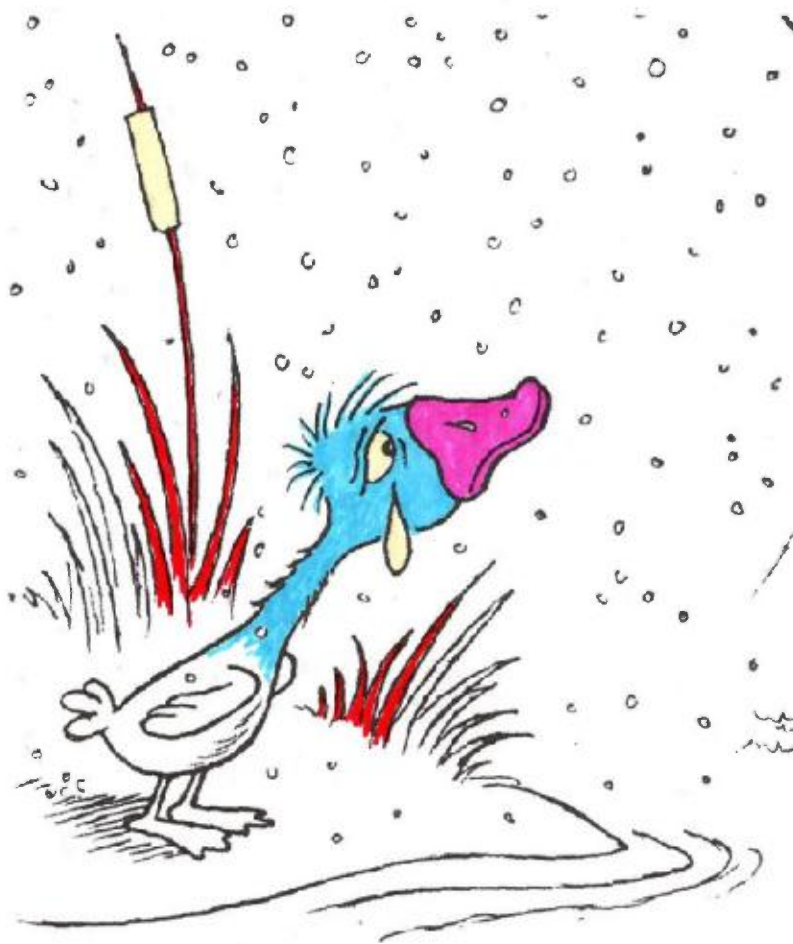


# **Help Bruce Goose Fly South**

**A Talk-Along Coloring Story Book**



**Children participate by guessing rhyming answers**

**Written and Illustrated By  
Dick Punnett**

**For all my Great-Grand Nieces  
and Great-Grand Nephews:**

**Audrey, Ava, Caroline, Claire, Elliott,  
Elyas, Griffin, Hank, Huck, Jaxton, Natalie,  
Nathan, Noah, Olivia Rose, Oren, Random,  
Riley, Sebastian, Sophia, and Wyatt.**

