



Goya Wants to Go Home

Heavy rains take Goya far from his home. Goya is scared. Will he find his way back home?



Goya Wants to Go Home
Eka Yulianti

Let's Read



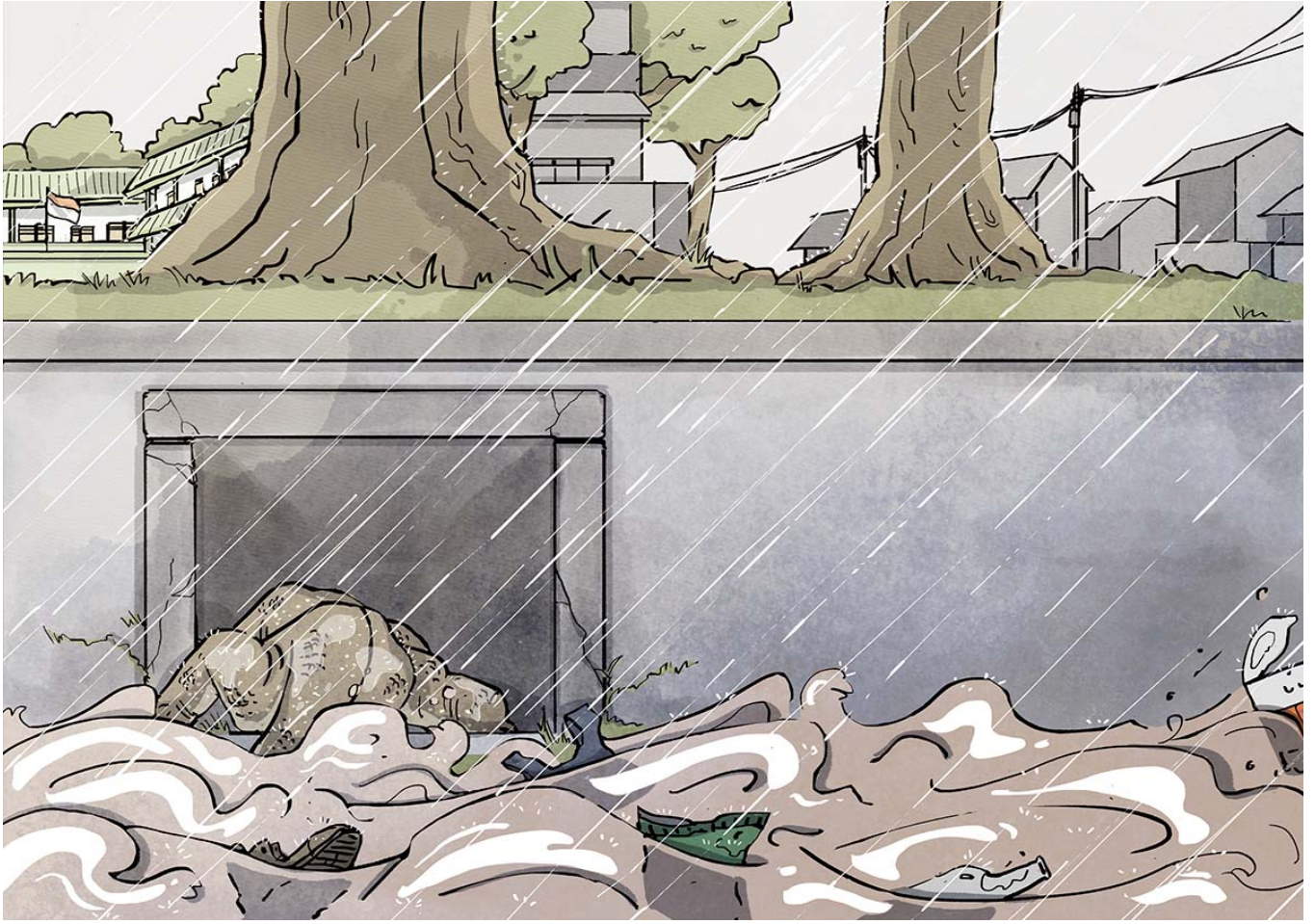
The Asia Foundation



It's a scary morning for Goya. The rain is coming down and the floodwater is rising. Before he can get to safety, Goya is carried away by the floodwater.



