

Anna R. Folkestad


WOOLLY



The waffles have run out.
“Whose turn is it to make more waffle mix?” asks Ramsay.
Woolfred and Woolbert both point at Woolly.
“I know someone called Bonnie,”
Woolly says, “she would love to join our flock and...”
“But WAIT, isn’t Bonnie a bunny?” asks Ramsay.
“Yep,” Woolly says. “And she’s...”
“WELL THEN,” Ramsay says. “WE are a flock of SHEEP.”

“But Bonnie... “ stammers Woolly.
“BESIDES,” yells Ramsay, “anyone who wants to be part of this flock has to be good at something.”





Ramsay gives Woolly a long, hard stare.
Eventually, he says:
“Woolfred is good at building things.
Woolbert is cunning and clever.
And I am very, VERY strong.
What are YOU good at, Woolly?”

“I’m really good at hiding!” Woolly replies.
Ramsay gets a sly grin.
“Well then, you run off and hide,
and we’ll come and find you.” says Ramsay.
“That sounds great!” cries Woolly.

Woolly loves to hide! And once Ramsay,
Woolbert and Woolfred have found her,
they will definitely want to meet
Bonnie the bunny.

Woolly runs away, clambering and crawling,
until she finds the perfect spot to hide.
“It’s nice to have a flock out there looking for me,” she thinks.


Woolly waits and waits.
Perhaps she should lend them a hand?
“Phweeeep,” whistles Woolly.
But it’s still completely quiet.
She gives it another go.
“Phweeeep! I’m over here!”
But she can’t hear a single thing
from Ramsay, Woolfred, or Woolbert.





Perhaps they can't find her?
Perhaps they think she's gotten lost?
Someone in the flock has disappeared!

Woolly has to go home right this second.
Before they really start worrying about her.
But which way is home?



Woolly runs a fair way, until she spots a river.
A river running straight over the path.
“What shall I do now?” Woolly wonders.

“Hello there!” says a beaver.

“Hi,” says Woolly. “Does the way home go over this river?”

“Yes, I suppose it might do,” replies the beaver.

“You see, I was playing hide-and-seek with my flock, and I hid myself so well that they couldn’t find me,” Woolly explains.

The beaver nods.

“But how am I going to get over THAT? If only my flock was here, we could do it easy peasy.”

“I can help you,” says the beaver.



The beaver has a trick up its sleeve.

"Thank you so much!" cries Woolly.

"Perhaps I could tag along for a while?" asks the beaver.

"Of course!" Woolly replies.

"I'm Damiel, by the way," the beaver tells her.

"My name is Woolly!" says Woolly.

"Is it nice having a flock?" asks Damiel.



"The great thing about a flock,"
says Woolly,

"is that you never get lonely."

Damiel thought that sounded
like a very nice thing indeed.

