



# The One and Only Ivan

## Copywork Pages

Materials and information may be used for your own personal and school use.  
Material may not be used for resale or shared electronically.

© Walking by the Way

People call me the Freeway Gorilla. The Ape at Exit 8.  
The One and Only Ivan, Mighty Silverback.

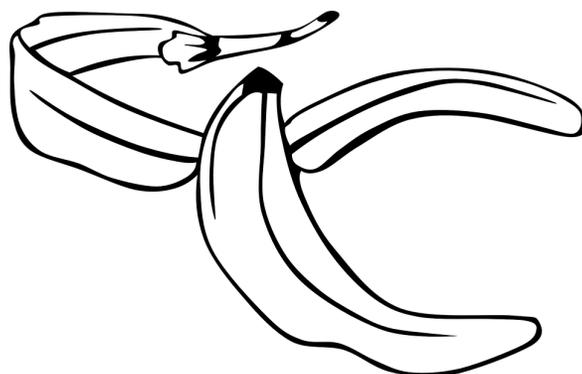
The names are mine, but they're not me. I am Ivan, just  
Ivan, only Ivan.

---

---

---

---



Humans waste words. They toss them like banana  
peels and leave them to rot. Everyone knows the peels  
are the best part.

---

---

---

---



Anger is precious. A silverback uses anger to maintain order and warn his troop of danger. When my father beat his chest, it was to say, *Beware, listen, I am in charge. I am angry to protect you, because that is what I was born to do.*

Here in my domain, there is no one to protect.

---

---

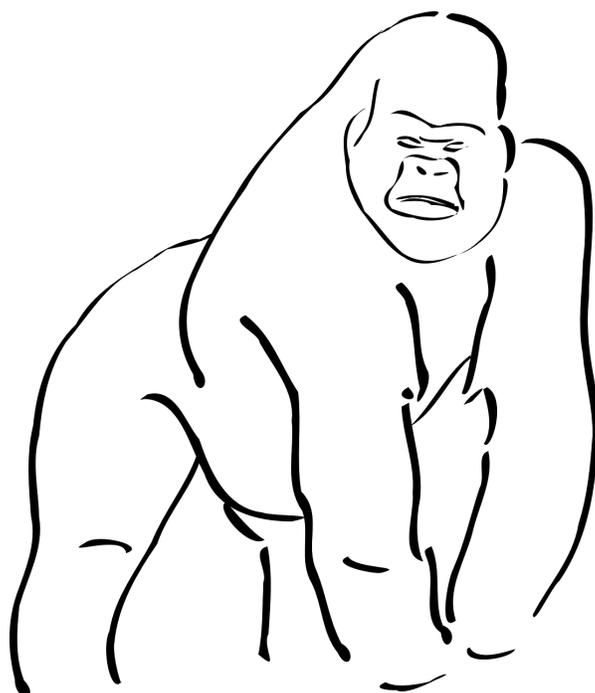
---

---

---

---

---

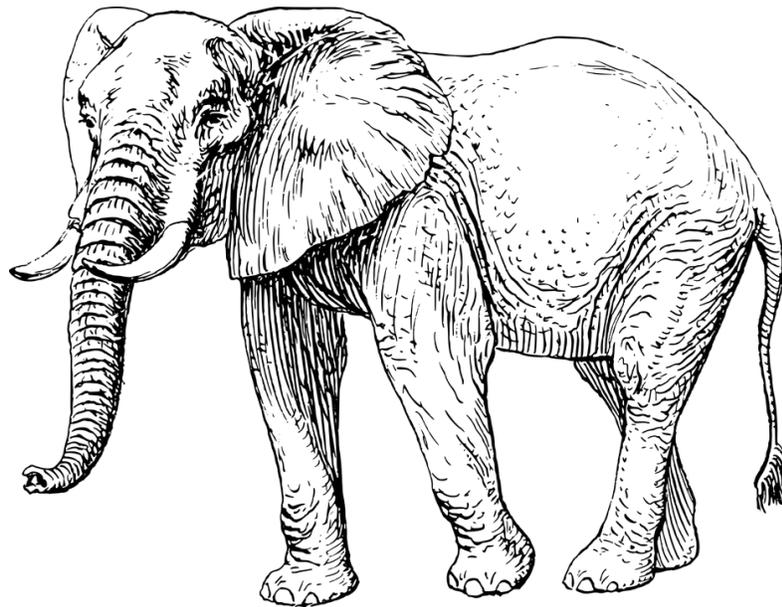


“I always tell the truth,” Stella replies. “Although I sometimes confuse the facts.”

