

The Book of Books

Walls of books line Uncle Arthur's shelves.

Books and books stacked upon themselves.

Books on animals great and small.

Books on buildings short and tall.

Books on gadgets that whiz and whirr.

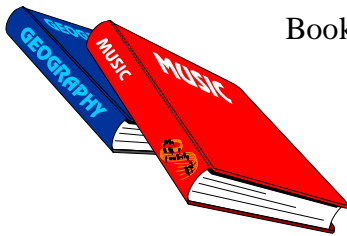
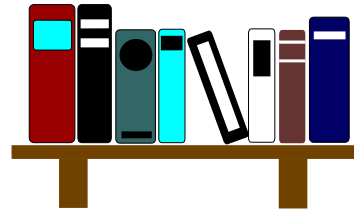
Books on things that chop and stir.

Books on people famous and not.

Books on places cold and hot.

Books with words as long as a train.

Books with pictures of Dick and Jane.



Shelves of books from ceiling to floor.

Zillions and zillions of books galore.

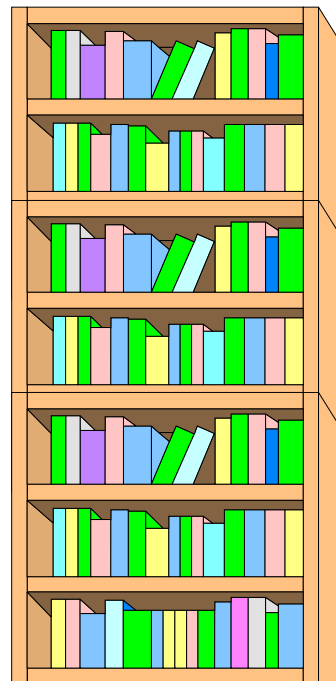
I love to touch those zillions of books.

I love the way each shelf of books looks.

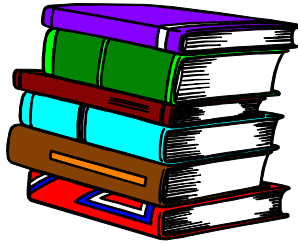
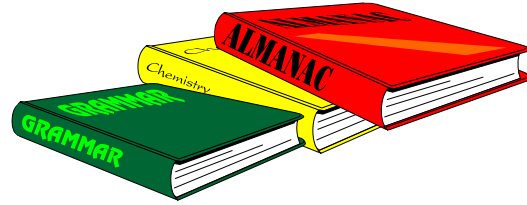
"Pick one," Uncle said.

I didn't know how!

So many books to woo and wow.



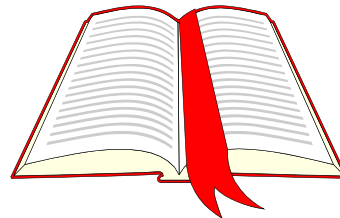
So in the midst of all his books
I sat cross-legged with worried looks.
I stood and held my outstretched hand,
Finger pointed to an unknown land.



I shut my eyes tight as could be
I spun around a time or three.
When I stopped and opened my little eyes
The place I pointed was a big surprise.

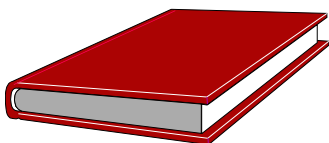
A book with letters big and bold
Said, "***Book of Book From Ages Old.***"

I blew away dust, opened it wide
Found hidden treasures deep inside
This *Book of Books* was filled, you see
With stories of life as it should be.



"Thanks, Uncle," I said as I walked away
"I promise to read it every day."

I have. I did. It's plain to see
The truth in this book has altered me.



It's opened my eyes to what's good and true
Now the *Book of Books* I'm sharing with you.