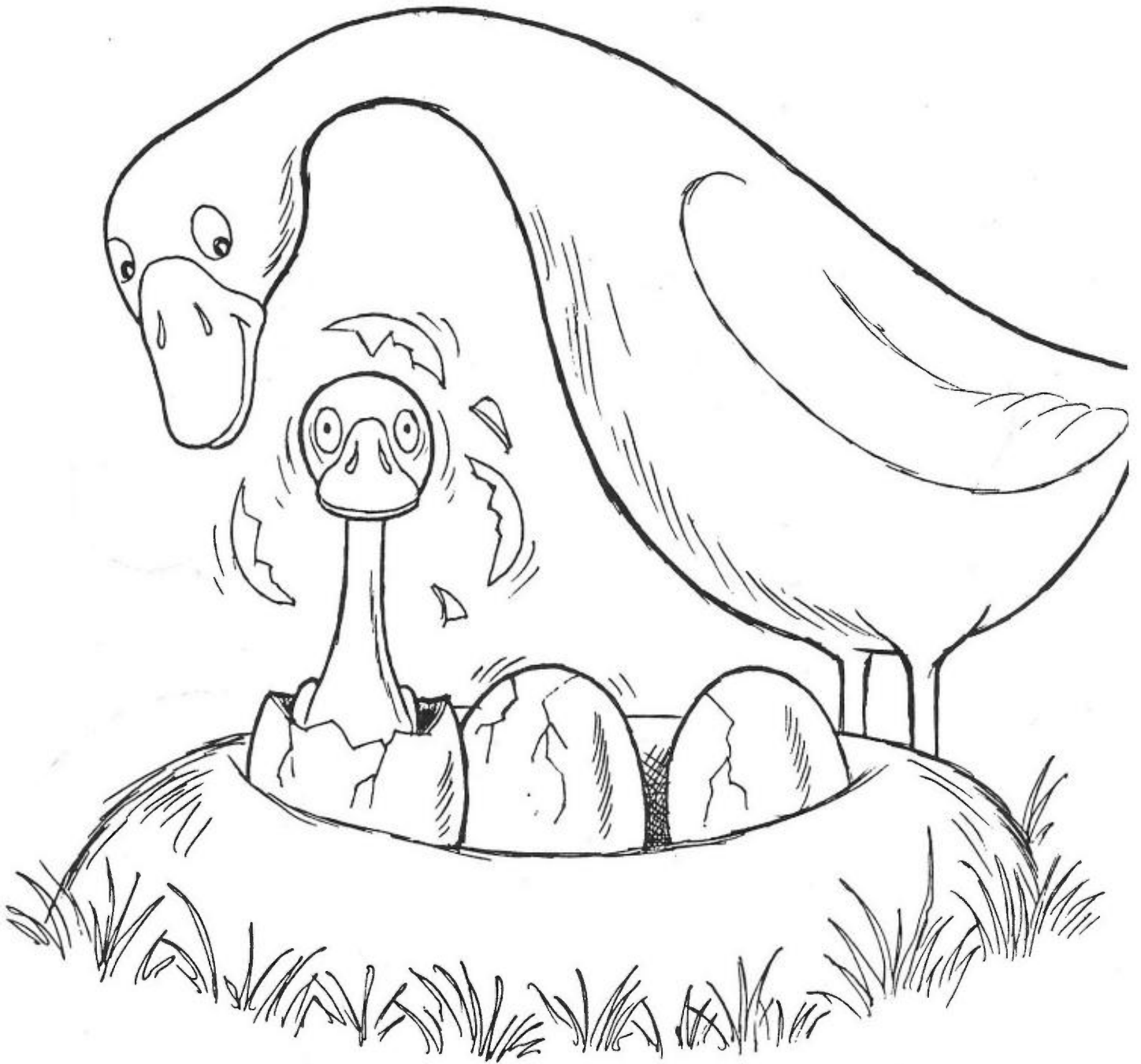
I want you to know before we start

Our story has a speaking part.

