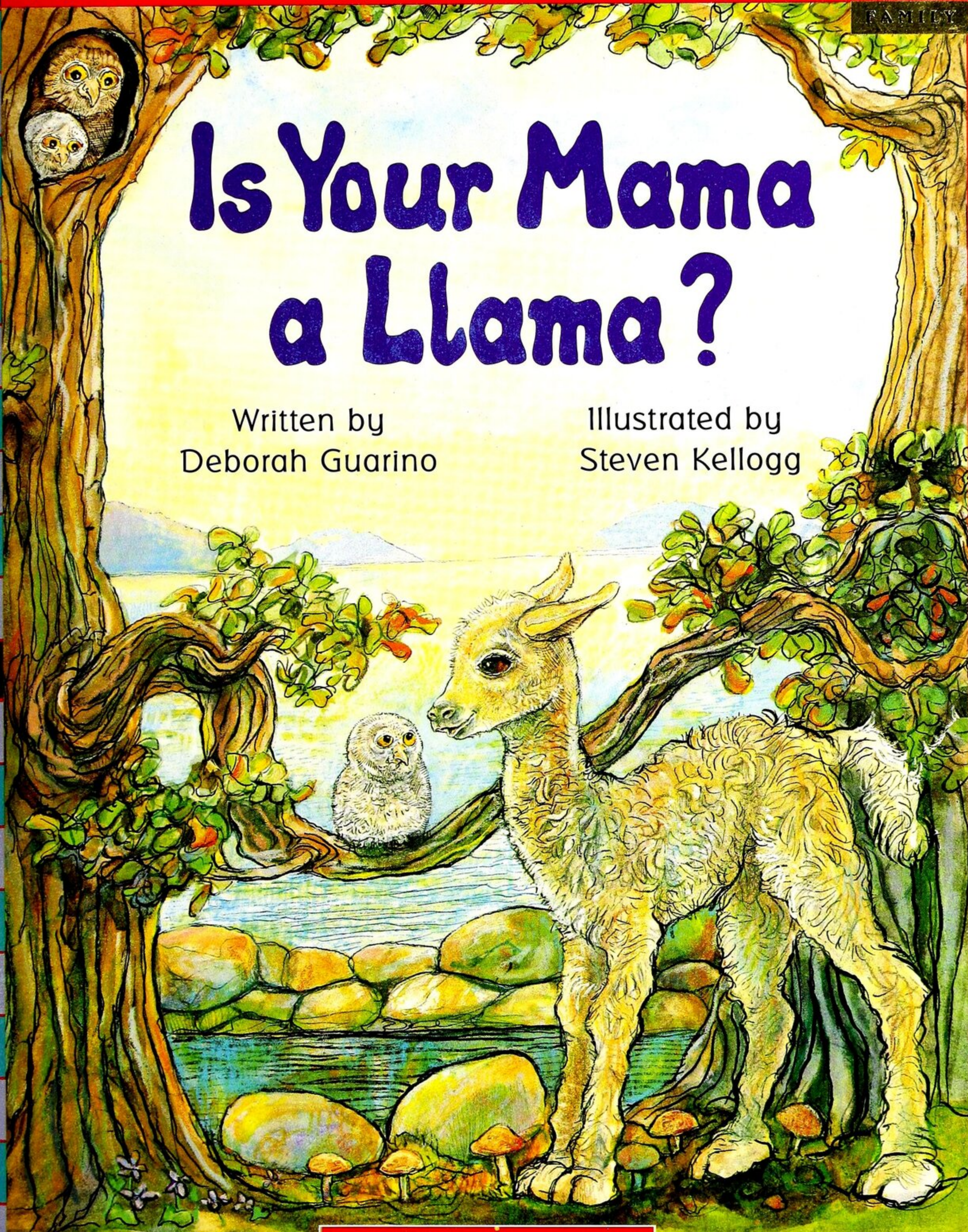


Is Your Mama a Llama?

Written by
Deborah Guarino

Illustrated by
Steven Kellogg





“Oh,” I said. “You are right about that.
I think that your mama sounds more like a . . .

