

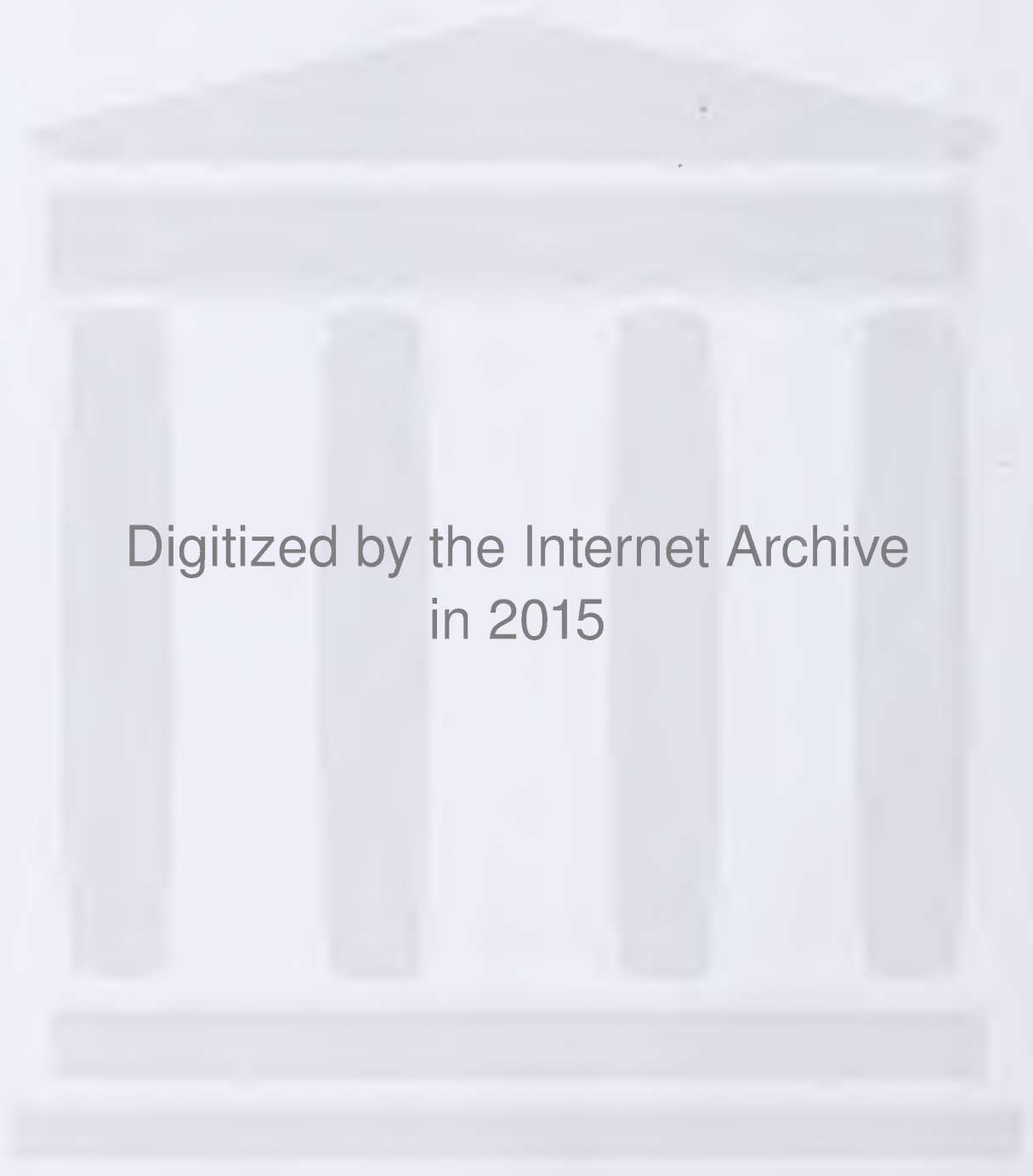
# The Most Perfect Spot



DIANE GOODE



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# The Most Perfect Spot

By Diane Goode



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The Most Perfect Spot

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by Stephanie Bart Horvath • 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

8 9 10 ❖ First Edition



For Peter,  
the most perfect son  
Love, Mom



# One sunny morning,

Jack made his mama breakfast in bed,  
and a card that said,



*"I know the most perfect spot for a picnic."*





So Mama put on her very best hat,  
and they set off for Prospect Park.





The sky was clear and blue.  
It was the perfect day for a picnic.





They walked around the corner  
and through the big park gate.





They followed a wooded path until  
they came to the lake. The water was calm.





It seemed like the most perfect spot.  
So Jack helped his mama into a boat.

**BUT . . .**  
**. . . suddenly,**  
who knows why,





a flock of ducks flapped their wings





and cried, "Quack, quack! Quack, quack!"





The noise startled Mama. *Splash!*  
She fell into the lake.  
*Splash!* Jack fell in too.





“Brrrrr. . . .” Jack and Mama were wet and cold,  
so they went to dry off in the sun.  
It seemed like the most perfect spot.

**BUT . . .**  
**. . . suddenly,**  
who knows why,





five riders on horseback came galloping by.





*Clippety-clop! Clippety-clop! Splat!*





*Split, splat.* The horses kicked up the mud.  
It got all over Mama and Jack.





So Jack took his mama to the carousel,  
where they'd be safe from ducks and horses.  
It seemed like the most perfect spot.

**BUT . . .**  
**. . . suddenly,**  
who knows why,





the carousel went around—





*Whoosh, whoosh! Whoooooosh!—very, very fast.*





Wooooo. . . . The ride made Mama dizzy,  
and she could not find her hat.



There were gray clouds in the sky.  
Jack and Mama were too tired and  
too hungry to look for Mama's hat,



so they plopped down in a meadow.





It was noisy—“Yakety-yak-yak”—and before





they could eat, it began to rain, *pitter-patter-pitter, pat . . .*





... and suddenly, who knows why, a pack of dogs ran past,





barking, "Arf, arf! Woof, woof!" And then it began to pour!





"This park does NOT have the most perfect spot for a picnic!" Jack said. So he took his mama by the hand and they ran through a park gate.





They

did

not

look

back!





They ran around the corner, *splish-splash, squish*.  
They ran through the wet streets . . .





... and all the way up the stairs.





Back home to the best picnic spot.





Just Mama and Jack . . .



... and a dog they named Spot,



the most perfect Spot!













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