



MOOKY'S PARADE



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Written by Marrett Green

An early morning breeze blew in from the west



melting the snow on the forest floor.

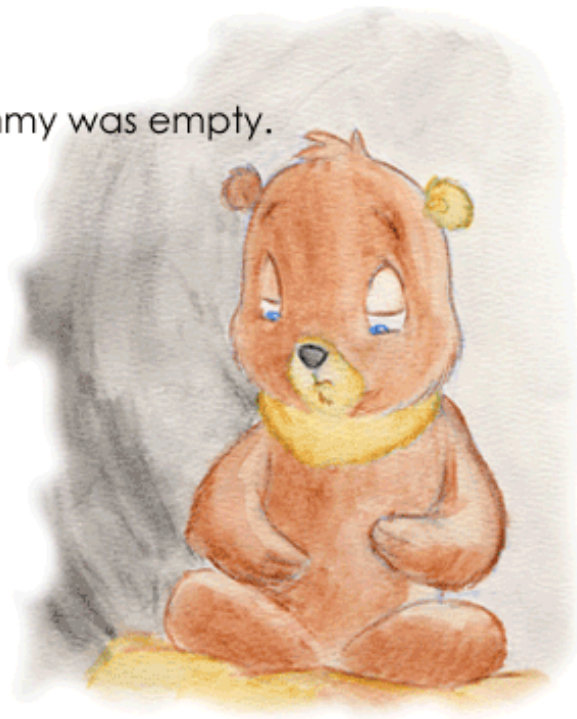
Mooky, the bear cub, awoke to the sound of dripping water on the flat rocks outside his den.





He was asleep for most of the winter,

and his rumbling tummy was empty.



"I must find a snack," he said aloud, as he set off in search of something good to eat.





Outside, the spring breeze carried the sweet
smell of honey from worker bees' buckets.

Mooky followed his nose,



and soon found a small beehive hanging on a small tree.

In went his paws and out came the honey.



"A lovely snack, but surely not enough to fill my tummy", he thought while making a mess of his face eating way too fast.



But not everyone was happy.

"Slurp", smacked his lips.
Buzz went the bees after their honey.



And off went Mooky, still hungry.



A little way down the ivy path, Mooky came across an even larger beehive, up high in a tree.

"This is much better," he thought as he began climbing up.



A bigger hive in a taller tree must mean more honey. He could not climb fast enough.

Once at the top, Mooky saw the beehive was actually a bird's nest. And the chicks that lived there were about to fly for the first time.



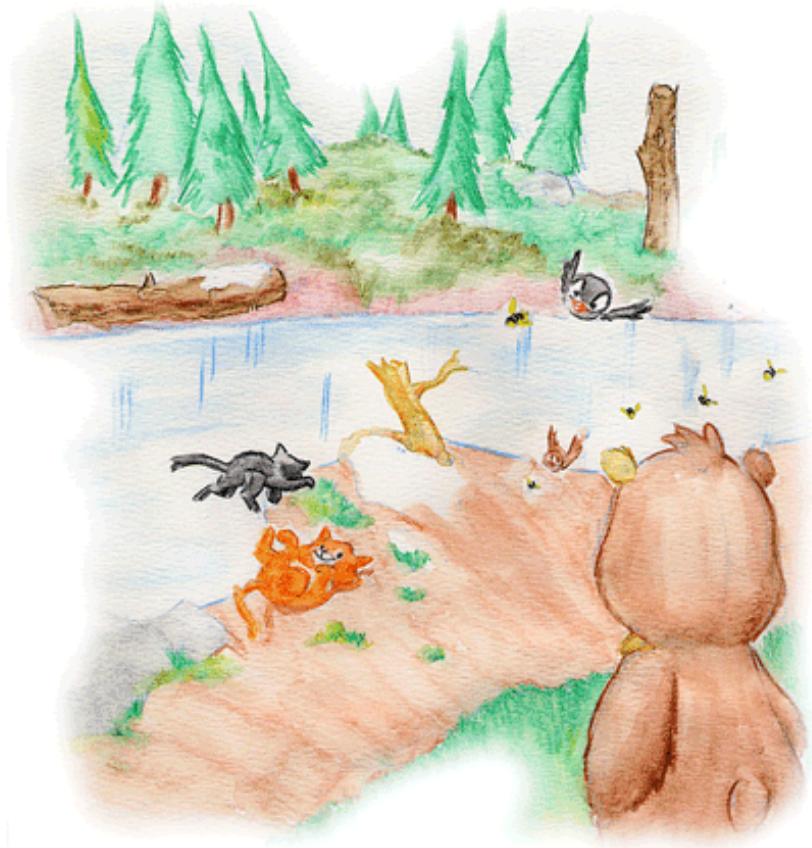
They too were hungry, and very happy to see the worker bees with their honey.

