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Ram-for-inkus. ca. 1940/1943

Ings, Marvel Y.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], ca. 1940/1943

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Ram-for-inkus

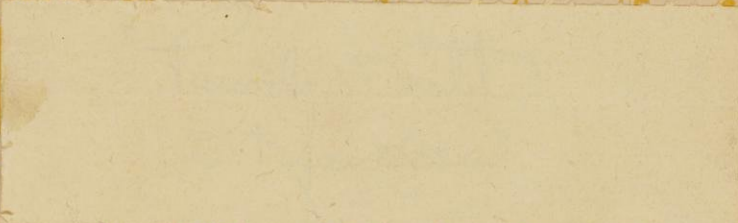




Little Golden Books



This book belongs to



RAM - FOR - INKUS



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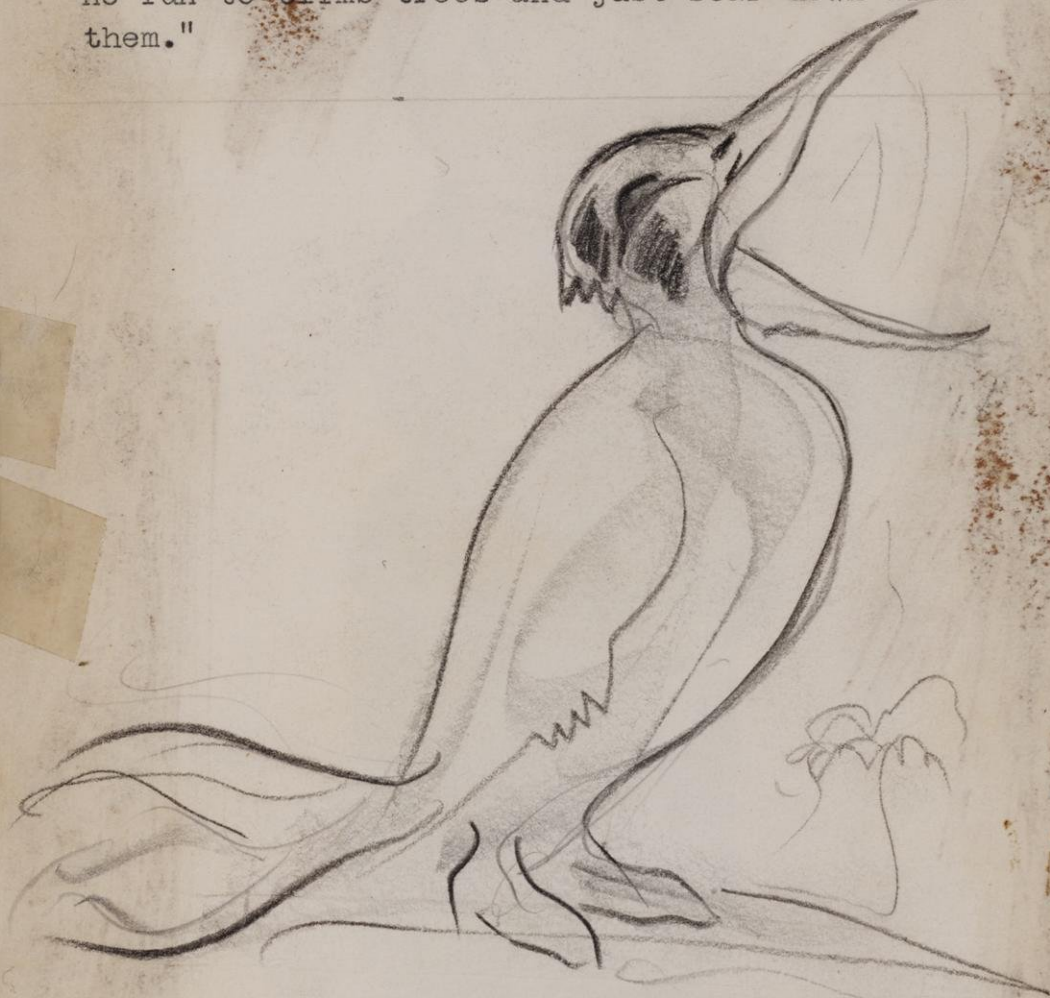
of Golden Books, and a firm, young, born and
graduates of Pratt Institute, and did commercial art
working career of a girl working for a
young man, Peter, who was a
Floisey, and a young man, and any
show made him a young man's books.
Among the more than thirty she has done are the
Little Golden Books, *The New Year in the Forest*
and *Noises and Mr. Elbert's Job*.