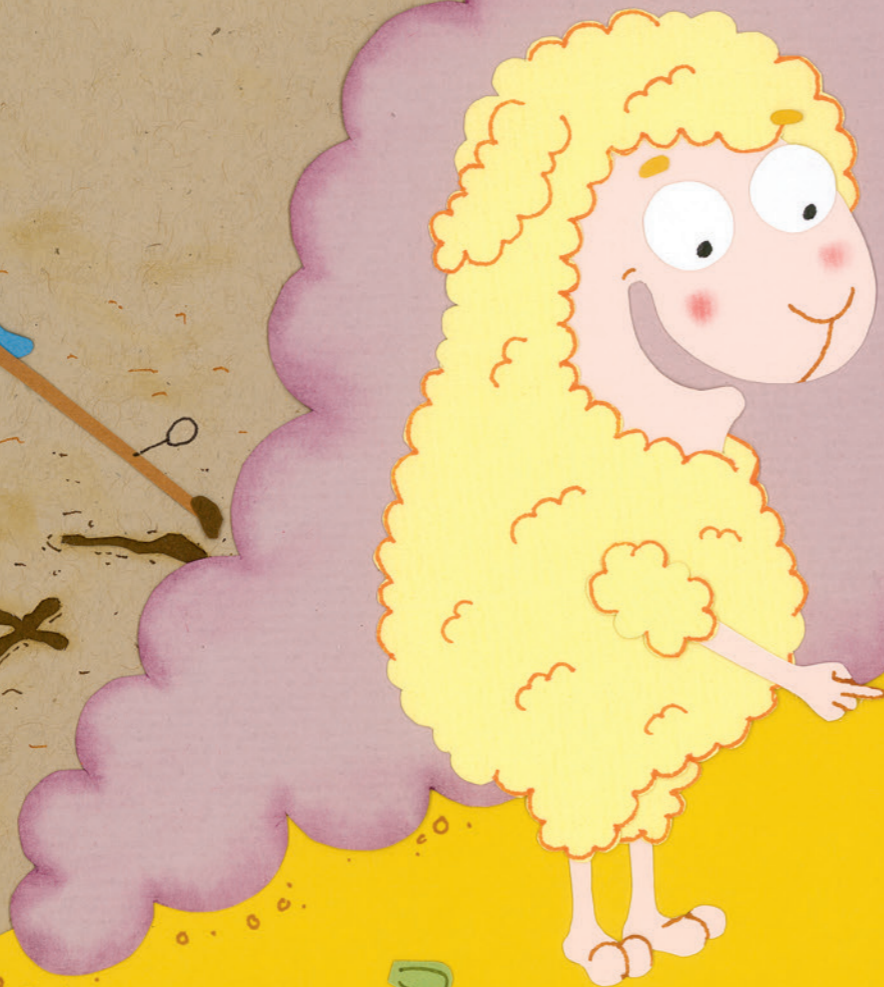
Woolly and Damiel trot a fair way,
until they spot a bear.
A bear sleeping right on the path.
“What shall I do now?” wonders Woolly.

“Hello there,” whispers a stoat.
“Hi,” whispers Woolly. “Does the way
home go past this bear?”
“Yes, I suppose it might do,”
