


Rachel  
BRIGHT

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For Ziggy, who taught me that paradise is wherever you  
choose to see it. Thank you for the rainbows – R B. 

In memory of Doogy, who liked a party – J F

ORCHARD BOOKS

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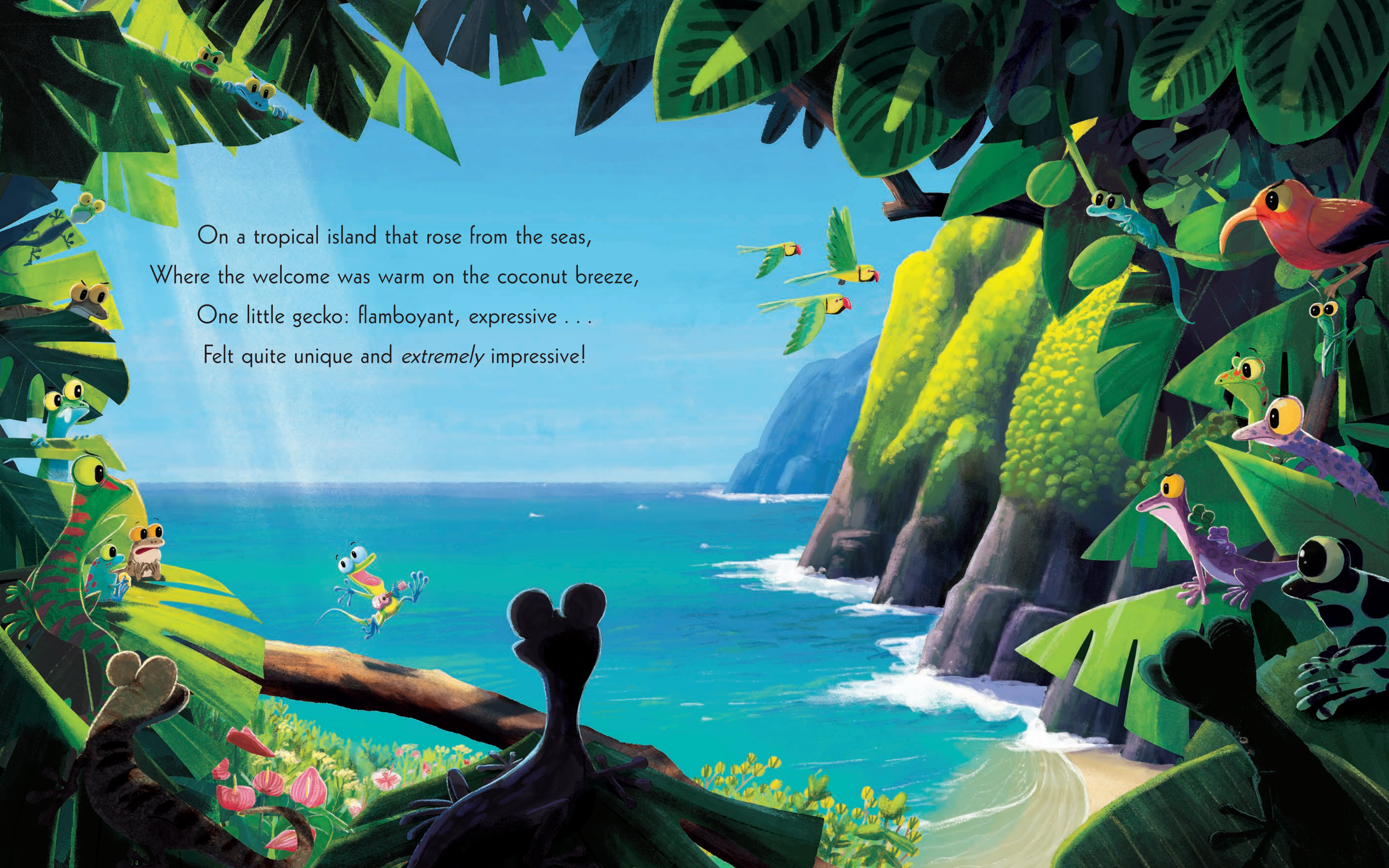
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# THE GECCKO AND THE ECHO





On a tropical island that rose from the seas,  
Where the welcome was warm on the coconut breeze,  
One little gecko: flamboyant, expressive . . .  
Felt quite unique and *extremely* impressive!



