

TEXT 122 199 The last job of the day was to gather the
MTEXT 92 220 eggs the geese laid.
TEXT 257 220 One goose had feathers as
MTEXT 92 241 white as snow.
TEXT 220 241 She was a special friend to the
MTEXT 92 262 farmer.
TEXT 122 283 "Lay me an egg for a fine cake, my friend,"
MTEXT 92 304 he said one day.
TEXT 232 304 The goose laid an egg.
TEXT 421 304 It
MTEXT 92 325 was unlike any egg he had ever seen.
INFO R 20350
DONE