the stoat whispers back.



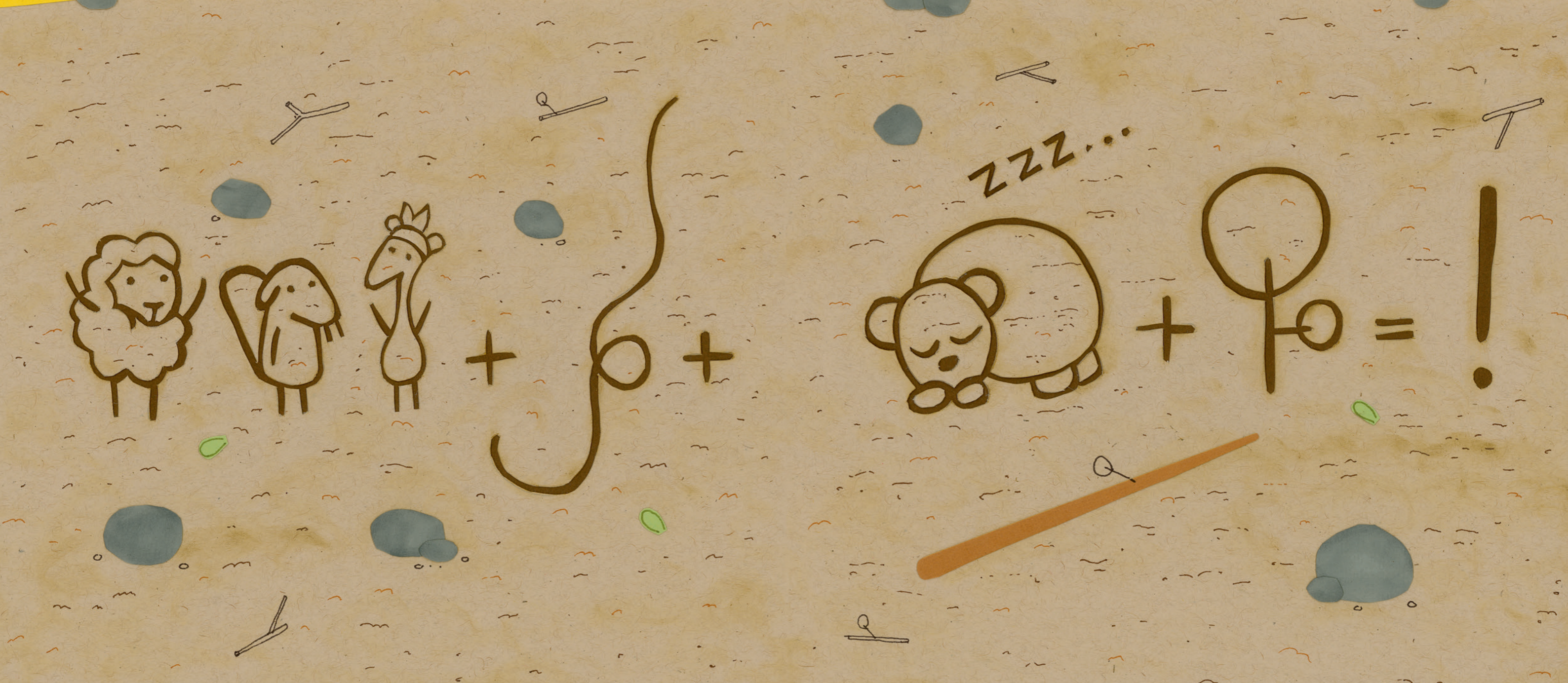
“You see, I was playing hide-and-seek with my flock, and I hid
myself so well that they couldn’t find me,” Woolly explains.
The stoat nods.
“But how am I going to get past THAT?
If only my flock was here,
we could do it
easy peasy.”


