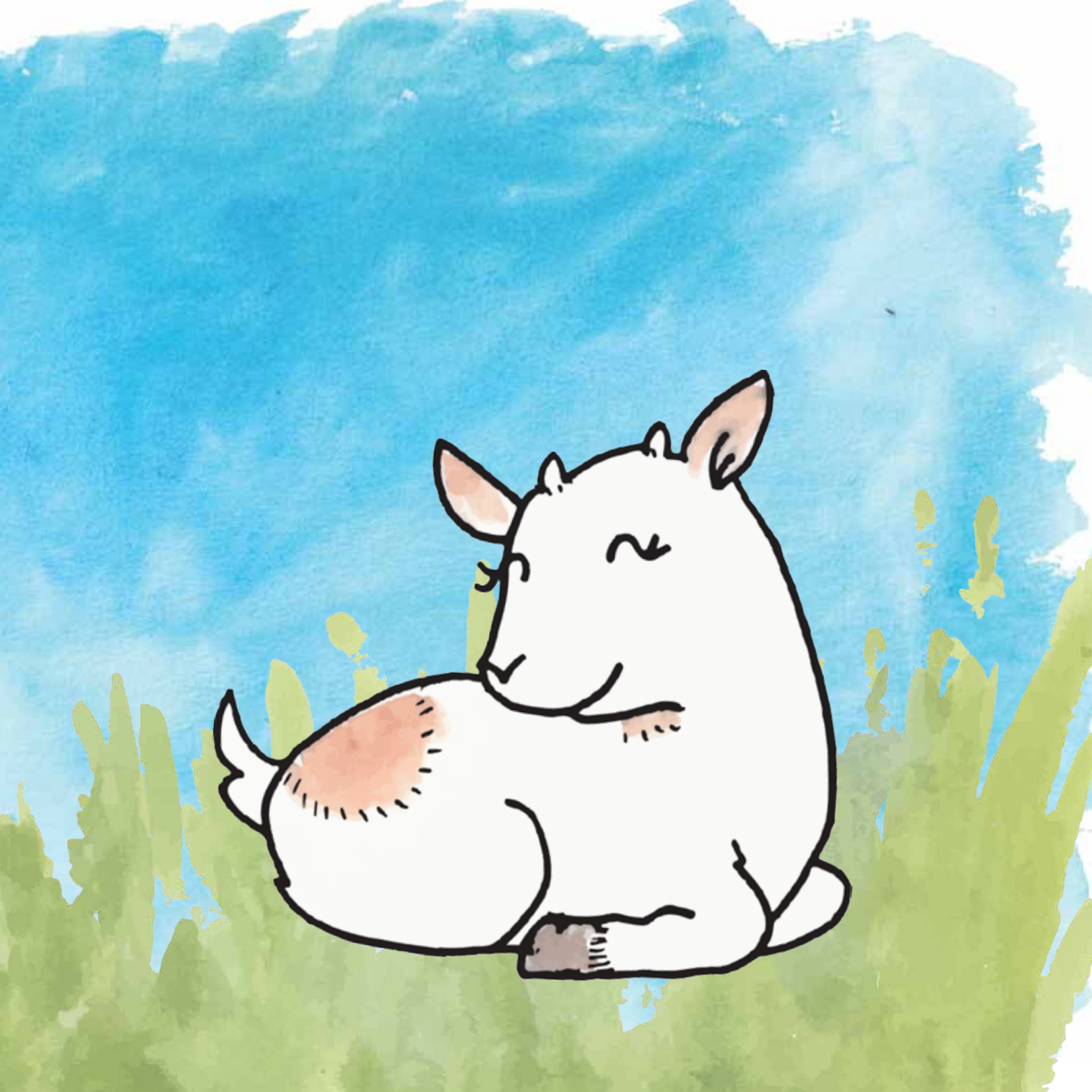
"Where are you, Little Goat," bleated
Mother Goat.



