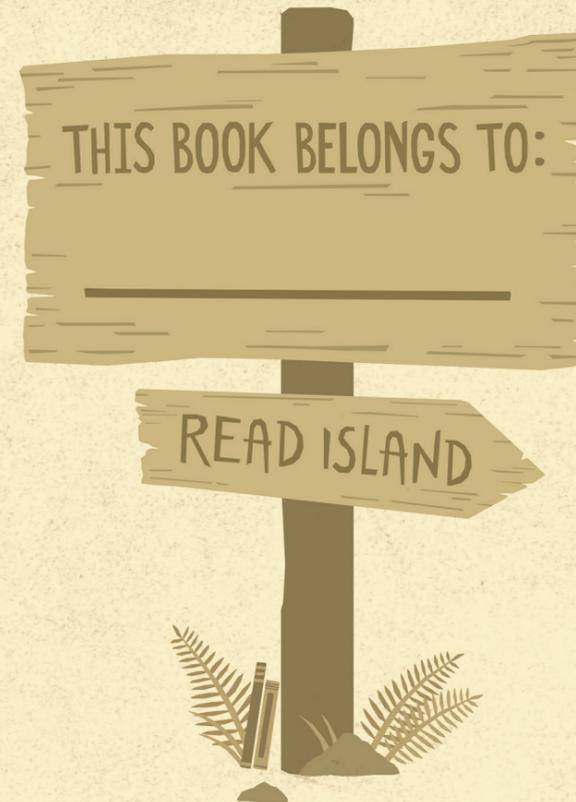
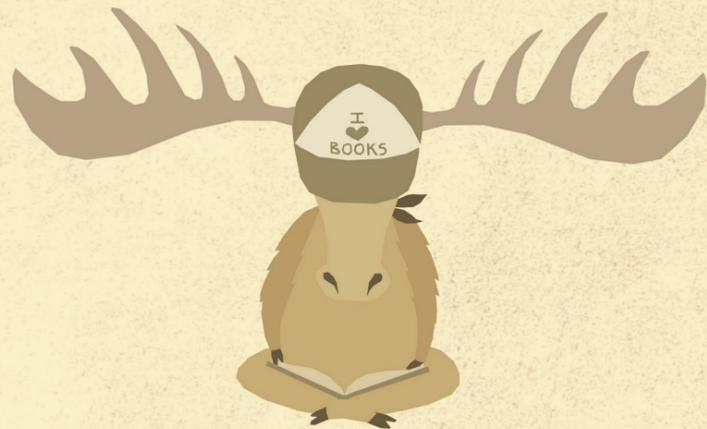


PASTE DOWN



READ ISLAND

TO SILAS, MY LITTLE MAN OF THE FOREST

- N.M.

TO TOBYN, MY BOOK-LOVING BOY

- A.F.

ABOUT THIS BOOK

The illustrations for this book were drawn by hand and rendered digitally. This book was edited by Sandy Ferguson Fuller and Bethany Strout. Art direction and design was by Sasha Illingworth. The display text was set in Adobe Garamond Pro, and the display type was hand-lettered by Alice Feagan. This book was printed in North Mankato, Minnesota on paper from responsible sources.

Text copyright © 2021 by Nicole Magistro, illustration copyright © 2021 by Alice Feagan, cover design by Sasha Illingworth, cover copyright © 2021 by Read Island, LLC. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the publisher except the case of brief quotations used in articles or reviews. • For more information contact Read Island at 225 Main Street C104, Edwards, CO 81632 or through our website myreadisland.com • ISBN 9781736523308 • Library of Congress Control Number 2021939364 • First edition, 2021



