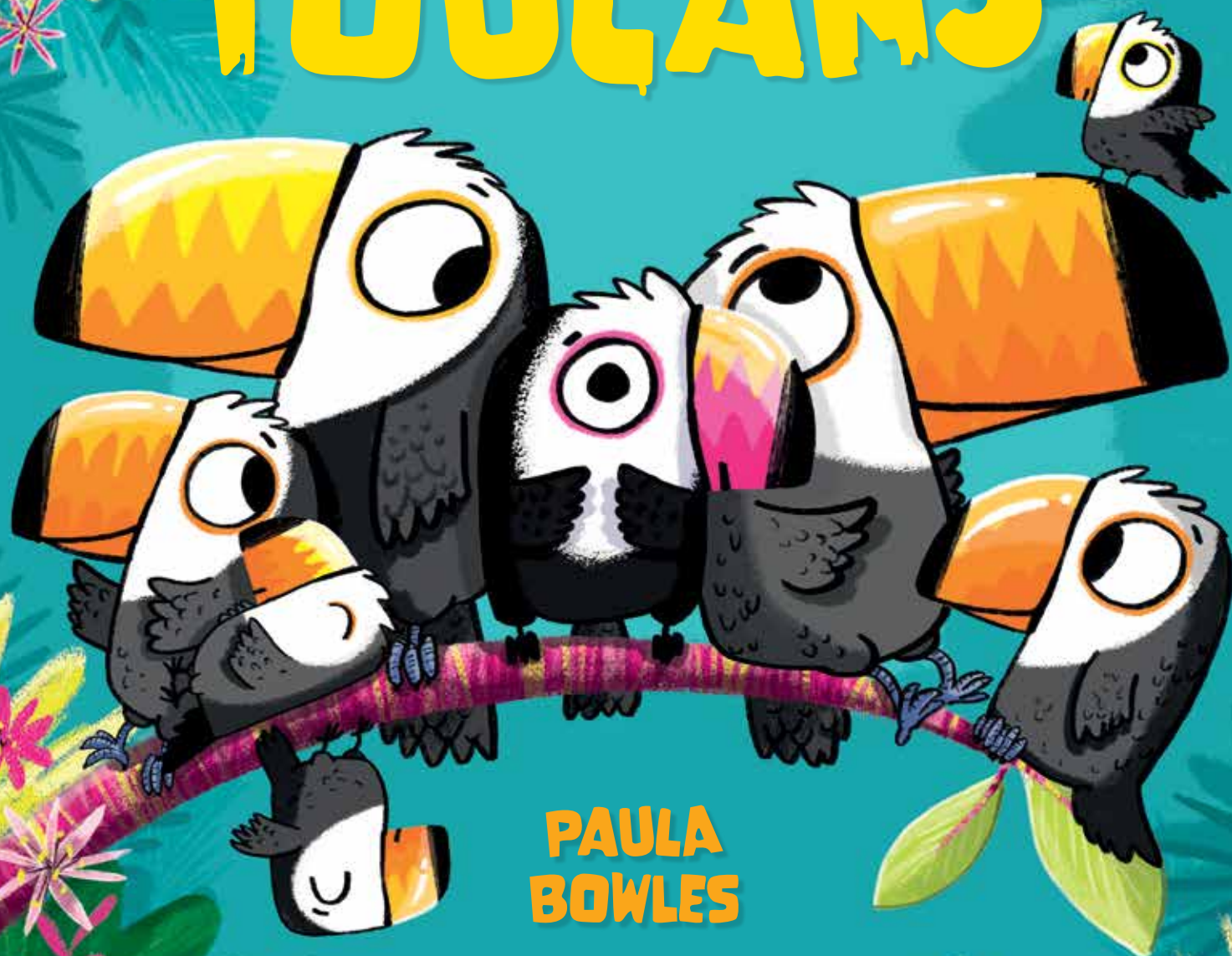


TOO MANY TOUCANS



PAULA
BOWLES

TOO MANY TOUCANS

BY PAULA BOWLES



Flip-flap-flip-flap!

Poor Toco's wings were
running out of puff.

"Perhaps I'll just land here
and rest for a while," he sighed.

