



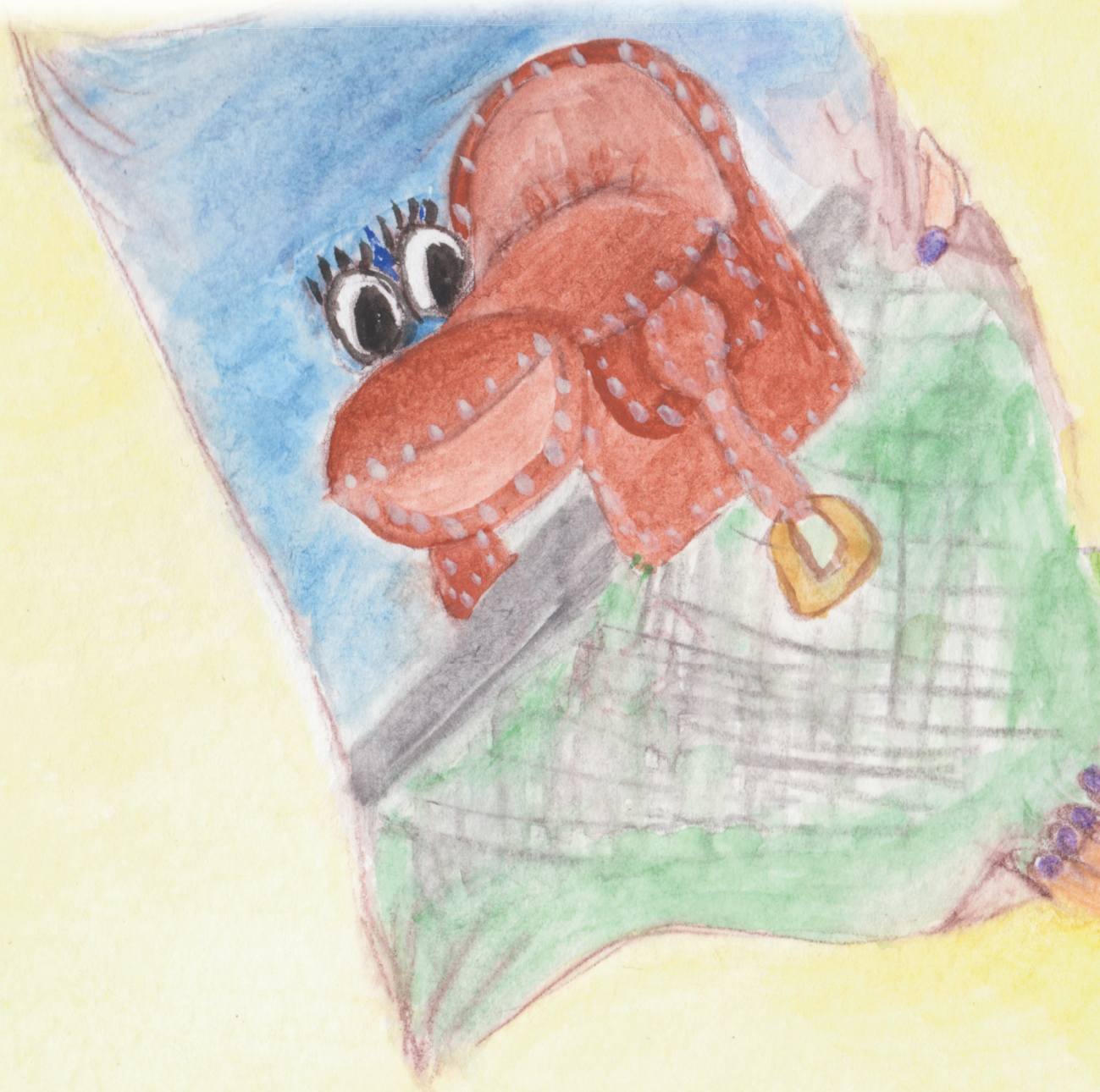
Excitement fluttered through children all around. They searched every library, in every small town.

They rampaged the shelves and toppled every book. Sally's interest grew, and she longed to have a look.

From a tall bookshelf, Sally sailed down a selfie.
“I’ll find out what’s happening.” She thought
herself stealthy.

A young girl grabbed the picture. Her mouth
opened wide.

“I found one! I found mine!” she excitedly
cried!







"I don't like to see
unhappy faces!"

Ooo



“Uh-hum,” Sally began, “that picture belongs to me.”

The young girl frowned, “Oh, of course, now I see.”

The sad look on her face made Sally’s hide quiver, “Well, if you really need it ...” Sally smiled a sliver.

