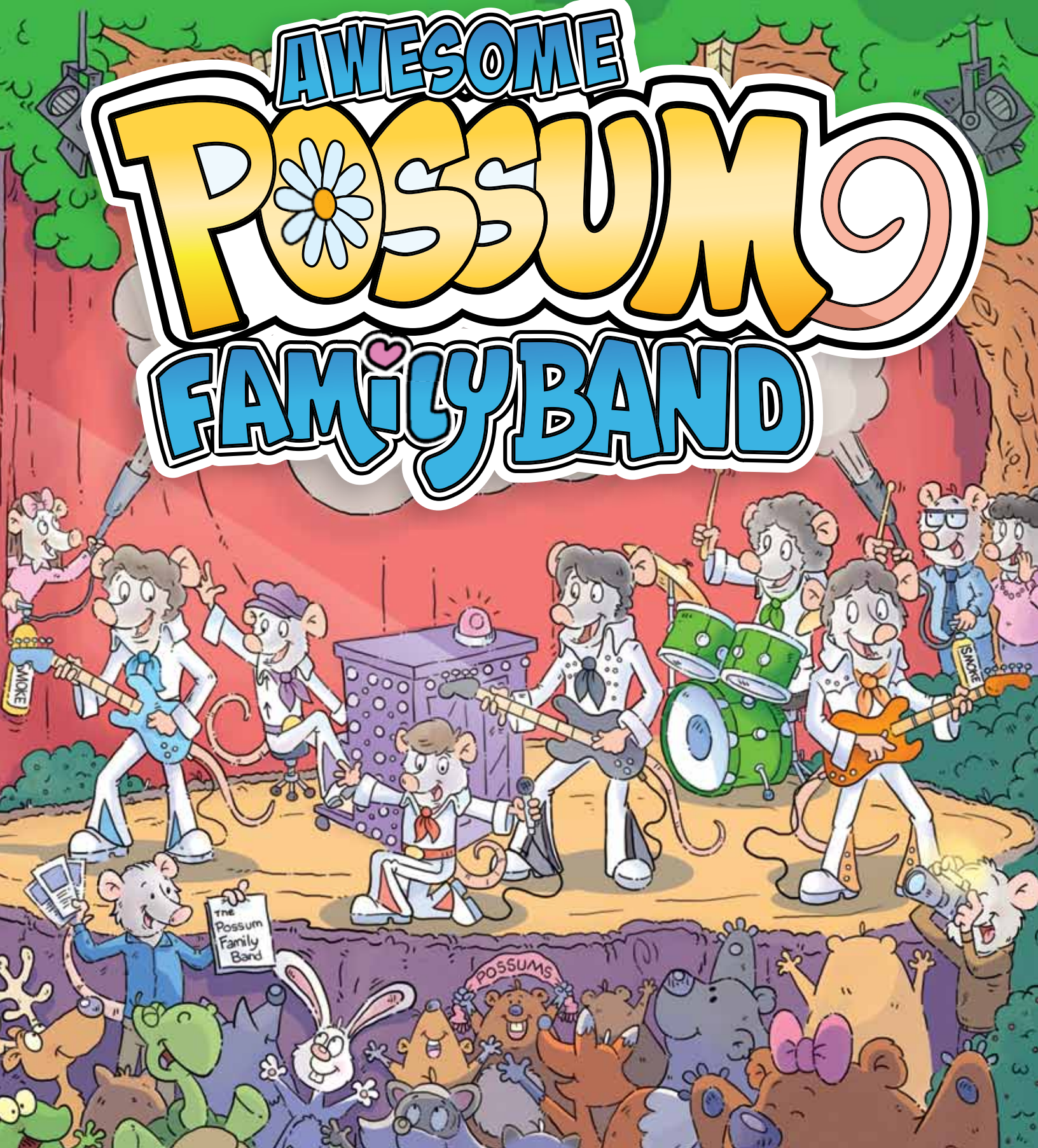


Jimmy Osmond

AWESOME
POSSUM
FAMILY BAND



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Dedication

I wish to thank all those that helped me put this book together.

Jeff Carneal, thank you for being a lifelong friend and believing in me for all of these years. A great big thank you to my friends Diane Lindsey Reeves and Cheryl Barnes for making this book happen for me. I have always loved to illustrate and cartoon and create characters, and wish to thank Bob Ostrom for not only being my art teacher and mentor, but for collaborating and helping to bring these characters and illustrations to life.

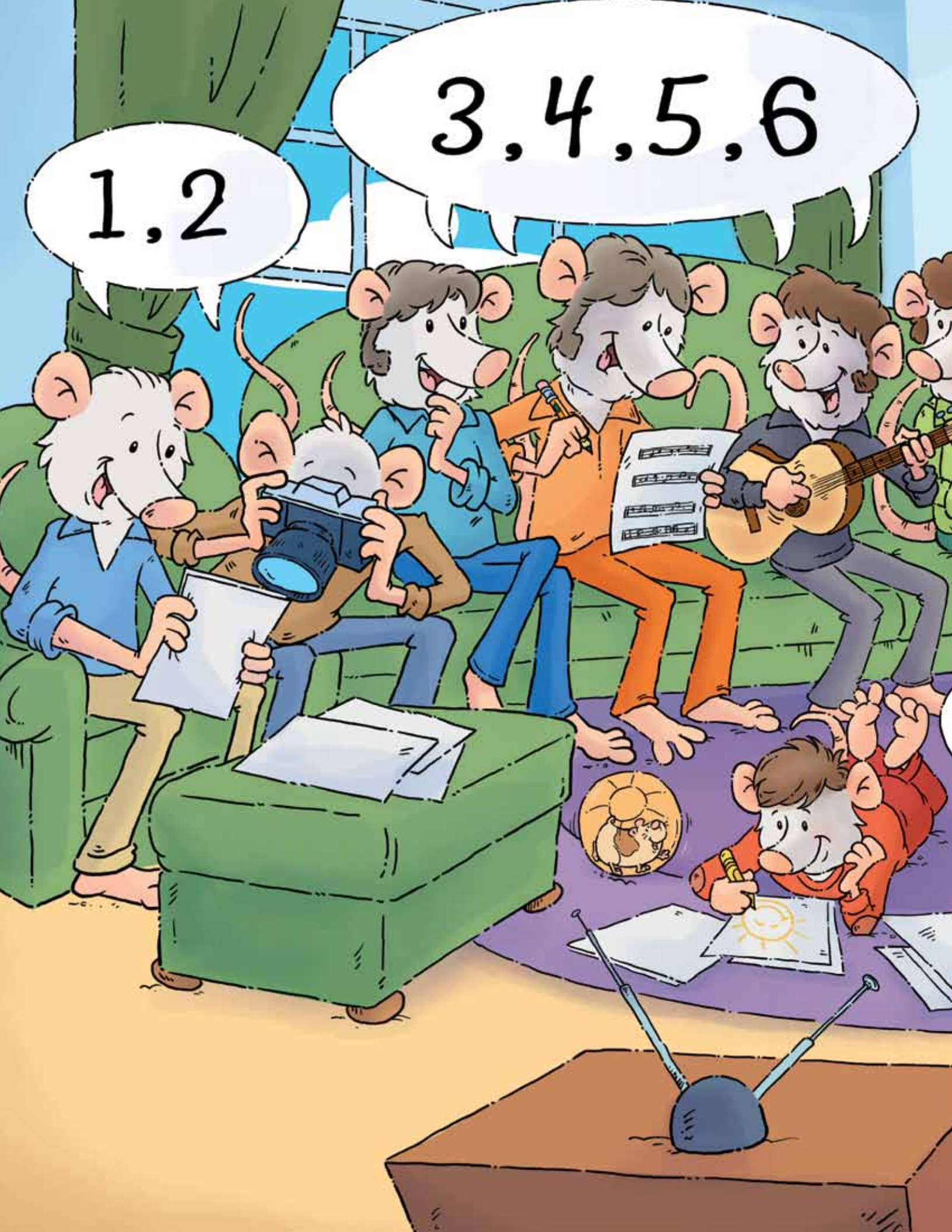
I also thank my beautiful wife, Michelle, and our four children: Sophia, Zachary, Arthur, and Isabella,...and I can't forget our puppy, Mochi.



