**LITTLE DUCK AND YELLOW DUCKIE**

**by Jane Yolen, pictures by Elizabeth Dulemba**

1: FRONT COVER

2-3:

“Hello,” said Little Duck

to the newest duckling

who was very yellow and shiny.

4-5:

The newest duckling said nothing.

6-7:

“My name is Little Duck.”

The newest duckling said nothing again.

8-9

“What’s your Mama called?

asked Little Duck.

“Mine is called “Mama Duck.”

10-11:

Once more the newest duckling said nothing.

Loudly.

12-13:

“Do you have a sore throat?”

asked Little Duck.

“Is that why you’re not talking?

Are you tongue-tangled?

Do you not speak Duckling?”

Still silent, the newest duckling

stared at Little Duck.

14-15:

Suddenly, a big wave came and swept

Little Duck around to one side.

The newest duckling followed in her wake.

Little Duck looked over her shoulder.

The new duckling was very close behind.

“It’s not polite to follow so close,”

Little Duck said to the newest duckling.

The newest duckling didn’t answer.

Not even one word.

16-17:

Whatever had made the big wave

had big teeth as well.

It grabbed up the newest duckling,

then swam away with it.

<art: clearly a big dog, like a setter or springer spaniel>

Little Duck cried out, “Help! Mama! Help!”

18-19:

Mama Duck came quickly.

“What is wrong, Little Duck?”

“A big something with teeth

has grabbed my friend.”

“That was not a friend, Little Duck,”

said Mama . ”That is a Yellow Duckie.

It’s a toy.”

“What do you call someone

who listens to you?” Little Duck asked.

“Someone who follows you, even into a big wave?

“A friend,” said Mama.

20-21:

“Then Yellow Duckie *is* my friend,”

“though he can’t speak” Little Duck said.

“An even better friend, now that I know his name.”

22-23:

“And look- here he comes again!” said Little Duck

as Yellow Duckie came flying through the air,

and landed in a splash right by her side.

<art clearly has been thrown by the dog’s owner—maybe flying almost upside-down, wings still tightly furled at its side.>

24:

BACK COVER