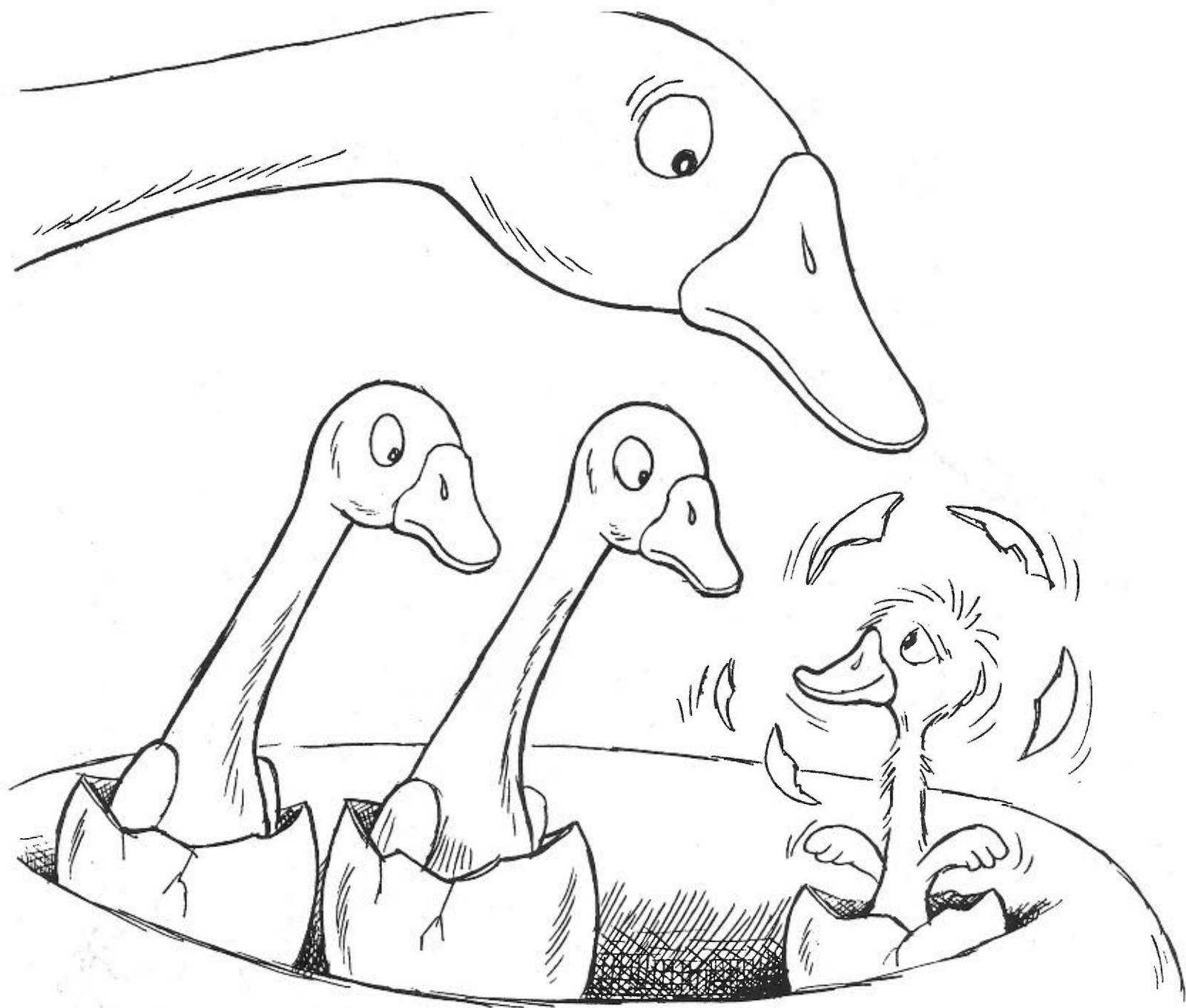
When you see the dots...

try guessing the word.

That is the time for you to be heard.