Uh-oh! Who let Nibbles our hamster out!
See if you can find him each time you turn the page.

1.2

3.4.5.6





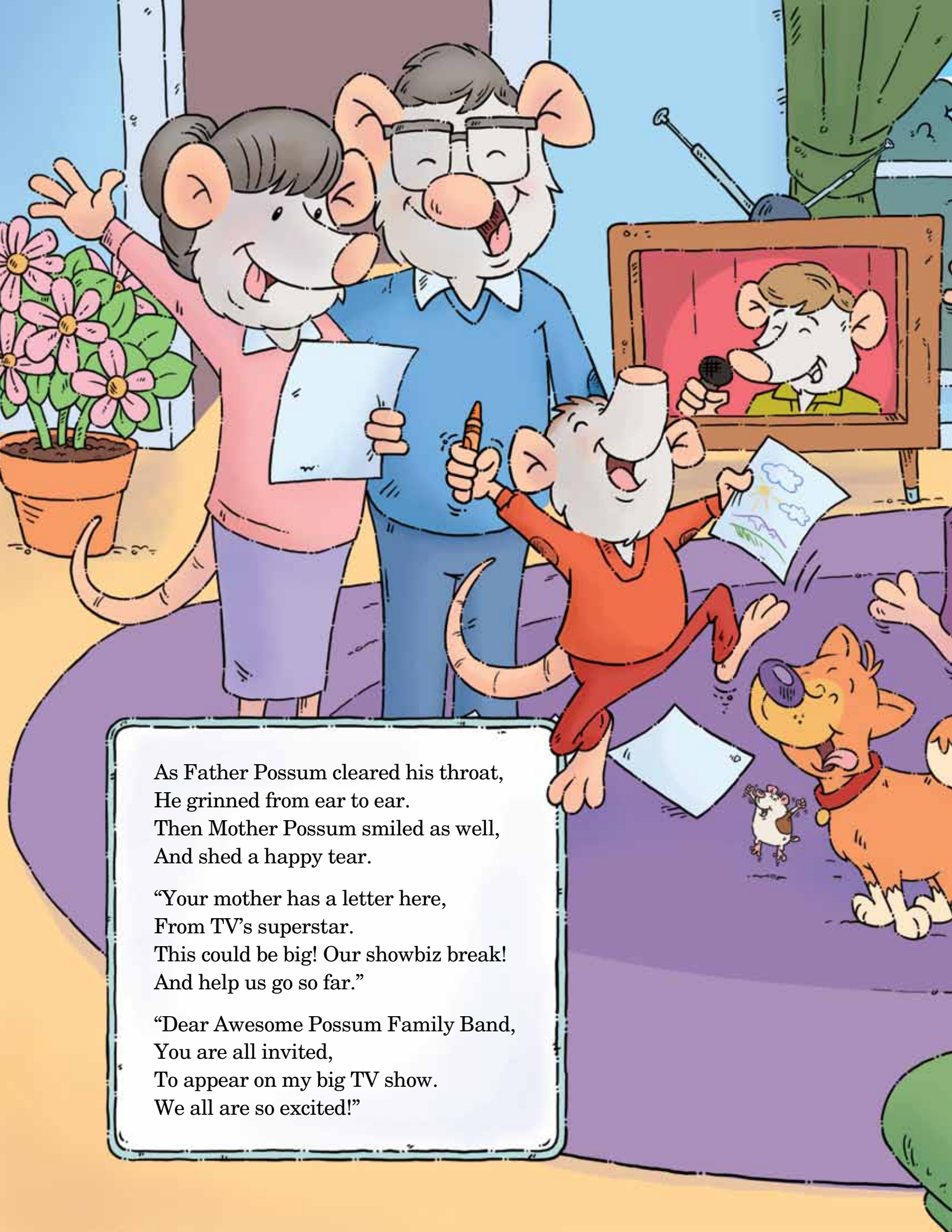
7.8

9

Woof

“Count off,” Father Possum called,
One special family night.
So pleased to see his family gather,
What an awesome sight!

“One” and “Two.” “Three.” “Four.” “Five.” “Six.”
Then “Seven,” “Eight,” and “Nine,”
Came each reply in harmony.
They sounded oh so fine!



As Father Possum cleared his throat,
He grinned from ear to ear.
Then Mother Possum smiled as well,
And shed a happy tear.

“Your mother has a letter here,
From TV’s superstar.
This could be big! Our showbiz break!
And help us go so far.”

“Dear Awesome Possum Family Band,
You are all invited,
To appear on my big TV show.
We all are so excited!”



You could have heard a pin drop.
Even crickets were quiet.
Then all at once, they jumped for joy,
And shouted out, "Let's try it!"