READ ISLAND

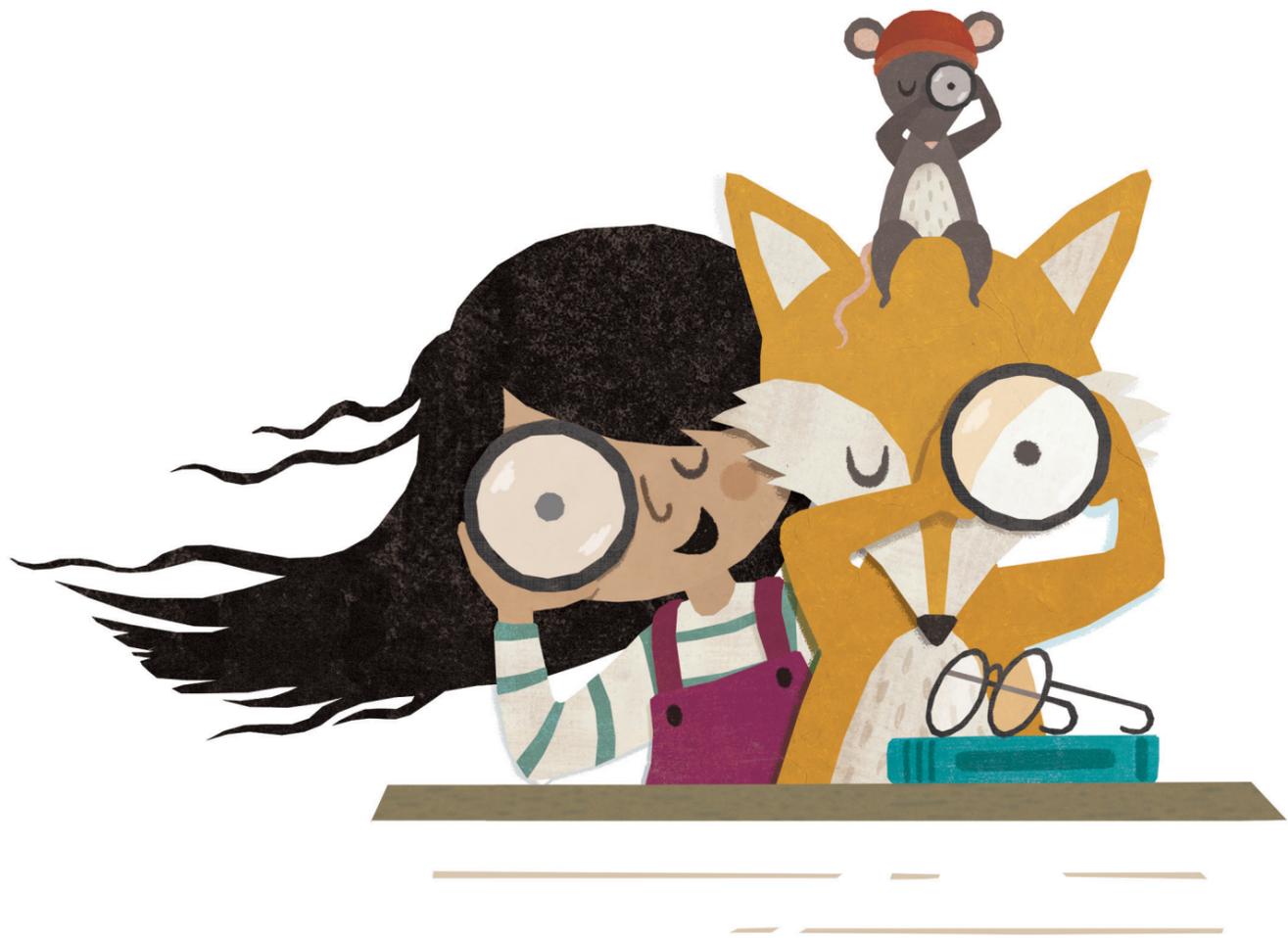
WRITTEN BY
NICOLE MAGISTRO

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALICE FEAGAN





There is a place beneath the stars
That welcomes friends from near and far.
Just after dawn, the sun peeks through.
The mighty sea makes way for you.



Past rocky cliffs and cozy nooks,
You'll find an island made of books.





A sea wolf howls. Her lilting cry
 Is like a soothing lullaby.
 Every creature knows that sound –
 They know it's safe to come around.

Each one comes here for story time,
For books with pictures, prose, and rhyme.

29
Bah, Bah, a black Sheep,



Bah, Bah a black Sheep,
Have you any Wool,
Yes merry have I,
Three Bags full,
One for my Master,
One for my Dame,
One for my little Boy
lives in the lane.

THE GREAT ALPHABETICAL TABLE
The first letter of the Alphabet is A B C
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
For every well-to-do household
Apple, Ball, Cat, Dog, Fish, Frog, Goose, Hen, Horse, Lamb, Lion, Mouse, Pig, Sheep, Snake, Stag, Tiger, Unicorn, Wolf, Yew, Zebra



EVERY ONE WHO COULD WALK, CREEP, OR FLY
HEADED FOR THE OLD BRIAR-PATCH.