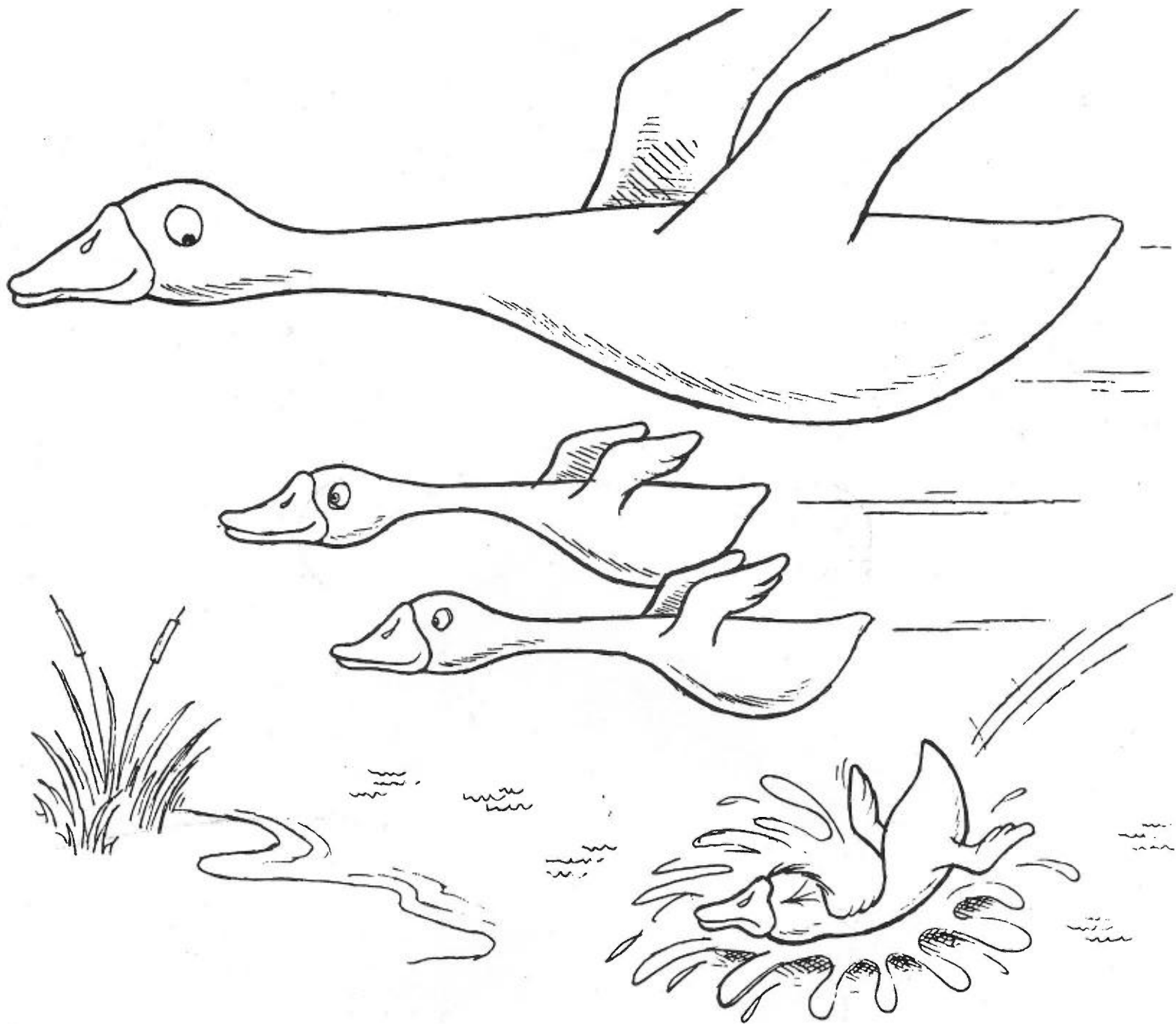


Have you ever seen some goose eggs hatching?  
Just you wait -- I hear something scratching!  
And now the eggs are starting to shake,  
And now they're all beginning to break!  
It looks like it's time to introduce  
Our number one little baby goose!



And now there are two -- just one more to go!  
I don't know why, but he's awfully slow.  
He's trying hard. I can hear him grunt.  
Oh, dear!  
Look here!  
*A scrawny little runt!*