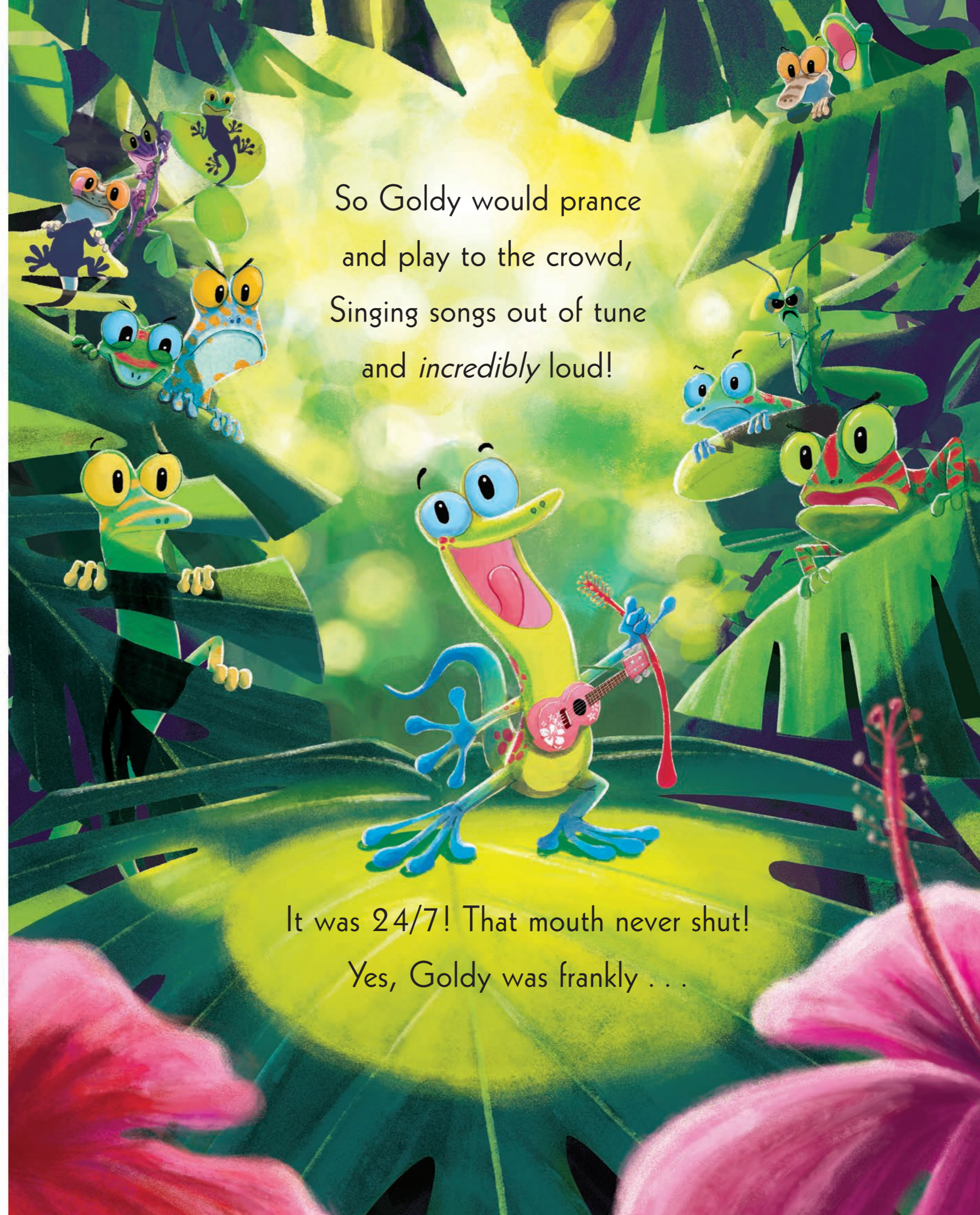
“I am Goldy the Great!  
Check me out! Drink it in!  
Hear me sing! Watch me  
dance! I can do *anything!*”

Some day very soon  
I will be a **GREAT STAR.**  
I **KNOW** if I practise  
that I will go far!”



So Goldy would prance  
and play to the crowd,  
Singing songs out of tune  
and *incredibly* loud!

