Week 8

Guided reading text

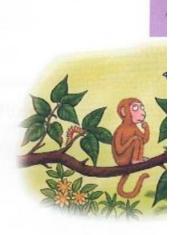


Come, Little Monkey



'I've lost my mum!'

'Hush, little monkey, don't you cry. I'll help you find her,' said Butterfly. 'Let's have a think. How big is she?'



'She's big!' said the monkey. 'Bigger than me.'

'Bigger than you? Then I've seen your mum. Come, little monkey, come, come, come.'

'No, no, no! That's an elephant. My mum isn't a great grey hunk. She hasn't got tusks or a curly trunk. She doesn't have great thick baggy knees. And anyway, *her* tail coils round trees.'

'She coils round trees? Then she's very near. Quick, little monkey! She's over here.'

'No, no, no! That's a snake. Mum doesn't look a *bit* like this. She doesn't slither about and hiss. She doesn't curl round a nest of eggs. And anyway, my mum's got more legs.'

'It's legs we're looking for now, you say? I know where she is, then. Come this way.' ...

