“Let’s sit at the beginning of the parade so we’re sure to see every animal first,” Zoe said.

Arnold A. Armstrong, the weakest weightlifter in town, arrived with his ant farm.

Barbara B. Boring, the most interesting person you’ve ever met, brought her bats.
Clyde C. Crook, a very trusted man in the community, carried his cockatoo.

Dolores D. Doolittle, always busy as a bee, dragged her donkey.

Ernie E. Ego, never known to boast, entered with his elephant.

Fanny F. Forest, who had an unusual fear of trees, flaunted her fox.

When... Zoe glimpsed a little critter that strayed, out of the crowd into the parade, and people and pets crashed and smashed, with a bump, bump, bump, and landed in a heap with a loud kerr-thump!

Just as...
George G. Goodday, the grumpiest guy in town, galloped next to his gazelle.

Hazel H. Handy, who broke everything around, held her heron.

Icabod I. Ink, who never wrote with pens, intercepted his ibex.

Julia J. Jolly, the orneriest person by far, jogged by with her jaguar.
Kirby K. Kind, the rudest citizen in Topsy-Turvy, kidded his kangaroo.

Lucile L. Lemon, as sweet as she could be, led her llama.

When... Zoe biked after the little critter that strayed, out of the crowd into the parade, and people and pets crashed and smashed, with a bump, bump, bump, and landed in a heap with a loud kerrr-thump! Then they heard ring, ring!

Just as...