



Monkey Me

AND THE
Golden Monkey

BY
TIMOTHY ROLAND



**To Mom and Dad
-T.R.**

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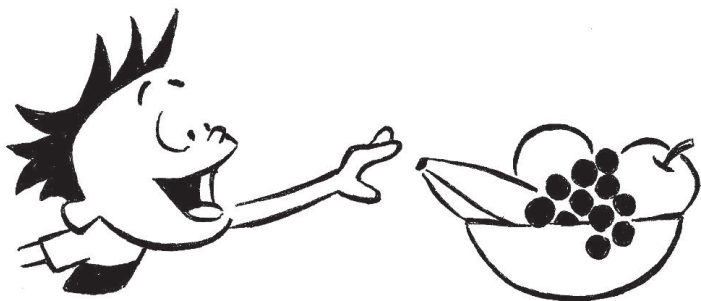
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chapter 1

Keep Moving!

“Stop!” my teacher, Miss Plum, said. “It might not be safe!”

I kept reaching for the banana.



“Clyde!” Miss Plum knocked my hand away. “Were you listening?”

I nodded.

But I wasn't.



Well, I did hear a little.

Dr. Wally, a scientist, told my class he had blasted the bowl of fruit with a special ray. He hoped the fruit would grow super large.

But it still looked normal.

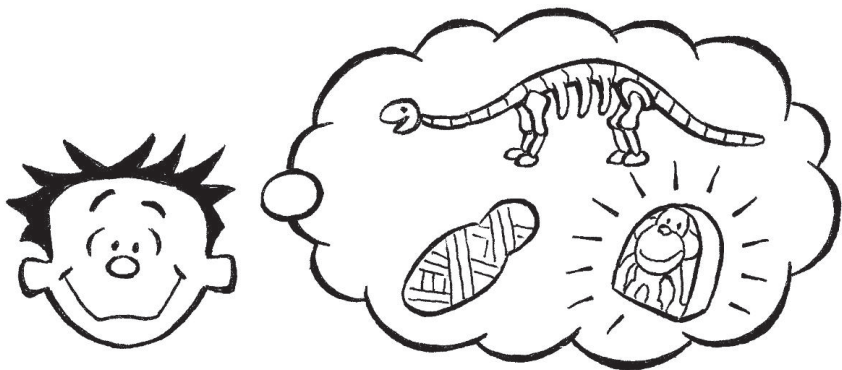
“Isn’t this interesting, class?” Miss Plum asked.

Everyone nodded.

Except me.

I was on a school field trip to the science museum.

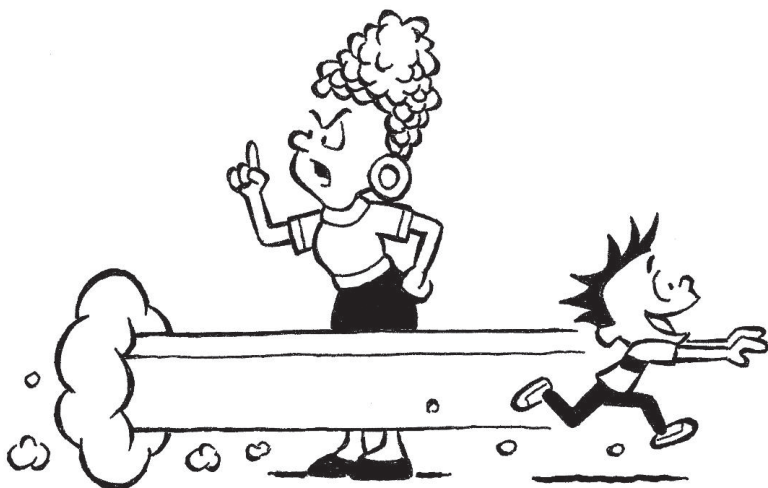
I wanted to see dinosaur skeletons. And mummies. And the Golden Monkey!



But I was stuck in a back room listening to Dr. Wally talk about fruit.

I was bored and needed to move.

“Okay, class,” Miss Plum said. “You have one hour to look around the rest of the museum before our bus leaves.”



“Yippee!” I yelled.

“And no monkey business!” Miss Plum stared at me.

But I was already out of the back room and in the museum’s main lobby.

My head started spinning. There was lots to see. Lots to do.

I had to keep moving.

“Slow down, Clyde!”

