



That's Not A Duck!

*Written and Illustrated by
Imelda B*

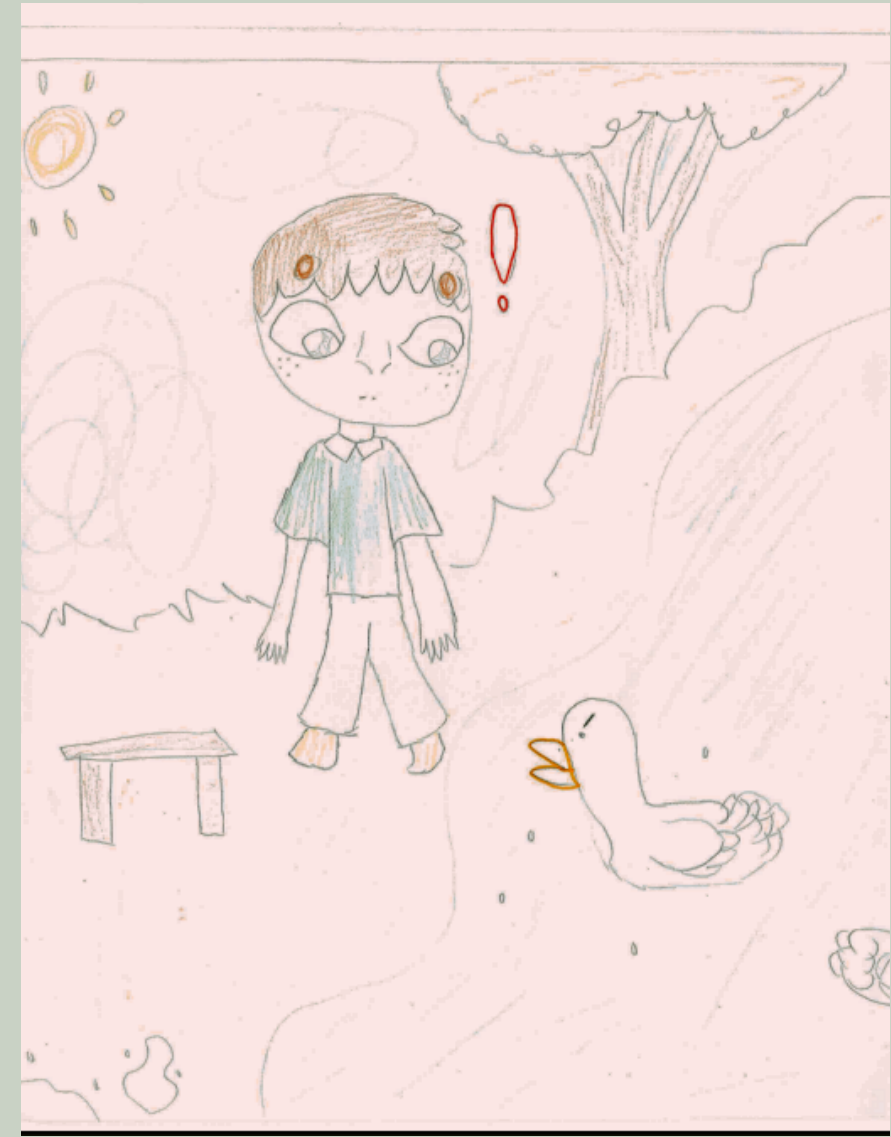
Hello! I'm Imelda B and I'm 10 years old. I love writing and drawing because it lets my creativity run all over the paper. I live in Australia with my mum, dad and my brother. The idea of this, my first book, came from my love of geese. This obsession began when I went camping and I encountered a goose, who seemed to hate me. It bared its teeth and looked me in the eye. I was obviously horrified!



A small little boy in a city far away, sat on a park bench. His name was Jay.



Today he was feeding the ducks, tiny little crumbs from a few sesame seed buns made the ducks have a full feeling in their tumms. A jolting "QUACK!" made him shiver, as he turned around to face the terror.



"That's not a duck!" Little Jay shouted. The big creature seemed livid, the orange of his magnificent beak was oh so vivid!



"QUACK!" the goose screeched. Baring his teeth, all Jay could do was make a scared little "squeak!"



Through the front door, into the home the noise level was of a high tone. "Leave me alone!" Jay spoke sadly, the goose's teeth scared him badly.