"Chirp, chirp," said the baby birds, flying after the bees.
"Buzz, buzz", said the bees, chasing after their honey.



And off went Mooky, still hungry.

Mooky walked around the bend, and over to his favorite fishing spot at the brook.



The water was still frozen. So this meant there would be no fishing today.

The only things jumping were the tumbling kittens from Mr. Jones' farm.



They were bouncing by the brook all morning, and decided chasing baby birds would be their afternoon play.

Swish, miss did the prancing kittens, jumping after their new friends. Chirp, chirp went the birds after the bees. "Buzz, buzz," said the bees chasing their honey.

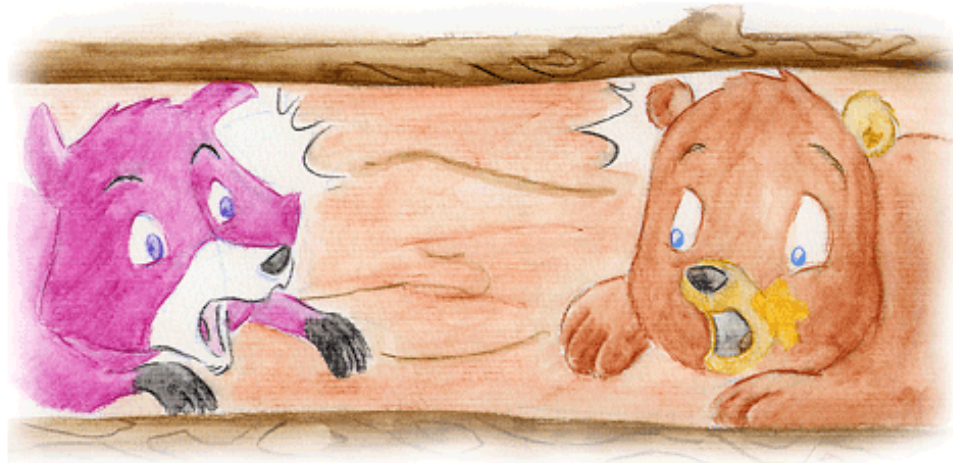


And off went Mooky, still hungry.

A hollow log at the top of the hill by the edge of the forest would be Mooky's next stop.



He knew it would be a perfect place to find a few tasty bugs.



But he didn't know he would also find a sleeping fox cub, who was just as surprised.

Both of them jumped back, and the log rolled down the hill, with the two sticking out on either end.