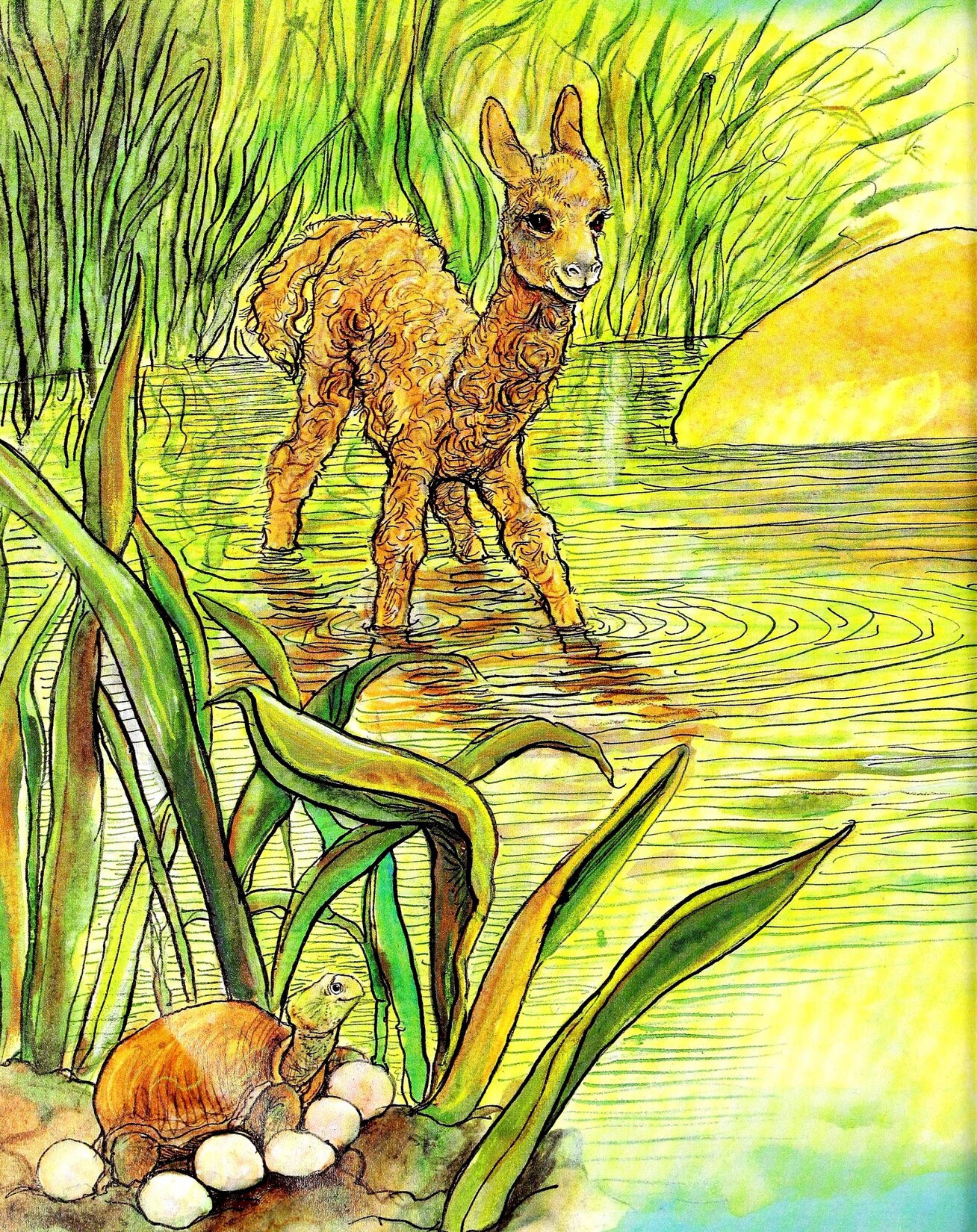
“Bat!”



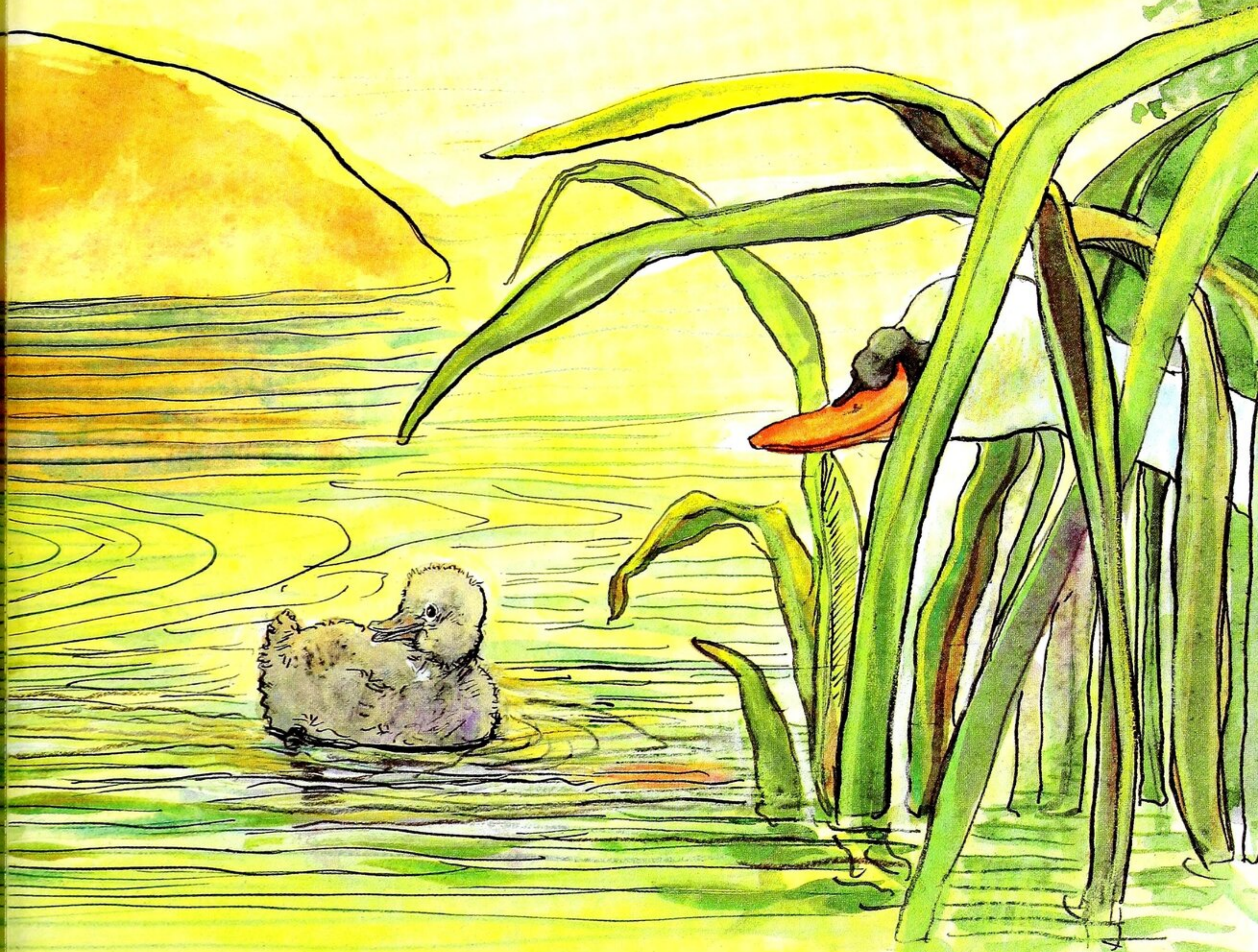
"Is your mama a llama?" I asked my friend Fred.