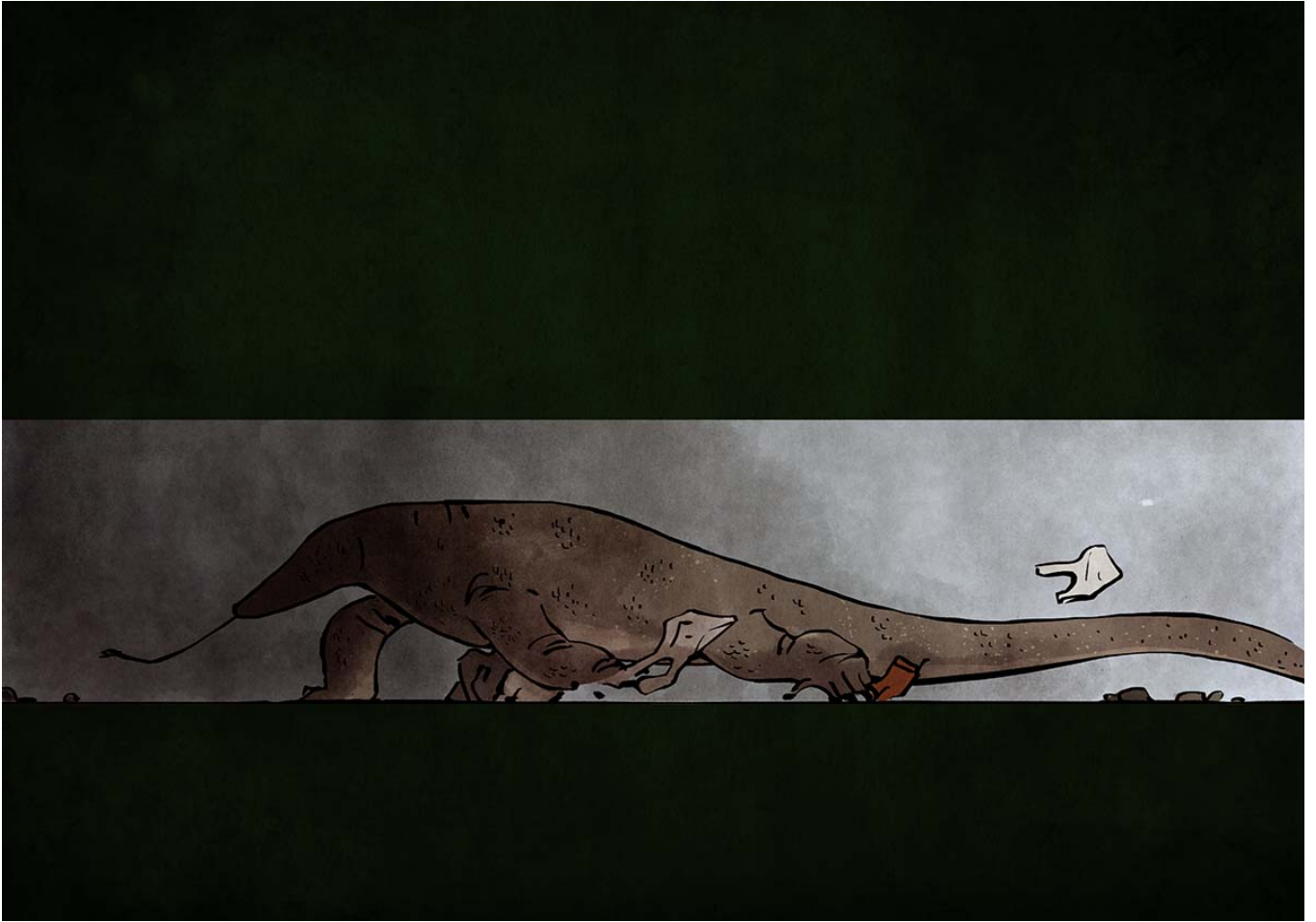
Goya reaches out and tries to stop himself with his claws.