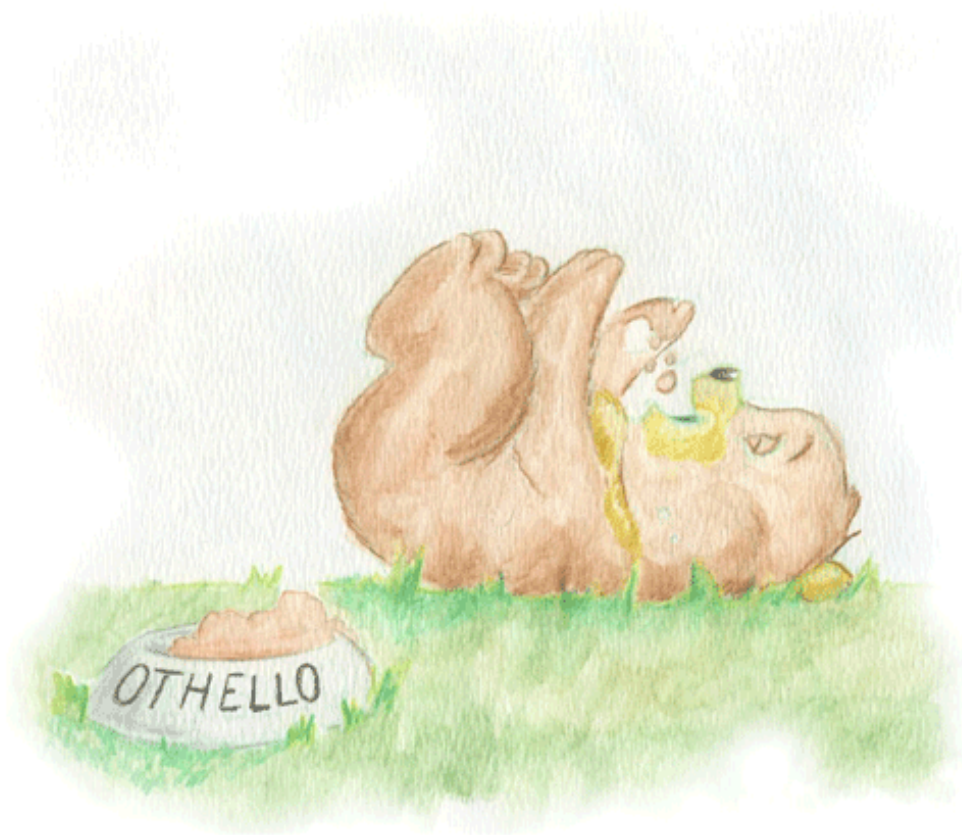
Finally, they came to a crash at the farmer's fence.



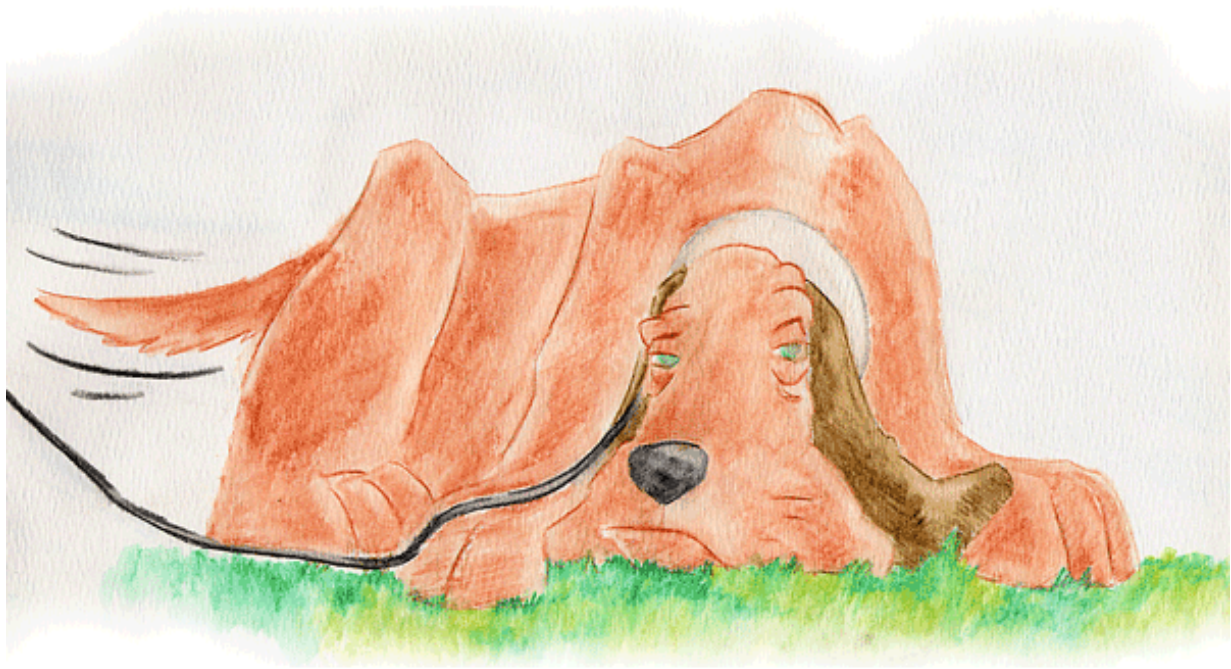
Mooky sat in a daze watching little birds circling his head.