"No, she is not," is what Freddy said.

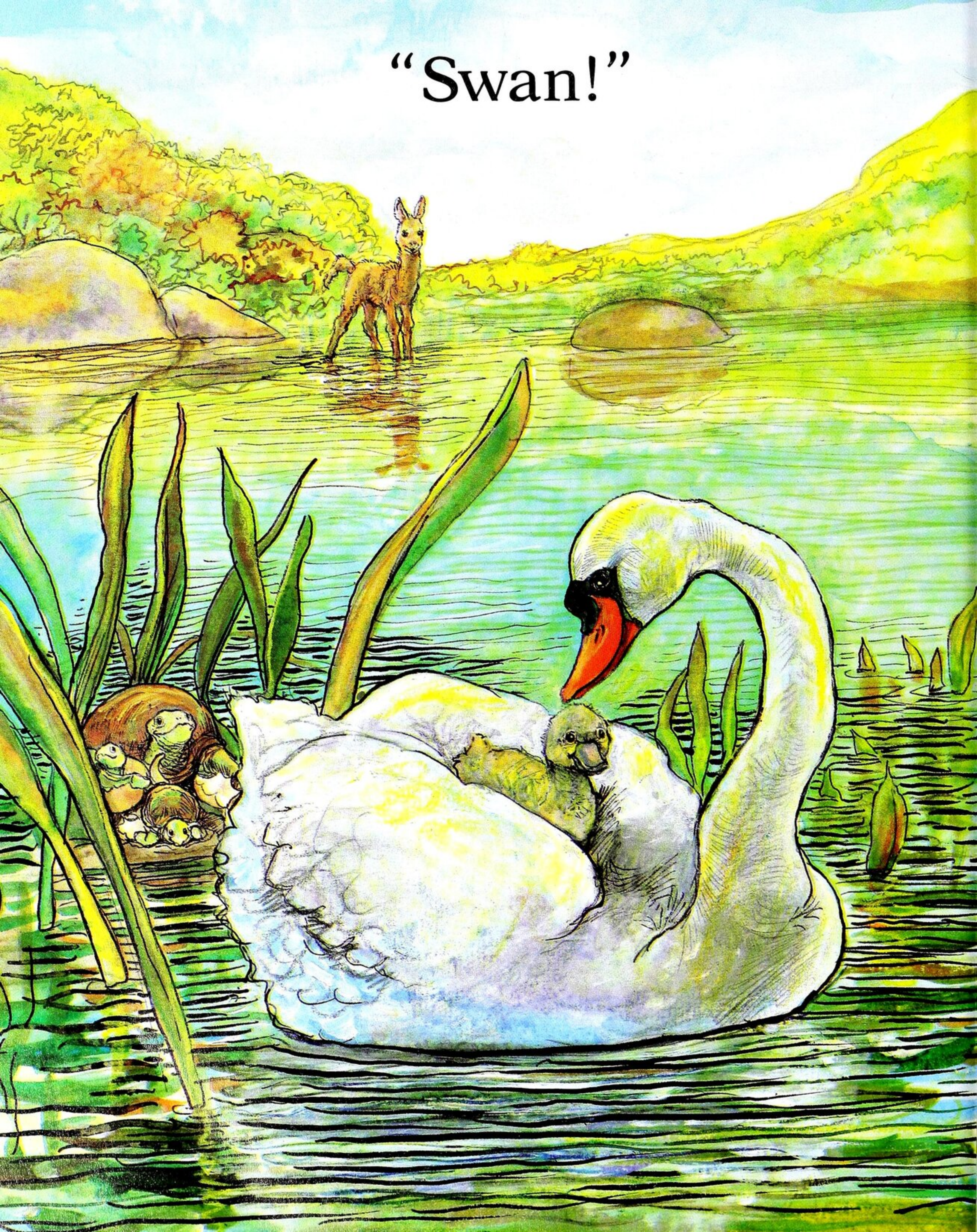


“She has a long neck and white feathers and wings.
I don’t think a llama has all of those things.”



