

Behind the Glass

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PRIMATE
Primates are warm blooded mammals. Most primates live in the Americas, Africa and Asia

MOM SAYS THEY'RE PRIMATES. THE ZOOKEEPER SAYS THAT I'M A PRIMATE TOO.

MOM AND AMELIA DAWDLE BUT I CAN'T WAIT!



I SCAN THE ENTIRE EXHIBIT. "THERE THEY ARE." BUT MOM DOESN'T LOOK; SHE'S KEEPING AN EYE ON AMELIA.

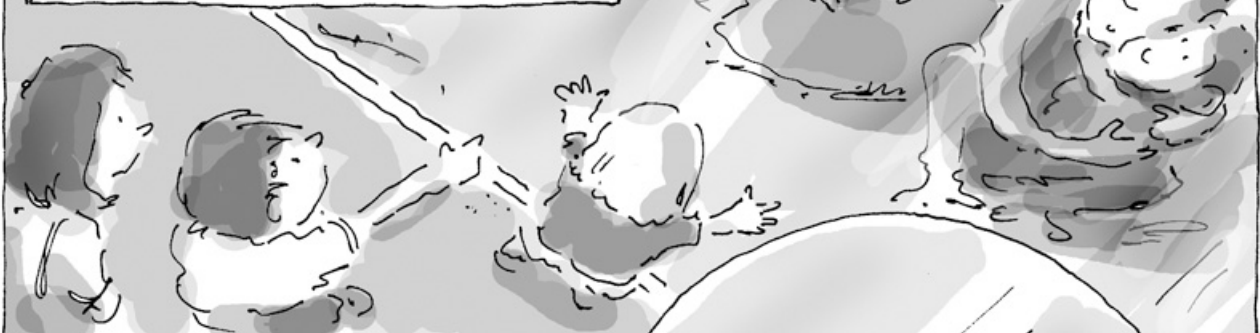
"THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER. HURRY!" MOM TAKES AMELIA'S HAND AND BRINGS HER TO THE GLASS.



WE ALL PEER THROUGH IT.

AMELIA ACTS JUST LIKE THEM. SHE JUMPS AROUND MAKING RHYTHMS ON HER CHEST. MOM LAUGHS. "THEY SURE ARE FUNNY LOOKING."

"IT'S A FAMILY," SAYS
AMELIA.
I POINT TO EACH ONE.
"YES, I THINK SO.
THERE'S THE MAMA, AND
THE BABY AND... BUT,
WHERE'S THE DADDY?"



I SHRUG. "I LIKE
THAT ONE. HE'S JUST
LIKE ME. HE'S AN
OLDER BROTHER TOO."



THEY HAVE HANDS LIKE
OURS... KNUCKLES... THUMBS...
AND SHORT CHEWED UP
FINGERNAILS TOO!



I CHECK TO
SEE IF
THEY HAVE
TEN TOES?

THEN AMELIA WHINES, "I'M HUNGRY." SHE'S ALWAYS HUNGRY. MY EYES STAY FOCUSED ON THE BABY. "EW! THAT BABY JUST

PICKED IT'S NOSE."



BUT NO ONE HEARS. MOM IS HELPING AMELIA PEEL THE BANANA. "HEY THE BABY HAS A BANANA TOO." HOW DO THEY GET FED?



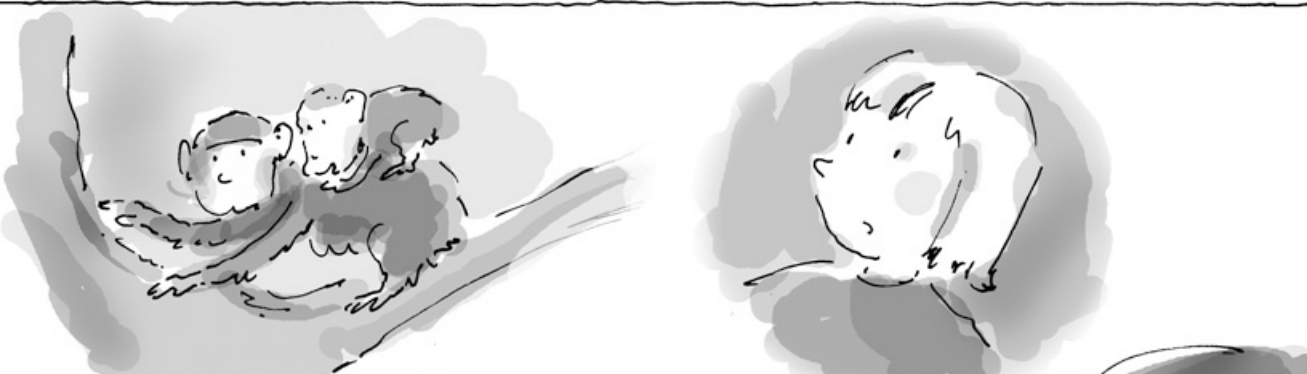
"THAT BABY'S TRYING TO EAT THE PEEL," CALLS AMELIA. I WATCH AS THE BABY WRINGS THE BANANA. THE PEEL SPLITS OPEN.



MUCKY BANANA EXPLODES INTO ITS HANDS. I LOOK BACK AT AMELIA. SHE'S STILL LICKING TOO.



I WANT TO LAUGH, BUT I NOTICE THE MAMMA'S SAD EYES. "DO YOU THINK THEY LIKE BEING IN THERE?" I LOOK FOR THE BACK OF THEIR CAGE. "DO THEY HAVE ENOUGH SPACE?"



THEN AMELIA ASKS, "DO THEY SLEEP?" "OF COURSE," I SAY. "ALL PRIMATES SLEEP."

MOM PUTS HER ARM AROUND ME. SHE WHISPERS, "THEIR EYES TELL THE STORIES OF THEIR EXPERIENCES."





FOR THE FIRST TIME I SEE INTO THEIR EYES. "YEAH," I SAY. "THE MAMMA LOOKS SAD~"

"OR T I-I-I-RED," AMELIA YAWNS.

LET'S GO YOU TWO. WE HAVE A LOT TO DO TODAY. FEEDING. EXERCISING. GROOMING. NEST MAKING. AND AMELIA NEEDS A NAP.



I TAKE ONE LAST LOOK AT THE HUMANS BEFORE FOLLOWING MOM BACK TO THE TREES.

The End