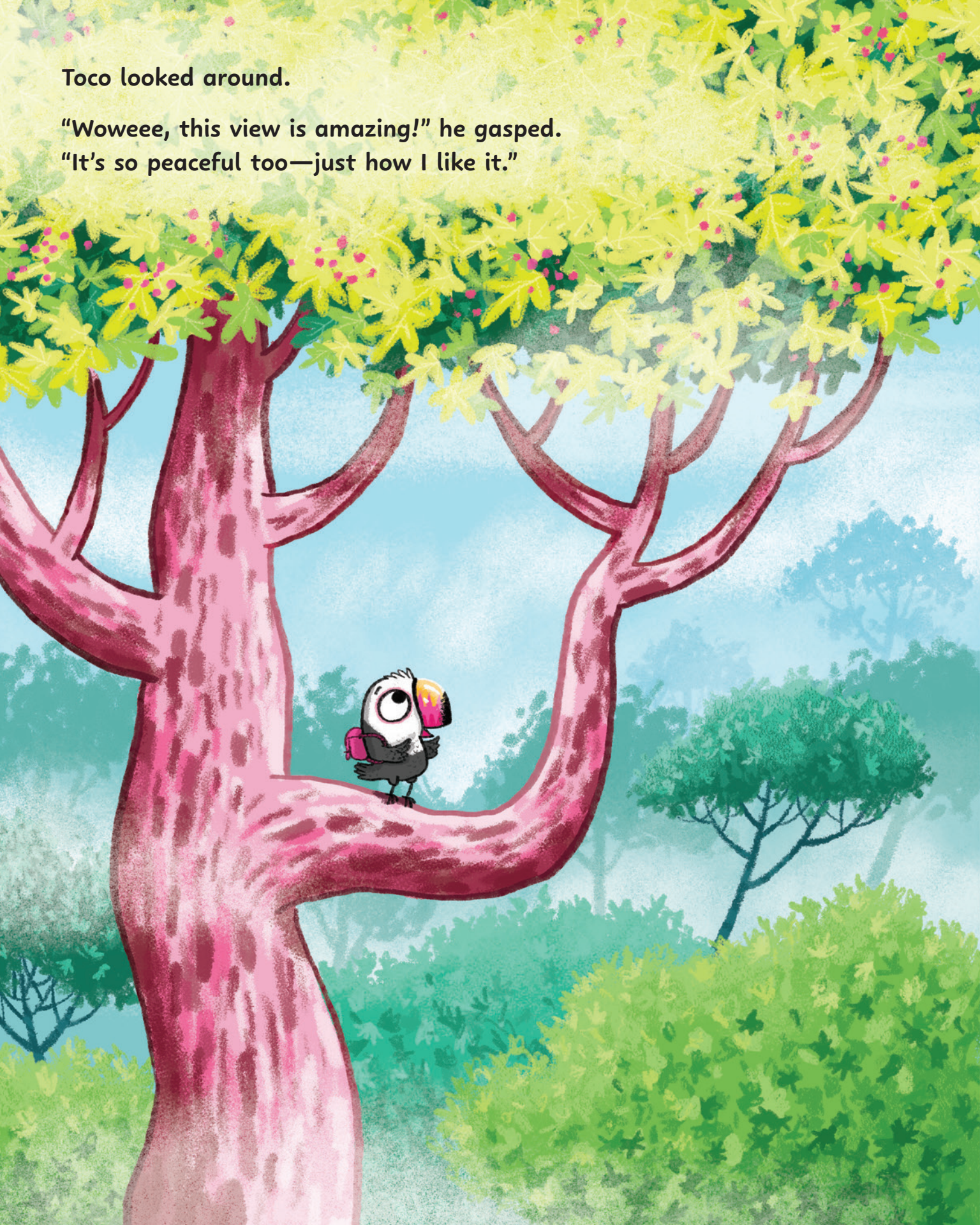
Finding a new home was hard!



Toco looked around.

"Woweee, this view is amazing!" he gasped.

"It's so peaceful too—just how I like it."



Leafy and shady, the tree
was full of sweet berries!



"Wouldn't this make
a nice home?"

Toco made a plan
for his treehouse.

"Warm and cozy, with a green leafy roof,
a kitchen to make sweet berry cakes,
and flowers for the butterflies!"



He hoped the neighbors
were friendly.

Just then:

"Coo-eeeeee!"

It was a toucan in a hard hat.
"Building a treehouse? I can help!"

Toco really wanted to make new
friends. "Oh! Yes, please!"



"You'll need six windows!"
squawked the hard hat toucan.

In Toco's plan there were
only four.



"Ermmmm," Toco mumbled quietly,
feeling shy.

But the hard hat toucan had already
started. Sawing...hammering...banging...

Well, what's a few extra windows?



Just then:
"yooo-hooooooo!"