“Oh,” I said. “You don’t need to go on.
I think that your mama must be a . . .

“Swan!”



"Is your mama a llama?" I asked my friend Jane.



"No, she is not," Jane politely explained.



“She grazes on grass, and she likes to say, ‘Moo!’
I don’t think that is what a llama would do.”

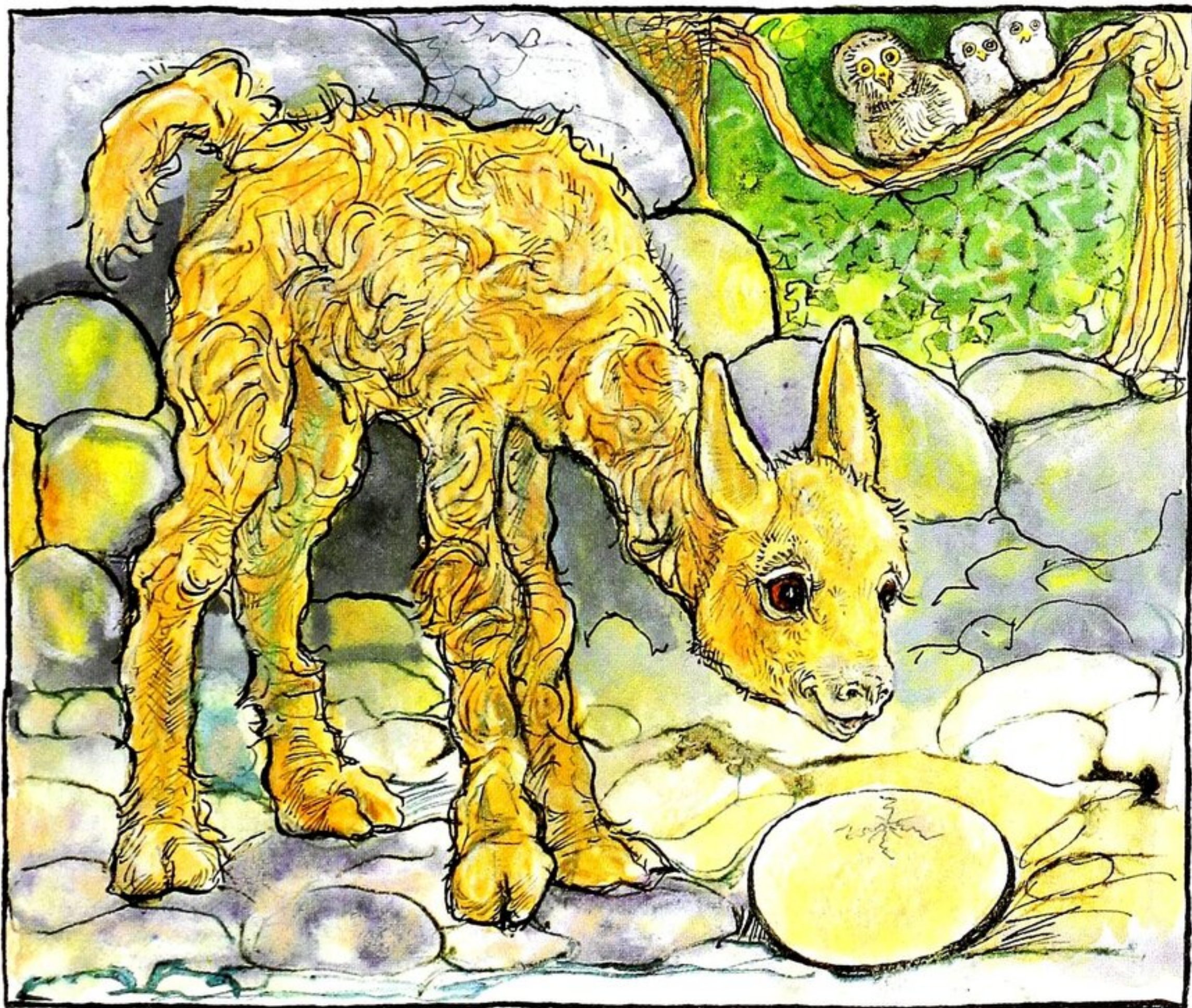


“Oh,” I said. “I understand, now.
I think that your mama must be a . . .

