

COVER NOT  
FINAL

# COME BACK, GOSLING



ANNE BOOTH

DAVID LITCHFIELD





TO MY LOVELY AGENT, ANNE CLARK XX – A.B.

DEDICATION TO COME – D.L.

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# Come Back, Gosling



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There was once a little girl  
who loved a gosling.

And the gosling loved her back.



They had lots  
of fun together.



Their very favourite thing was to go to the library  
each week and choose new books.





Then they would come back,  
and take the books up to  
their special tree house.



Gosling wasn't very good at climbing. So the little girl used  
the bucket and rope to pull Gosling right up next to her.



They both agreed the tree house was  
the perfect place for reading books.

One week, Gosling chose a book about baby animals.



They looked at all the pictures together – and then they played puppies and kittens.



The next week, the little girl chose a story about pirates. She read it to Gosling from beginning to end –



and then they played treasure hunts.

The third week, the librarian helped them choose a book. But before Gosling could look inside, the little girl slammed it shut.



I DON'T LIKE THIS BOOK, LET'S PLAY SOMETHING ELSE.

So they did.

That night, Gosling wanted to look at the new book, but he couldn't find it anywhere!



Gosling searched all over, and the little girl helped.



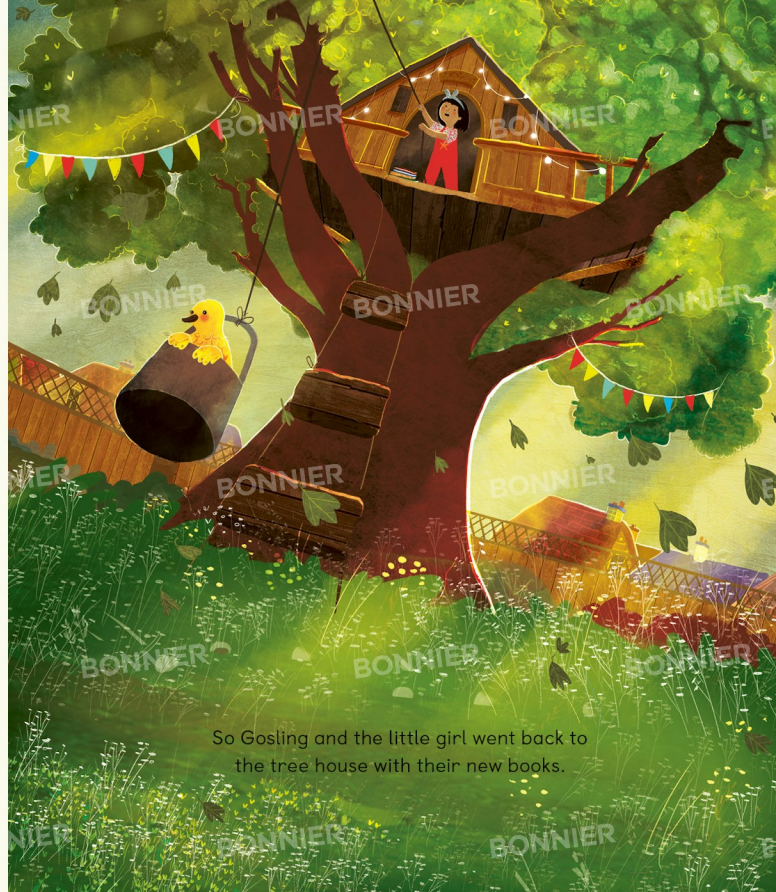
They both agreed the book was lost.



The next morning, they went back to the library.



"OH DEAR," said the librarian.  
"I HOPE YOU FIND YOUR BOOK SOON. HERE ARE SOME  
MORE BOOKS, UNTIL YOU FIND THE LOST ONE."



So Gosling and the little girl went back to  
the tree house with their new books.

The first book was a funny one.  
They giggled and laughed, and then  
Gosling laughed so much that...




# HONK!




"WHAT WAS THAT FUNNY  
NOISE I MADE?"  
said Gosling,  
surprised.

"I DON'T LIKE THIS BOOK ANY MORE,"  
said the girl.  
"LET'S READ A DIFFERENT ONE."







The second new book was  
all about racing cars.




After they'd read it, they raced  
each other round the garden.  
The little girl was faster.



But as Gosling ran, he stretched  
out his wings and flapped them...



And suddenly caught up  
with the little girl.



WHAT A FUNNY JUMP I DID!

I DON'T LIKE THIS BOOK  
ANY MORE, LET'S READ  
ANOTHER ONE.

So they went back to the tree house and read the third new book together. It was a book of fairy tales, with a lovely picture of a flying carpet.

THAT PICTURE MAKES ME FEEL ALL HAPPY AND FIZZY INSIDE. IT MAKES ME WANT TO SPREAD MY WINGS AND JUMP UP AND DOWN.

"GOSLING! STOP JUMPING!" cried the little girl. "YOU'LL FALL OFF."



But it was too late. Gosling had already tumbled off the edge of the tree house.