---

---

---



“A good zoo,” Stella says, “is a large domain. A wild cage. A safe place to be. It has room to roam and humans who don't hurt.” She pauses, considering her words. “A good zoo is how humans make amends.”

---

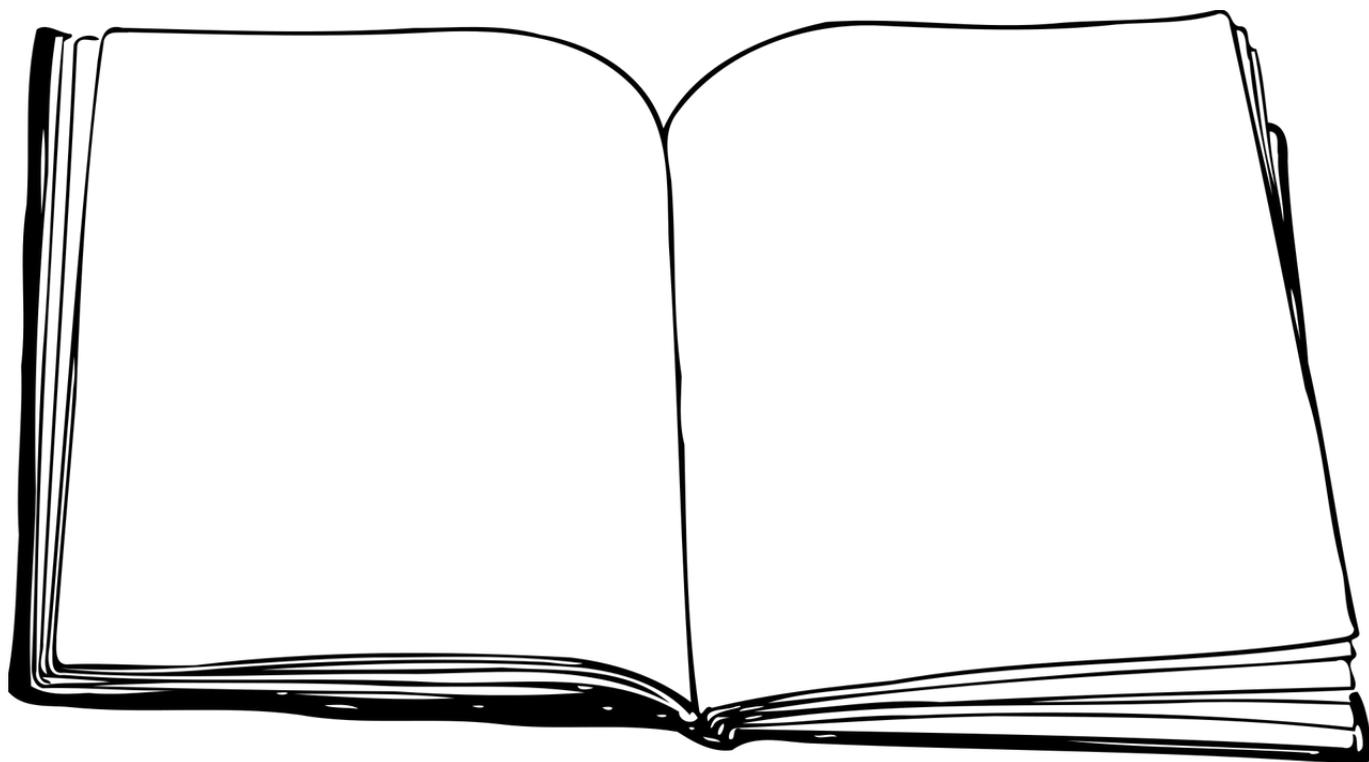
---

---

---

Memories are precious . . . they help tell us who we are.

I like colorful tales with black beginnings and stormy middles and cloudless blue-sky endings. But any story will do.



It would be easier to stop eating, to stop breathing, to stop being a gorilla.

---

---



Right now I would give all the yogurt raisins in all the world for a heart made of ice.

---

---

---

---

In my new life as a human, I was well tended. I ate lettuce leaves with Thousand Island dressing, and caramel apples, and popcorn with butter. My belly ballooned. But hunger, like food, comes in many shapes and colors.

---

---

---

---

---

---

I feel something tighten in my chest, something dark and hot. "And it's not a domain," I add.

I pause and then I say it. "It's a cage."

---

---

---

---

I can just make out Bob's little head sticking out of Julia's backpack. "You are the One and Only Ivan," he calls.

I nod, then turn toward my family, my life, my home. "Mighty Silverback," I whisper.

---

---

---

---

---