When he thought them home to his mother instead of the money he expected, he was very angry and stood many hours waiting for his folks. He was very angry, and mother and son went to bed on a chilly day night; their last hope seemed gone.

PETER PLANS A JOURNEY

very minute to call on all my old friends. My, my, my, it seems an age since I visited the Smiling Pool and saw Grandfather Frog and Jerry Muskrat and Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter! Mr. Coyote sounded as if he really meant to leave me alone, but, but—well, perhaps he did mean it when he saw me sitting here safe among the brambles, but if I should meet him out in the open, he might change his mind and—oh, dear, his teeth are terrible long and sharp!

Peter sat a little longer, thinking and thinking. Then a bright idea popped into his head. He kicked up his heels.

"I'll do it," said he. "I'll

NORTH POINTS

THE
There were two children—the lower who were given portions which they had to share in with their older brothers, whose own portions were larger than theirs.

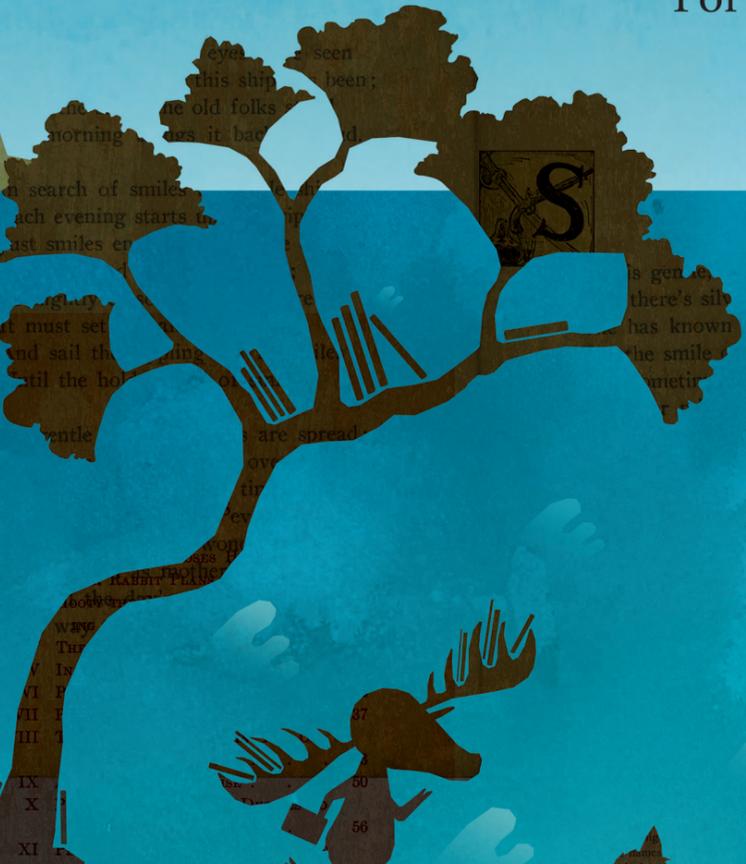
Map showing North Points and various geographical features like mountains, rivers, and a compass rose.

- XIII LITTLE MISS FUZZYTAIL
- XIV SOME ONE FOOLS OLD JED TRUMPER
- XV A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR PETER
- XVI PETER RABBIT'S LOOKING-CLASS
- XVII PETER MEETS MISS FUZZYTAIL

"I BELIEVE I'M JUST LONESOME," SAID PETER.

One Upon A Time
DRAWING
1907 26 1903
SECTION

Copies of Sunday lies prepared for acts by...



A grizzly lumbers from her cave.



