The Magical Story of THREE ... ANIMAL FRIENDS

a 21st Century
Folk Tale

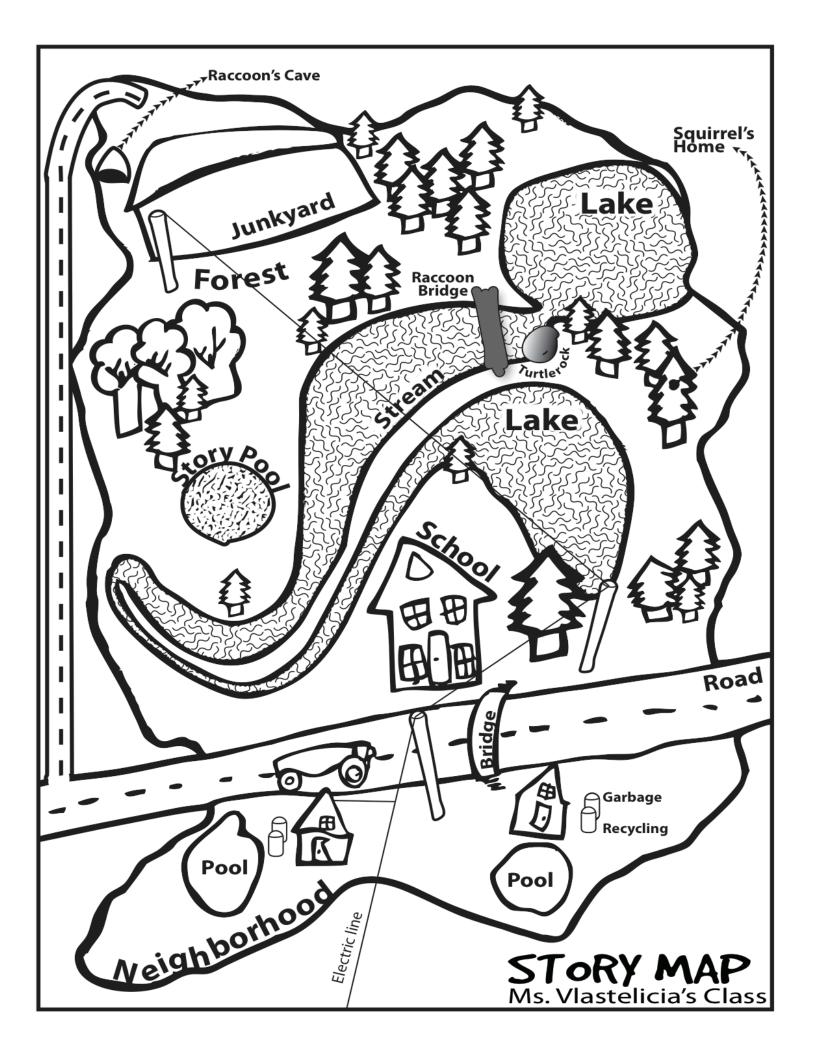
In collaboration with Earth Arts NW www.earthandspirit.org

Created by Mrs. Vlastelicia's Ist Grade Class of 2010 - Spring Mountain School

A Residency sponsored by the Right Brain Initiative. www.therightbraininitiative.org

Artists: It's time to create Cover Arti

Artist's Name (That's YOU!)





"There you are!" chirped Squirrel, peeking into Turtle's shell.

"How come you ALWAYS find me?" Turtle moaned.

"Next time," Squirrel hinted, "hide behind something."

"Huh?" said Turtle. "Watch!" Squirrel replied.

She darted behind a rock.

"Can you see me now?" Squirrel asked.

Turtle shook his head, 'NO.'

"But I saw you go behind the rock."

"Pretend you didn't see me," Squirrel said.

"OK," Turtle answered.

Then Squirrel popped out from behind the rock.

"Now can you find me?" Squirrel asked.

"SURE! You are right there!