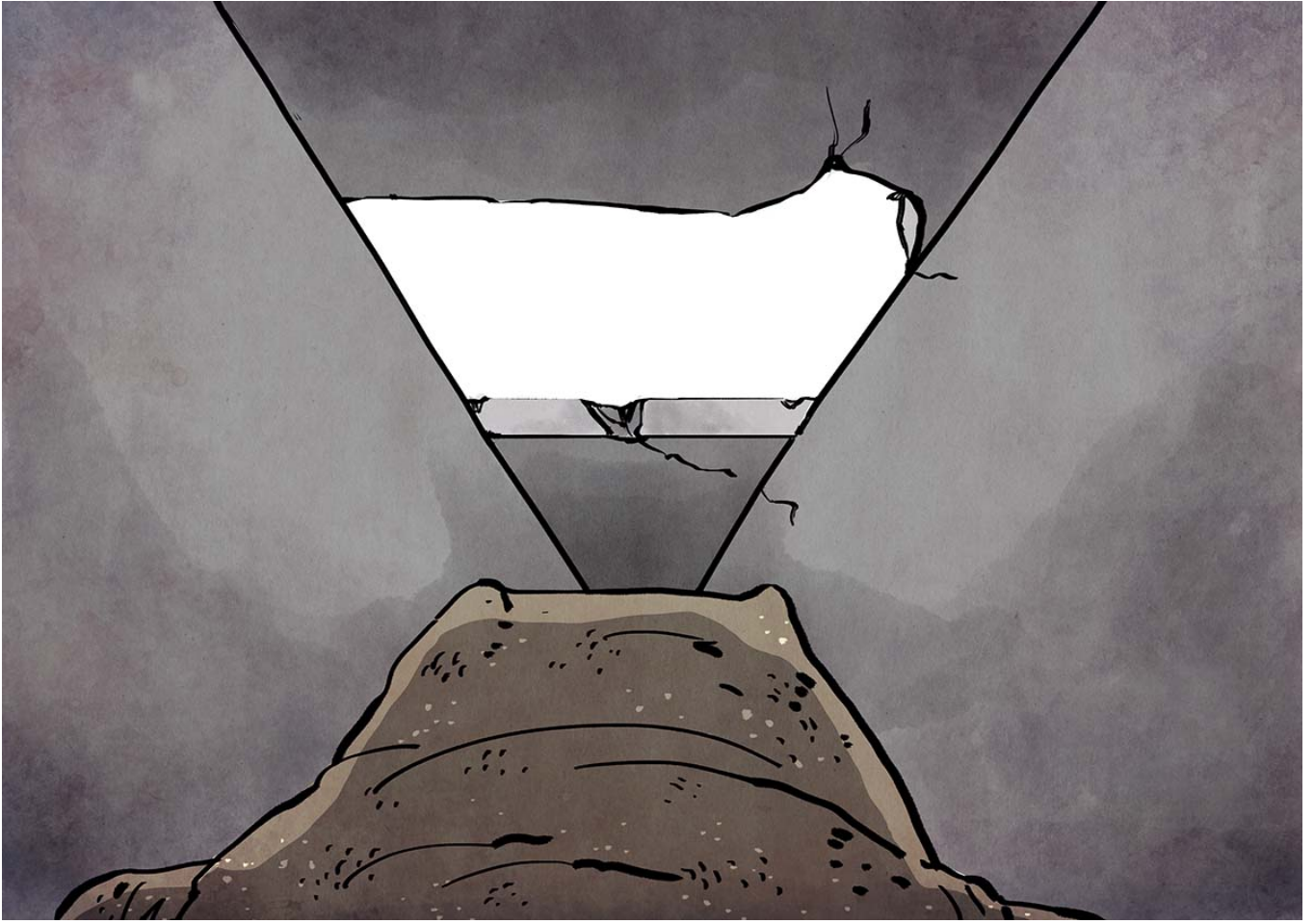
He crawls into a tunnel, away from the floodwater.