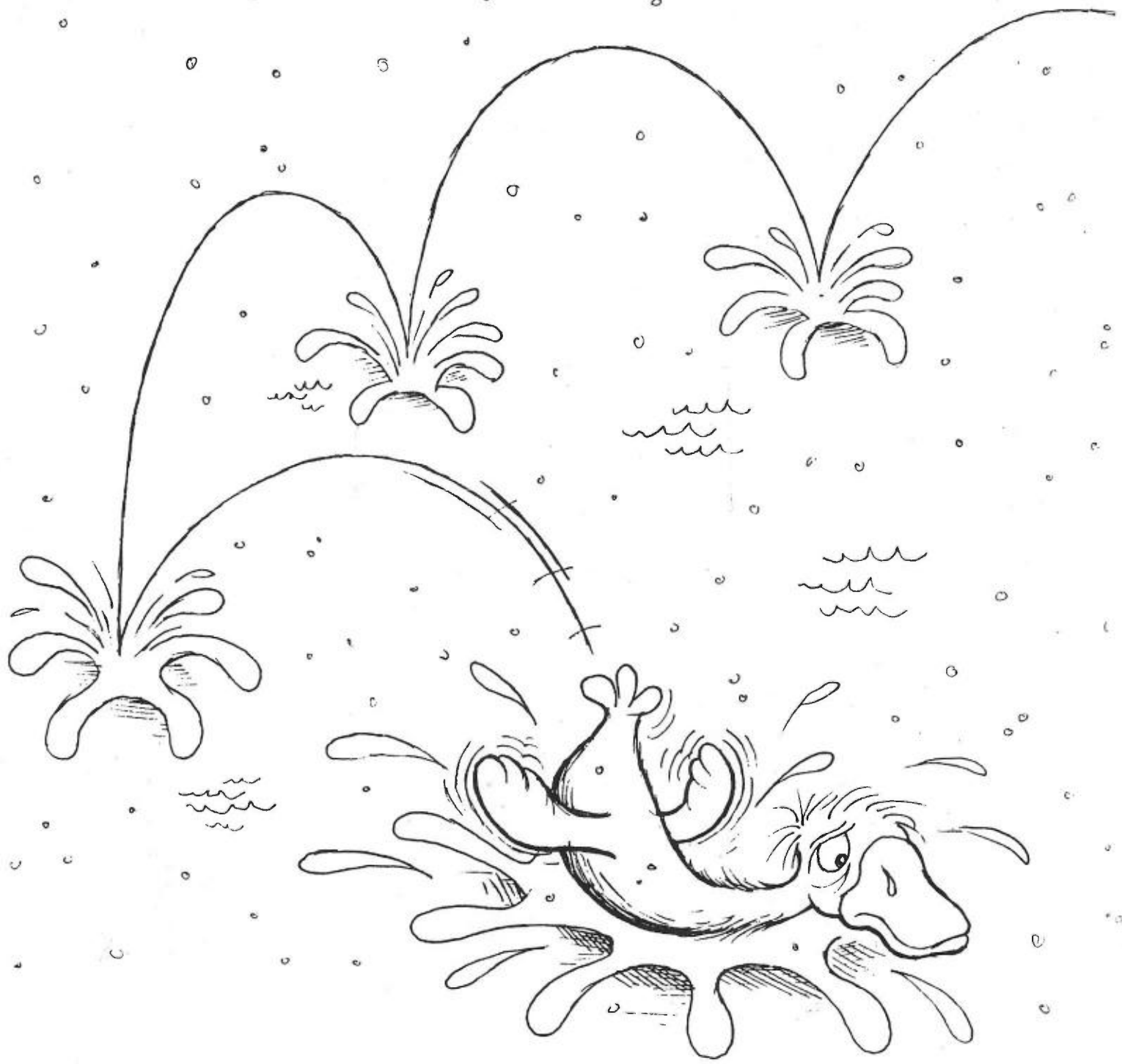


All summer long they learn to fly,  
And then they head South. Do you know why?  
Why, WINTER, of course. It's time to go  
When all their food is covered with snow.  
Look at our runt -- let's call him Bruce.  
He's a very scraggy, thin little goose.  
The other two geese fly right away,  
But Bruce keeps crashing, day after day.