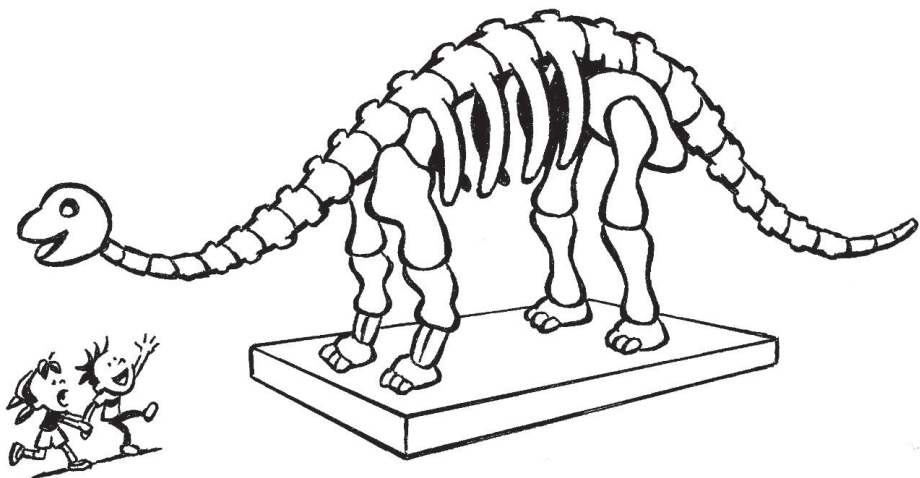
I turned and looked at Claudia, my twin sister. “You’re getting too excited,” she said. “And that means you’re headed for trouble!”

“Me? Get in trouble? Ha!” I said.

“Well, I’m sticking with you to make sure you don’t!” Claudia grabbed my arm.

I tried to break free, but couldn’t. So I pulled my sister to the dinosaur room.





“Wow!” I reached toward a skeleton.

Claudia pulled me back. “Don’t touch it, Clyde!”

“I wasn’t planning to,” I said.

“Good!” Claudia said.

“I was planning to climb it,” I said. “Like monkey bars.”

“You’re kidding, aren’t you?” Claudia’s hand slipped off my arm.

“Ha!” I said. “See you later, alligator!”

Claudia tried to grab me again, but missed!

“Come back, Clyde!” she yelled.



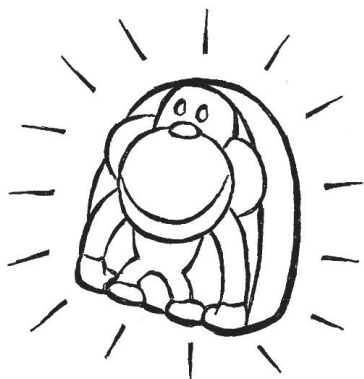
I ran from my sister and into the hallway. Then I pulled a Golden Monkey toy from my pocket.

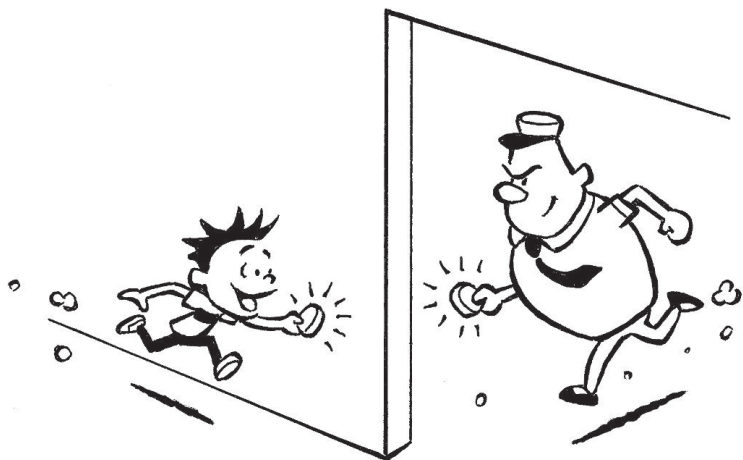


I had bought it at the museum's gift shop. It was made of heavy plastic and was painted gold.

It looked just like the museum's Golden Monkey, which was made of solid gold!

I ran even faster.





I raced around a corner. I couldn't wait to see the real Golden Monkey!

I ran into the room where it was on display. Then . . .