“I can help you,” whispers the stoat.




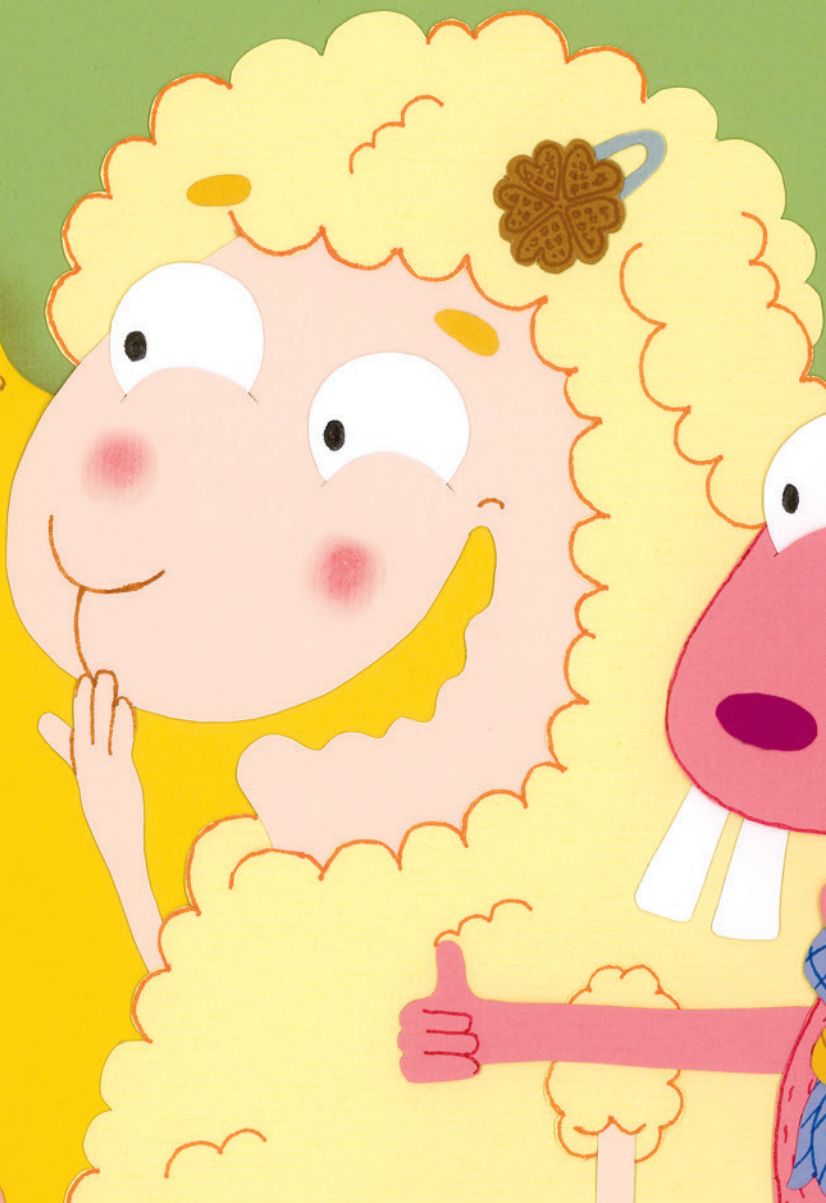


The stoat has a trick up its sleeve.





“Thank you so much!” cries Woolly.
“Perhaps I could tag along for a while?”
asks the stoat.
“Of course!” Woolly replies.



“I’m Silky, by the way,” the stoat tells her.
“My name is Daniel!” says Daniel.
“My name is Woolly!” says Woolly.
“Is it nice having a flock?” asks Silky.
“The great thing about a flock,” says Woolly,
“is that you always have someone to laugh with.”
Daniel and Silky thought that sounded like a
very nice thing indeed.



Woolly, Damiel and Silky wander a fair way, until they spot a rockslide.
A rockslide that tumbled right across the road.
“What shall I do now?” wonders Woolly.

“Hello there!” says a moose.

“Hi!” says Woolly. “Does the way home go through this rockslide?”

“Yes, I suppose it might do,” replies the moose.




“You see, I was playing hide-and-seek with my flock,
and I hid myself so well that
they couldn’t find me,” Woolly explains.

The moose nods.

“But how am I going to get through THAT?”

If only my flock was here, we could do it easy peasy.”

“I can help you,” says the moose.



The moose has a trick up its sleeve.

“Thank you so much!” cries Woolly.

“Perhaps I could tag along
for a while?” asks the moose.

“Of course!” Woolly replies.

“I’m Mojo,
by the way,”
the moose tells her.

“My name is Daniel!”
says Daniel.

“My name is Silky!” says Silky.

“My name is Woolly!” says Woolly.

“Is it nice having a flock?” asks Mojo.

“The great thing about a flock,” says Woolly,
“is that you always feel safe.”

Mojo, Silky and Daniel thought that sounded
like a very nice thing indeed.

Woolly, Damiel, Silky and Mojo plod on a fair way.
"I just thought of something," says Damiel.
"Maybe we should make our own flock?"
"That sounds like a very good idea," says Silky.
"I was actually thinking the same thing," says Mojo.

"You would make a fantastic flock!" cries Woolly.





That's when Woolly spots some familiar faces: Ramsay, Woolfred and Woolbert. "That's my flock!" she cries, pointing.

"What are they playing at?" asks Mojo. "Shouldn't they be running about looking for you?" Daniel asks.

"They are probably just planning the best way to find me," Woolly declares.

Woolly gives Daniel, Silky and Mojo the biggest goodbye hugs she can give.



"Here I am!" yells Woolly. "No need to panic, I'm back now!"



"Are you back ALREADY?" asks Ramsay.

"Can't you see we're taking a break?"

"Taking a break from looking for me was a good idea," says Woolly.