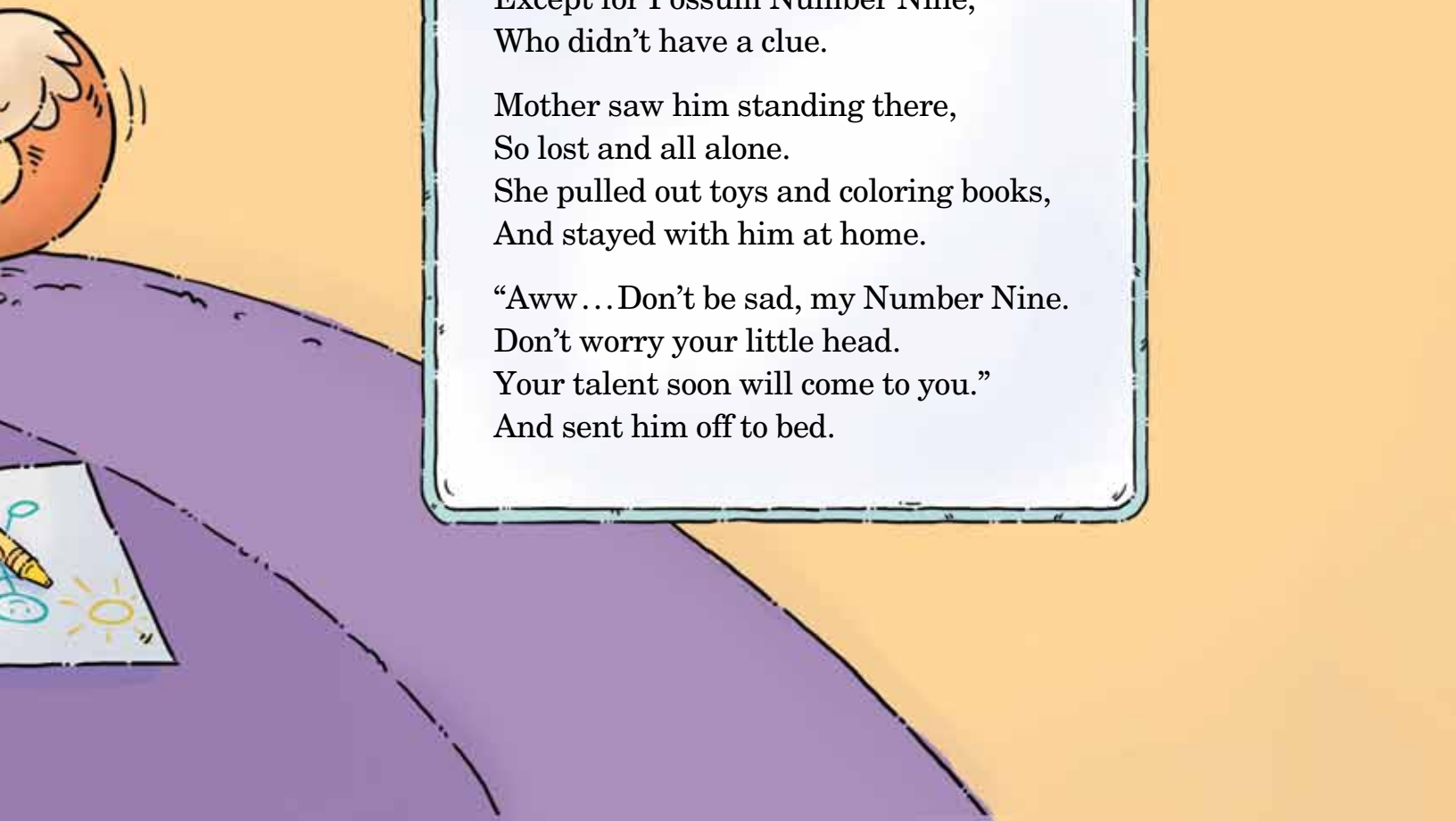




The Possums scampered here and there,
Each with a job to do.
Except for Possum Number Nine,
Who didn't have a clue.

Mother saw him standing there,
So lost and all alone.
She pulled out toys and coloring books,
And stayed with him at home.

"Aww... Don't be sad, my Number Nine.
Don't worry your little head.
Your talent soon will come to you."
And sent him off to bed.





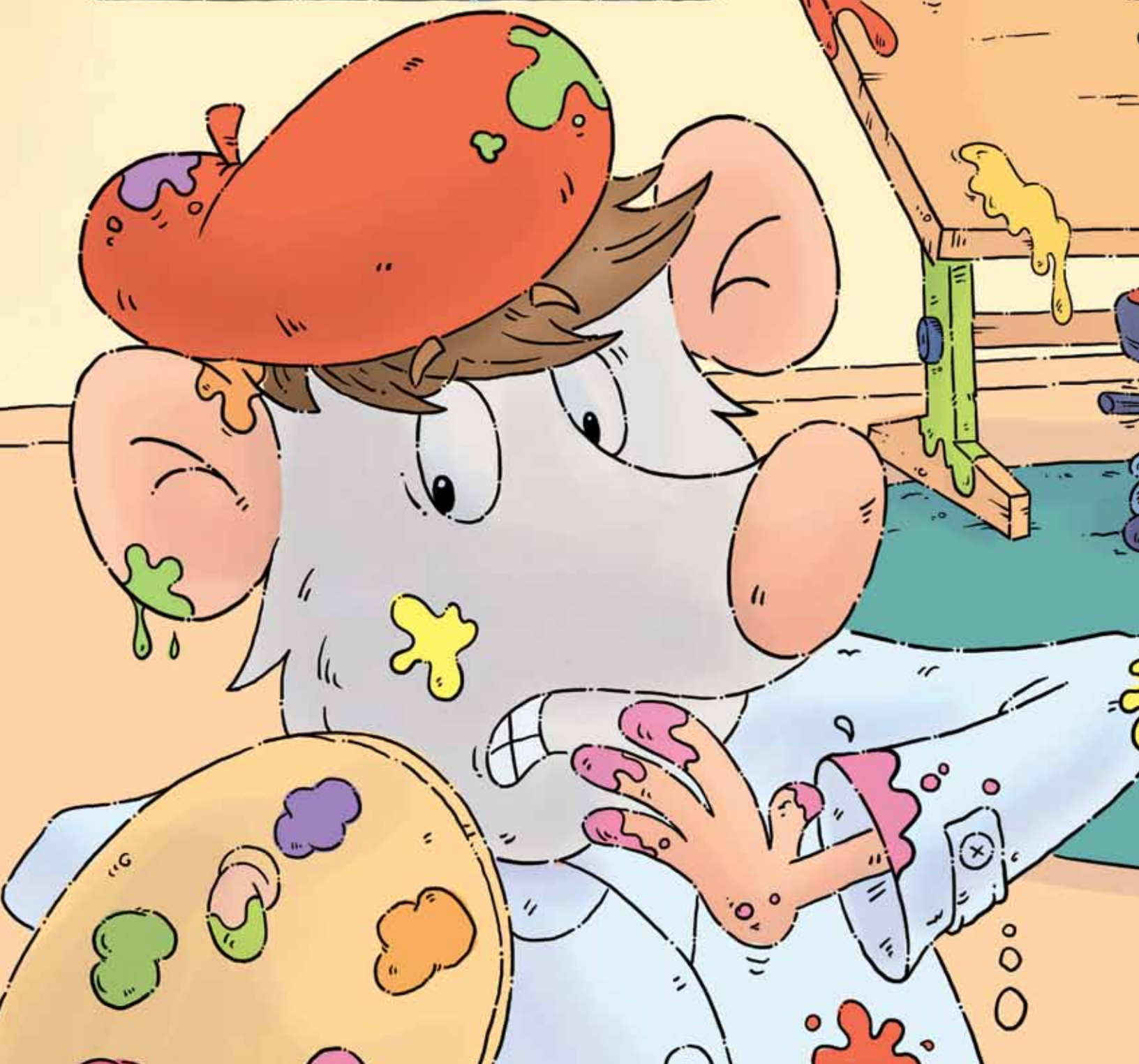
He dreamed and wondered all the night
Of things that he could do.
He wanted to feel useful
And to help his family too.