Ohhhhh!" Turtle said. "I get it!"

"OK," giggled Squirrel. "MY turn!"

"Close your eyes and count to 10!"

"One . . . two . . . three and a half," Turtle counted.

Squirrel darted up a tree. Then she hid behind a leaf.

"Nine...TEN! Ready or not, here I come!" Turtle cried.

Just then, Raccoon trotted by. He called out,

"Hey! Turtle. You want to play junkyard?"

Turtle's eyes got BIG and ROUND. Raccoon was an older kid.

'He wants to play with ME?' thought Turtle.

"Well, Gee, I...uh..." Turtle began.

Squirrel's voice came from up in the tree,

"No he can't! He's playing with me!"

Turtle looked up at Squirrel. Then he looked over at Raccoon.

"But you can walk to school with us!" Turtle giggled.

Raccoon laughed at that.

"NAW! I'M not going to dumb old school today. NOT ME!

I'm going to play in the junkyard ALL DAY LONG!"

Turtle's eyes got even BIGGER. GULP.

"But, but . . . you *have* to come to school," Squirrel chirped.

She ran down the tree lickety-split.

"We have a spelling test today!"

"I don't *have* to! And I don't *want* to!

And I'm *not going to*, either!" Raccoon boasted.

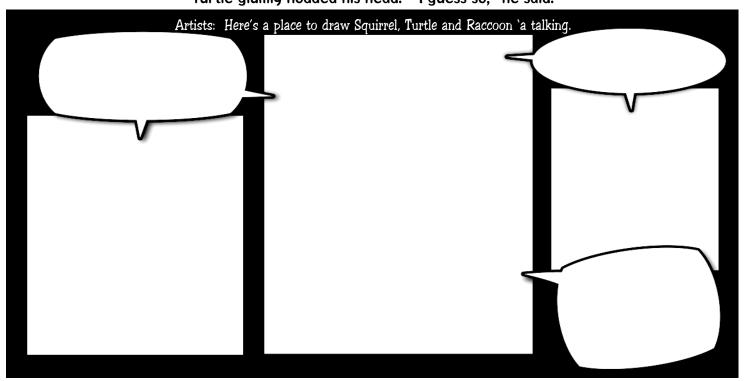
Turtle's jaw dropped open. "Gee!" he said, "COOL!"

"C'MON! Play with *me* today!" Raccoon said, grinning.

"He can't!" Squirrel chirped. She pushed Turtle from behind.

"We are going to school! Right?"

Turtle glumly nodded his head. "I guess so," he said.



"Look what I found at the junkyard!" said Raccoon.

He had a bag full of stuff. "MAGIC stuff!" he fibbed.

Then he pulled out a *TROPHY!*Turtle's eyes got even *BIGGER*.

The trophy was	and had	on it.
It was	inches tall, and the writing on it	said:
		•

Turtle walked around and around the trophy.

He got up close and sniffed it.

"WOW!" he sighed. "Pretty!"

"You can have it - if you play with me!" said Raccoon.

Turtle wagged his tail. "ME?" he said, grinning. "Really?"

Then Squirrel grabbed Turtle's tail. She tugged on it.

"C'mon, we will be late for school!" she reminded.

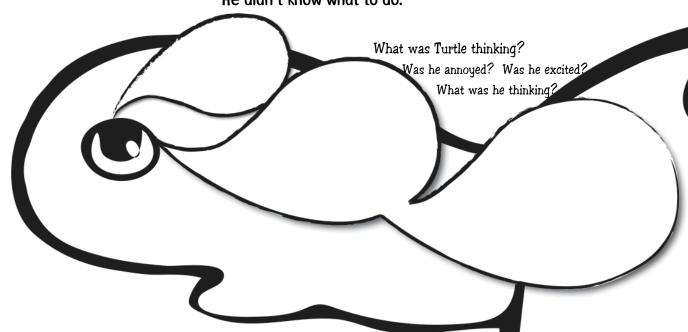
"Whatever," replied Turtle.