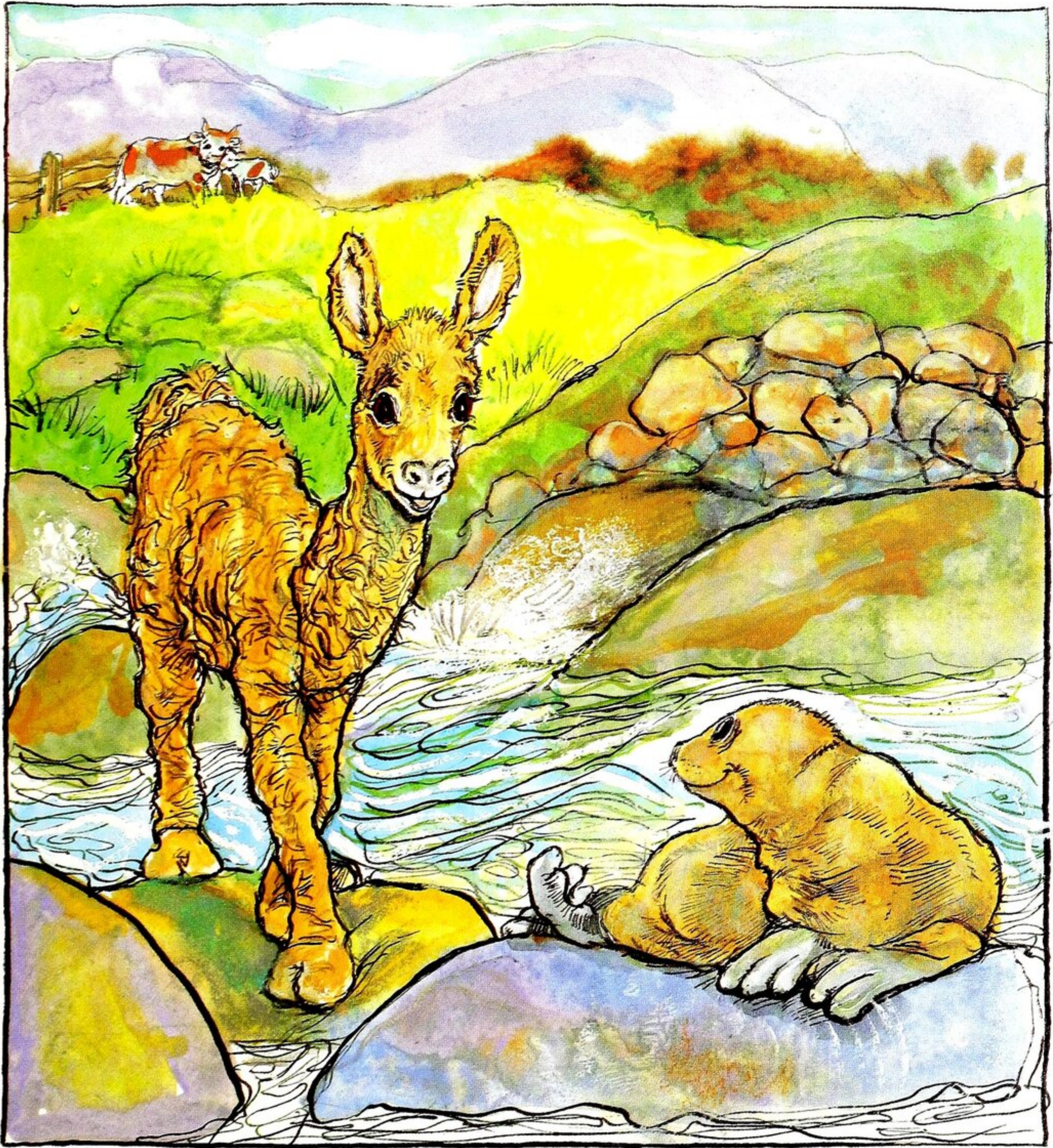
“Cow!”



Is Your Mama a Llama?



"Is your mama a llama?" I asked my friend Clyde.



"No, she is not," is how Clyde replied.



“She’s got flippers and whiskers and eats fish all day . . .
I do not think llamas act quite in that way.”

