



With special thanks to Natalie Doherty

*For Al, who's always wanted me to write a book,
and for Sarah, for giving me the chance to do it.*

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

Text copyright © 2015 by Hothouse Fiction
Illustrations copyright © 2015 by Sophy Williams

All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, *Publishers since 1920*. SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc. Published by arrangement with Nosy Crow Ltd. Series created by Nosy Crow Ltd.

First published in the United Kingdom in 2013 by Nosy Crow Ltd., The Crow's Nest,
10a Lant St., SE1 1QR.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Nosy Crow Ltd., The Crow's Nest, 10a Lant St., SE1 1QR, United Kingdom.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

ISBN 978-0-545-84220-4

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 15 16 17 18 19/0

Printed in the U.S.A. 40
First edition, September 2015

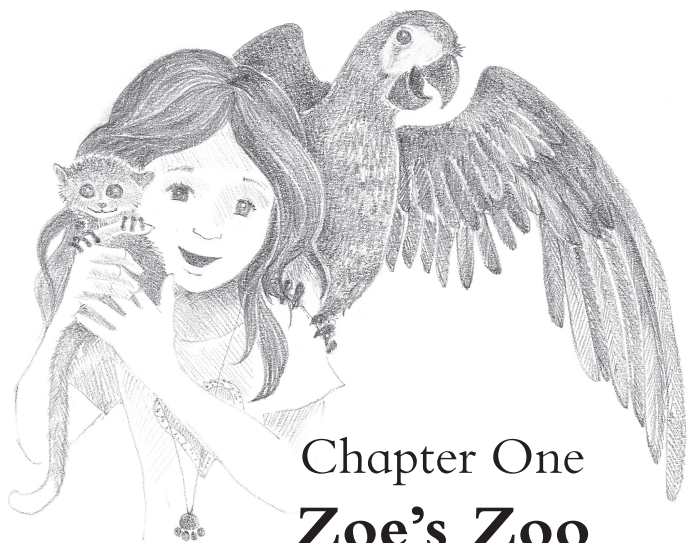
Zoe's Rescue
ZOO
The
Lonely
Lion Cub

Amelia Cobb



Illustrated by Sophy Williams

Scholastic Inc.



Chapter One

Zoe's Zoo

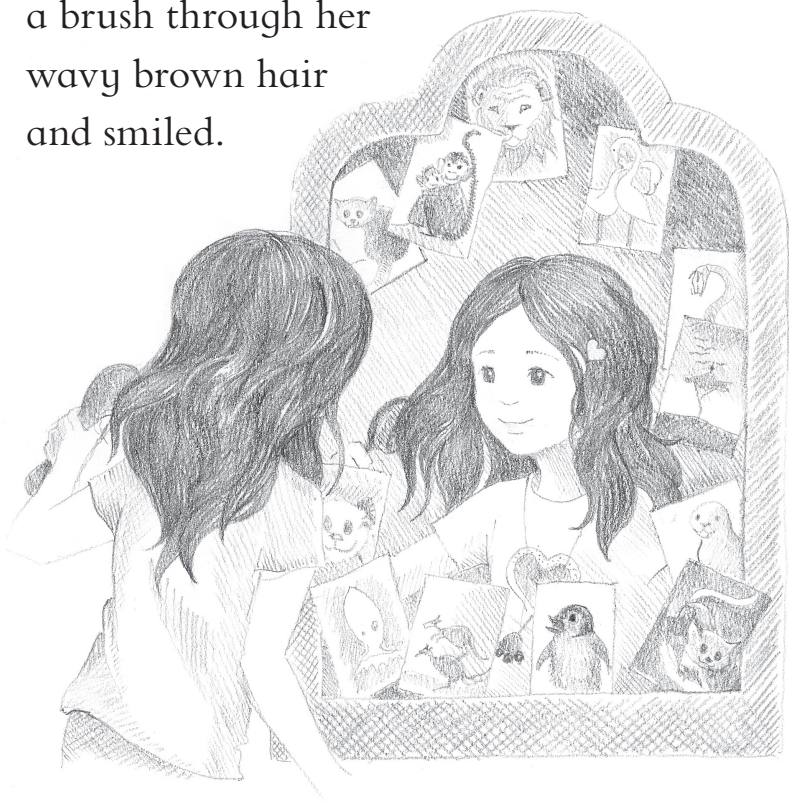
“Taroom! Taaarrrrooomm! Tah-rah-rah-roomm!”

A deafening trumpeting noise blasted through the quiet early morning. It was so loud it made Zoe Parker’s bedroom window rattle.

Zoe opened her eyes and grinned. “OK, OK, I’m up!” she said.



After a final stretch and wiggle of her toes, she leaped out of bed. She pulled on her jeans and a sparkly T-shirt before putting on the necklace she always wore — a pretty silver chain with a charm in the shape of a lion's paw print. She glanced in the mirror as she tugged a brush through her wavy brown hair and smiled.



There were so many postcards tucked into the sides of the mirror frame that she could hardly see her reflection! Each card was from a faraway place and showed a different exotic animal. There were graceful gazelles in the African savanna, a shy baby panda from the Chinese mountains, and thousands of silver angelfish that sparkled like jewels in the Amazon river.

As another trumpet blast rang out, Zoe pulled on her shoes and glanced at her bed. “Where are you, sleepyhead?” she whispered. “Come out, come out, wherever you are . . .”

Everything was still for a moment. Then the covers at the bottom of the bed wiggled. “Aha,” said Zoe as a small lump appeared and began to make its way up



the bed. Then — ever so slowly — a pair of furry ears popped up from under the duvet. These were followed by a small, soft, pale-gray head with two huge, shiny golden eyes, blinking sleepily. Then, finally, a long, curly gray tail appeared.

“There you are, Meep.” Zoe giggled as the tiny mouse lemur crept out from under the covers.



“Wake up! It’s breakfast time!”

“Meep! Meep!” the little lemur squeaked happily, suddenly wide awake. He scampered out of bed and jumped into Zoe’s arms, chattering excitedly. She grinned as she held her fluffy friend.

There was another trumpeting sound,

and the little lemur jumped and grabbed on to Zoe's T-shirt. Zoe laughed again.

“Don't be silly, Meep, it's only Oscar,” she said, flinging her window open.

Zoe grinned as she looked out over the patchwork of animal enclosures. From her bedroom she could see all the way from the shimmering lake where the hippos swam, over the grassy green fields full of striped zebras and tall, patterned giraffes, past the pond full of pink flamingos all standing on one leg, up to the windmill that powered the zoo with its sails turning in the wind, and all the way down to the elephant enclosure next door.

Zoe didn't think it was unusual to have a lemur sleeping at the end of her bed or an elephant in her backyard, because she lived in her great-uncle's zoo!



“Good morning to you too, Oscar,” she called down happily.

The tip of a long, gray trunk appeared from behind a glossy banyan tree, followed by the tusks, head, and huge flapping ears of Oscar the African elephant. He lifted his trunk up high and waved at her, his wise old eyes twinkling. “*Taroom!*” he trumpeted again.

“No, Oscar, no school for me today. It’s vacation,” she called back. “Listen, I’ll come and say hello later on, OK? And I’ll bring you a treat if I can.”

Elephants munched on tree bark, leaves, and grass most of the time, but Zoe knew they also loved sweet fruits like apples and oranges.

Oscar flapped his ears and gave a final happy trumpet.



The Lonely Lion Cub

“OK, I’ll see if I can find you some bananas!” Zoe laughed.

Living at the Rescue Zoo wasn’t the only amazing thing about Zoe’s life. She also had a very special secret — she could talk to the animals!