One and Two have great jobs
Selling programs at each show,
Printing, posters, and photography.
“I think I’ll have a go.”



So off he went the next day,
With paper and paints in hand.
Off to make a poster of
The Possum Family Band.

With a “Whoops,” and an “Oops,” what a mess!
Paint splashed everywhere.
Spilling across the countertop,
And even in his hair.



"This must not be my talent,"
As he washed the paint away.
"I'll find something else to do,
What instruments could I play?"





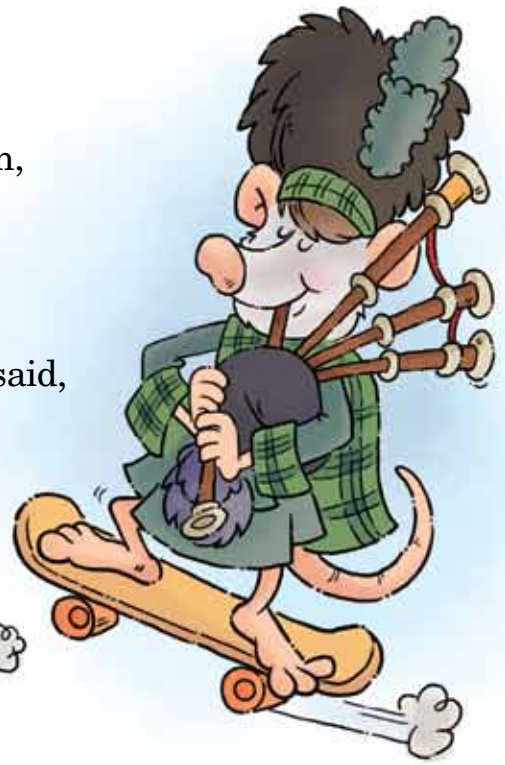
So off he went to learn from brothers
Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven.
He dreamed of being in their band.
Oh boy, would that be heaven!

He tried the trumpet and trombone
And blew the tuba hard.
It made the dogs go crazy,
Barking loudly in the yard.



With bagpipes and the saxophone,
He shook the chandeliers.
He screeched and scratched the violin,
And brought them all to tears.

The stand-up bass was way too tall,
The drums a bit too much.
His brothers plugged their ears and said,
“You haven’t got the touch.”