Despite being in a house, safe and sound, Jay couldn't help looking around. He felt empathy for the hungry goose, although he seemed like a tiger on the loose.



"That's it!" Jay would say. "I'm trying again, now and today!" If only this boy knew, the poor little boy had no clue.



The goose was at the front door, a look in his eyes told Jay he was rude in disguise. In fact all he wanted was a sesame seed bun, to fill up his feathery tum.



"Ooh!" Jay heard someone say, it was his sister Layla, looking for play. She took the big goose and led it into her room, where there was no gloom whatsoever, now and forever.



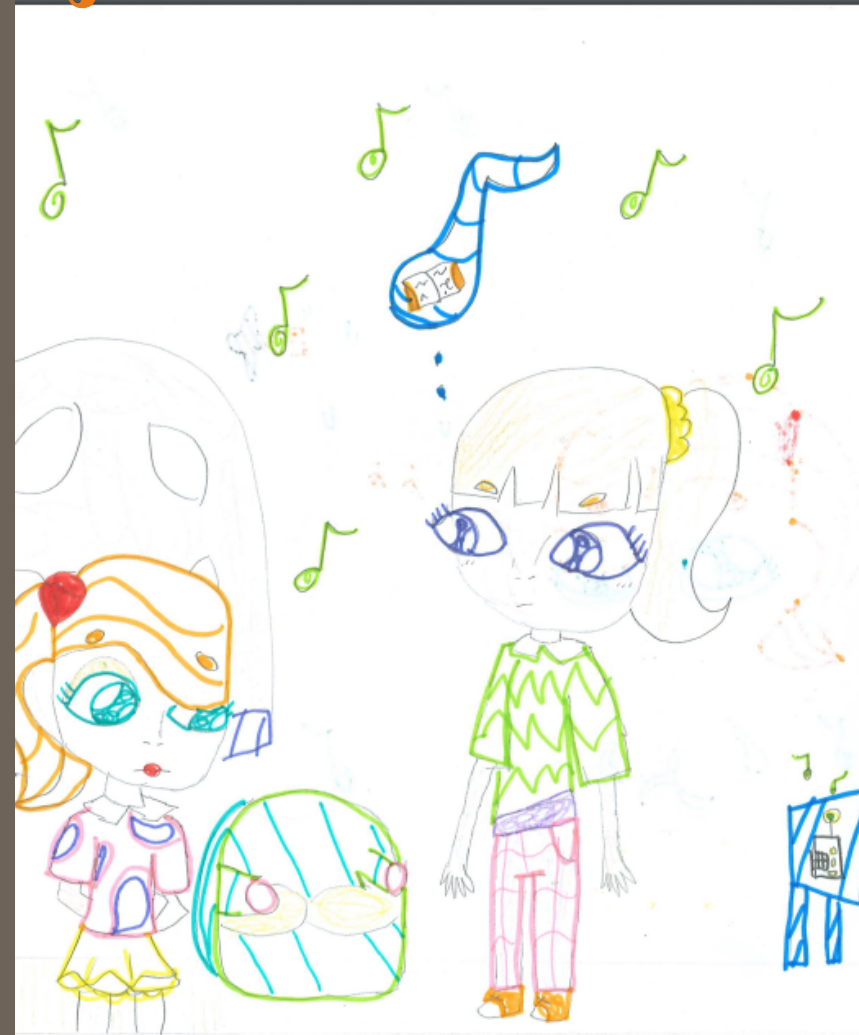
Whizz and wow! Boom and kapow! Our good friend
goose was looking quite pretty. After the makeup,
like a clown in the city. Layla liked it though.



Into the living room, one would presume, they were to watch television. But what they were actually doing had little to do with vision.



A happy song flowed through the home, once again, in a loud tone. Mother came in with a grim look. "Who is this goose, shouldn't you be reading a book?"



Layla explained, with Jay piping in, then Mother's frown turned into a grin. "My goodness! A new pet? Um, he is rather wet."



After begging and pleading, offering to do weeding,
Mother was beat, an eventual defeat.



Now the goose was never on the loose, in the family he was now. All because of the close encounter with Jay, now someone was happy to play.





When goose meets buns...

*When a trip to the park turns
into an unlikely chase, Jay's
friendless life changes.*

But will Mother allow it?