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LILY,
THE LEMUR
AND THE LAMB KING



THE ME TREE
& OTHER ADVENTURES

thegoodbook
COMPANY

Lily, the Lemur and the Lamb King:

The Me Tree & Other Adventures

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*The stories you're about to read are inspired
by another, bigger story.*

*You might want to just read them and enjoy
them as they are.*

*But you can also find out what inspired each
story at the back of the book, starting on
page 125.*

1. THE LAMB KING

The morning was so beautiful, it was all Lily could do to keep from leaping.

She breathed in the fresh spring air. She smiled at the blossoming apple tree. Then she turned to her friend the Lemur, who was walking along the street beside her.

“What do you want to do today?” Lily asked.

“Dunno,” the Lemur replied, looking down at the pavement and stepping gingerly over a banana peel.

“Something interesting. But also something *safe*.”

And that was when a Lamb skipped up and joined them.



Lily was surprised. “Haven’t seen you before,” she said. “But I like your pointy hat.”

“It’s a crown,” chuckled the Lamb. “I’m the Lamb King!”

“Hmmm,” said the Lemur. “You don’t look much like a king.”

“I get that a lot,” the Lamb King smiled. And then he looked at Lily. Quite intently.

“Ninety-nine thousand and thirty-seven,” he said.

“Ninety-nine thousand what?” asked Lily.

“Hairs on your head,” said the Lamb King. “Just practising.”

Then he reached out his arms—as down from the sky dropped a sparrow!

“Good catch!” cried the Lemur.

“Thanks,” grinned the Lamb King.

But Lily gasped.

“Is it dead?” she said.

“It is, poor thing,” the Lamb King replied. “But not for long.”

He breathed on the sparrow, and up it fluttered and flew away.

“That’s amazing!” said Lily. “How did you do that?”

“All I can say,” grinned the Lamb King, “is that breathing is very important. Breathing. And playing.”

And just as he said it, a gate, with a sign that said “Playground”, appeared out of nowhere before them.

“Follow me,” said the Lamb King, opening it.

But when Lily, the Lemur and the Lamb King stepped through the gate, there was nothing. Nothing at all. Everything was dark.



The Lamb King didn't seem worried. “Playtime!” he said. “Where do we start?”

“With some light, maybe?” suggested the Lemur nervously. “So we can see where we are going. There may be banana peels.”

“Good idea!” replied the Lamb King. Then he drew in a big breath. “As I said, breathing is very important. And words. You can't do one without the other.”

Then he shouted, “LIGHT!” ... and everything went bright.

Lily rubbed her eyes. But the Lamb King was already moving on.

“What next?” he asked. “How about some... SKY!”

And as soon as he'd said it, there it was. Bluey bright and cloudy white.

“What about WATER?” the Lamb King said next. And in a flash, they were floating in a sea. Lily and the Lamb King, with the Lemur perched on the Lamb King's head.

“I think I like land better,” said the Lemur.

“Then land it is!” chuckled the Lamb King. “On the count of three, let's all leap up. One... two... three... And LAND!”



And there was earth, hard beneath their feet. Mountains and hills rose around them. And the water pooled into rivers and lakes and seas... and pools!

“Could we have some plants?” asked Lily.

“My thoughts exactly!” replied the Lamb King. “What kind?”


“Trees. Grass. Flowers,” Lily listed.

The Lamb King looked high into the sky and cried, “TREEEEEEEEES!”

The Lamb King looked down at the ground and grunted, “GRASS.”

Then the Lamb King shut his eyes and leaned





back his head and, spinning round and round, whispered, “FLOWERS.”

Lily jumped out of the way as a tree rose from the spot on which she stood, then she chased the carpet of grass as it spread along the ground. And when a garden of flowers followed, she called out the name of every one she knew. Including the lilies, of course!

Then the Lamb King took his new friends' hands and marched them to a hole in the ground.

"Where are we going?" Lily asked.

"To the MOOOON!" he laughed, and he pulled them into the hole before they could stop him.

They fell for what felt like for ever.

"I think I said something about *safe!*" the Lemur shouted.

But when they popped out of the other side of the hole, they found themselves in a huge, rocky crater.

"Are we on the moon?" gasped Lily as they climbed up the sides.

"Yes! And there's the sun!" The Lamb King pointed. "And just look at all those stars!" He tugged at the Lemur's fur. "Your eyes are big as saucers. Maybe even flying saucers!"

"It's just the way I'm made," said the Lemur.

Then they all held hands again, leaped back into the crater... and landed on the back of a...

“WHALE!” shouted
the Lamb King.
“And, look!
Dolphins
and sharks
and tuna and
trout.”



“It’s like a race!”
Lily cried. “But where
are we going?”

“There!” the Lamb King pointed. It was just a
blur, at first, like an enormous cloud. But when he
shouted, “BIRDS!”, feathers and wings and beaks
burst forth and flew straight for them.

Then down reached two talons and an enormous
eagle lifted them into the sky.

“Yikes!” cried the Lemur. “Definitely not safe!”

“Yippeee!” shouted Lily. “I don’t care!”

“That’s the spirit!” the Lamb King shouted in
reply.

When the eagle set them down on a grassy field, the Lamb King simply said, “ANIMALS.”

And there they were, all in a line, to welcome Lily, the Lemur and the Lamb King.

“It’s perfectly safe,” said the Lamb King to the Lemur. “Be as friendly as you like.”

“I’ll stick to the plant eaters,” said the Lemur. “If it’s all the same to you.”

But Lily patted a panther and played with a polar bear and tickled a timber wolf under its chin.

And when they came at last to the giraffe, the Lamb King led Lily and the Lemur dancing beneath its legs.

“Now it’s time for my favourite word,” he grinned. And what he said was, “PEOPLE”.

Just like that, Lily, the Lemur and the Lamb King were back in the playground. And sure enough, people were everywhere—swinging and sliding, playing and picnicking, old and young, everyone!





“Can we do it again?” asked Lily.

“Another day, maybe,” yawned the Lamb King. “I think I need a rest.”

“Me too,” agreed the Lemur. “This day was, quite

possibly, a little too interesting.”

Then the Lamb King stared at a bald man sitting on a bench. Stared quite intently.

“Forty-seven.” He chuckled. “Just practising!”