Squirrel looked into Turtle's eyes.

"Do you like him *better* than me?" she asked.

Turtle looked away. He was confused.

He didn't know what to do.



(Chapter 2) SEET'S PLAY HIIKY!

Littl	e Crows were flying above.
"See	you at school!" one cawed.
A young	waved as she ran by.
"Better	Hurry! We're late!" she gasped.
"GEEZ! Who needs	school?" Raccoon said, making a funny face
We can play	at the junkyard
"Please, Turt	cle, come with me!" Squirrel pleaded.

But Raccoon stepped between the two BEST FRIENDS.

"Naw! He is coming with ME today!" Raccoon said.

"Isn't that right?"

"I'll tell TEACHER on YOU!" Squirrel cried.

She pulled Turtle's tail - HARD!

"I'll tell her you are playing HOOKY!"

"Let go!" Turtle said, bumping Squirrel. "That hurt!

You are **not** the boss of *me*.

If. . . if I want to play junkyard, then I WILL!"

Raccoon laughed and Turtle smiled nervously.

"Why don't you come with us?" Raccoon teased.

But Squirrel shook her head 'No.'

Then Turtle and Raccoon trotted away.

'Doesn't Turtle like me any more?' Squirrel wondered.

'What if he gets into trouble? He is very trusting.

And he doesn't know what is dangerous.

Raccoon *PLAYS IN THE ROAD!* GULP! What if Turtle gets HURT?'

So Squirrel decided to follow her friend.

Raccoon and Turtle had some fun on their way to the junkyard. Look at the map. Where did they start?

Where did they go? When did they pass the story pool? Imagine what they did below:

(Chapter 3) TAVING FUN?

Squirrel had a hard time tracking her friend.

She followed Turtle's paw prints to the stream.

Then they just . . . stopped.

'Uh Oh,' she thought. 'They must have swum across.'

Turtle and Raccoon were good swimmers.

But Squirrel did not swim at all.

So she climbed a tree and JUMPED UP.

Squirrel landed high on a telephone wire.

Like in the circus, she danced her way across.

Looking down, she saw something shiny in the Story Pool.

'Is that Turtle's TROPHY?' she wondered.

'I need a closer look.'

She quickly scurried to the ground.

She ran like an arrow to the pool. It was covered with lily pads.

But underwater she saw something shiny.

"It <u>IS</u> the Trophy!" cried Squirrel. "Did Turtle lose it?"

It is stuck between those two rocks.

Hey! I have an idea!"

Squirrel ran around till she found a stick.

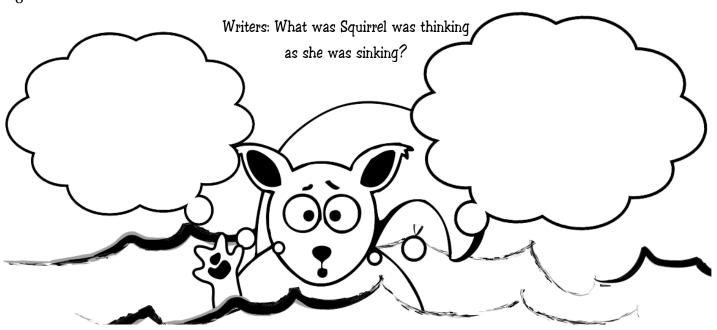
She poked the trophy until it was unstuck.

"OH NO!" she cried. "It is sinking!"

So Squirrel took a big deep breath.

She held her nose and reached into the water.

OOPS! Squirrel reached too far. "\$PLASH!"



Meanwhile, Turtle was feeling kind of grumpy.

"This junkyard is SMELLY," he groaned. "YUK!"

"You will get used to it," Raccoon laughed.

"Can I have my trophy now?" Turtle asked.

"Not yet," Raccoon said. "Let's get some supplies first."

"But I want it NOW," Turtle said. He was wearing a BIG FROWN.