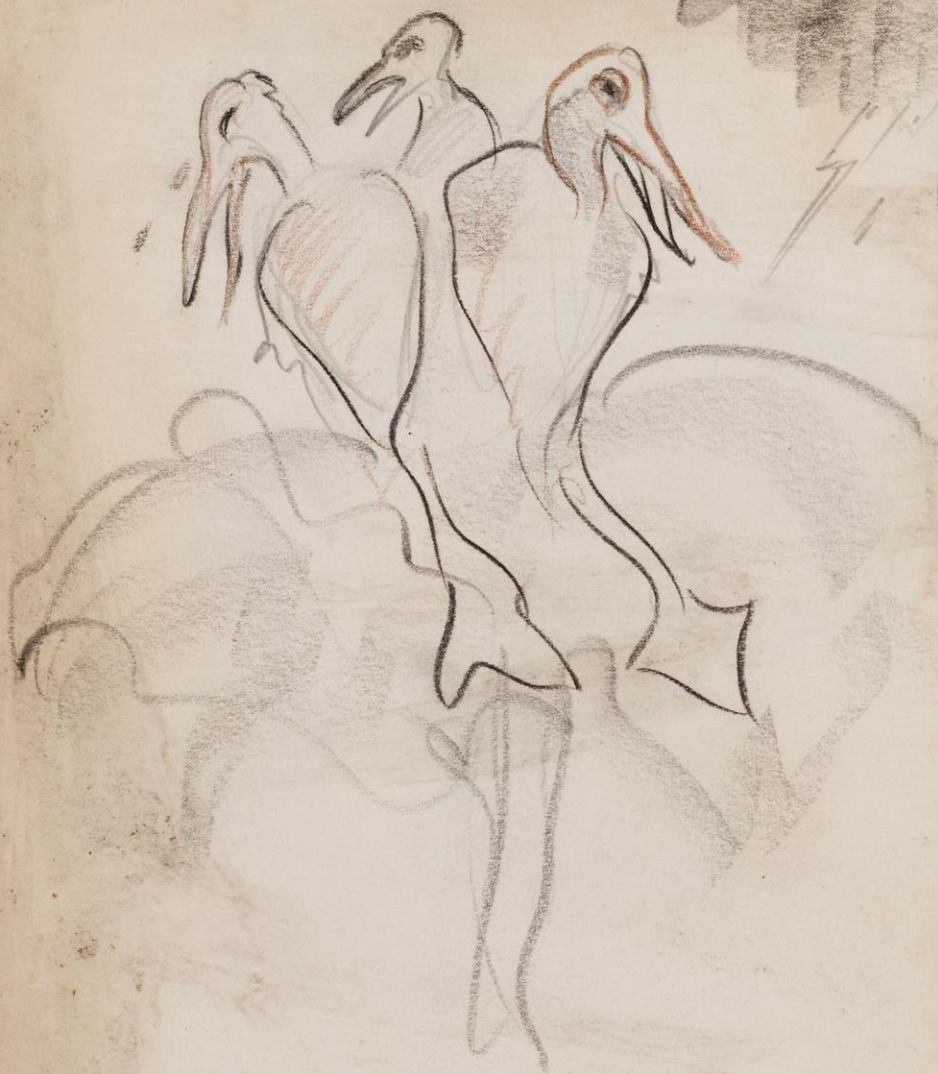


Oh me, oh my," sighed Ram-for-inkus, the lizard. "I sit here and sit here, day after day. If only I could learn to fly!"