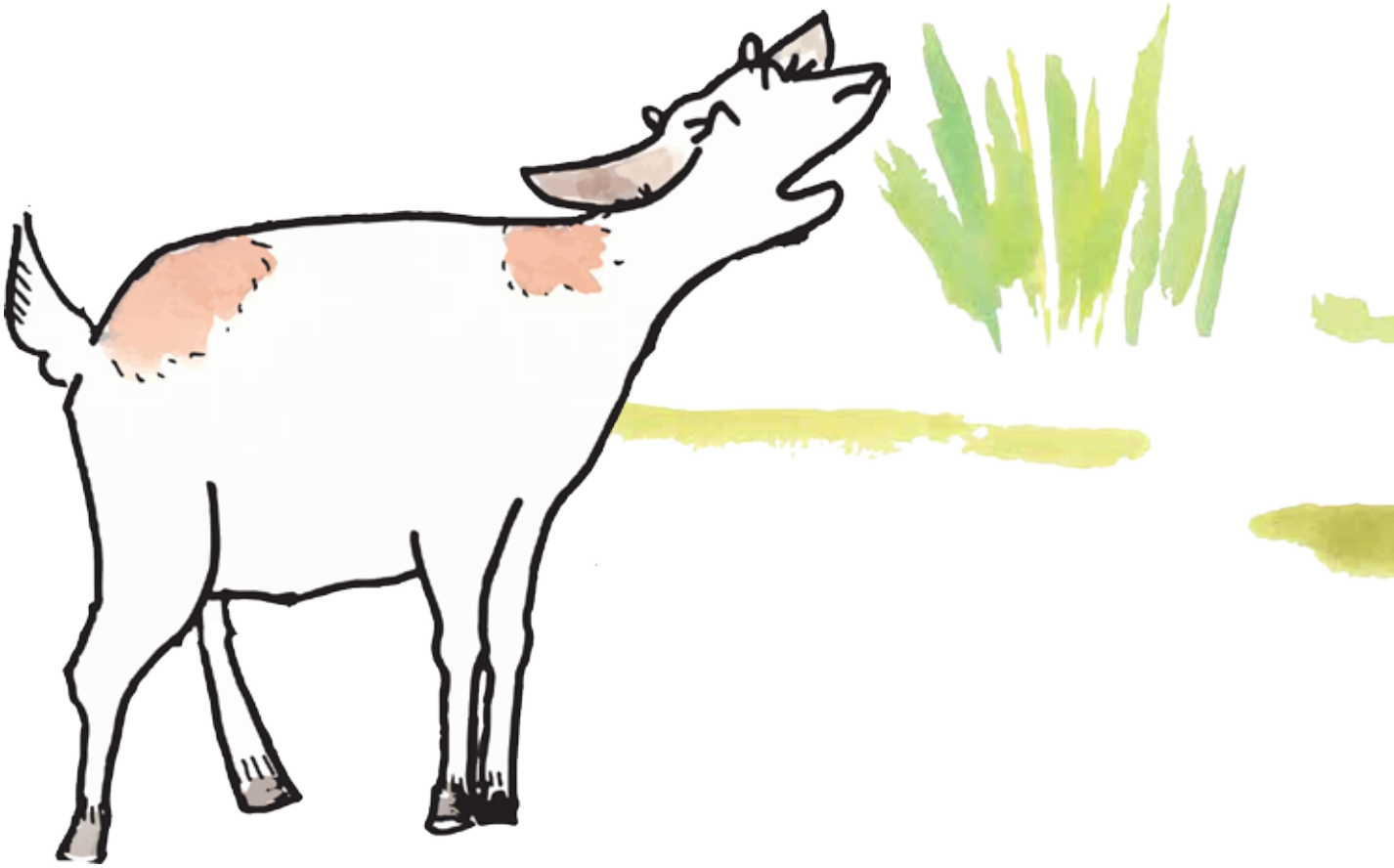
A bird called to Mother Goat. “Little Goat is asleep in the sweet grass across the bridge.”

Mother Goat crossed the bridge,
to the sweet grass.

There she found Little Goat fast asleep.



"Wake up, Little Goat," said
Mother Goat gently. "You were lost!"



"I wasn't lost... I have been here all the time!" said Little Goat.