"Oh, you are such a <i>BAB</i>)	/!" grumbled Raccoon.
He opened the bag and threw out a $_$, a
and two	"Hmmm," said Raccoon.
"It must have f	fallen out."
"HUH? But I Waad	100h!" Turtle cried.
"I WANT it! You promised!	Please help me find it."
"Aw, Gee. I'm busy. Go look for it	yourself!" Raccoon grumbled.
Turtle felt 'What if so	meone <u>else</u> finds it?' he thought.
So he ran back as fast as he could.	Then he saw Squirrel in danger!
Squirrel's bushy tail was just	sinking under the water.
Glub. Glub	o. Glub.

(Chapter 4) THE STURY PUUL

On her way down, Squirrel grabbed the trophy.

It pulled her deeper and deeper underwater.

Turtle jumped in after - to save his friend.

He followed her down . . . down . . . deep down.



Then there was another BIG Splash.

Who could it be?

Funny how things happen, isn't it?

Raccoon got bored at the junkyard.

He missed little Turtle.

"He doesn't make fun of me," Raccoon said.

"Some people think I'm stupid - but I'm NOT!"

"I don't like sitting down. I like to move around.

I can make lots of things with my hands.

I figure it out. Mama says I'm smart.

I just can't keep spelling words in my head."

Raccoon got some	and	•
He started to make a	Then he stoppe	d.
'Aw, Gee,' he thou	ight. 'This isn't any fun.'	
"I should help Turtle fin	nd that trophy," he muttered.	

So he followed Turtle's new tracks.

Just as *HE* got to the pool, he saw Turtle dive in.

'I wonder if he needs my help?' Raccoon thought.

Splish! Splosh! Splash!

He was underwater in a flash!

Squirrel swirled down . . . deep down. The water was dark. She was scared. Then . . . "PLOP!" She landed.

"Where am I?" she wondered. "Is this a cave?"
"I can BREATHE!" she sighed, shaking herself off.

Then she heard another . . . "PLOP!"

"Turtle! You're here too!" Squirrel cried.

She jumped up and hugged her friend.
"I thought I would never see you again!"

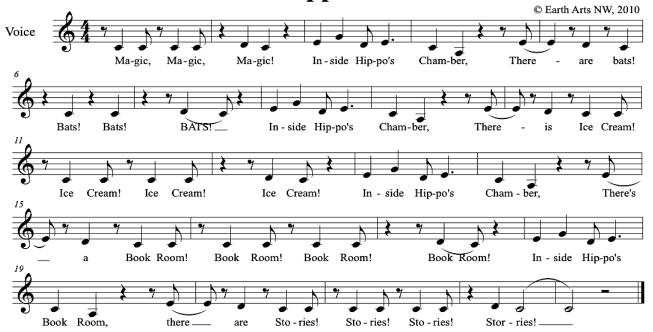
Before Turtle could answer, there was another . . . "PLOP!"

"Raccoon!" Turtle hollered.

"What are **YOU** doing here?"

Just before $\it Raccoon$ could answer, Squirrel pointed above and yelled, "BAIS!" Little pointy faces with $\it sharp$ teeth stared at them. Then those bats sang this silly song:

Inside Hippo's Chamber

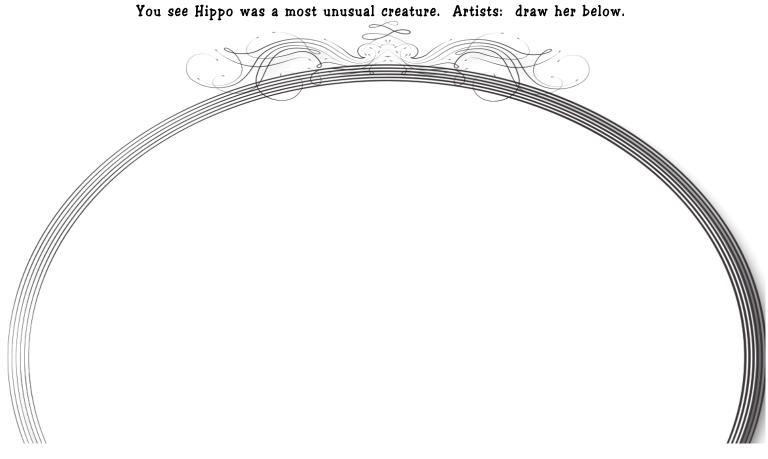


A tiny bat flew down.