He wiggled his tail that looked like a kite,
and opened his mouth in a great, big yawn.

"I wish I could fly," he said again. "It's
no fun to climb trees and just soar down from
them."

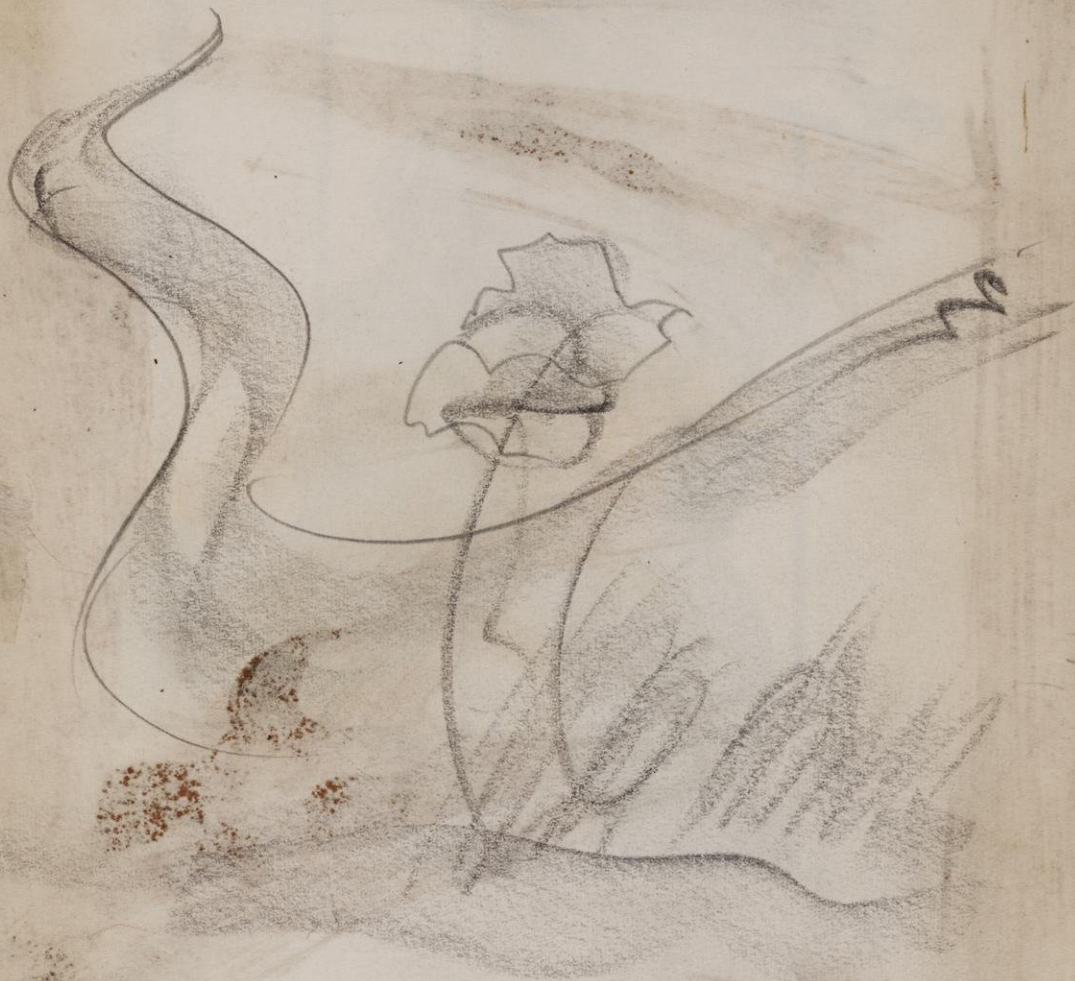




"Why can't we fly?" the tree-lizards wondered. And off in the distance the dark sky thundered.

The thunder came closer and closer and closer.

Then the tree-lizards discovered it wasn't thunder at all. It was Bronte Saurus so huge and so tall, who came crashing and crashing through the thick forest.