It was 24/7! That mouth never shut!  
Yes, Goldy was frankly . . .

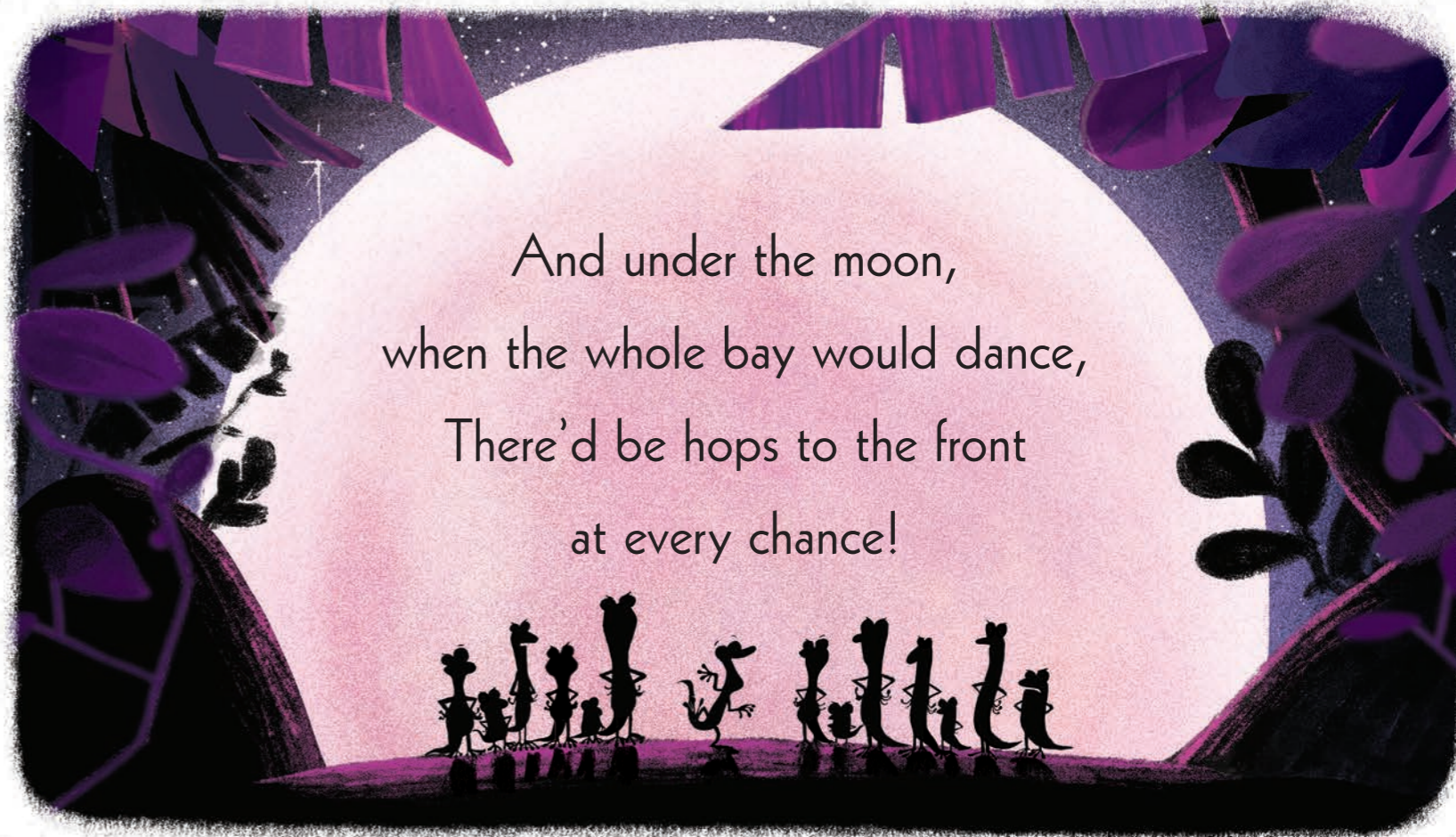


... A PAIN  
IN THE BUTT!



At breakfast, guess who  
would be first to the mango,  
**FANDANGLING** the rest  
with a pushing-in tango?!

And under the moon,  
when the whole bay would dance,  
There'd be hops to the front  
at every chance!