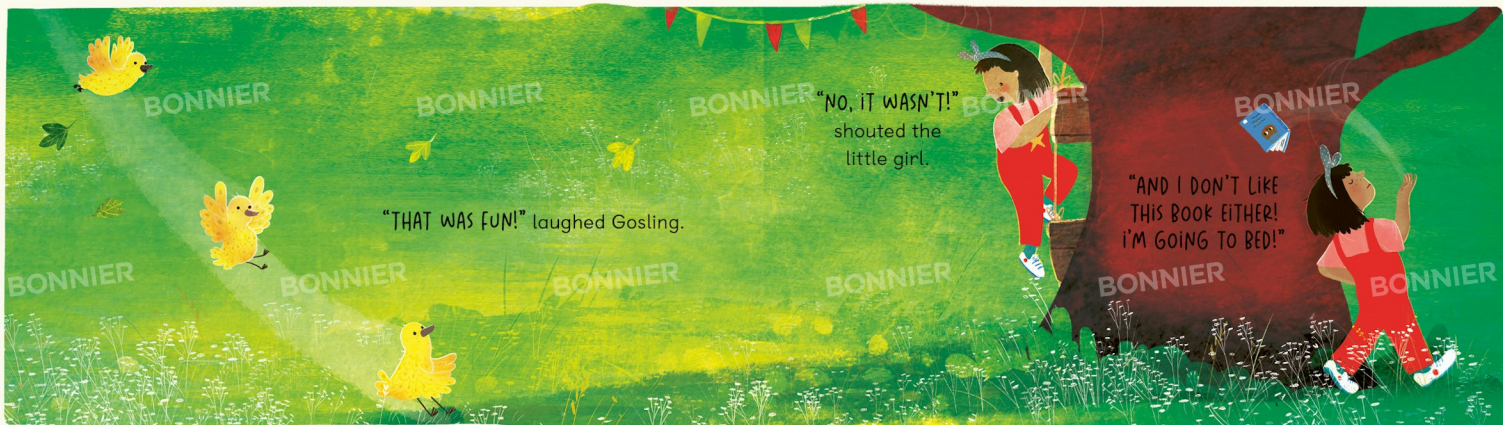


As he fell, he spread his wings out. They caught the wind and...



...FLEW!





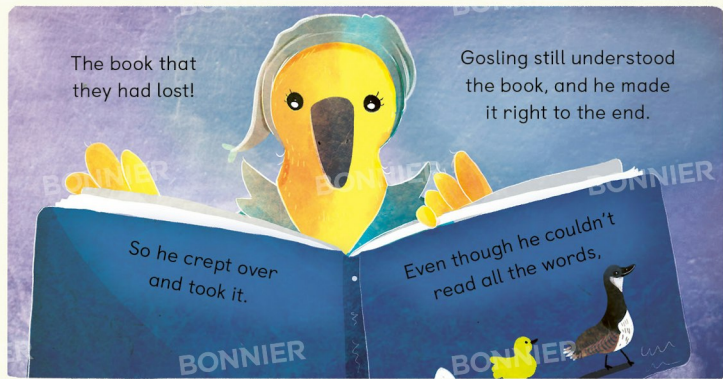
"THAT WAS FUN!" laughed Gosling.

"NO, IT WASN'T!"  
shouted the  
little girl.

"AND I DON'T LIKE  
THIS BOOK EITHER!  
I'M GOING TO BED!"



That night, Gosling couldn't sleep. He looked across at his friend and saw, peeping out from under her pillow...



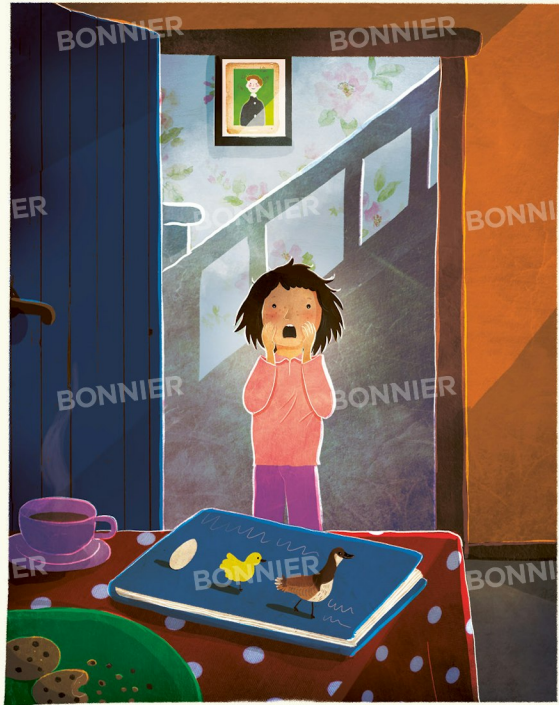
The book that  
they had lost!

Gosling still understood  
the book, and he made  
it right to the end.

So he crept over  
and took it.

Even though he couldn't  
read all the words,

In the morning, Gosling had gone.




The missing book was on the table.

The girl went outside to look for him.



"COME BACK, GOSLING!" she called.  
"GOSLING, PLEASE COME BACK! I'M SORRY!"


All at once she heard lots of  
happy honking and flapping  
of wings above her...




...and she saw a big V shape in the sky.

And at the very end, there was Gosling!






"I'M SORRY I HID THE BOOK," called the little girl.  
"I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU WERE A GOOSE



AND TO FLY AWAY FROM ME. BUT YOU ARE A GOOSE,  
AND I LOVE YOU AND I WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY."



"I AM A GOOSE WHO FLIES AWAY EVERY AUTUMN" replied Gosling.

"BUT I AM ALSO A GOOSE WHO LOVES YOU  
VERY MUCH. DID YOU FINISH THE BOOK?"



The little girl  
shook her head.

"YOU SHOULD," Gosling said. "YOU'LL GET A LOVELY SURPRISE IF YOU DO."



He gave her another hug,  
then flapped his wings  
back to the flock.

Up in the tree house...



the little girl read the book  
all the way to the end -



and started to feel  
a bit better.



She waited all through the autumn...



and the winter...



until the spring came.



And just like the book said...



...GOSLING  
CAME BACK!