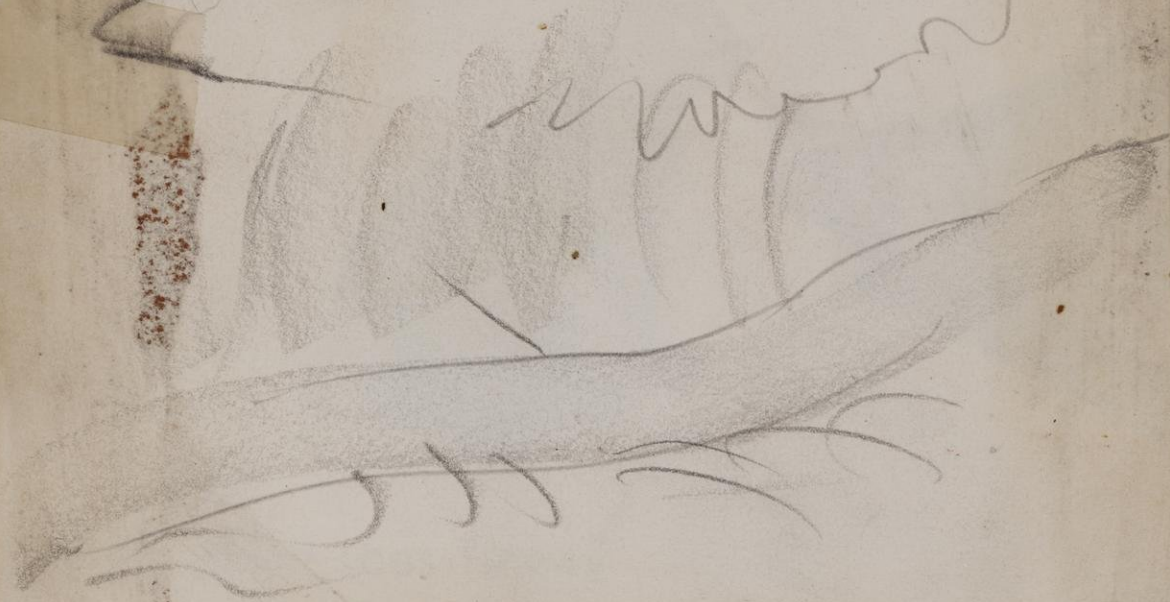


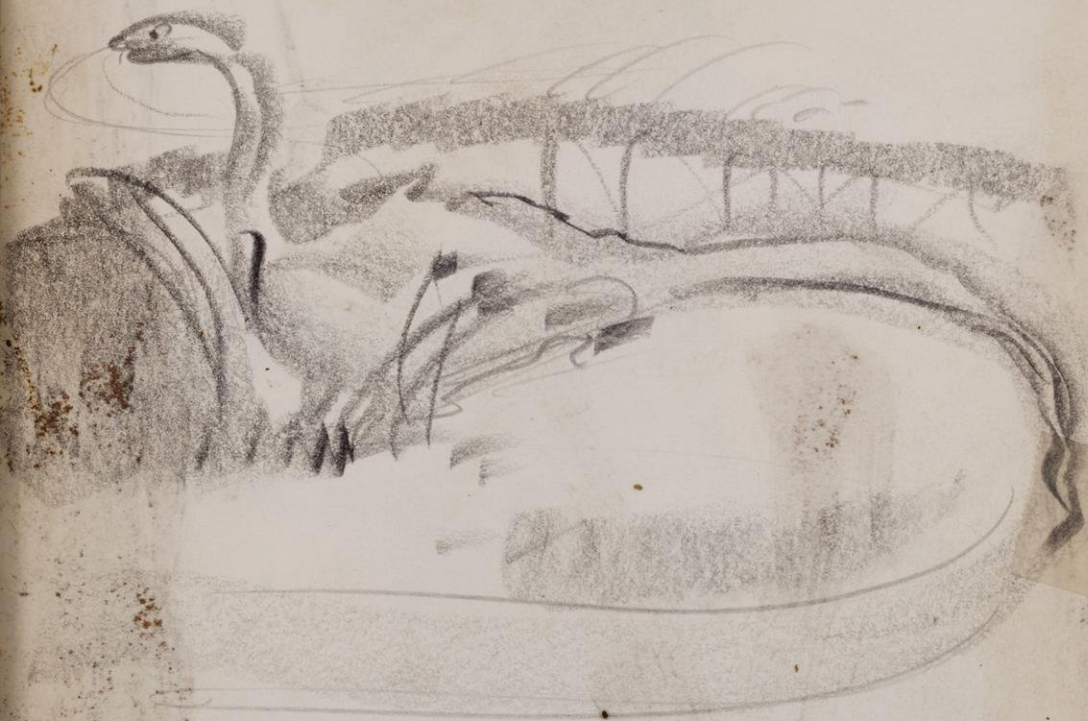


"Look!" exclaimed the tree lizards gathered around. "See how his tail drags along on the ground." Bronte, the dinosaur, raised up his head. "It's hard walking on this bumpy ground," he said. "You needn't laugh either and say I should diet. Lizards as funny as you are had better stay quiet."



With rumbles and groans, Bronte went on his way. And with each step he took, the trees quivered and swayed. Then he changed