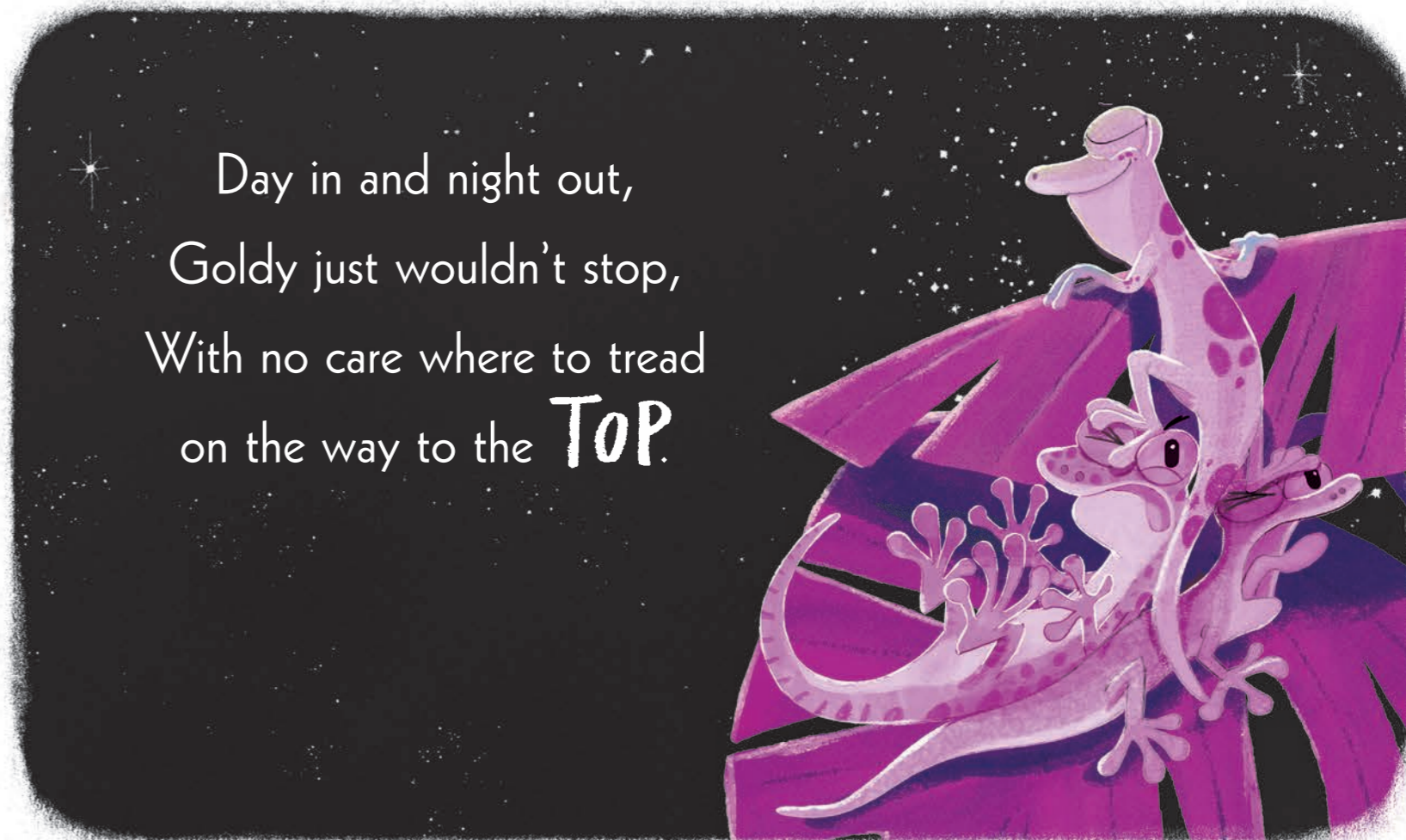



At nap time, young Goldy  
would sashay and croon,



Waking the tiniest geckos  
**TOO SOON!**

Day in and night out,  
Goldy just wouldn't stop,  
With no care where to tread  
on the way to the **TOP.**