"That was a BIG CLUE!" it said. "Follow me!" "This must be Hippo's chamber," Squirrel chirped.

"Who is Hippo?" asked Turtle. "I dunno," Raccoon said, scratching his nose. "C'mon! We better watch where that bat goes!"

Hippo's underwater o	chamber was a strange	and beautiful place.
The ceiling had	and	hanging down
They followed	l bat through many dif	ferent rooms.
One was full of		·
Another had		•
Finally they came	e to a golden chamber	filled with books.
Someone was sit	ting on a	·
She turn	ed around and smiled	at them.
"Don't be	afraid!" she said. "I'r	m Hippo!"
"She is ${ m \mathcal{A}M}$	$\mathcal{AZING!}$ " the three	friends said.



(Chapter 5) TO IS MAGIC

"Welcome," Hippo said. "I am *so* glad you are here!"

She did a funny little twirl and wiggled her ears.

Then she plopped down with a big happy laugh.

"I am listening," she said. "What is the problem?"

The little animals were surprised.

"How did you know . . .?" Squirrel began.

"My dear sweet thing," she said.

"I only have visitors on Special Occasions On Holidays! At Sunset! OR, when someone is being *mean*."

"It is *not* a Holiday, is it?" she asked.

"NO!" Everyone said, shaking their heads.

"And it *is* morning now, isn't it?" she asked again.

"YES!" Everyone agreed.

"Then WHO is being mean?" she asked.

They told Grandma Hippo everything.

Raccoon even told his BIG secret:

"I hate school 'cause kids make fun of me!"

"I see!" she said. "We will figure this all out.

Loyal little Squirrel, what does *your* heart want most of all?

"I want Turtle to be my best friend again," she whispered.

"I see," Grandma Hippo said.

"Dear little Turtle, what does *your* heart want most of all?"
"I want to play with Squirrel **AND** Raccoon. All of us together," he said softly.

"Yes, I see," Hippo said, smiling.

"Clever Raccoon, what does *your* heart want most of all?

"I want to be who I am . . . where kids don't make fun of me," he mumbled.

"Then," she said. "That is what will be.
But you must promise me this: Will you listen to your hearts?"

"We will!" they agreed.

"Will you help each other?" she asked again.

"We will be BEST FRIENDS," they said.

"Good! That is BIG MAGIC!"

"Now," she reminded, "It is time for school!"

"Sing this little song with me. Dance my Hippo STOMPING dance!

Then at school you will be!"



They sang and stomped and danced, as Grandma Hippo waved Goodbye. "Come again!" she said. "I want to hear about *all* your adventures!" Then - $\mathfrak{POOF!}$ They were at school.

Raccoon shook all over. "Spelling test!" he whispered.

"Don't worry!" Squirrel giggled. "We have a plan!"

Raccoon learned <u>best</u> by working with his friends.

Their plan worked! Before long, Raccoon was a super speller!

The other kids learned something too.
Raccoon taught art class after school.
Pretty soon they were ALL making things.
Raccoon made lots of friends.

Squirrel, Raccoon and Turtle are *still* the **BEST** of friends.

They visit Grandma Hippo every chance the get.

And she always has a hug and a good story waiting - just for them.



Our story isn't REALLY over yet. The young animals visit Hippo again.

Tell what happens to them below.

\\ <u>\</u>	7		
-			
-			
-			
_			
_			
-			
-			