his mind and came back again. It was better, he thought, to have his directions plain.

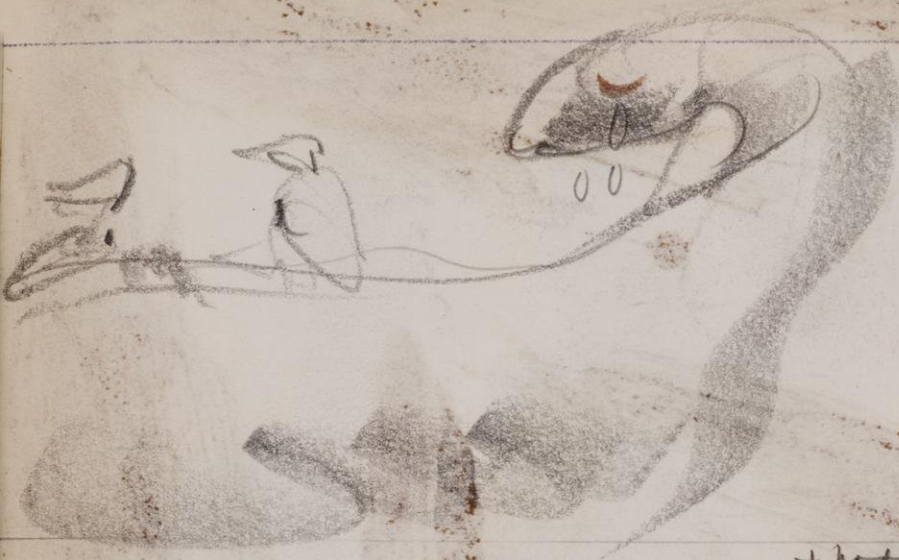




"Now stop laughing," he said, "and tell me where I can find water. I'm so hungry my legs won't support me much longer."

"We'll tell you!" the tree lizards teased.
"If we can slide down your back when we please."





Bronte raised his huge, brown eyes. Great ^{all} tear drops spilled down by his side as he watched the the lizards running to and fro on the tree branches.