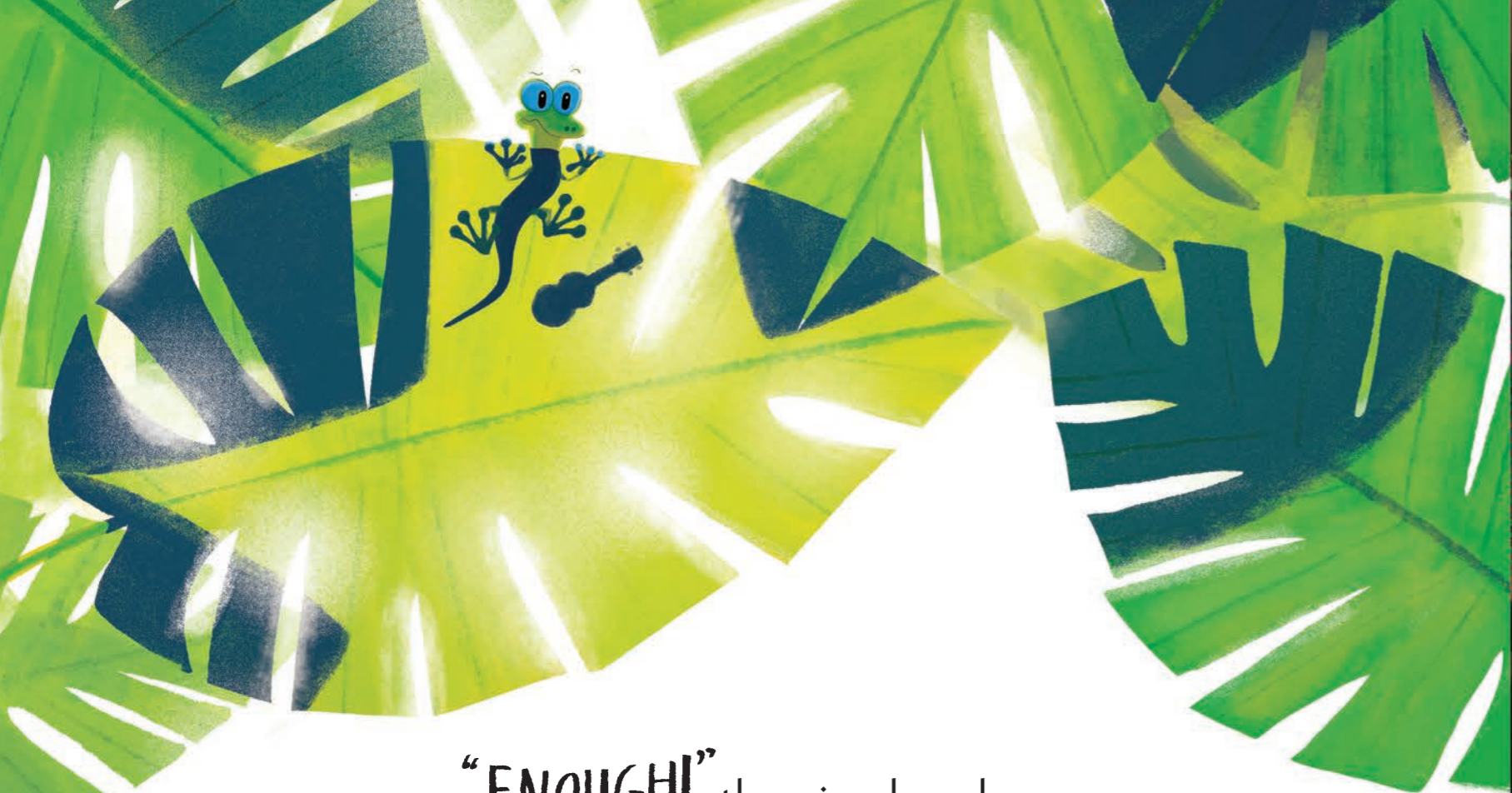




Then, one fateful night when the crickets were chirping,  
Goldy tried making a tune out of . . . *burping!*