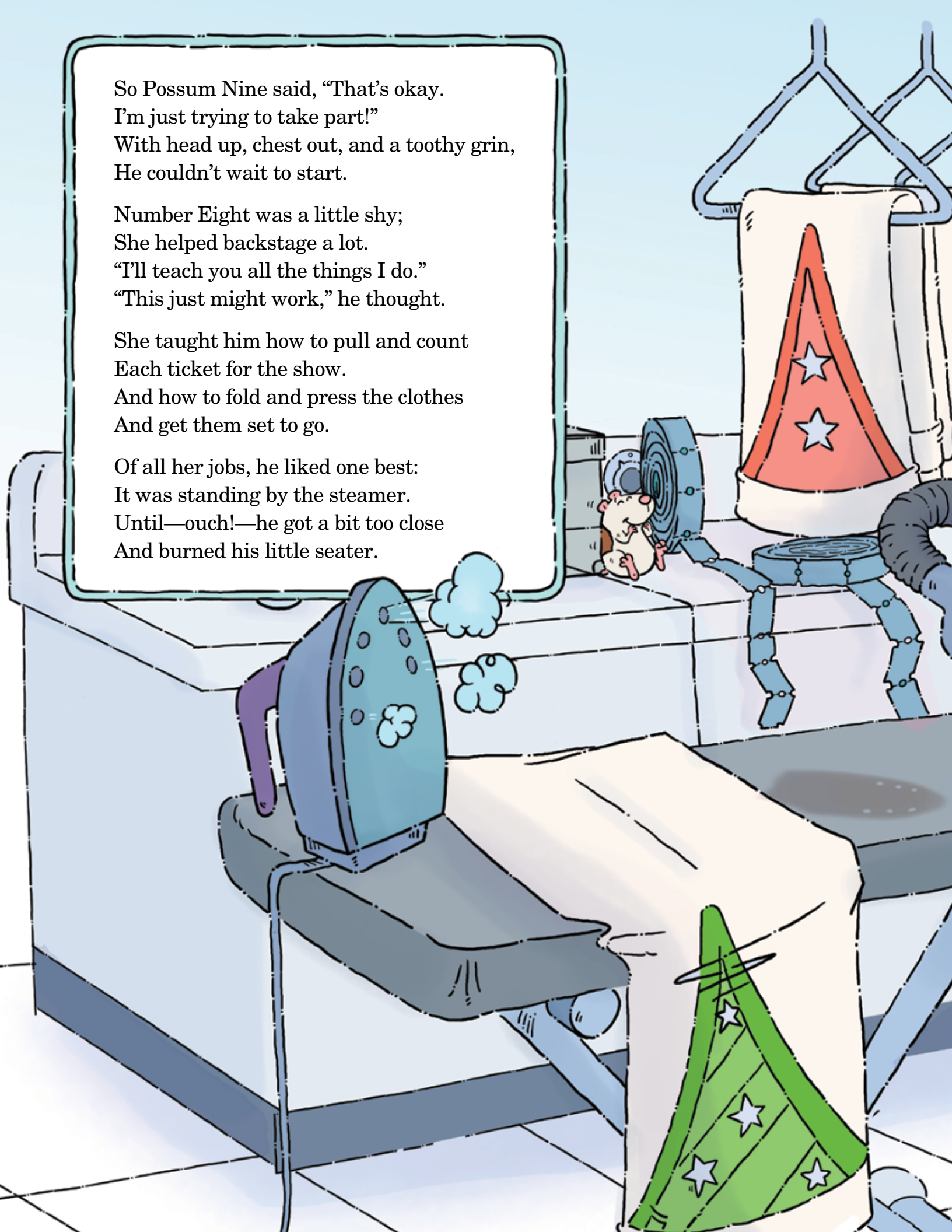


So Possum Nine said, "That's okay.
I'm just trying to take part!"
With head up, chest out, and a toothy grin,
He couldn't wait to start.

Number Eight was a little shy;
She helped backstage a lot.
"I'll teach you all the things I do."
"This just might work," he thought.

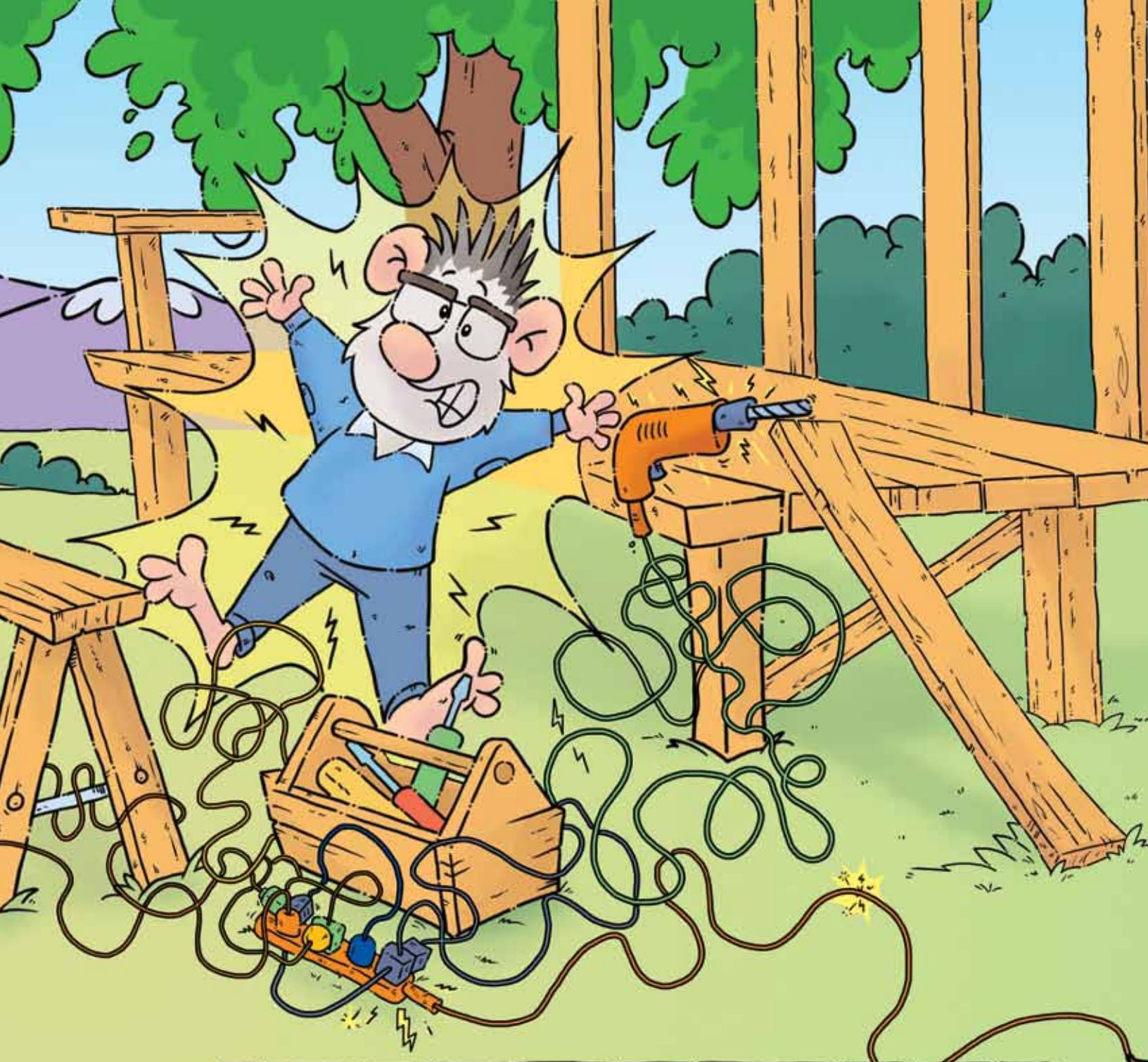
She taught him how to pull and count
Each ticket for the show.
And how to fold and press the clothes
And get them set to go.

Of all her jobs, he liked one best:
It was standing by the steamer.
Until—ouch!—he got a bit too close
And burned his little seater.









Next he grabbed a hammer, building stage sets with his dad.
Maybe this was where he'd find a talent that he had.

"Come work with me," his father said. "I'll show you what I do."
But Nine got all the wires crossed, and the whole place went kapoo!

"Uh-oh. I'm so sorry, Dad. I really need to go.
I'm running out of time, to find my talent for the show."

“Oh, Mother dear, please help me,
Find a spot where I can fit.
Hey, let me make the family food,
Sew costumes for a bit.”

Wow! What a mess the kitchen was,
The sewing room—disaster!
A tangled, spangled, sparkly mess,
They both fell down with laughter.