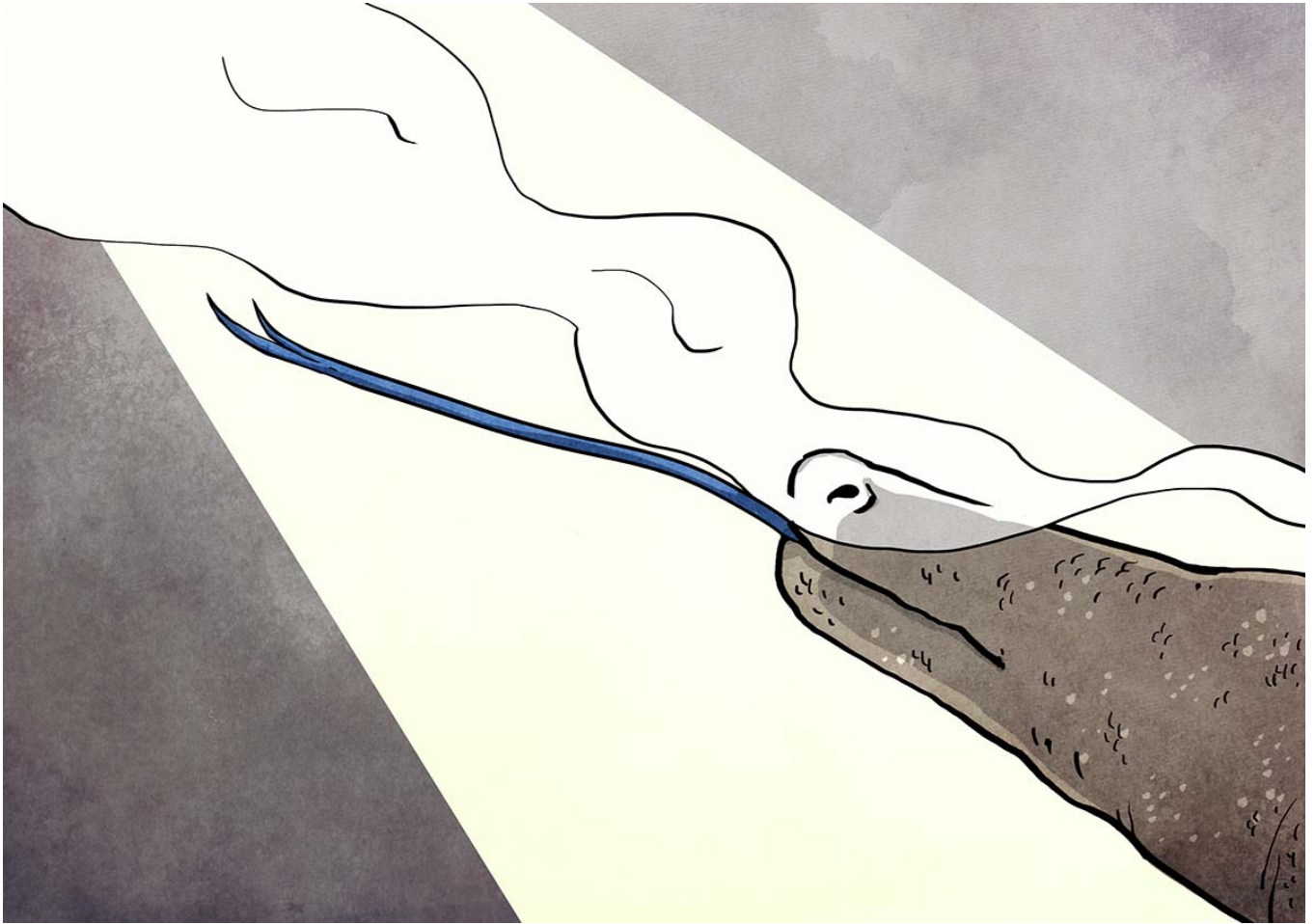
What is this place? Goya has no idea where he is.



The tunnel is dark and dirty. There are scary noises, too. Goya wants to go home.



Oh! There's a light. Maybe that's the way home.



Yum! Something smells good! Just like the food at home. Goya is hungry. Maybe he is close to home.



This is not Goya's home! This is a school, filled with children.