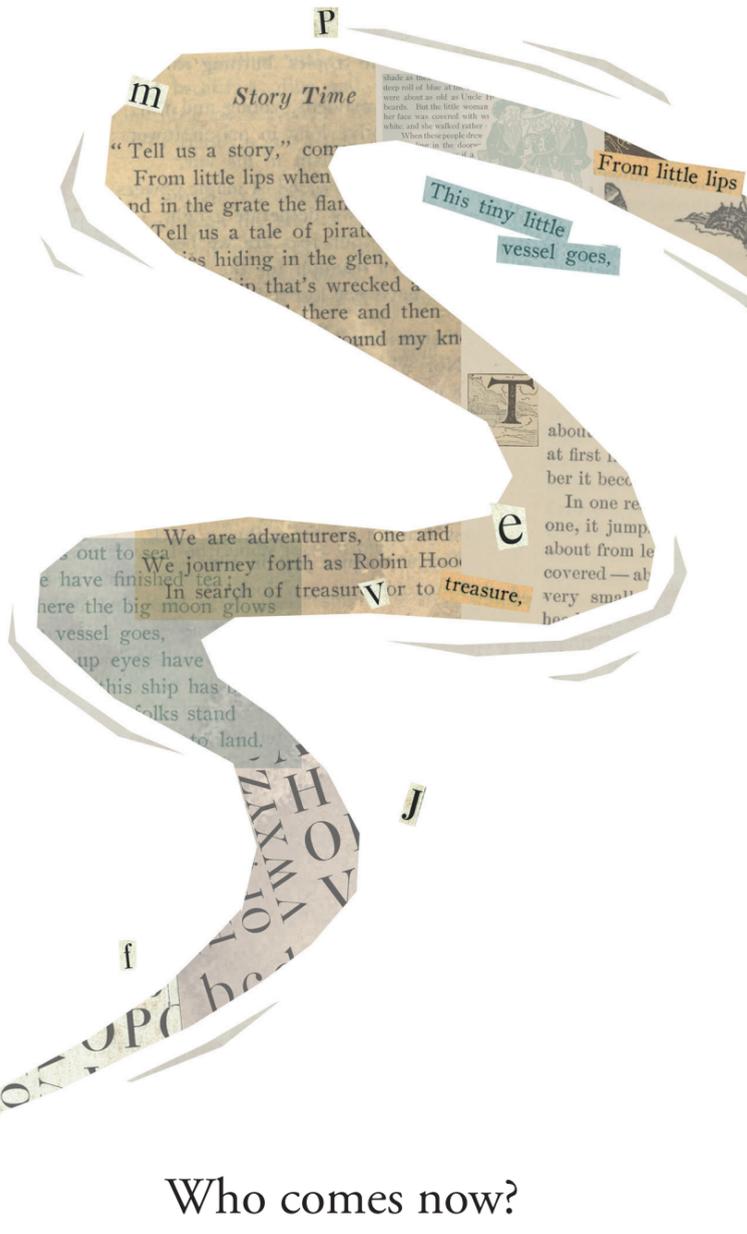
An eagle lands,



a humpback waves.



A moose sniffs at the salty air.



Who comes now?



Rare spirit bear.



From high up in the snowy peaks,
A gang of elk can hear wolf speak.
Cascading downhill, young and old,
Quick – before the tale unfolds.

Now fox arrives with cougar, mouse,
And butterflies to fill the house.
Joyfully they congregate,
Circling in to celebrate.



BOOK NOOK

LIBRARY CARD
NAME: Oct 17 1984
ADDRESS: Oct 2 1984
OCT 20 1984
NOV 13 1984
DEC 1 1984
JAN 1 1985
JAN 21 1985
JAN 26 1985

TURTLE'S STORY 127

keeping up the conversation a
"said the Duchess: and the
at is "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love,
the world go round!"
body said, "Alice whispered,
done by everybody minding
business!"
"I'll dig the same
dug up Alice's shoulder as
moral of that is—
sense, and the sounds
of themselves."
she is of finding morals
Alice thought to herself.
say you're wondering why
my arm round your waist," the
cause: "if the reason
out the temper
I try the

beautified him abo
and stouter than
ns favorably as beir
in the many trial
hen, when they we
"said he, "alderme
may speak even a
oe, has found his w
ast or west. He war
Let us then get o
ore him. Indeed,
n able to complain
ugh. Let us draw
de a voyage—and i
ig sailors. Then w
wn seat, leave the
I will supply you
o the young men v
and town council
the cloisters. I can
o sing to us; for the
o sing about."
then led
ent to fet
seashore
the shipping
bars to the
ese, and s
e way out
e of King Alcinous.
ore filled with crowd

BOOK VIII

struck with the appe
him about the head
ter than he really was
ly as being a very reman
many tri
from them



or it began. A
I up in the cot
I into moths, wh
sited their eggs
s the "Guide to the st
at in Alabama.

me deed of dater
Our hearts are ey
take a solemn
defender of the
brave the warr
climb the m
attle to the
ho world do
pitch our camp
on the tro
rescue made
id captive b
slay the vill
or we're poss
though we
then by our
always trium
We have no l
matters not how
Nor where our
never get so f
That we must
matters not how
How many foe
We always requir



Can you join them?
Just be still.
Breathe in.
Breathe out.
Listen well.

Relax, observe, explore, let's go!
Remember this, a story flows.