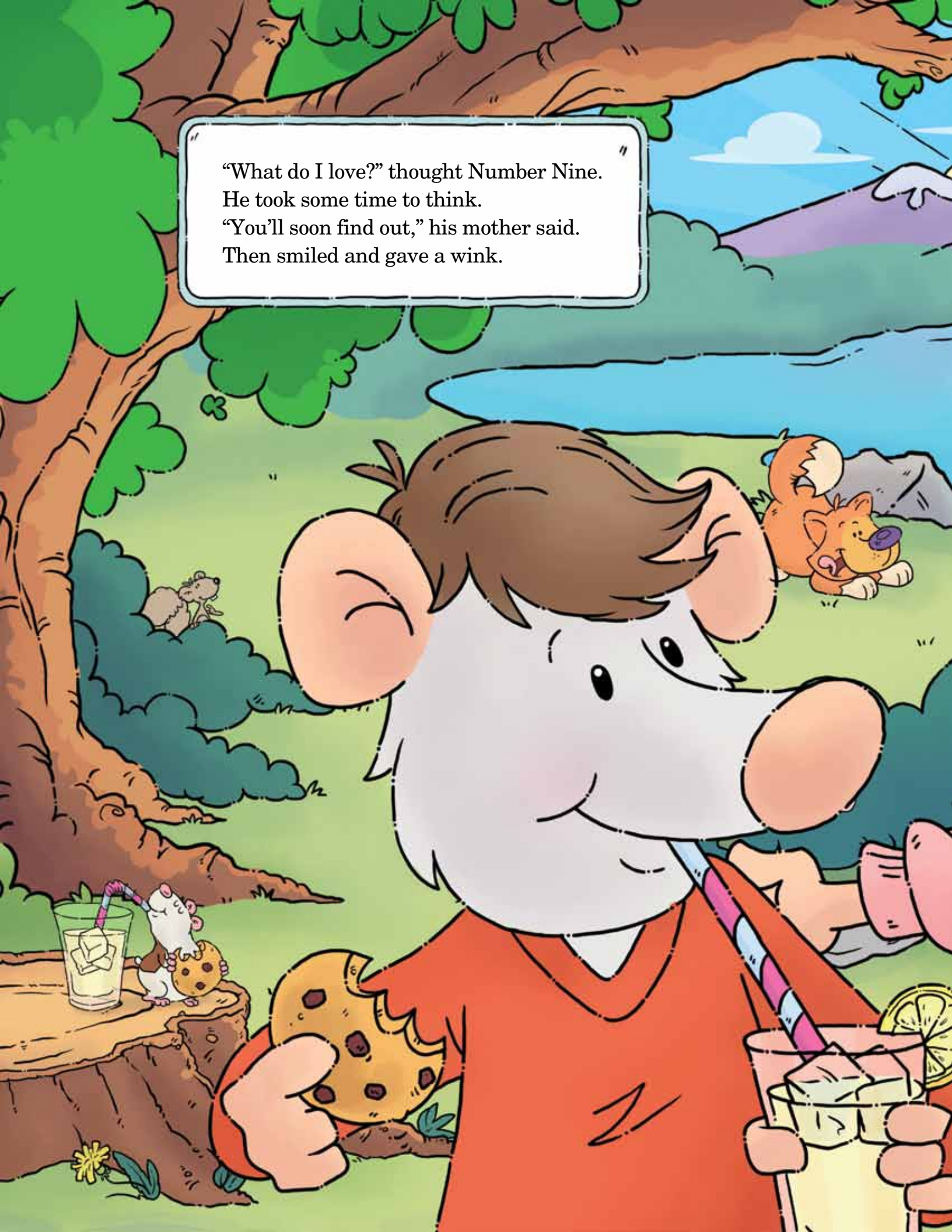




“Let’s take a break and go outside,” where Mom poured lemonade.
Soon Possum Nine was upside down, as they rested in the shade.

“It takes some time to figure out, just what we love to do.
So practice, practice, practice, to make your dreams come true.”

"What do I love?" thought Number Nine.
He took some time to think.
"You'll soon find out," his mother said.
Then smiled and gave a wink.