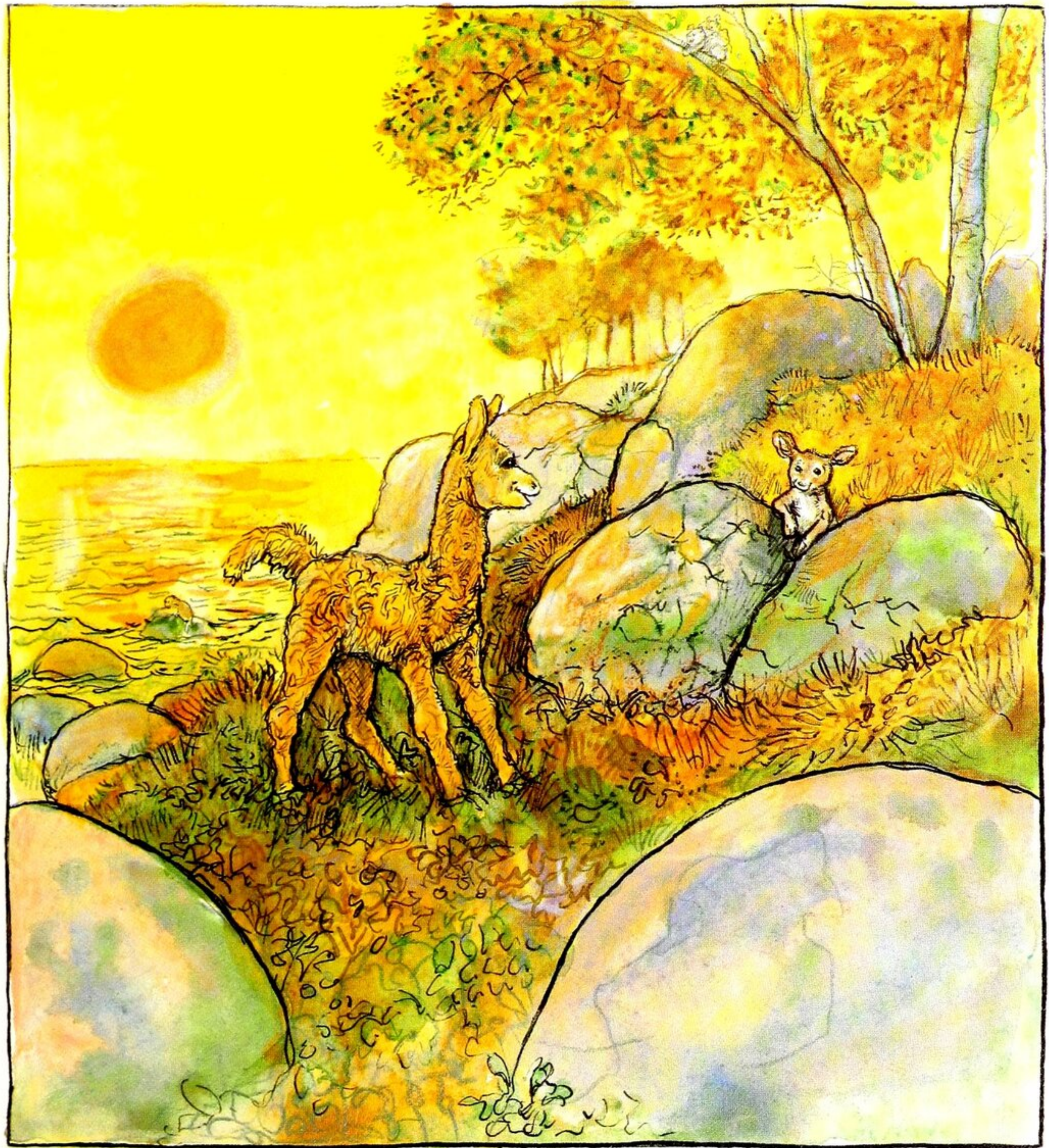


“Oh,” I said. “I’m beginning to feel
that your mama must really be a . . .

“Seal!”



"Is your mama a llama?" I asked my friend Rhonda.



"No, she is not," is how Rhonda responded.