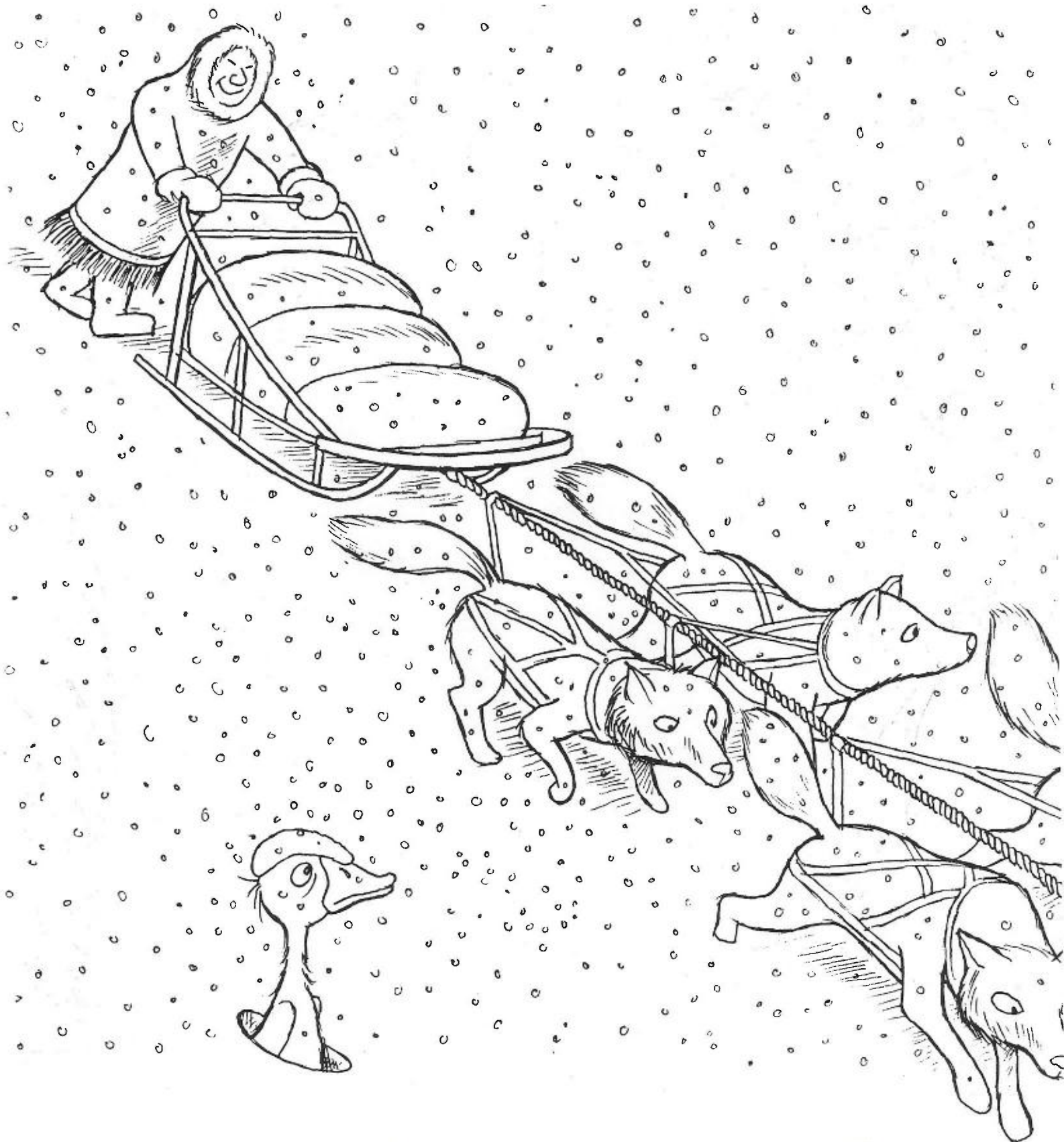
Summer becomes fall, and now it's snowing.  
The geese all know it's time to get going.  
Now, I know you'll think it's not very kind,  
But the geese flew South . . .