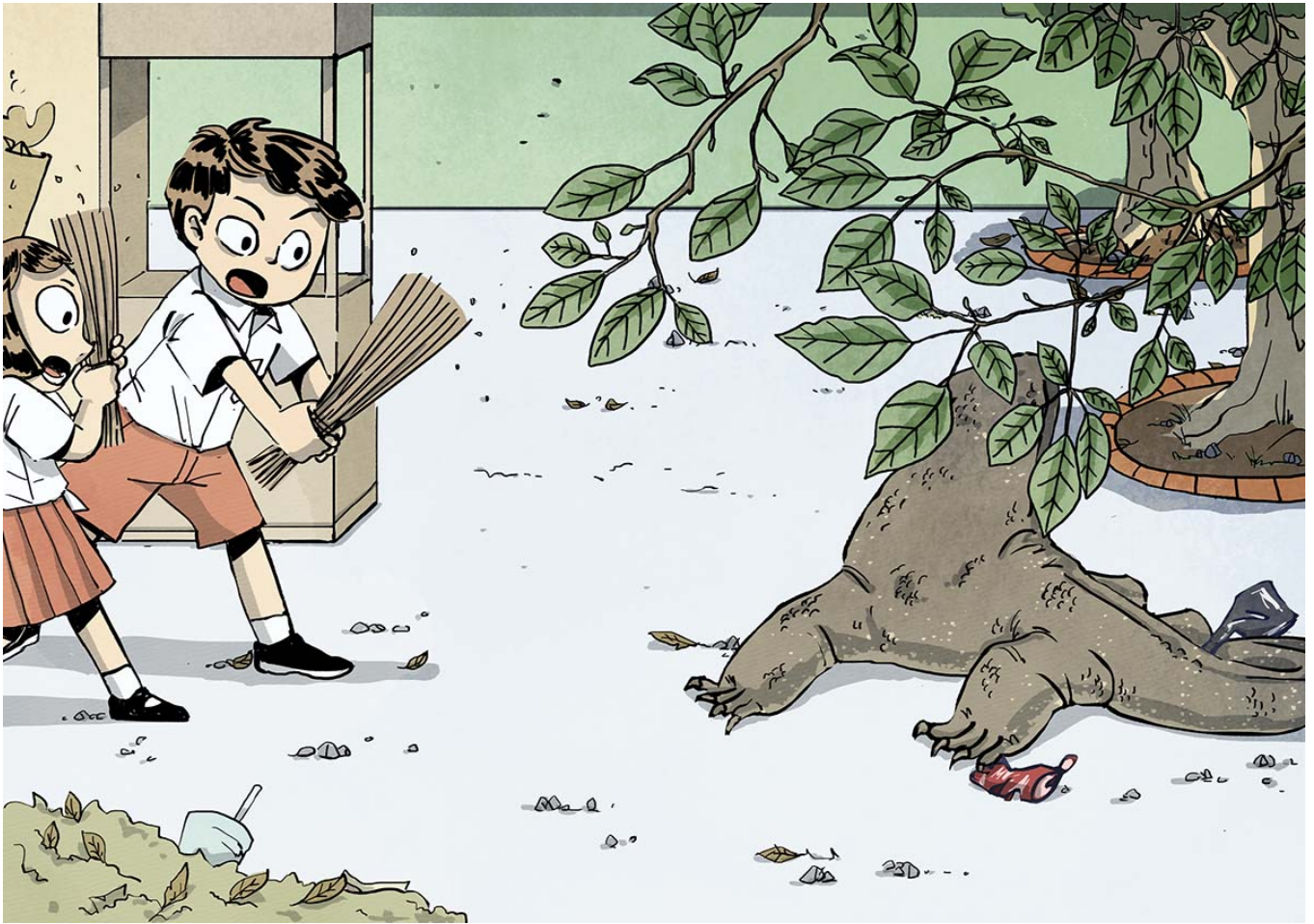
"Look! It's a crocodile!" the children shout. Why do they look so scared? And why are they shouting crocodile? "Look! It's a crocodile!" Where is this crocodile they are screaming about? Goya wonders. Goya is afraid of crocodiles.