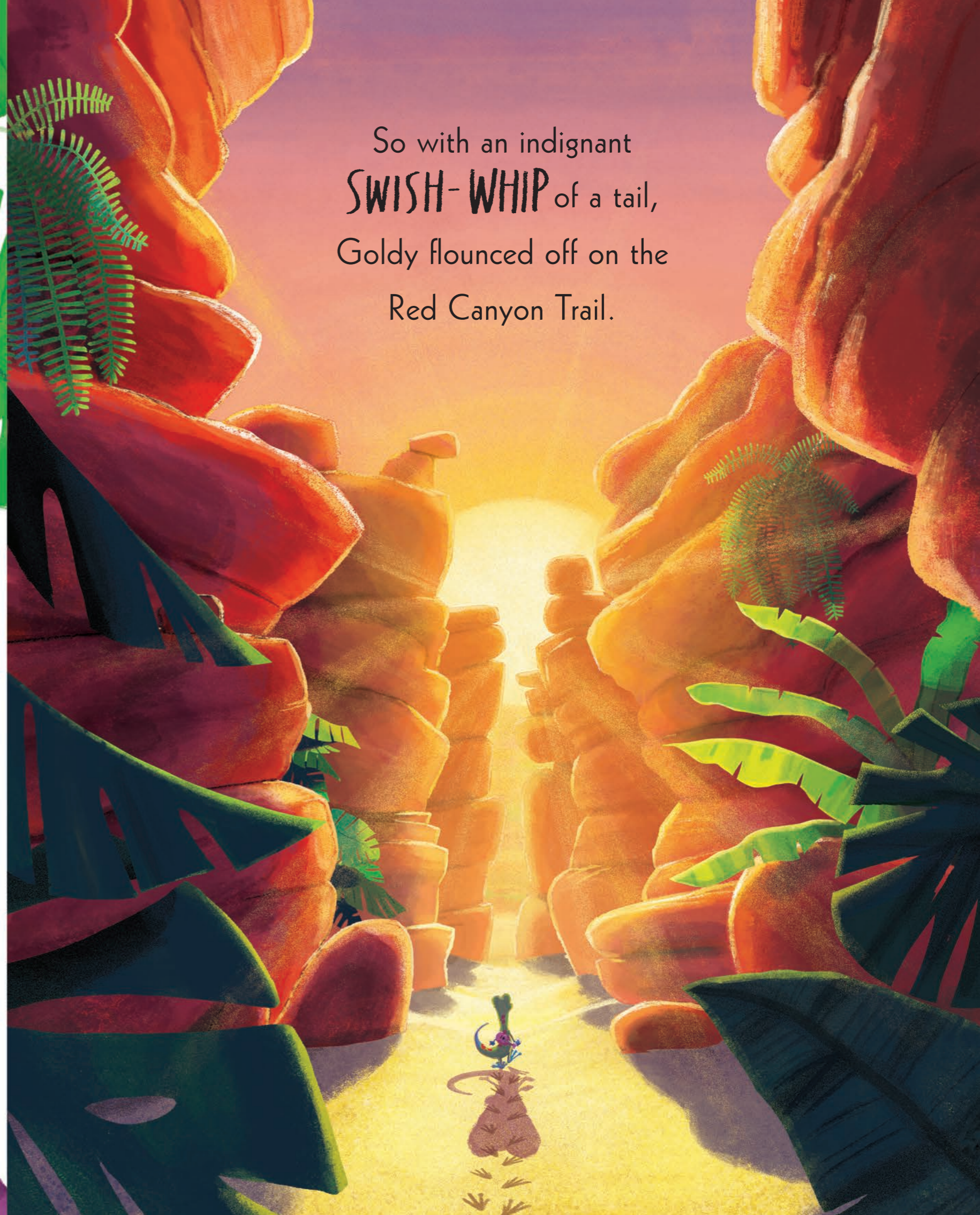
BUUUURRRRRPPP!

The others decided this was  
the **LAST STRAW** -  
They just couldn't take  
Goldy's gifts any more!



“**ENOUGH!**” they implored.  
“You’re all *ME! ME! ME!*  
We don’t want to listen!  
It’s **TOO MUCH**, don’t you see?!”

Goldy was shocked!  
Dumbfounded and stunned!  
Greatness like this should **NEVER** be shunned!  
They were just the wrong audience –  
that was a fact.  
It was time to go elsewhere  
to practise this act!



So with an indignant  
**SWISH-WHIP** of a tail,  
Goldy flounced off on the  
Red Canyon Trail.

In the empty crevasse, a voice could **RING** out,  
**BELT** out a tune . . . free a burp . . . have a shout!

With a smile and a jump, Goldy let out a, **“Woooooooooooo!”**  
But before the next, **“Hooooo...”**







But no one was there! So, who'd  
**WOOO-D** on the **HOOO?!**  
There just wasn't room on this  
rock-stage for two.