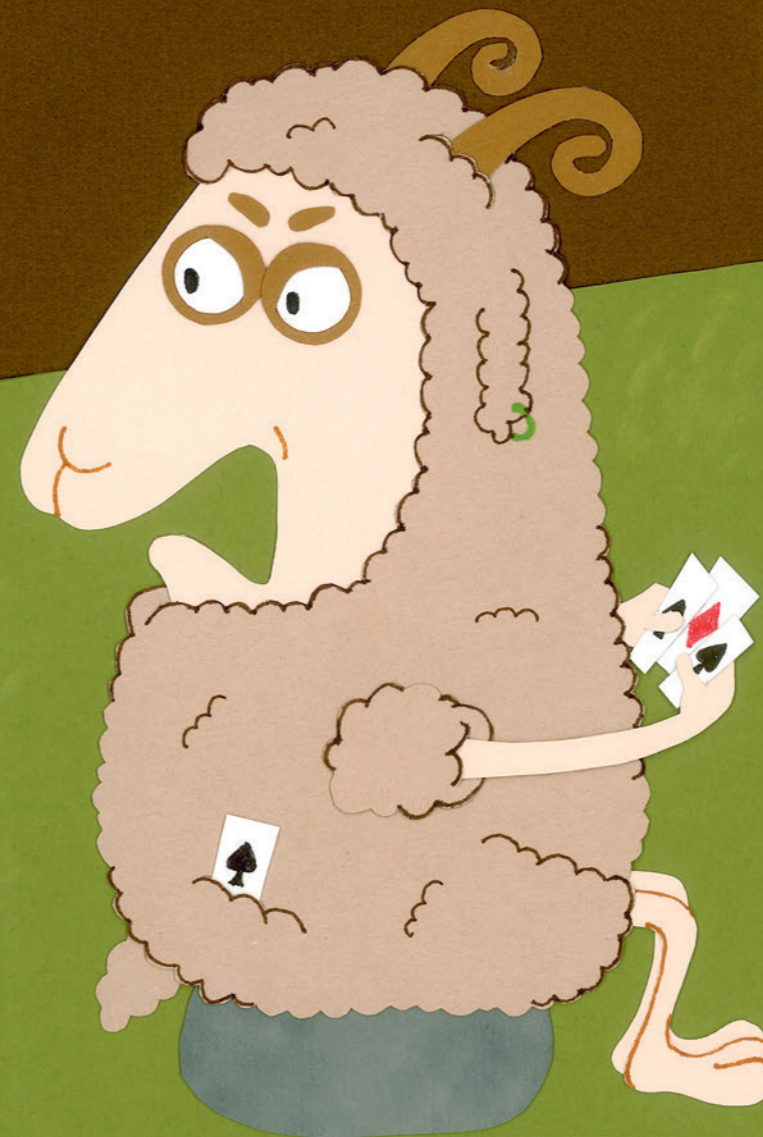
"But we haven't BEEN seeking," Ramsay says.

"You haven't looked for me at all?" asks Woolly.

"Nope" Ramsay replies.

"But I thought you liked searching for me."

"No we DON'T," says Ramsay. "Anyway, being good at hiding is useless."



Woolly sits down on her own.
The journey was nicer than
the destination, she thinks to herself.

“Woolly!” shouts Daniel. “We need you!”





Daniel, Silky and Mojo are zooming over to Woolly.

“We have to hide,” yells Mojo.

“Think fast!” cries Silky.

“No problem,” says Woolly.

And so they hide.

"YOU TOOK MY BLUEBERRIES!" bellows the bear.

"What?" whimpers Ramsay. "No I didn't! That was Woolly."

"Then where is she?" asks the bear.

Ramsay glances around.

"She must be hiding," explains Ramsay.

"HA! Nobody can hide from ME," bellows the bear.

"B-b-but..." Ramsay whimpers.

"My blueberries are RIGHT HERE.

That means YOU are the one who took them."



Woolly grins to Daniel, Silky and Mojo.

"I've been thinking," says Woolly.

"Is there room for me in your flock?"

"You betcha!" says Daniel.

"We were hoping you would ask," says Silky.

"I know a bunny named Bonnie too,"

says Woolly. "She would love to be part of a flock.

"She's in!" cries Mojo.

So off they go to find Bonnie the bunny.

"By the way," Woolly tells them,

"she makes the world's best waffles."