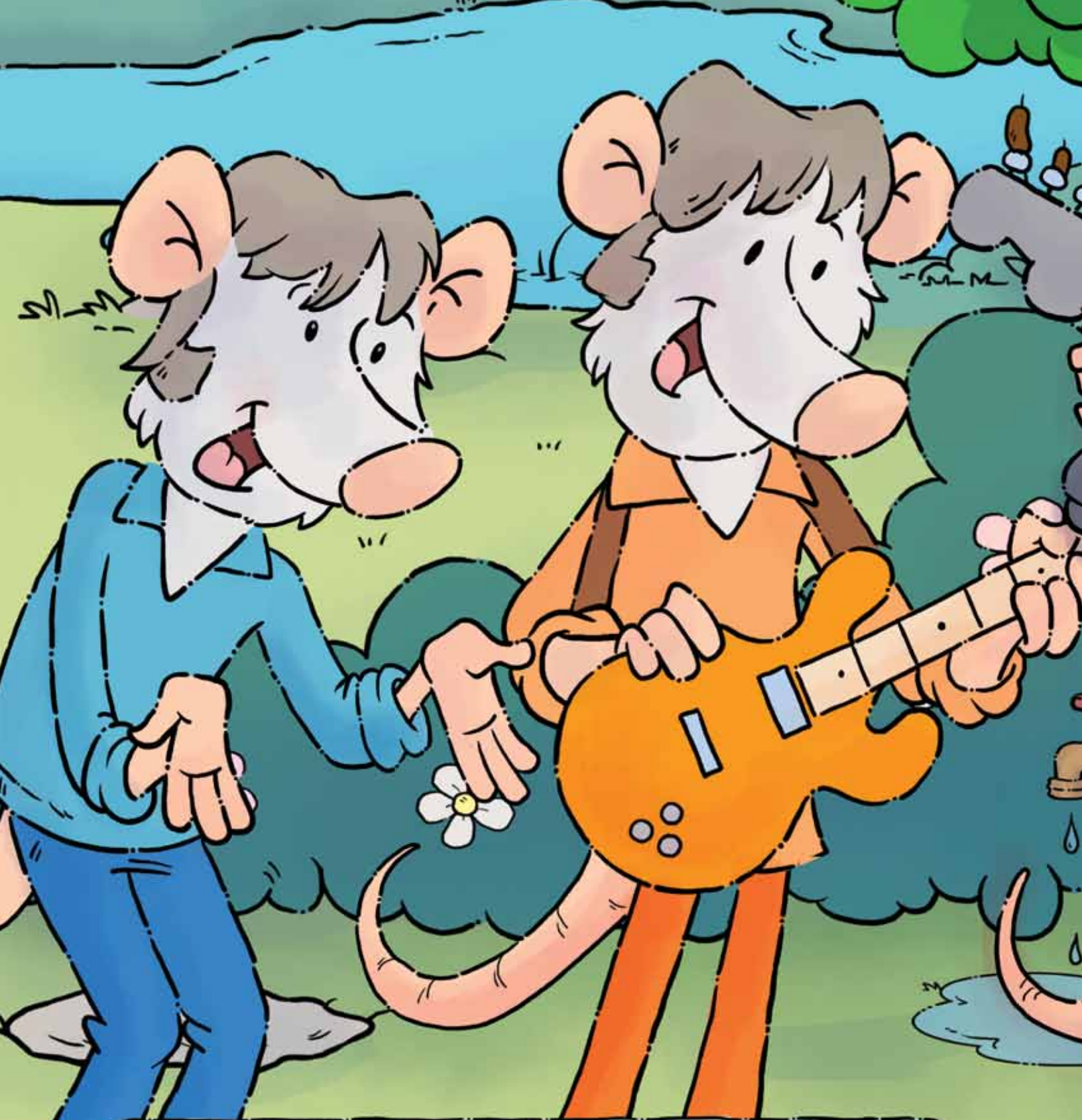


Mother Possum, oh so wise,
She gave him great advice.
He will practice, practice, practice,
Success comes with a price.

“I know now what I love to do.
I love to sing along.”
He stood outside the window,
And sang his favorite song.







He sang, "Oh yea!" right at the end. His brothers turned around. They said, "Please do that once again. That was an awesome sound."

"It's just what we've been missing. Those high notes can't go wrong. You're just what we've been looking for to complete our family song."





The show began; it was almost time
For Number Nine's debut.
He was getting nervous,
Not sure he'd make it through.

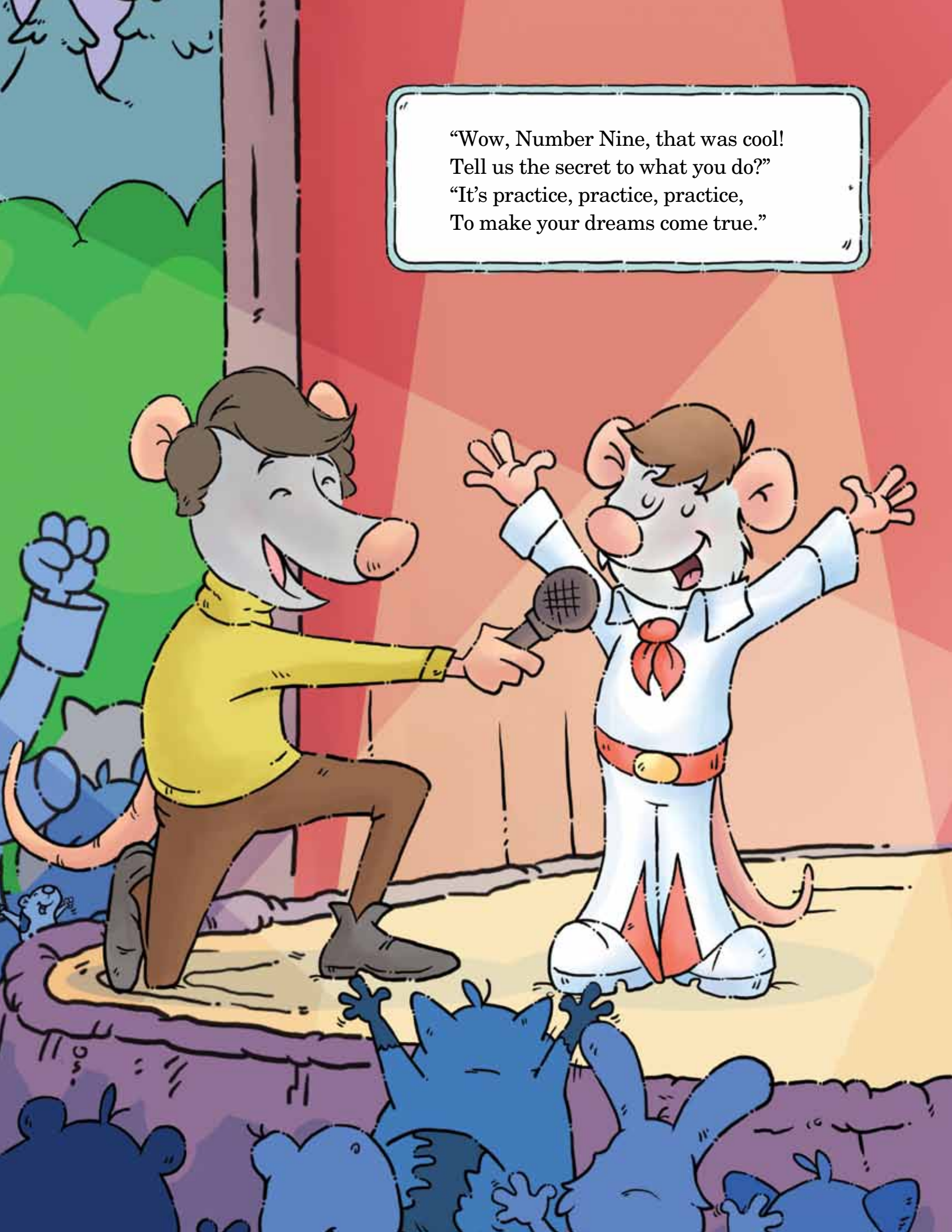
Father Possum fixed his hair,
said, "Sing with all your heart."
With confidence and mic in hand,
He belted out his part.



“Oh yea!” he sang, in perfect pitch, to cheers and adulation.
From that day on, the Family Band were tops across the nation.



“Wow, Number Nine, that was cool!
Tell us the secret to what you do?”
“It’s practice, practice, practice,
To make your dreams come true.”





Dear Friends,

I hope you enjoyed my book, *Awesome Possum Family Band*. This story is very near and dear to my heart, as it is based on the true story of the way I grew up.

Yes, I am number nine, the youngest member of a pop group/family band called The Osmonds. I started performing with my family on stage at the early age of three. To feel that I was finally a part of the family band was one of the happiest and most exciting days of my life.

Though I grew up thinking every kid did what I did, later in life I realized my life was pretty special. We've been fortunate to perform for a lot of really nice people worldwide (some people call them fans, I call them friends), who have stuck with us through the many years of buying our records and coming to our shows—we couldn't have done it without them. Most of all, I'm grateful to have experienced all of this with a family that I love and loves me.

Over the years, I have had my own hit records and sold-out shows, but I have found it to be most rewarding and fulfilling when I share the stage with my siblings. I have found that when you work for a common goal that helps others as well as yourself, you will find true happiness.

