



COMEBACK

KIDS

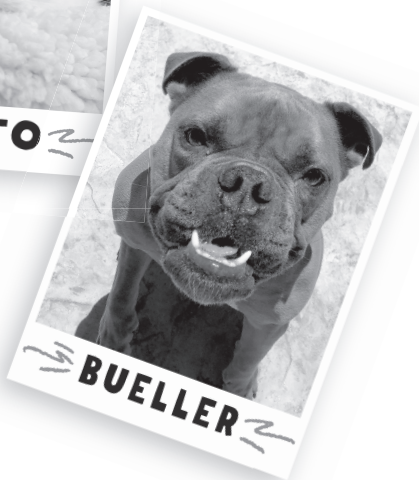
THREE ANIMALS
WHO OVERCAME
THE IMPOSSIBLE



POTATO



ANGEL



BUELLER

BY AUBRE ANDRUS

SCHOLASTIC INC.

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A decorative graphic in the top right corner of the page. It shows a perspective view of a road with two parallel lines. Scattered along the road are several coffee beans, some whole and some split. The background is a light, textured grey.

CHAPTER 1

THE RESCUE

SHAWN OPENED THE DOOR OF THE truck as they pulled up to the farm. She jumped out before it had even stopped moving. Her bright blonde hair swung in a high ponytail as she jogged toward the green fenced-in pasture just ahead. Her husband, Jered, parked the truck, then followed closely behind her. They had both been on farms plenty of times before,

but this wasn't your everyday farm—it was a farm for zebu, a type of small cattle from Asia.

A little zebu calf was sitting in the grass near the fence. Shawn immediately bent down to pet her. She almost didn't even notice the farmer and his wife standing nearby. Tears were already streaming down Shawn's face. She couldn't wait to bring this calf home.

“She's the size of a newborn puppy,” Shawn said in awe as she lovingly hugged her newest rescue for the first time. She had never seen a zebu up close. She couldn't believe how cute this calf was. She looked like a little fawn, but instead of being brown like a baby deer, she was black and white spotted. Two tiny horns sprouted from the top of her head. A few teeth poked out of the bottom of her adorable smile. Her ears were perked up, and she was wearing a bandanna around her neck. At first glance, it seemed like

she was a healthy little calf just sitting in the grass. But the reality was that her back legs were tucked permanently underneath her body. They were twiglike and wouldn't straighten out like her front legs. The farmer, Bob, told Shawn and Jered how happy and sweet this little calf was, even though she couldn't stand up. That's why they named her Angel.

“Hi, Angel,” Shawn said as she pet her gently.



Tracey was watching from a window in her parents' farmhouse. Her mom and dad stood in the front yard near the pasture, with Angel resting just in front of them. Shawn and Jered were sitting in the grass petting her. So *this* was the couple that Tracey had heard so much about. Tracey had assumed the people who ran the

animal rescue would be older, like her parents. But Shawn and Jered looked so young! She had been told that Iowa Farm Sanctuary could change the lives of animals in need. That's exactly why she had called them to her parents' farm. This calf needed a miracle.

Tracey felt so relieved watching the couple interact with Angel as she walked out the front door to greet them. She could already tell that Jered and Shawn would give this calf the extra care and attention she needed. Just days before, Tracey had thought there was no hope for her. Her dad, Bob, raised miniature zebus and other animals on this farm. In all his years of raising zebus, he had never seen one like Angel. When her back legs didn't begin to straighten on their own after she was born, he took her to the vet. The veterinarian thought that her leg muscles just needed to be massaged and

straightened every day. But that didn't work.

The vet then realized that the calf's condition was more serious: Angel was born with her two back kneecaps in the wrong places, so she'd never be able to stand. It was like her back legs were locked in a bent position. The veterinarian recommended putting Angel to sleep, but Tracey asked her dad to let her find someone who could raise Angel and give her the extra care she needed. Bob loved the calf, and he wholeheartedly agreed that she deserved to find a new home.

Tracey had been thrilled when she found a forever home for Angel at a sanctuary in Florida. Florida had the perfect kind of weather for zebus—nice and warm. The new family planned to drive from Florida to Tracey's parents' farm in Illinois to pick up Angel. But then the call came in:

“I’m sorry, we can’t. We just don’t have room for her.”

Tracey was shocked. The new owners had backed out at the last minute. Where would this little zebu live now? Bob had done everything he could to help Angel in the two months since she had been born, including doing stretching exercises with her four times a day. He even carried her inside to feed her a bottle whenever she was hungry, since she couldn’t stand up to nurse from her mother. But Angel was growing and Bob was getting older. He wouldn’t be able to lift this little calf forever. If she couldn’t stand, he couldn’t take care of her.

Tracey had had to start the search for a new home again—and fast. Thankfully, she found Shawn and Jered at Iowa Farm Sanctuary, and they had answered her call for help immediately.

And now they were here to take Angel to her new home.



Tracey introduced herself to the couple. Jered was bearded with tattooed arms and his long dark blond hair was tied back in a low bun. Up close, she could now see that Shawn had a cow tattoo on her leg. Shawn was watching the other zebus grazing far away, inside the pasture. But one of the zebus had broken away from the pack. The lone zebu started walking toward them. She reached the fence, then started bellowing loudly as Shawn picked up Angel gently.

“That’s her mom,” Tracey explained.

“I think she’s saying good-bye to Angel,” Shawn said.

Tracey agreed. She knew that Angel’s mom understood what was going on. As much as

possible, Bob would set Angel next to her mom's pen so they could be close to each other. But Angel couldn't safely stay inside with her all the time. Since Angel couldn't move around on her own, her mom might accidentally step on her and hurt her. But they still loved to spend time together when they could.

Once, when Angel was sitting near her mom, a large male zebu (called a bull) came near them. Angel started bellowing at him as loud as she could. For being so little, she had no fear! Tracey didn't know what Angel said to that bull, but she had *something* to say, and she wasn't afraid to say it. That was when Tracey knew that Angel would be able to protect herself—with or without her mom nearby.

Angel would need that feistiness now that she was leaving the farm to live at a new place. Bob handed over Angel's remaining powdered

milk to Shawn and Jered, and Tracey gave them some extra supplies. Because Angel couldn't stand, she needed to lie on a clean disposable pad. It had to be replaced frequently to keep her clean so she didn't develop sores on her skin every time she went to the bathroom.

It was a good thing Tracey was a nurse (for humans). When she learned that a calf at her parents' farm needed extra help, she had brought over supplies to keep the calf healthy. She had fallen in love with Angel on day one. But now Tracey had to walk away. She was too sad to say good-bye to Angel. As she stepped back inside the house, she cried. She would miss Angel and all of her little zebu kisses. Tracey watched from the window as Jered and Shawn, with Angel in her arms, stepped back into their truck. Tracey knew that Angel had a tough road ahead of her, but she'd have a great life at Iowa Farm

Sanctuary, where she could get the extra attention she needed.

The truck pulled down the road and drove off into the warm September afternoon.



Angel gave one last look toward her barn. Her mom had said good-bye, and then the nice humans were crying. Now she was sitting in someone's lap, and they were moving quickly through the fields and away from her farm. Angel did the one thing she knew how to do: give kisses, which was basically licking someone's face. That was her way of saying hello and thank you. She wasn't quite sure what was going on, but she had a feeling that these humans were going to do something good for her.