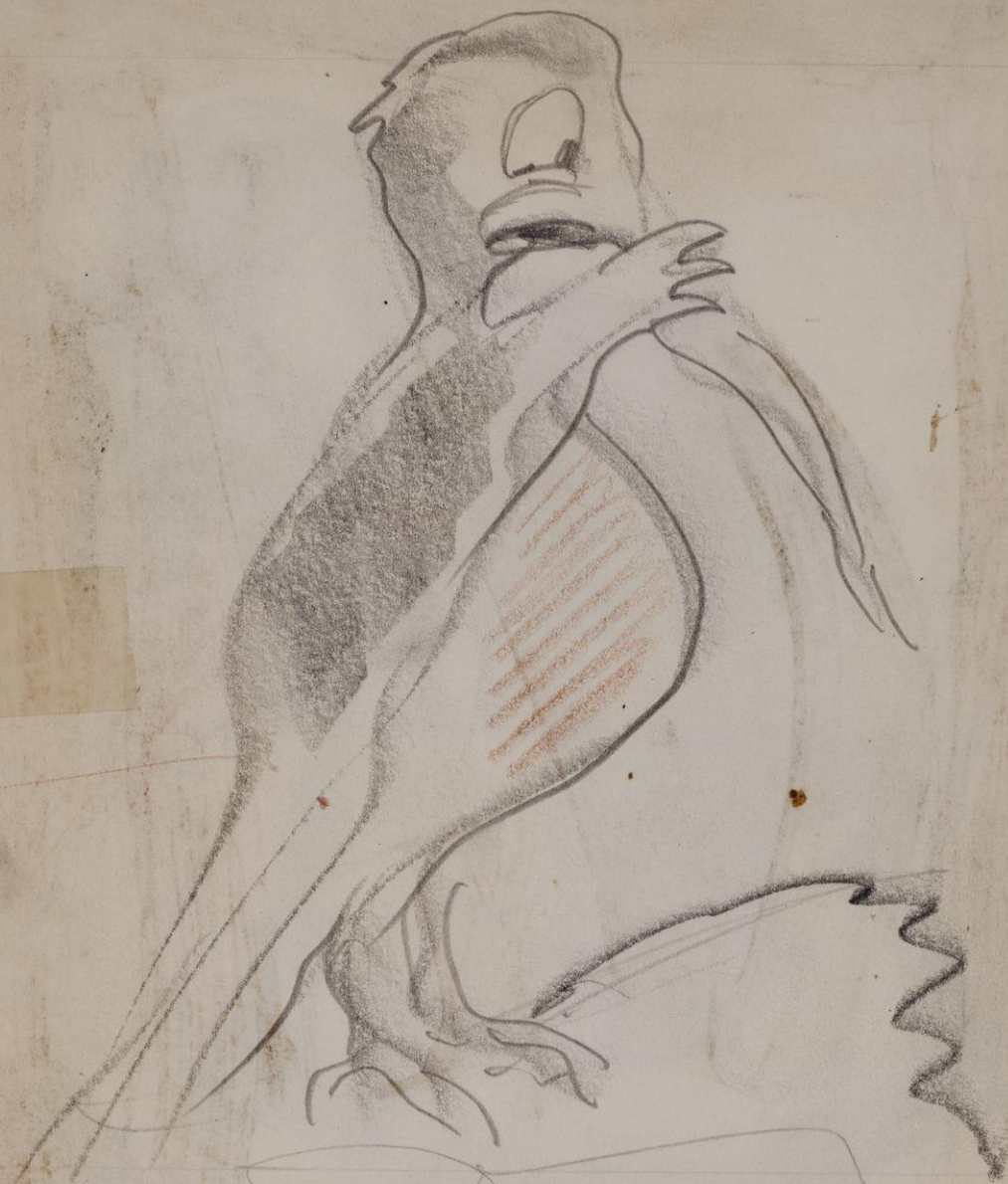
"We have a slide," they exclaimed with glee, and soared from the tree tops to enjoy their new toy, the dinosaur's back.

The lizards gathered around Bronte's tail. Then, step by step, they climbed to the top, taking a rest when they chose at each vertebrae stop.

Bronte held still. He was too tired to move. All he wanted was the feel of soft water to sooth his aching and tired body.

The lizards cackled and chortled as they soared to the ground. They flapped their wings and they were sure they could fly.

"We can fly," some of them ^{chortled} screamed. "We have learned to fly."



And Ram-for-inkus from Bronte's head, tickled his nose with his claws, and said:

"If you fellows can fly, well so can I."

He flapped his wings and then soared in the air. But instead of flying, he sailed to where the lizards were waiting down on the ground. They were gathered together on the top of a mound where they waited and watched without making a sound.



Ram-for-inkus came to earth with a thud and a clatter that wasn't as loud as his lizard-friends' laughter.