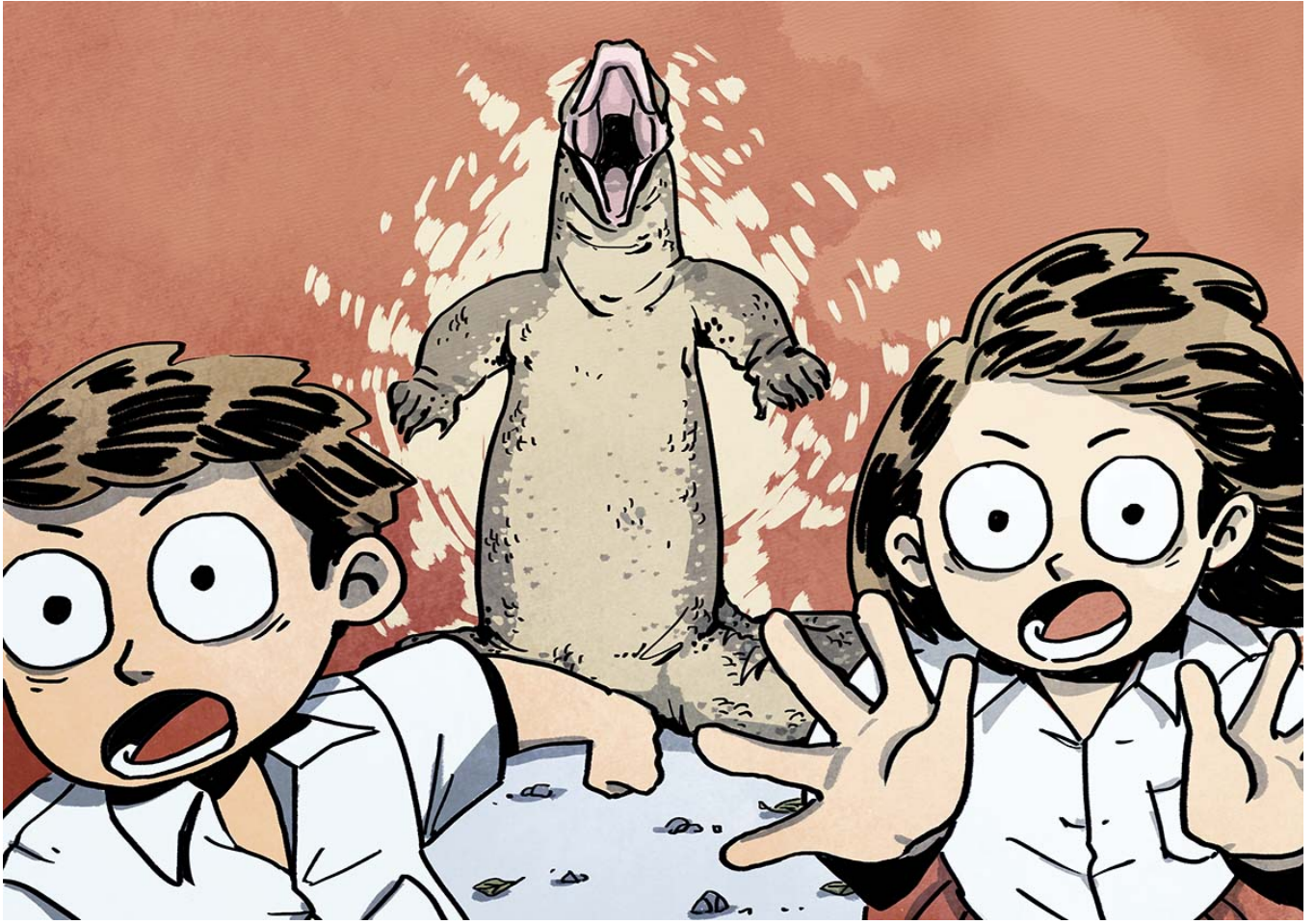
"Watch out!" the children shout. "Be careful!" they say. They shout so loudly that Goya's ears ring.



Goya swings his neck from side to side. He looks everywhere for the crocodile, but it's nowhere to be found.