I like being Number Nine!



Meet the Osmonds

(the Real Awesome Possum Family Band)

Father Possum

George Viri Osmond

Instrument: His voice!

Role: Our strength, loving protector, teacher, and guide



Mother Possum

Olive May Osmond

Instrument: Saxophone

Role: Our loving caregiver, cheerleader, organizer, and sharer of wisdom





Possum #1
George Osmond Jr. (VirI)

Instrument: Saxophone

Role: Dancer and camera buff/hero



Possum #2
Thomas Rulon Osmond (Tom)

Instrument: Saxophone

Role: Dancer and friend to all/hero



Possum #3
Alan Ralph Osmond

Color: Blue

Instrument: Guitar

Role: Group leader/
"The Glue"



Possum #4

Melvin Wayne Osmond (Wayne)

Color: Orange

Instrument: Guitar

Role: Bass singer/Jokester



Possum #5

Merrill Davis Osmond

Color: Black

Instrument: Bass Guitar

Role: Lead singer/bear impersonator



Possum #6

Jay Wesley Osmond

Color: Green

Instrument: Drums

Role: Choreographer/buddy and protector



Possum #7
Donald Clark Osmond
(Donny)

Color: Purple

Instrument: Keyboards

Role: Lead singer/teen heartthrob



Possum #8
Olive Marie
Osmond (Marie)

Color: Pink

Instrument: Guitar

Role: Only sister/"The Pretty One"



Possum #9
James Arthur Osmond
(Jimmy)

Color: Red

Instrument: Keyboards and congas

Role: Baby of the family, cartoonist,
and entrepreneur



What Is Your Talent?

Hi Friends,

Just like me, you (yes, you!) have special talents too. Maybe you already know what they are. Maybe you are still trying to figure out what they are.

Some talents are really obvious—like my ability to hit the high notes and my brothers' abilities to play musical instruments.

Some talents are not so obvious—like the creative talents of brothers Number One and Number Two.

Sometimes talent shines just by being your most awesome self. Mother Possum was especially good at things like taking care of an entire passel of possums and encouraging worried little possums like me.

So, what's your talent? Your answers to these two questions will give you clues of where to start looking!

Your friend,

Possum Number Nine

- 1) What is something you do really well?

- 2) What is something you'd like to learn to do really well?

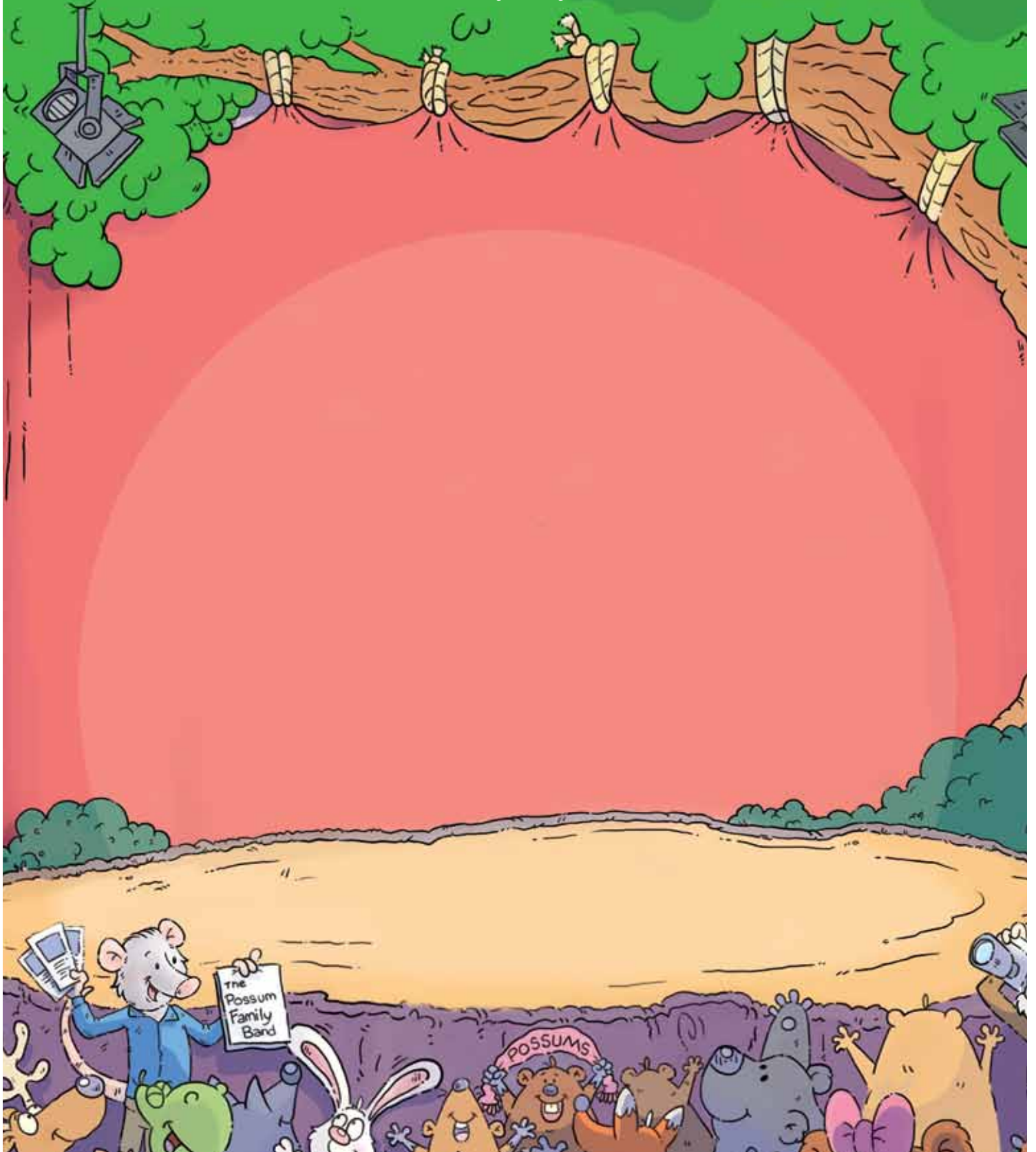
Remember Mother Possum's advice and...
Practice, practice, practice until your dreams come true.



Your Time to Shine!

Talents get even better when you share them with others!
Draw a picture of you sharing your talent.

Hooray for you!



This Is an Uncorrected Page Proof.

Please Note That Any Quotations for Review
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READING
LEVEL

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COMMON CORE
ALIGNED