From out to in, from here to there –
Books can take you anywhere.



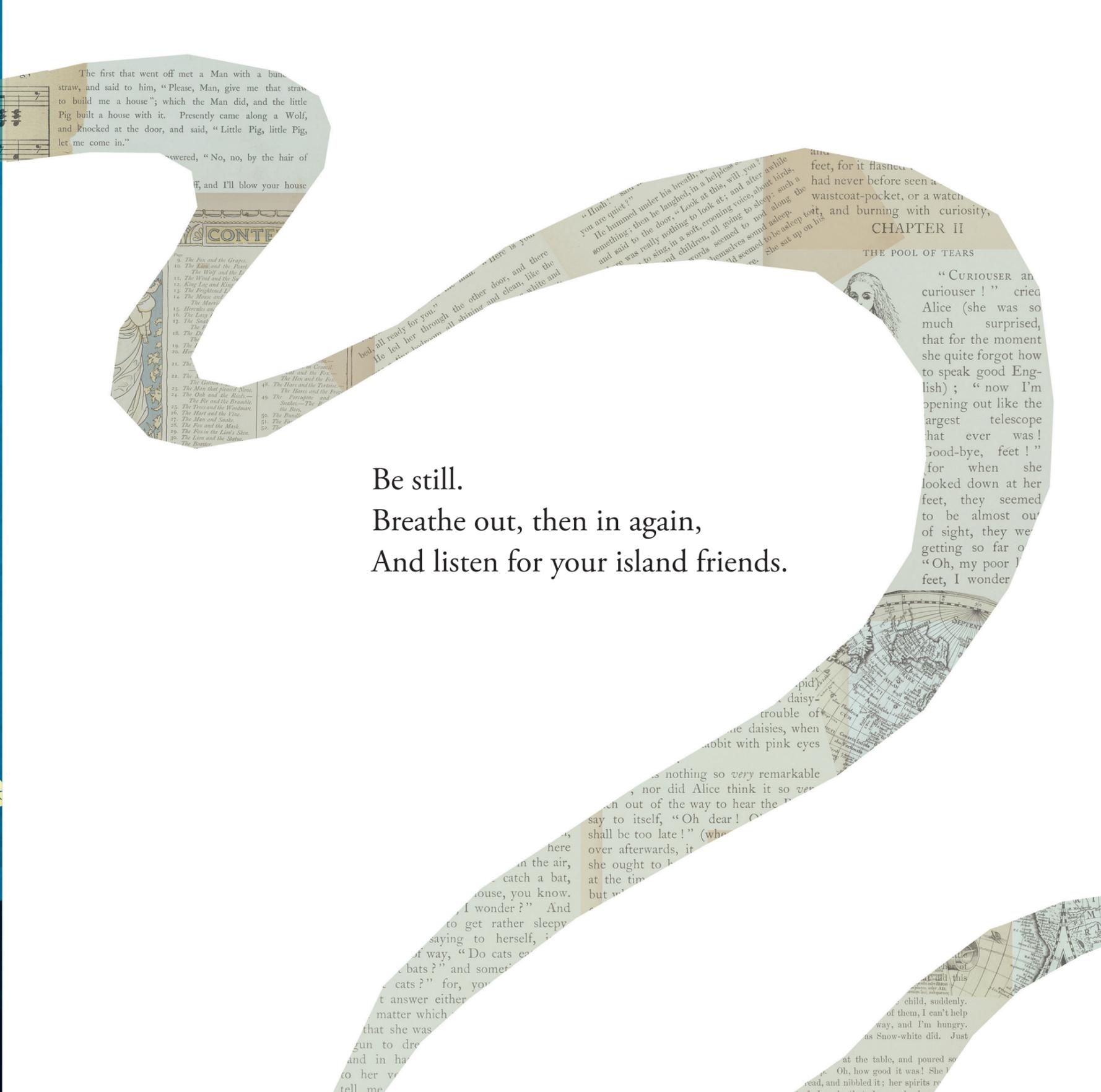
To the city, into space,
To a very quiet place,
To a rainbow reaching high,
To the deepest darkest sky.



Back to the sea where stories float,
Set sail upon your tiny boat.
The map inside is all you need,
It brings you here each time you read.



For make-believe though it may look,
There is an island made of books.
This world of stories, safe and true,
Is always here to welcome you.



Be still.
Breathe out, then in again,
And listen for your island friends.



PASTE DOWN