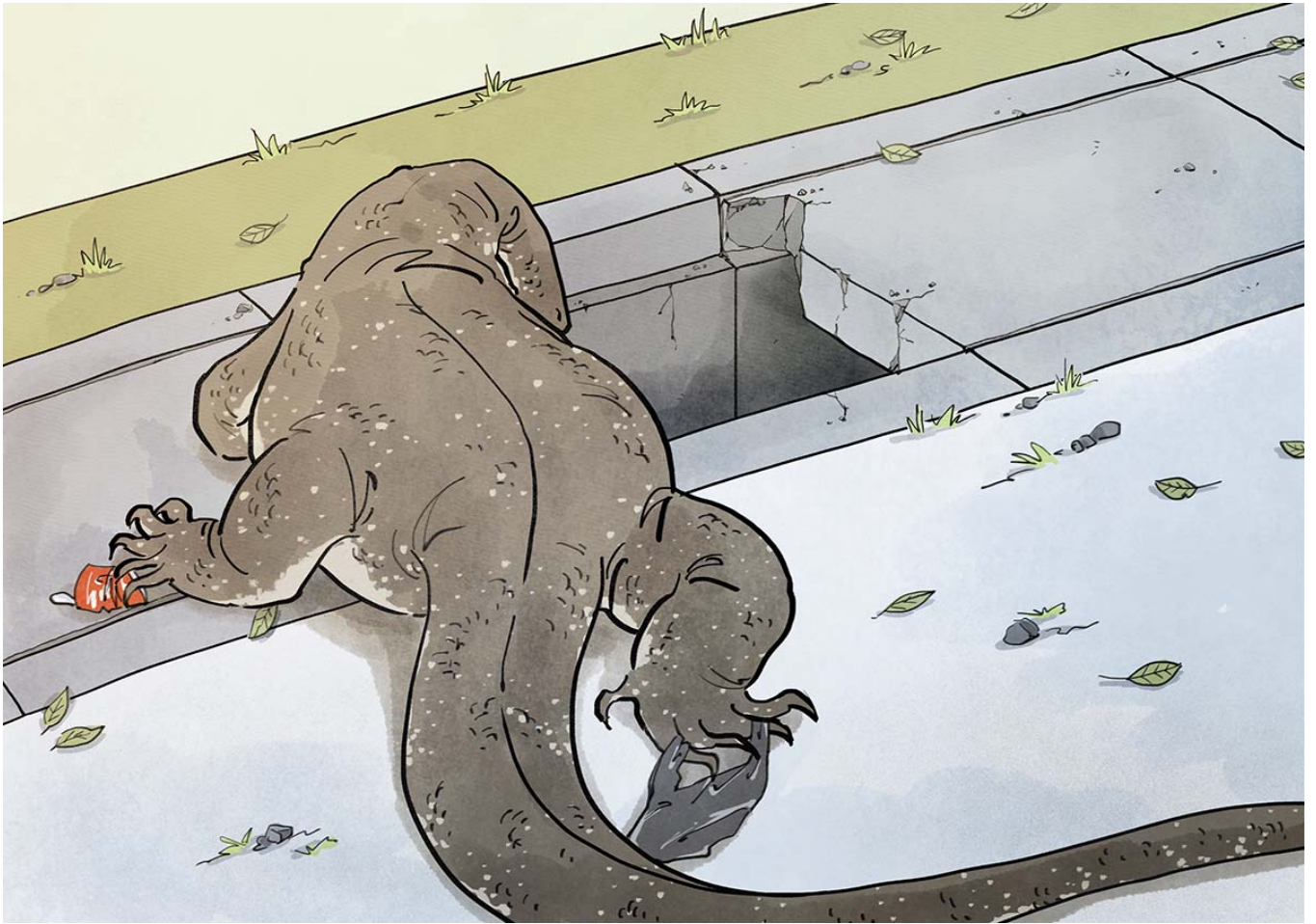
"Go away, crocodile!" "Don't come any closer!" The children shout at Goya. Is the crocodile behind him? Goya wonders. If he screams, too, maybe the crocodile will go away.