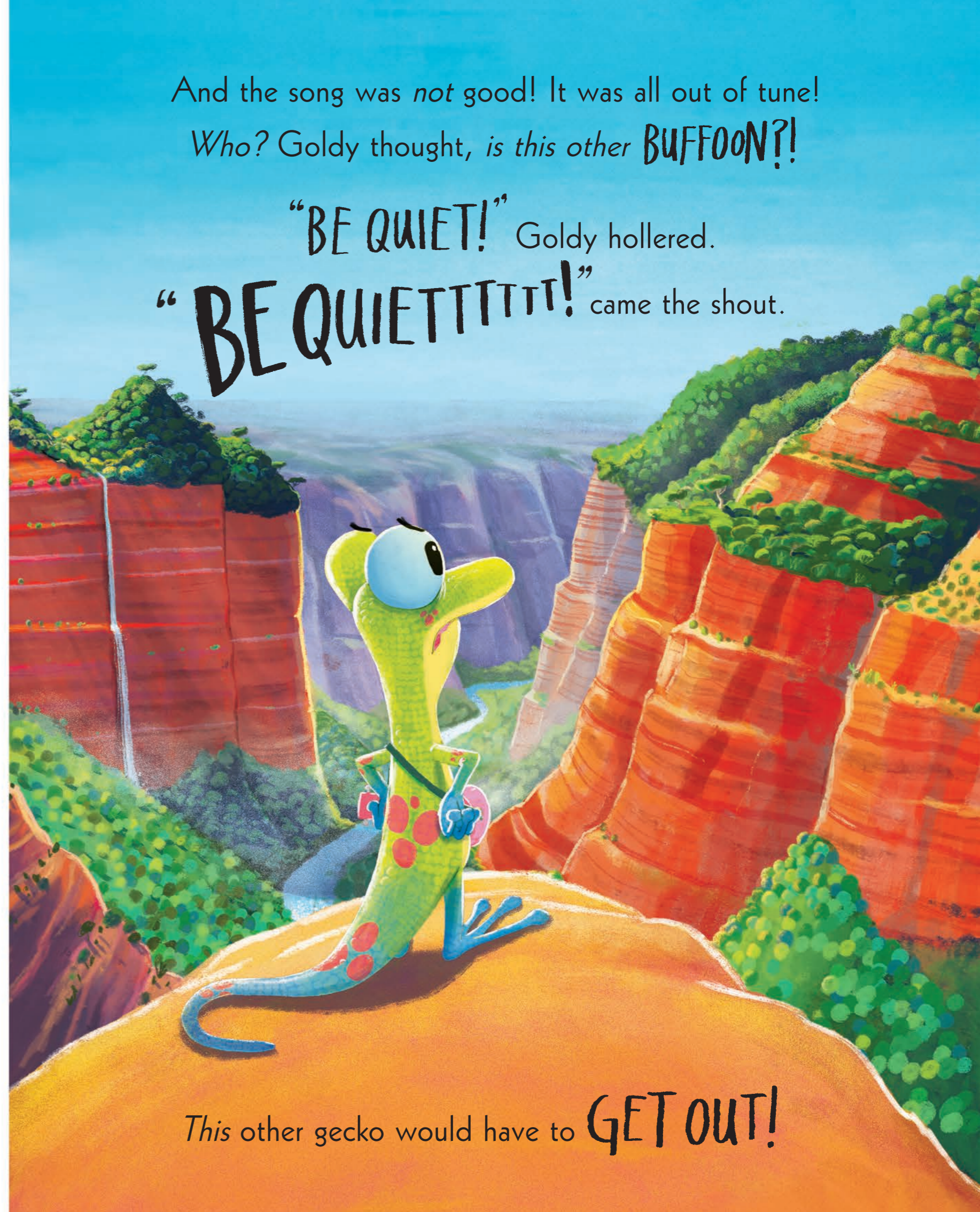
Goldy tried singing a  
**"TRA-LA-LA-LA..."**

But got *drowned out* by singing  
that bounced . . . twice as far!



And the song was *not* good! It was all out of tune!  
*Who?* Goldy thought, *is this other* **BUFFOON?!**

**"BE QUIET!"** Goldy hollered.  
**"BE QUIETTTTTT!"** came the shout.



This other gecko would have to **GET OUT!**