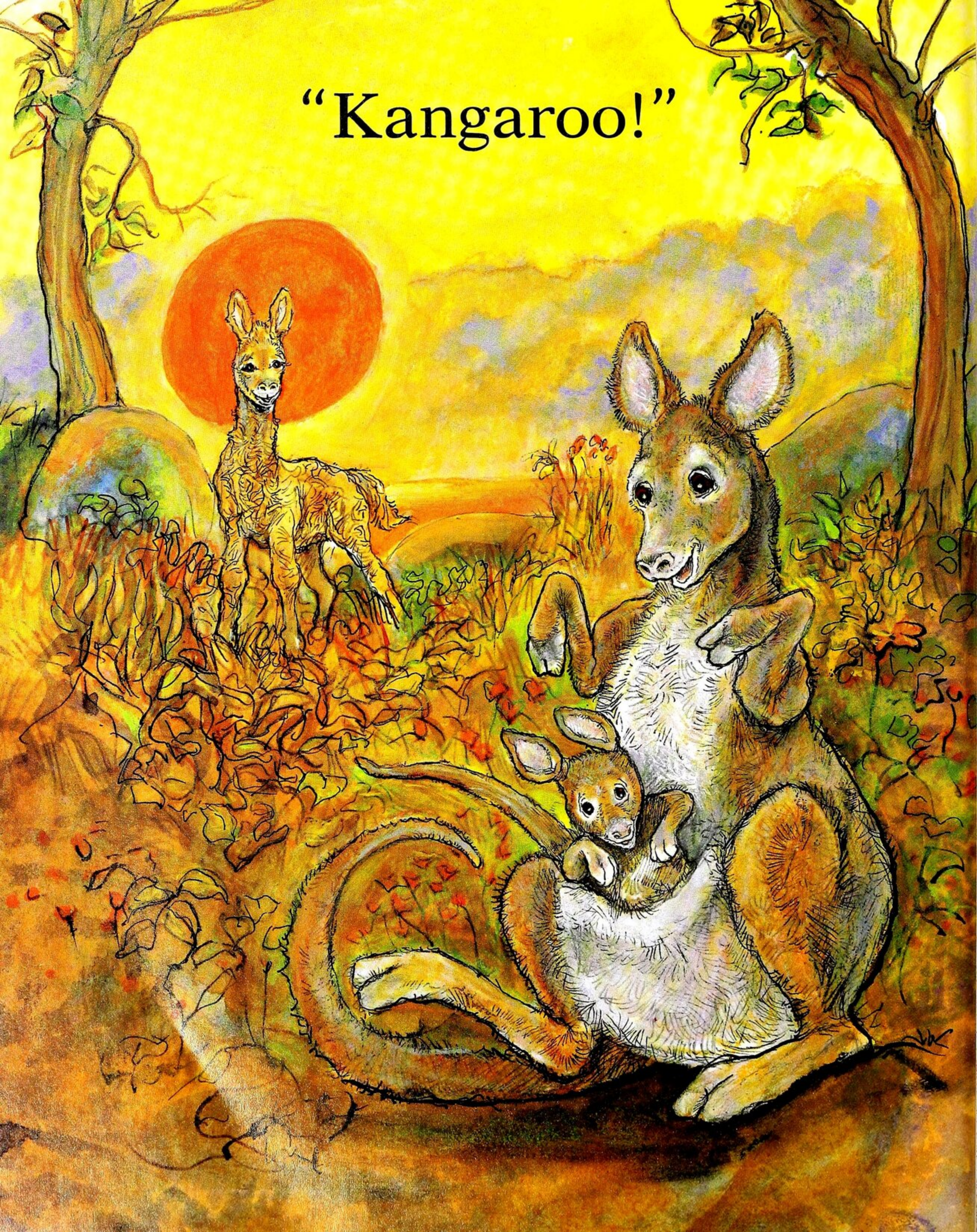


“She’s got big hind legs and a pocket for me . . .
So I don’t think a llama is what she could be.”



“Oh,” I said. “That is certainly true.
I think that your mama’s a . . .

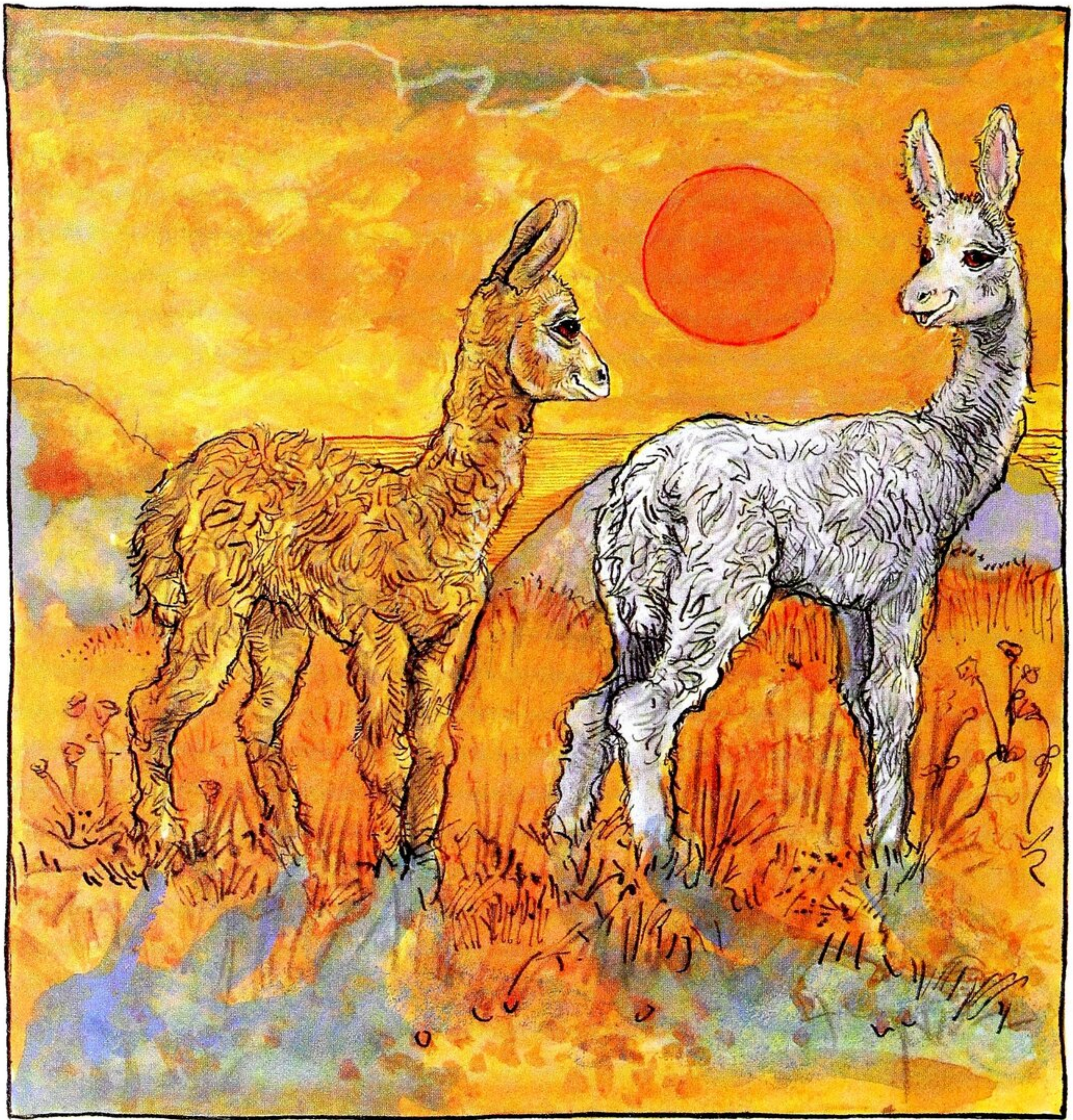
“Kangaroo!”