He just wanted to curl up and go to sleep, but his nose had finally found what it was searching for. And it was coming from the dog's dish.

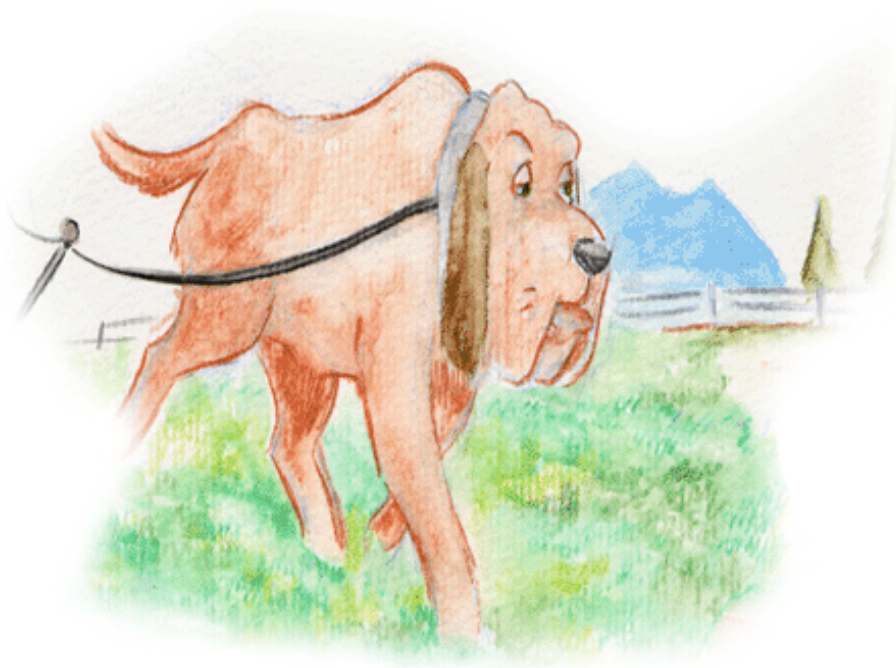


It wasn't honey, but it was happiness at last.

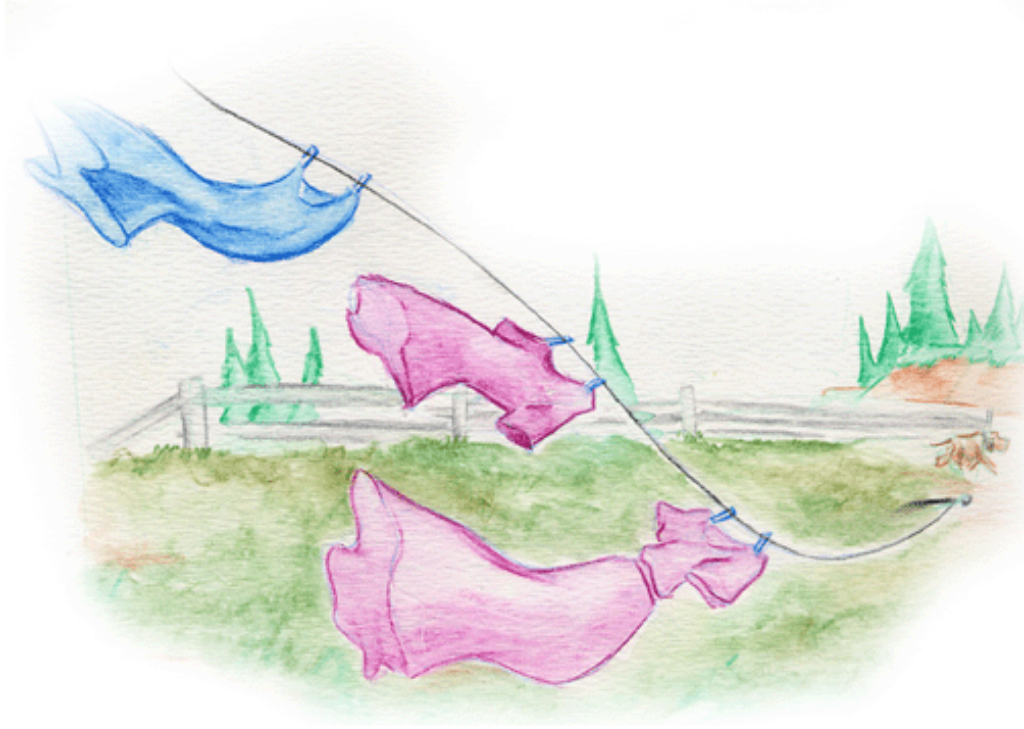


Othello was tied to his leash, which was tied to a rickety old clothesline.