*and left Bruce behind!*



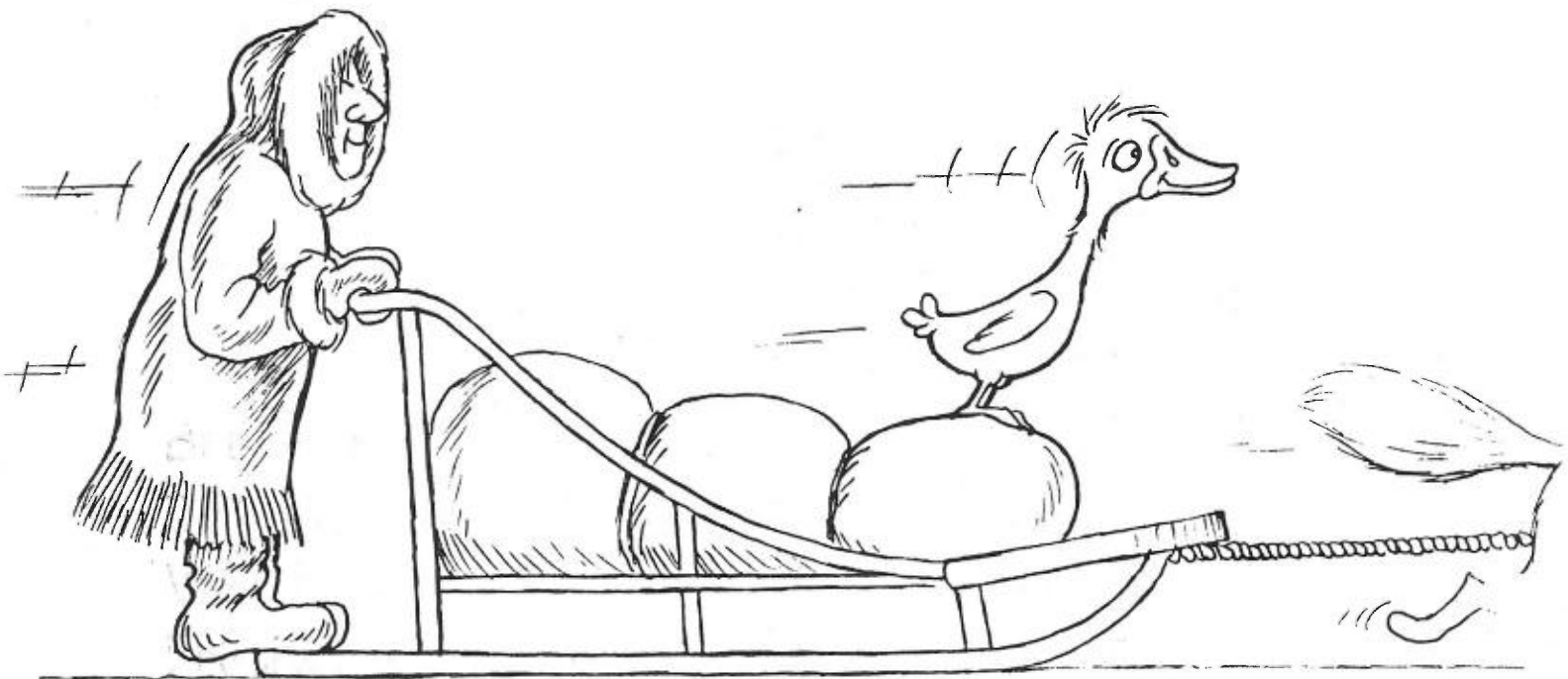
Bruce TRIES to fly -- he never stops!  
But he only flies in little hops.  
Well,  
Flying won't work. THAT we all know!  
So won't YOU tell him how to go?