“Is your mama a llama?” I asked my friend Llyn.



“Oh, Lloyd, don’t be silly!” Llyn said with a grin.



“My mama has big ears, long lashes, and fur . . .
And you, of all people, should know about her!”

Is Your Mama

Written by Deborah Guarino



"Our mamas belong to the same herd, and *you*, know all about llamas, 'cause you are one, too!"



"Yes, you are right," I said to my friend.
"My mama's a . . .

“Llama!”



And this is . . .





THE END

a Llama?

Illustrated by **Steven Kellogg**

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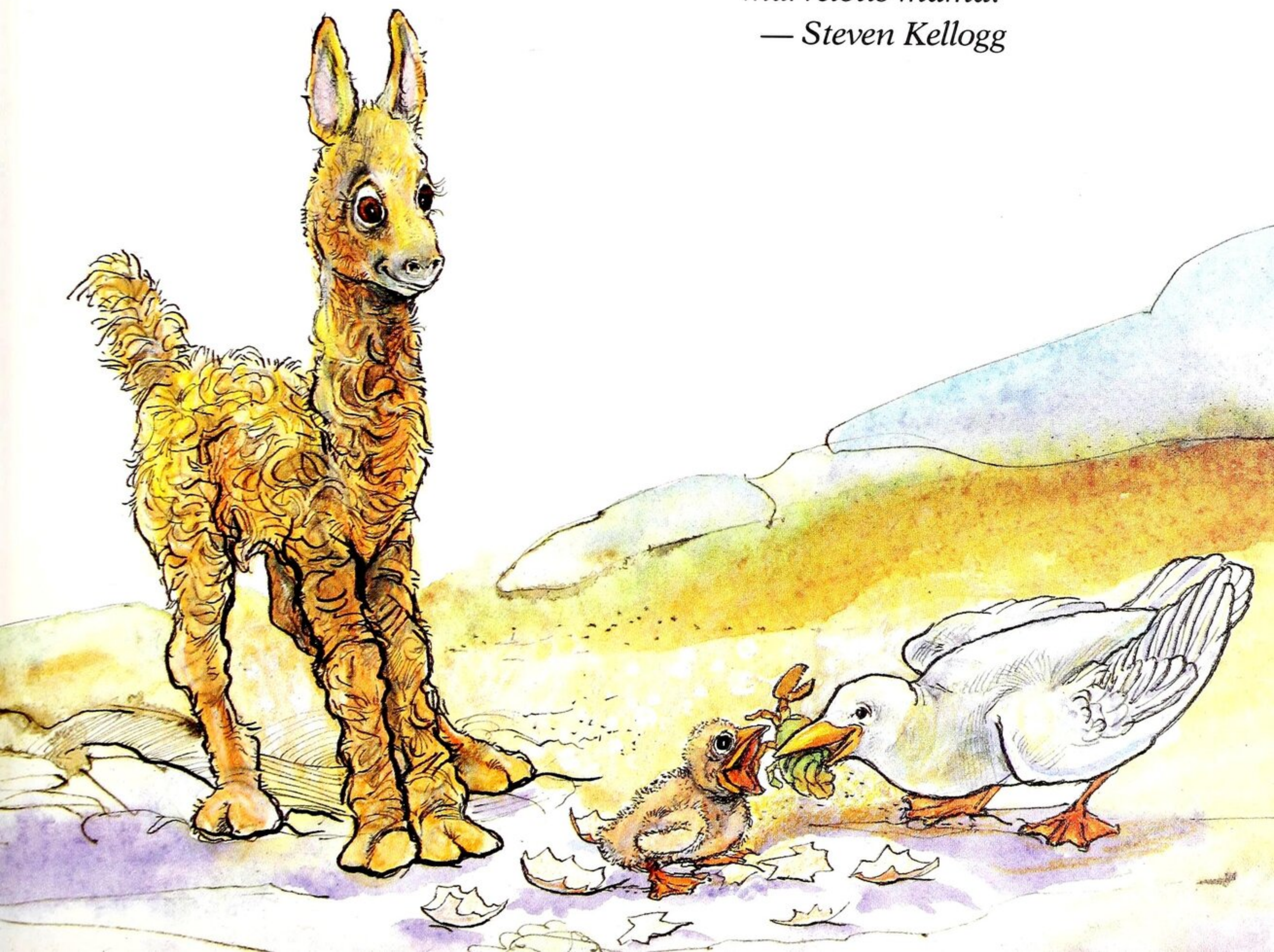
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First Bookshelf edition, June 2004



*For my son, Joshua,
My Papa and Mama,
My friends Star and Luci . . .
And that one special llama!
— D.G.*

*Love to
Tatia,
Tremaine,
and to their
marvelous mama.
— Steven Kellogg*



"Is your mama a llama?" I asked my friend Dave.



"No, she is not," is the answer Dave gave.



“She hangs by her feet, and she lives in a cave.
I do not believe that’s how llamas behave.”