"Try it again," they all shouted together.
"Try it again and then try it again."



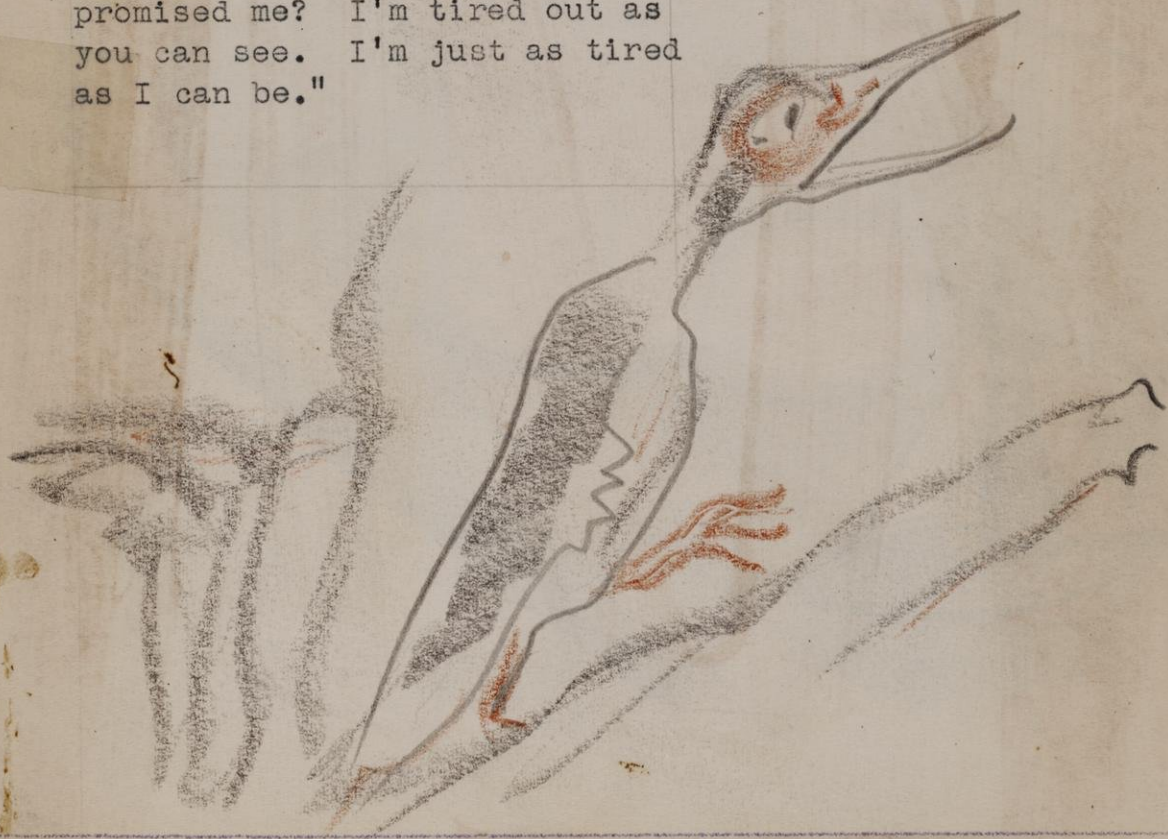
Ram-for-inkus looked about with a frown on his face, and he envied each friend who was a flying ace.

"I'll do it this time," ^Rhe said with a vow.
"I'll do it this time, or I'll quit trying now!"



So up Bronte's back he walked again, but Bronte ~~was~~ tired and his legs ached with pain. He stretched his long neck, and looked around to where the lizards were waiting for Ram-for-inkus to fly to the ground.

"Goodness, me," Bronte said, "Where is that water you promised me? I'm tired out as you can see. I'm just as tired as I can be."





"It's over there toward the North," the lizards pointed, and Bronte set forth with Ram-for-inkus riding and shouting on his back.







"Oh," Bronte sighed, "here it is." And he walked right in up to his hips with Ram-for-inkus shouting and jumping. The water rolled and swelled as Bronte walked into it. You could easily see why he liked it.