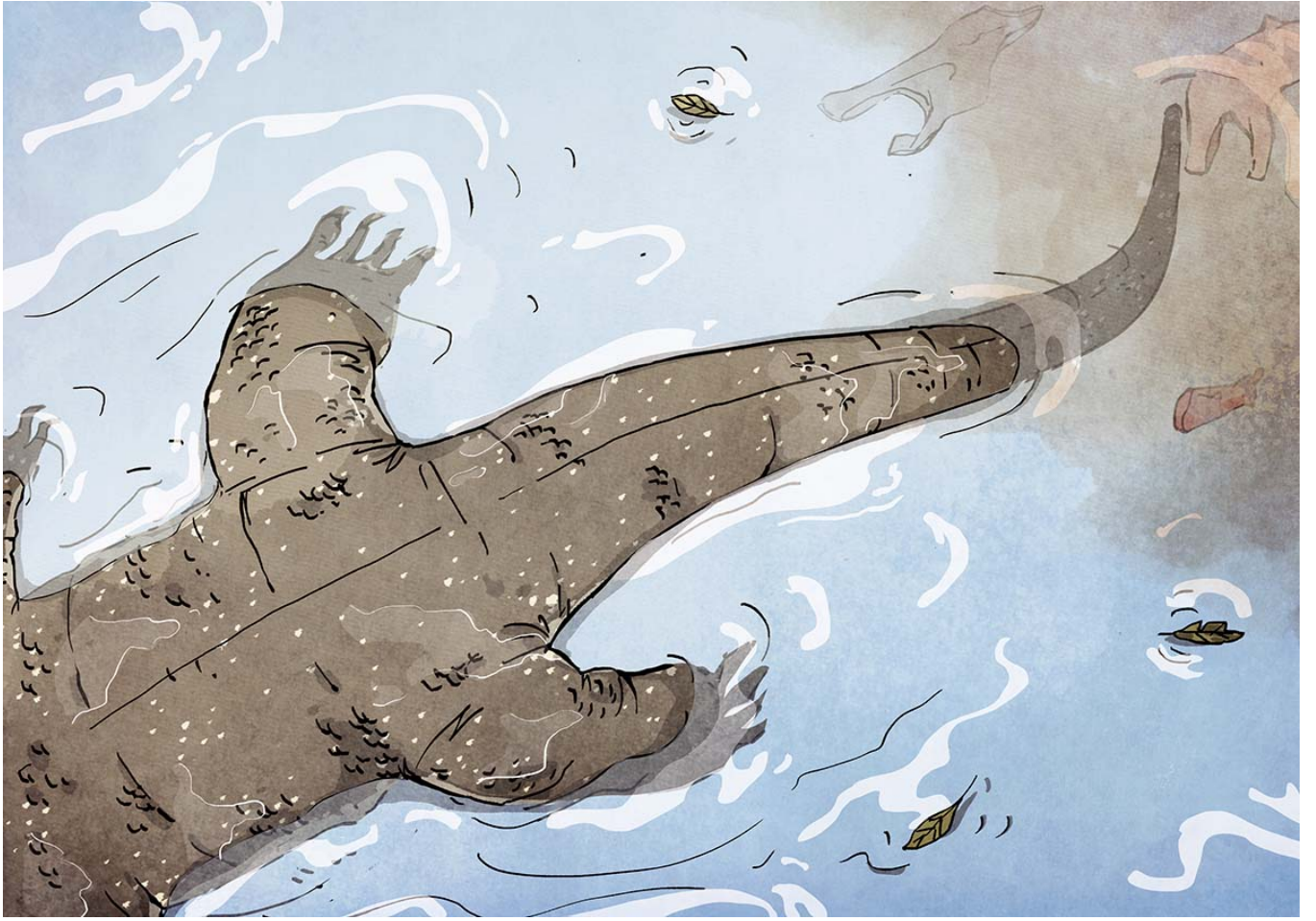
"Ahhhhhh!" the children shout. "Ahhhhhh!" shouts Goya.



"Run!" the children shout. "Run!" shouts Goya. The children run fast. Goya runs, too. Goya doesn't want to get caught by the crocodile.



Goya rushes back into the tunnel. He hopes the crocodile won't follow him.



Hurry up, Goya. Swim faster!



Oh! Goya knows this place.Hooray! Goya is finally home.



Goya is tired and hungry. He begins to look for food.



Wait a minute. Is that my reflection in the water? Goya wonders.



Suddenly Goya realizes why the kids were screaming. They thought I was a crocodile! Goya thinks. But I am not a crocodile, I am a water monitor lizard. Not only that, I am afraid of crocodiles! What do you think? Does Goya look like a crocodile?

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