"Gruff ruff", snapped the old hound - and the post.
And off he went limping and trotting to catch the fox
cub.



The clothes on the line were still sailing behind him in
the wind like colorful floats in a parade



The old bull could not resist the dancing clothes



Nor could he resist joining the fun, and CRUNCH went the wooden fence.





Out came Farmer Jones to see the spectacle, and try to stop his prize bull from running away.

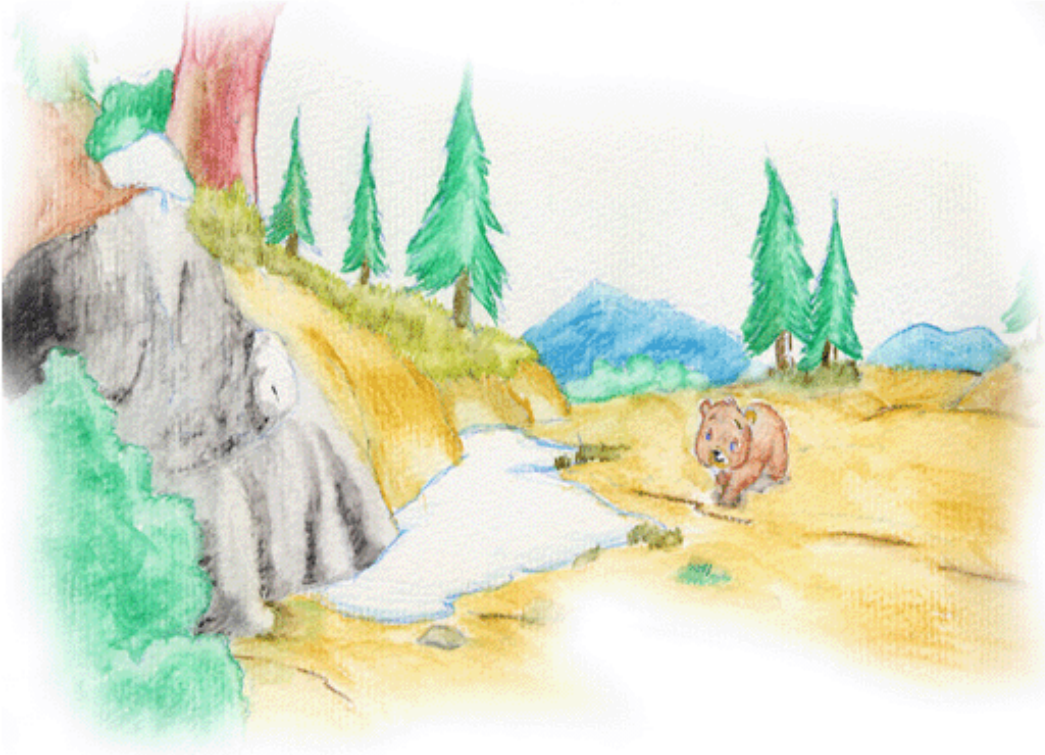
Many of the forest animals were gathering to watch Mooky's parade march by.



"Buzz, buzz," went the bees; "Chirp, chirp," flew the birds; swiss, and miss did the kittens; "Yip yap," slipped the fox cub; "Gruff ruff," barked the old hound; and off went Mooky...



He ran as fast as he could back up the hill,



...past the brook, down the ivy path, and into his den.



"Come back bull," cried the farmer. "Gruf riuff," barked the old hound; "Yap yip slip did the fox cub; swiss miss did the kittens; chirp went the birds; Buz z went the bees after their honey...



It was sleepy time.



...and off went Mooky, back to sleep, dreaming of colourful parades.

THE END