Bronte stood still and enjoyed the cool water, while the lizards on shore rollicked with laughter at Ram-for-inkus still on his back.



"Take me to shore," Ram-for-inkus cried, and pleaded and tried and tried to make Bronte take him to shore.

"Why don't you fly?" Bronte asked. And the lizard answered "It's too great a task for one who is just learning."

"All right," Bronte said, "I'll take you to shore." So he backed up a bit through the water that was rolling and splashing.

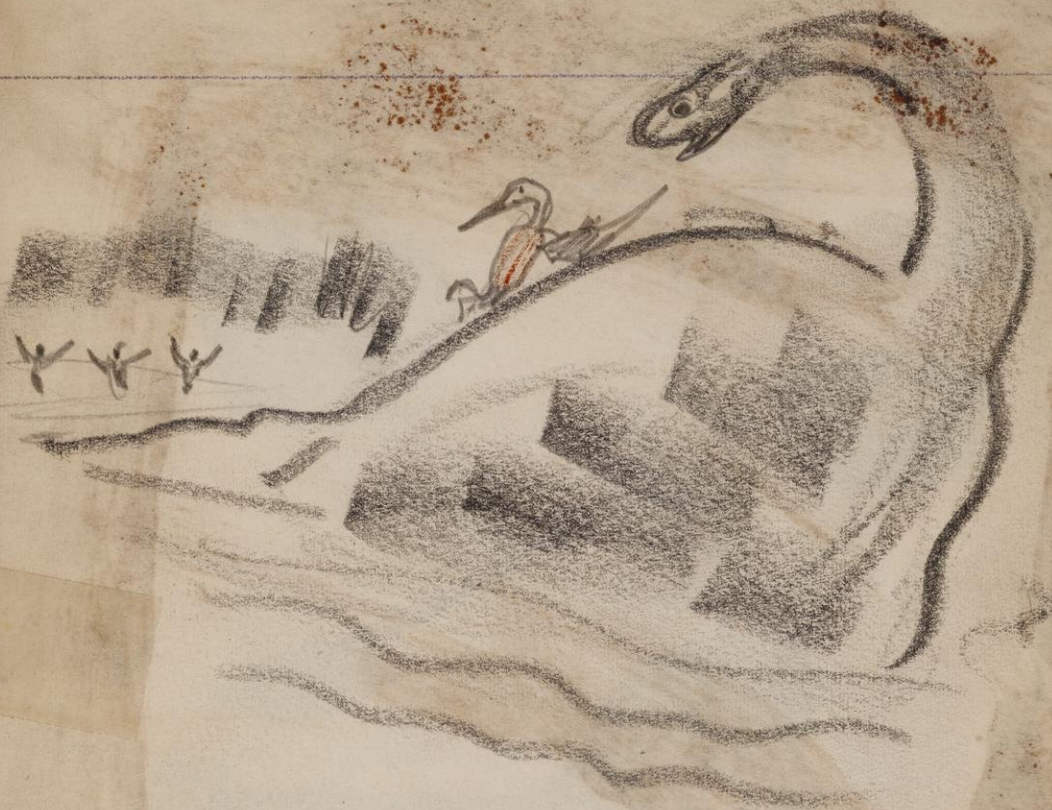


When he was close
to land he stretched out
his tail until it
touched the sand where
the lizards were dashing
back and forth on the
beach.





Then he turned his head and looked at Ram-for-inkus still perched on his back. "Why try to be a bird?" he asked with a smile. "Just be yourself. Now slide down my tail, it's not more than a mile. If you hold on tight, you won't get wet. Get ready now. Are you all set?"



When Ram-for-inkus was ready, Bronté held his tail steady for the journey from his back to the shore.

"All set," said the lizard, anxious to go. "I hope it's not fast, because I'd rather go slow."

"Just a minute," said Bronté, "before you leave. I have something to say that you must believe. Ask those who have tried it and to you they will tell, that you'd best not try flying when you can soar so well."



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