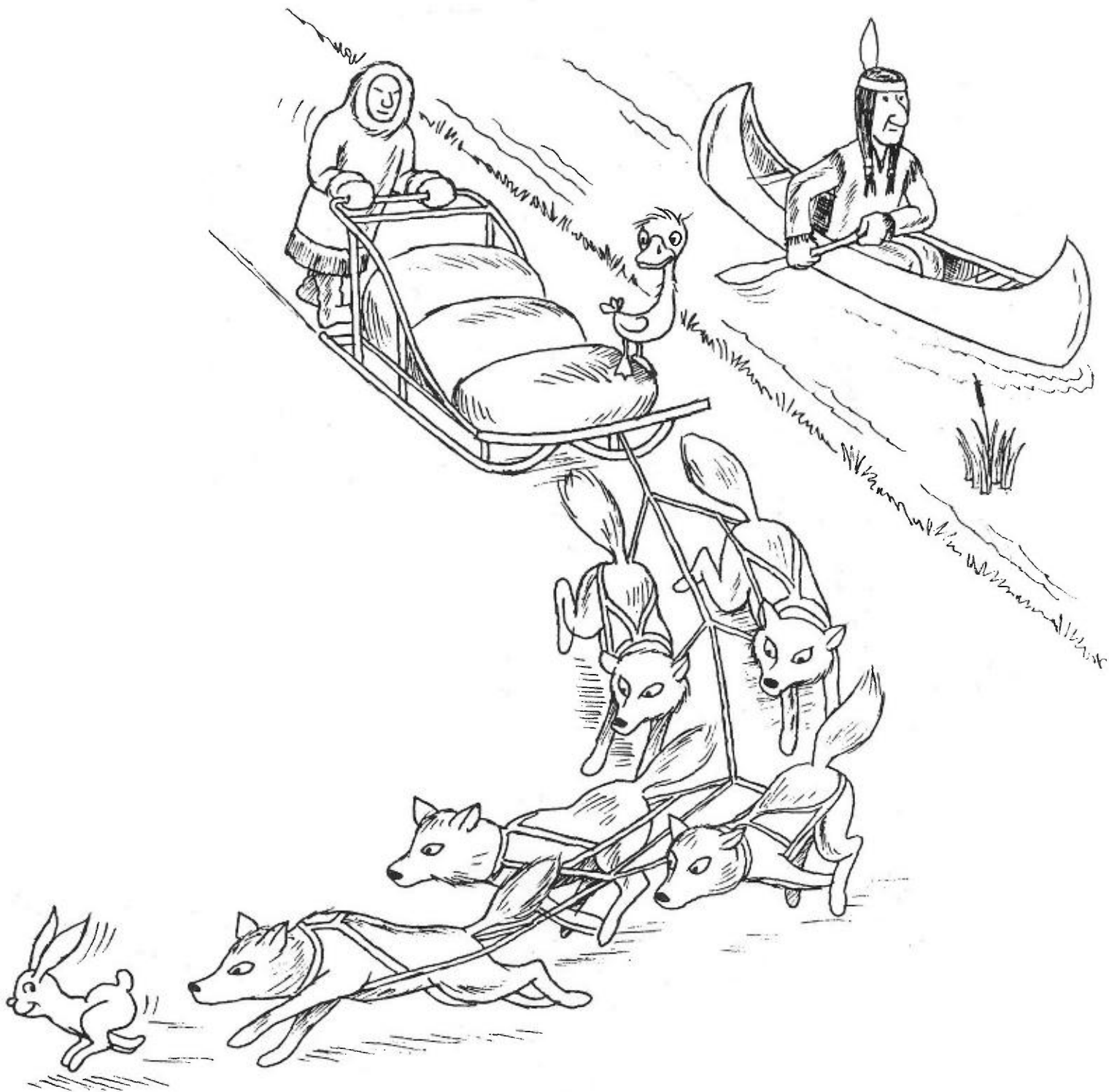




Look! An Eskimo, and he's headed South;  
*So this is the time to open your mouth!*  
Poor little Bruce will be frozen dead  
Unless you tell him to hop on the . . . .

# sled





He did what you said, and away they slide  
And whiz right by that Indian guide.  
But look at the rabbit -- the little pest!  
He's got the dogs all headed WEST!  
So speak right up, without further ado.  
Tell Bruce Goose to jump on the . . . .